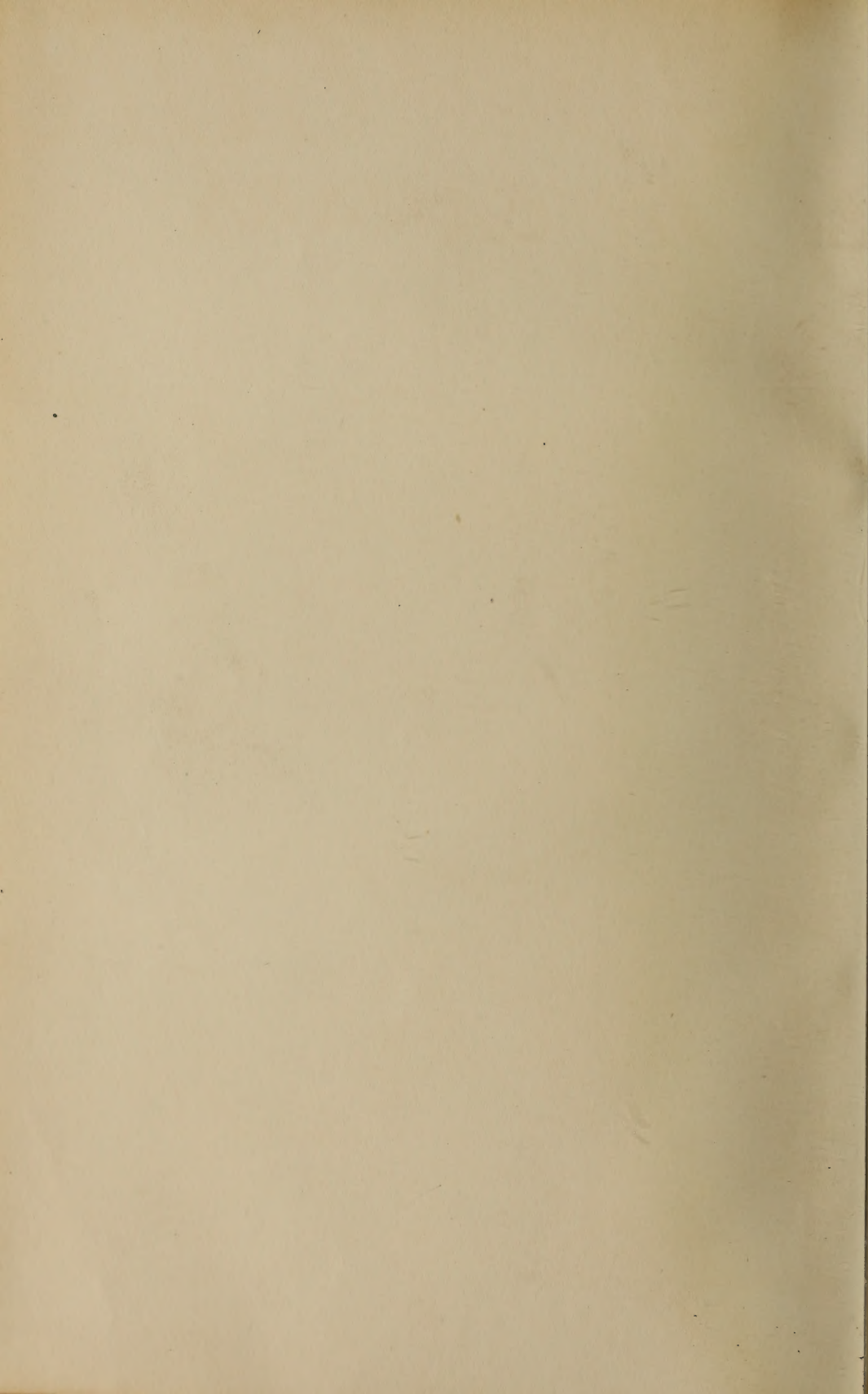




ROD and GUN IN-CANADA

JANUARY, 1916



CENTS



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Rod and Gun in Canada

Woodstock, Ontario, January 1916

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Published by W. J. TAYLOR, LTD., WOODSTOCK, ONT.

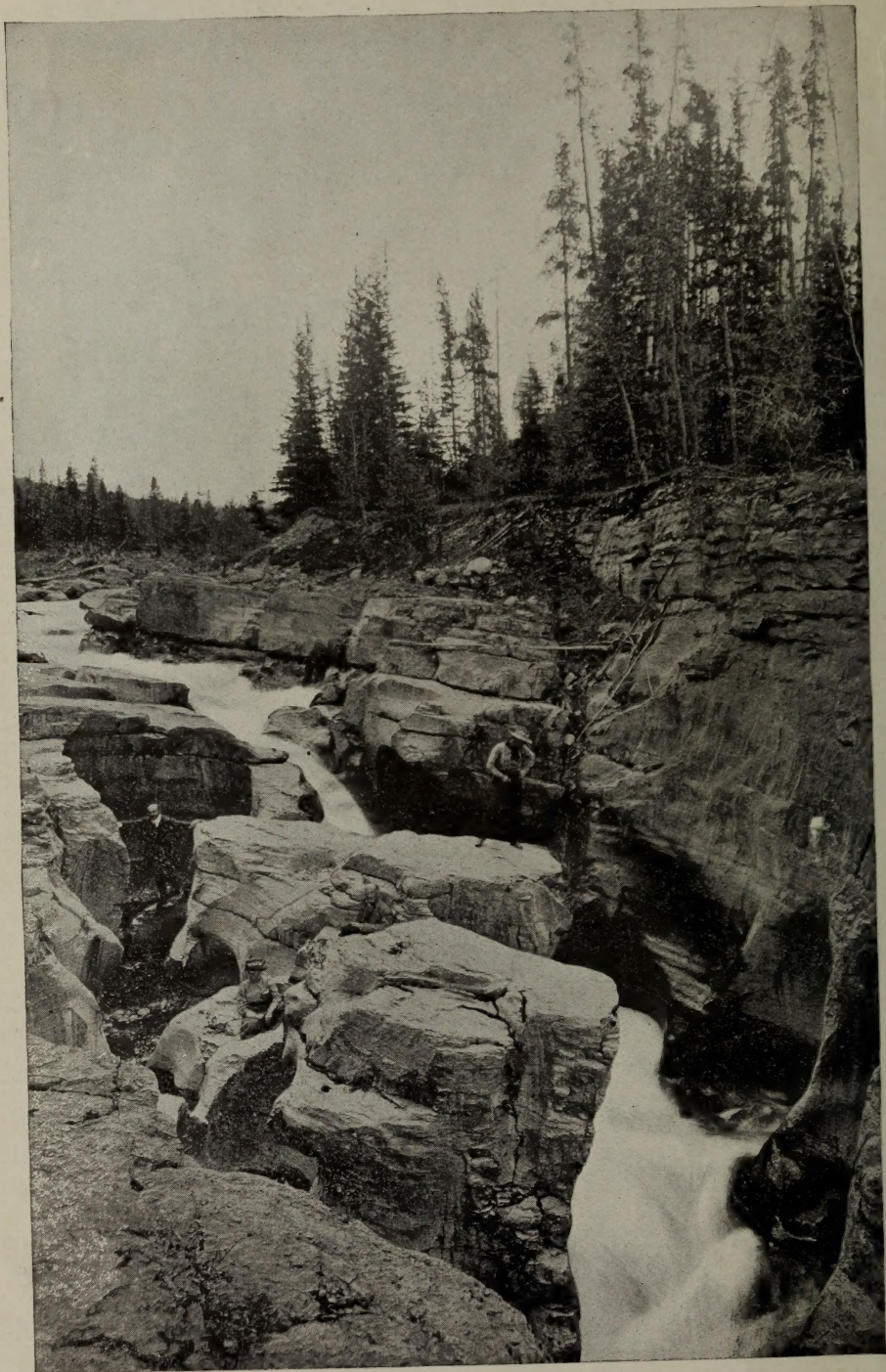
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GAME FARMING FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT

Edward T. Martin

DUCK farming? Quail farming? Why not? Isn't the propagation of game either for pleasure or profit just as feasible as fox farming or mink raising? What is more wild than a silver fox in his natural state? What is meaner or more vicious than a mink, yet both have been tamed, and if they, why not birds that are neither unusually wild nor at all vicious—the more so as when free to come and go as they please, those of both varieties often select some city park for place of abode and frequently come close to lunching picnickers for crumbs of bread and scraps of food.

Many experiments have of late been made in raising water fowl for ornament, for profit, or for releasing when grown, to replenish the fast disappearing wild life of our lakes and marshes. To a very considerable extent these experiments have proved successful, much more so than were the early efforts with foxes or minks. The first requisite is a pond of good water; no common mud hole will answer. All the destructive epidemics among American ducks have been traced to impure water. What foul air is to humans in the crowded tenements of a great city, that and more, is stagnant, filth filled water to the habitants of a duck pond, bad for the parent birds, worse for the ducklings.

The size of a pond depends of course much upon the number of ducks to be raised and then upon whether the water is live or dead, running or stagnant. If there is a fair flow in and out, a pond of small area will do for several hundred ducks. If the reverse, a larger pond is necessary for a smaller number of birds. As an illustration: at a springhole in a certain large lake, everything else being frozen solid, for several winters from 500 to 1,000 mallards got water to drink and for an occasional bath, from an opening no larger than the head of a barrel, while had the weather been warm and the water stagnant, half that number would have fouled to the disease breeding point a pond of nearly an acre.

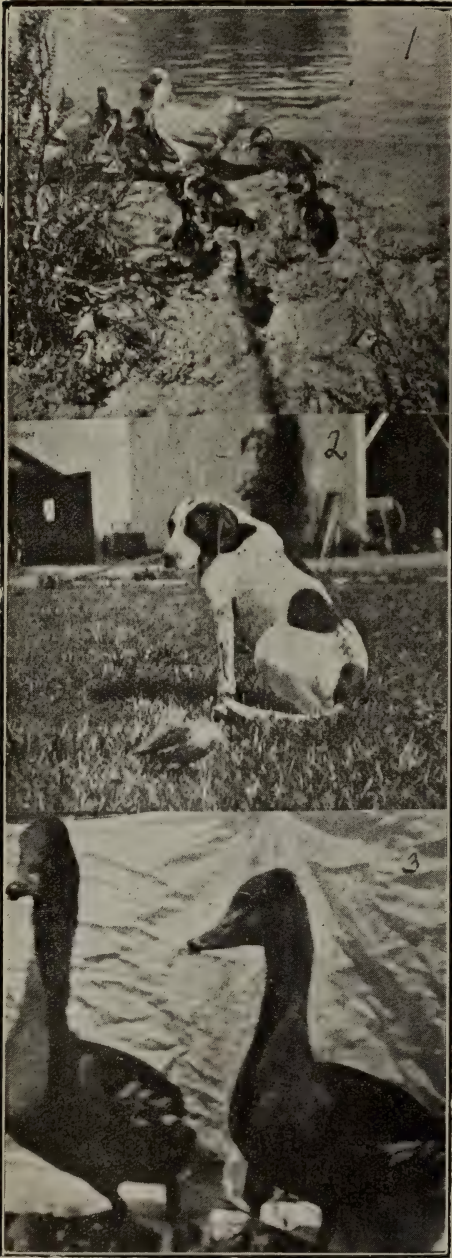
For duck farming a pond must be surrounded by a tight fence of wire netting, varmint proof. The mesh of the netting should be not more than half an inch. Young teal will find places where the wire is bent and somehow work their way through inch mesh fencing and once in the great outside, fall easy prey to cats, rats and weasels, while these last game destroyers will go through inch mesh netting as though it was an open door. It is questionable also if they will not climb over an ordinary fence unless it has an overhanging board at the top. The ducks when large enough to be released in the pond enclosure

must be pinioned, that is the tip of one wing removed. This will do them no injury and if kept quiet and strangers are not allowed to annoy them, it is surprising how tame they soon become, how quickly they adapt them-

selves to their surroundings, even fighting and trying to drive away strange ducks that may visit or be placed in the pond.

In addition to the pond there should be a considerable tract of land surrounded by the wire fence. This if low and marshy or grass land that can be flooded and made wet—not too much water, just puddly—will prove a decided help in duck farming. The birds will range all over it hunting worms and insects so that at times the pond will be nearly deserted; then when nesting time comes almost every high place or fence corner will have its pair of breeding ducks. So far as known only the “puddle” ducks nest and lay in captivity. Expert game farmers say that while red-heads may, there is no chance that bluebill or canvasback will. Mallard are extremely prolific. If their eggs are removed, they will promptly lay a second clutch and possibly a third; not however going as far as quail which have been known to lay 100 eggs the season; or pheasants which often lay 60, occasionally more. Mallards make good mothers and will fight anything from a rat to a man in defence of their nest and young. Teal, while brave when the pinch comes, are excitable and nervous, but will lay and continue laying. In the wild they stick to their nests until almost stepped on; when at a game farm they are pugnacious and object to being disturbed with the energy of a sitting hen.

Young ducks show no fear of man and are swimmers and divers from the very start. They will follow a plow looking for worms, so closely that often it is hard to avoid running over them. At the end of a few weeks they are well feathered and after a little time, hard to distinguish from ducks of the year before. Wild ducks can be fed anything their domestic cousins will eat. A mixture of wheat, barley and grass seed with meat ground up very fine, seems best. If the enclosure contains plenty of grass no green feed is necessary for they will pasture on the grass like cattle. Mudhens which are easily raised and help set off a duck pond will scarcely notice grain if they can obtain sufficient grass.



1. WEEK OLD MALLARDS.
2. THIS QUAIL IS NOT AFRAID OF A DOG OR ANYTHING ELSE.
3. FULVOUS TREE DUCKS, VERY RARE. IT IS HOPED THEY WILL BREED IN CAPTIVITY.

Wild ducks when grown are nearly disease proof, that is, as long as the pond water is good. When young however, some varieties are susceptible to every sickness that's going and consequently are hard to raise, this being particularly the case with red-head and pintail, several nests of which to the writer's knowledge have been found in the wild, the eggs incubated and almost every one hatched, but the ducklings seemed to contract disease from the ground formerly used for poultry, and certainly did from the mother hens, one entire brood of sprigs dying from sore eyes which they caught from their bantam foster mother, her sickness developing after the ducklings

was deemed best to isolate, so a circle of wire netting was placed around her as she sat on the nest, the place enclosed being six or eight feet in diameter. The last peg to hold the netting in position had hardly been driven before the duck went crazy. She knew she was in jail and was bound to break out. She ran around the small enclosure, tried to jump over and would not be pacified, in fact was so excited that in a short time she would not only have broken her eggs but probably have beaten herself to death against the wire. When it was removed she calmed down at once and after walking around a little to be sure she was free, returned to the nest and per-



POND WITH MANY FARM RAISED DUCKS

had been given her. Another brood, red-heads this time, seemed in perfect health for several days leaving the incubator, then died of no apparent cause, just fell over in a fit. kicked a little, turned up their toes and died. They had been given good food, pure water, the mother hen was healthy and it must have been disease contracted from the ground, else pure contrariness which caused them to die.

A nesting duck is wise in her own conceits. The writer knows of a sitting mallard, a bit belated in hatching her brood because a dozen of her eggs were removed and she felt compelled to lay as many more, that to protect from envious neighbors it

severed until she brought ten little black and yellow balls of down out of the eggs and led them to water.

Now as to raising ducks for profit. It can be done with mallards which are as easily raised as chickens and with but little more cost. A farmer who is able to sell ordinary chickens for a dollar and a half a pair, will grow rich at the business. Mallards, to be used as breeders, at present will bring more than double that figure, perhaps three times as much if extra stock, and for the table certainly the best hotels and clubs would pay a fancy price. With each female producing eggs for at least two broods, one hatched in an incubator, the other by herself, it is easy to figure that twelve

or more young would be raised by each pair of ducks which would make this earning capacity in the neighborhood of twenty dollars the season. Feed will not cost so very much. Let us figure and see. A gill of grain, beside what it can pick up in way of insects added to the grass it likes so well, should be enough for any one duck in a day, except that perhaps during winter the quantity will have to be increased, say two bushels per duck per year, four for a pair which would make \$5 pay for the keep of any two ducks a year and this would cover all expenses. The writer thinks his estimate is high but even if not there appears a good margin for profit.

Wood ducks sell readily at about \$10 each. They are easy to raise on a game farm but are not nearly as hardy as mallards. In some localities they are named summer ducks because of their liking for warm weather so I doubt if in a cold climate they can be kept over winter unless warmly housed and then with considerable risk, but mallards and sprigs, they are regular polar bears for ice.

If widgeons, gadwalls and spoonbills breed to any extent when captives, I have never heard of it. They are of kinds not particularly susceptible to cold and could easily be housed as a protection against very severe weather but I have never seen them sitting in flocks of thousands on the ice waiting for an air hole to open

as I often have mallards and sprigs, nor shot them in mid winter among the old squaws, corwines and mergansers of the big lakes as I occasionally have the others. Teal, except as pets or to add beauty to a gentleman's duck pond, are out of the question unless in a warm climate. Blue-wing and cinnamon are as tender when exposed to cold as the wood duck, green-wing not so much. Still in the Southern States and California these varieties would all be possibilities and might for breeders or display, being hard to raise, command a higher price even than mallards, but for the table would not do at all, nor should they be considered for farm propagation in Canada where the mallard seems the most desirable duck.

The time may come when duck farming as an industry will equal fur farming as it is now, and perhaps in the future bounties may be paid the duck farmer for the release of his crop to help replenish the wild, but that is looking a long way ahead and for the present he will be fortunate to raise enough to meet the demand for breeding purposes and to supply the ponds of gentlemen and country clubs.

Canada geese are easily raised on a farm, sometimes when pinioned being permitted to run with the poultry in a barnyard or share a fenced-in pond with their domestic cousins. They lay readily, hatch and mother their



A WELL ARRANGED GAME FARM

young without trouble but I do not admire geese of any kind. Their flesh is usually tough and often rank. They are noisy and not particularly ornamental. Other varieties than the Canada seem to withhold their eggs when captives. I know of at least two flocks of 25 or 30 each, speckle-breasted, snow geese and the like, used by market shooters for decoys, all of which have been kept in the same yard and owned by the same parties for from 5 to 20 years, yet never an egg have any of them laid. They are tame and will feed from the owner's hand. When told "mush now, mush," they will go into their crates for transportation to or from the shooting grounds—but they lay no eggs. Why? Ask something easier. I am not answering riddles, just stating facts.

So much for ducks and geese; now concerning quail. They are birds that can be raised on a farm in quantities but the pens must be built on absolutely virgin ground. Should the germs of any disease be there, they will contract it. If the old do not the young will. Pens may be as large as 100 feet square or as small as ten by ten, depending upon the number of birds, with the sides of weasel proof netting. For the top a larger mesh can be used, say an inch or an inch and a half. It is not necessary to pinion the quail. They will soon learn what the netting is and will not bump into it. After a time they become so accustomed to their surroundings that they will rarely fly preferring as in their wild state to run, and avoid taking wing as much as possible. They get to be very tame, a sitting bird permitting the keeper whom she knows to stroke her head or scratch her back. And do not forget it, all the birds on a game farm know their keeper as well as they do their own chicks. Pens for quail should be in a grassy or weedy section where seeds and insects are to be found and where the birds can gratify their natural desire to skulk and hide. The Bob White and California Valley quail are much the best as breeders. In severe weather they must have warmth and shelter, perhaps an electric heater on the same principle

as a brooder but larger, in the far part of a low shelter shed, would answer. A family of half a dozen hens to a single male has proved best. As fast as eggs are laid they should be gathered and when enough, incubated. In this way a female will lay from 50 up, while if allowed to remain in the nest 15 to 20 would be her limit. The young as soon as dry are given to bantam hens, or when the supply of hens is short, placed in electric brooders where the chicks make themselves at home and if for any reason the supply of heat is not sufficient, peep and tell their needs as plainly as if they called to the man, "Hey! fire up. Do you wish to freeze us to death?"

But it is not nearly so easy this raising of quail as mallards. Too many must not be put in the same pen, for they pack in the corners and the strong smother the weak. They contract every bird disease that is going. They die when nothing seems the matter. However with so very many eggs, a large percent of which hatch, there is lots of lee-way. Three young out of every four might never reach maturity, yet the crop would be a profitable one, the main demand now being for well-established breeders, and for such the quail farmer at present can demand a very liberal price.

As the chicks grow they are given the run of a large pen. When half grown they are able to fly and can take care of themselves.

Much remains to be learned about Game Farming. To the writer it is more interesting than fur farming and if pecuniary gain is desired, mallard farming and possibly raising wood ducks now and quail breeding in the near future, will bring as large returns as will raising any of the fur bearers except the silver fox which requires so large a bank roll that common every day people are barred from engaging in it. Still we are all novices in the business, pioneers blazing the trail, but is it not a fact that steam cars always follow the path of the pioneer? And so in game farming the rush will come as soon as those showing the way have demonstrated what to do and how it should be done.

CAPACITIES

Describing how the Indians of the Abittibi gorge themselves to repletion

R. J. Fraser

"LOOK, boys!" said Granlon, "Watch those fellows finish off that moose meat."

The older of the two Indians came back to the fire, carrying a frying pan, a Number One, the largest size sold by the traders. He had it heaped full of red, frozen moose steaks, part of the previous day's kill. Fully fifteen pounds of meat the pan contained.

"That is only a light meal for the two of them," added our companion.

The two natives, bearers of Revillon Freres' winter mail from Cochran to Rupert River Post, had overtaken us on the Abittibi, early that afternoon, and had asked to be allowed to use our evening fire. It was not their intention to camp yet for the night, though they had already covered thirty miles since the morning fire. Instead, they would push on until dark, and add five or six miles more to the day's run.

"A mile today means a mile less some other day," they said.

A few handfuls of snow were added to the dish to keep the meat from burning, and the pan was set on the fire. Not long did it remain there. When the red, juicy meat had turned to a brown, Weebenisk removed the pan, and set it on the boughs between his companion and himself. The latter produced a frozen piece of bannock, and with the tea-pail placed within easy reach, the two commenced their meal. After five minutes of gorging,—one would hate to call it "eating," nothing remained in the pan but the gravy, which was quickly hardening under the frosty March air.

Then the packetmen gathered their belongings together, bade us good-bye, and went on down the river trail.

"That is what they call a snack—just a hurried repast," Granlon informed us, as we watched the Indians disappear into the woods of the portage below our camp.

"Wait till you see them at a real feast at the post in springtime. If some of them should be lucky enough to bring in a deer, or a moose, when the winter's trapping is over, you'll see some eating. They fill themselves full like our husky dogs, till they can only grunt and smoke."

We were settled several weeks at Rupert House, daily on the lookout for any form of excitement that would help to pass away the weary hours, before we were gratified by the sight of just such a feasting as Granlon had promised for us. In the first week of May, a party of Coast Crees from the Eastmain River country arrived at the post. On the way two moose had been shot, and men, squaws, and dogs, had strained at the komatik traces, rather than leave behind any part of the kill. They crossed the Rupert River just before the break-up.

Camped on the outskirts of the station were two other families, who had arrived a few days earlier, and close to their tents the newcomers pitched their own ragged and smoke-stained canvas.

"What cheer!" greeted the factor, when the leader of the little band entered the store.

"Whatchee! Whatchee!" responded the Indian, shaking the others hand.

"Bring your fur into the office, boy. Let's have a look at it," said the factor, turning towards the door. Reports of Benjamin Wapatches' most successful hunt had preceded him to the post.

The Indian, though, appeared to have other business on hand, to which the disposal of his catch was of secondary importance.

"No, not now," he answered, "Fur can wait. Plenty moosemeat, me and Jeemie Wastigan; plenty eat tonight. Fur bye an' bye. Want some peemee—grease,—now."

"Alright, boy. Come around in a few days when you're able to walk."

Finlayson had not bartered for fur with these grown-up children of the Ungava wilds for the past fifteen years without becoming familiar with their improvident habits. So long as a pound of that moosemeat remained uneaten, there would be no trading done.

So, with his little pail of lard, Benjamin returned to his tent.

Then the feasting commenced. The leg bones of the moose were first hung up to the teepee poles. A white hunter would naturally have flung these to his dogs; but an Indian will give no part of an animal, fish, or bird, to a dog. 'Tis neither meanness nor thrift that prompts them to act thus, but superstition. They believe it would bring bad luck in hunting, and they would themselves go hungry. So the dogs are thrown on their own resources, and is it any wonder, then, that the half-starved brutes are natural-born thieves.

One large fire was kept alight, and on this each family placed stew-kettle and pan, crammed full of tempting venison cuts. Steadily, for a half-hour, all members of the party ate. Then, the first round over, pipes were filled, and the company stretched out on the blankets. But, after a short rest, the pans and kettles were refilled, and the "stuffing" recommenced.

For a day and a half this gorging continued, and the one thing that finally terminated the feat, was not the exhaustion of the guests, but of the host's larder. A day later, one of the children, a lad of ten years of age, died, in great agony. The only apparent cause for his illness that the factor could discover was "over-stuffing."

Two full-grown moose had stocked the festive board, and the gathered company, men, squaws, and children, numbered but fourteen. The factor estimated there were over eleven hundred pounds of meat, clear of the bones and coarser portions, which were now drying in the heat and smoke of the wigwam peaks. Thus, in less than two days, each member of the band had seventy-five pounds of fresh venison placed to the credit of his gastronomic powers. This ac-

complishment may seem incredible to many, but we were eye-witnesses of the scene. Also, the factor assured us that it was not an uncommon feat among his trappers.

I was curious to know had the supply been several times as great, how long the feasters, if put to an endurance test, could keep to it. Granlon claimed there would be no question of "endurance;" they would simply "eat as long as there was a pound of meat in sight." And Granlon was in dead earnest about it.

Considering the nourishment and sustenance derived from seventy-five pounds of fresh meat, it is not hard to believe that for four days after the feast not a member of the party came near the store to trade. There was no need during that time to invest in more provisions. Most of the Indians were quite unable to do more than crawl forth from their tents.

When once more hunger did rouse them from a state of stupor, the trappers brought their bales to the factor's office. The trading over, they returned to their tents, reconciled to the summer's menu of trader's pork.

I was surprised that Coulson, a member of our party, was so little moved by the exhibition we had witnessed.

"That's not so wonderful," he exclaimed to me. "When I was up in North Greenland, I often saw that feat excelled. The Eskimoes are much heavier eaters.

"You should see them feast when a bear or a walrus, or better still, some musk-oxen, are killed. I saw four huskies eat a whole musk-ox in a night. And they waste less than these fellows here. All parts of the animal are eaten by them, and what we would discard as offal they consider tid-bits. These four I speak of started off on the raw meat, and after the first pangs of hunger had been relieved, they boiled the rest; hung a big kettle over the fire, and as they took a piece out to eat they dropped another in its place. Never a stop they made; but sat up and ate till nothing but the hide, bones, horns, and the greasy water in the pot remained."

THE UNWRITTEN LAW

Jean Stevinson

"DID I never tell you," asked the old timer from the West Kootenays, "of the fuss we had with Pinky Davis over the Silver Core mine? That was twenty years ago, before the C. P. R. ran its branch through the Slocan Valley, and many places that are good towns now were only timber land then. New Denver had started up, but Slocan City and other lake towns were brush to the water's edge. Rumors had got around, though, that there was silver in the Slocan hills, and prospectors were roaming round with their beans and bacon and the lightest camp kit they could muster. Of course you know there are fast and bound laws, both written and unwritten, governing prospecting, and one of the unwritten laws is that if you and a partner buy your provisions together for a trip you've got to go halves with him on what you stake, even if he gets scared and turns back at the first shadow. The alternative is for you to go back to the store and tell the dealer the partnership is off, paying him yourself for all the provisions. Well, I had been bitten this way twice, and wasn't going to be again, so got my brother and started off into the hills. I knew I could depend on him.

"Matt", he said, "you've got the papers all right?"

"Yes," I answered.

Well, we had a great old time. We spent days following up float in the creeks only to have it dodge us and lead us a pretty dance two miles around some ledge, or to lose it altogether. The climbing was so hard that the sixth day out we cached our tent in the hollow trunk of a tree, and slept in our blankets under trees afterward. The very day we cached our tent we staked a pretty fair mine, and the next day but one found another good prospect. It was not until the twentieth day out, though, that we struck the Silver Core, which makes the kernel of my story. The vein was two feet thick and ran four

thousand ounces to the ton of silver. You can figure it out for yourself at fifty cents an ounce.

"No fooling after this," Tom said. "We've got to get the papers into the registry office at New Denver in double quick time."

Everyone round these hills had to register in New Denver then, and as soon as our stakes were in we lost no time. We were on foot, though, with our camp kit, and travelling at best was slow work. When we got down about a mile we struck a trail, and soon heard a horseman coming along at full gallop.

"It's Nat Potter," I announced, "let's get him to hustle the papers into the office for us, then we can stay a few days longer."

"If you think he's safe enough," my brother said doubtfully.

"Nat," I called as he came up, "will you get these papers into the registry office for us tonight?"

"Sure thing," he answered readily, "I'm going straight there now."

I gave him the papers and showed him a sample of the ore I had brought down, and he rode off.

Tom and I prospected around a week longer, till our grub was on its last legs, then started for town. Tom wanted to be sure there was no kink in our last claim, and I wanted to get a job for awhile. We had only a nickel between us, and knew that wouldn't go very far in British Columbia. We thought we might get a loaf of bread for it. Well, we spent nearly a day sliding down rocks and butting through underbrush, but at last came to the town and made our way to a bake shop. The woman in charge said the smallest loaves were ten cents, but when she found five was all we had she let us have one for that. We spent another night out under a tree, and the next day went to the registry office.

"Your location is here," the clerk informed us, "but it is not in your name. Pinkerton Davis came in a week ago and had it registered as his."

"What!" we both yelled.

"Pinkerton Davis," the clerk repeated, "he registered the claim himself. You must have made some mistake."

"I made a mistake?" I asked quietly; and if Pinkerton Davis had been there he might have wondered at the quiet tone. Had he known me well, he would have paled perhaps.

"Come," I said to my brother, "there is nothing more we can do here." Then we went out. I was white with rage. I had started out prospecting with Pinky Davis once and he had left me in the lurch at the most critical time—scared, common scared, he was, and too lazy to do his share of the work. We had gone so far I did not want to lose time going back to call the partnership off at the dealer's, so went on and staked a mine that I sold for twelve thousand cash afterward. Pinky made me stand by the unwritten law and give him six thousand, though I had trusted to his sense of fair play.

Now I determined he should stand by the unwritten law that governed his act, and the unwritten law that governed *his* case was that a man who jumped an honest claim was *a skunk and a thief, and if he refused to pull his stakes after due warning he was a dead man*.

According to written law my brother and I had not a vestige of a claim on our silver mine. We had not registered it and Pinky Davis had—had gone up and stuck his stakes in, too. The law was on his side. Now we were to see which was stronger, the law written on the statute books or the law written on the heart of every square out-door man in the British Columbia hills.

The first thing to do was to get a job, which I did that very day, teaming. Men were scarce and wages were good.

Next on my program was to see Nat Potter. How had the papers got from him to Pinky Davis? Was he an accomplice? I found out he was not, but was lax in business methods and matters of trust. He had gone into the hotel on arriving at New Denver, had dinner with Davis, and when he was "three sheets in the wind" at Davis' invitation had let the cat out

of the bag. The rest was easy. Pinky promised to register the claim for Nat at once, as Nat was too bowled over to walk straight, and the papers were handed over.

Next my brother and I started a network of communications with other prospectors. All over the district, in three days, the men knew about Pinky Davis' criminal act. The boatmen going up and down the lake knew, miners and loggers knew, store and hotel-keepers knew and were sneering at him.

The prospectors, however, had the right of way. On the morning of the fourth day, when Pinkerton came down to breakfast at his hotel, he was handed a scrap of paper. It was signed by nineteen prospectors scattered throughout the Slocan hills, and read briefly:

"Pull your stakes from the Silver Core mine inside of twenty-four hours or you go into the middle of Slocan Lake."

"Faugh!" Pinky tried to laugh it off. "They can't do it." Yet he paled, knowing the men of iron he was up against; knowing also the depth of Slocan Lake, "no bottom" a mere child's throw from land; and that no man who went down ever came up again on account of the iciness of the water. Pinky tried to laugh it off, yet he paled—for he couldn't swim.

He took a nervous turn up the street. "The deal is so nearly through, too," he muttered, "thirty thousand dollars clear. Well, I'll go into Nelson, see my man, get what money down I can, and light out."

The Mary Ann was ploughing down the lake, making for the wharf, and as she made a trip only when she felt like it, Pinky hustled to his room, packed a suitcase in double quick time and ran to the dock.

"I am sorry," the purser said, "but I can't sell you a ticket. You are to be detained from going on the boat today."

"Detained!" yelled Pinky, "and what have I done? Ain't this a free country?"

"Yes," returned the young man, "but I'll be fired if I sell you a ticket. There's no use your trying to get on the boat without one, either."

Pinky found this only too true, and began to get scared. He thought awhile, then sent a telegram to his man in Nelson.

"How much down?" he wired, "at once?"

"Fifteen hundred," came the reply, "balance in one month."

"Lord!" breathed Pinkerton. It was now noon.

He ordered a big meal, with a bottle of champagne, the latter more for the purpose of putting his missing backbone in place than because he wanted to pay for it. Then he sent a messenger for me to go and see him.

I sent his note back.

"Tell Pinky Davis I have nothing to say to him," I told the boy.

Two hours passed, and I saw Pinky puffing up the road to the spot where I was hauling logs.

"Matt," he said, "I want to talk business with you."

I sat on my load of logs and looked at him. I knew if he were going to talk business it was crooked business, for he couldn't talk straight business if he tried. He began to grow uncomfortable with my eyes on him.

"You know, Matt," he began, shifting from one foot to the other, "I always intended doing the fair thing by you in the end. I knew a man in Nelson who was on the lookout for a good silver mine, and I felt I could make a fine deal with him if I had a free hand on the goods. He has been up to see the Silver Core, and offers thirty thousand dollars cash for it. He will pay fifteen hundred today and the balance in one month. You say the word and I'll go halves with you. That'll be fifteen thousand dollars for you for three weeks time—and you know I have the law on my side."

Pinky straightened a little as he delivered the last stroke, but I sat still, looking curiously at him and saying nothing.

"Will you," he asked, beginning to whine a little, "take fifteen thousand for your share and call it quits?"

"Not a cent!"

That was all I said, and I started my horses on up the hill. It was now the middle of the afternoon, and I knew Pinky too well to believe for a minute that he would run the risk

rather the certainty, of getting his precious hundred and ninety pounds down in the icy depths of the twisted Slocan Lake.

At six o'clock, as I was driving the horses to the barns, he came back. His face was strained and looked some years older. I knew he had tried to hire a team to take him out of town by land, but could not get one. No one with a row boat would take him in, nor hire him a boat. Oh, they were game, those western fellows in the old days!

Pinky was a prisoner—with the law on his side.

Now he came to the point.

"Matt," he wheedled, "I'll take a quarter of the thirty thousand and cry quits. You know by law I could get it all if I were determined to. Will you take twenty-two and a half thousand as your share?"

I had stopped the horses and was taking a good look at him.

"Not a cent!"

Then I drove on to the barn. The face I left behind me was white with rage and fright, but I knew Pinky deserved all that was coming to him.

At eight o'clock that night he was sitting in the bar, a glass beside him and his head in his hand. A man gave him a note.

"Time is half up," it read. "We have a man posted at the Silver Core to see what time your stakes are pulled. We also have men in readiness to haul you out of bed if necessary, take you out in a rowboat and throw you in the lake at eight o'clock tomorrow morning."

The note was signed boldly by the nineteen prospectors.

Pinky walked unsteadily to the clerk's desk.

"Get me a saddle horse," he ordered "for four o'clock tomorrow morning, and see that I am called fifteen minutes sooner. Send coffee to my room with the call."

"I am sorry," the clerk answered suavely, "but all the available horses are engaged."

"Nonsense!" Pinky turned even whiter than he was, and sat down with a bump in the nearest chair. No one seemed to notice him, no one seemed to care.

"What a walk!" he groaned to himself, "what an awful night's climb!"

He got a lantern and started for the hills. No one hindered him; no one asked where he was going—they all knew.

Oh, but Pinky got his deserts that night! I followed him every foot of the way. His muscles were flabby, while mine were like iron, and the journey over rocks and streams, through brush and ravines, tired me after my day's work. A hundred yards ahead of me the lantern bobbed and jolted, and every time I cracked a twig Pinky thought a bear or a cougar was after him, for he looked back with terror in his eyes. I needed no light with that beacon ahead; all night long I followed him, up hill and down, until at five the dawn began to show. Then I kept in the shelter of the trees and brush, and had a faint suspicion of respect for Pinky because he did not get lost. To this day I cannot understand why he didn't. I was not sorry, though, for the sneak who for once was paying the penalty for a mean act.

At fifteen minutes to eight he

stumbled up to his stakes. Two men stood there with watches in their hands. Pinky was dropping with fatigue, but went the rounds, and one by one pulled the three bogus pegs. First came the discovery stake, then the stake at each end of the fifteen hundred feet square that had looked so good to him; and the claim that had been his only in law was his no more. Then Pinky fell to the ground in a faint.

The men closed their watches, but looked only with disgust at the mean bundle of clothes that lay on the ground. A bottle was sticking out of his pocket, so we knew when Pinky came to he could take care of himself, and the three of us left him there. He came to all right. He is still in British Columbia doing other people, but does not show his nose around New Denver any more.

The Silver Core? Oh, yes, my brother and I sold it to Pinky's man all right. We got the first fifteen hundred down for our magnificent vein, then it was discovered that the blinky thing ran only three feet into the ground and stopped short. So did our thirty thousand."

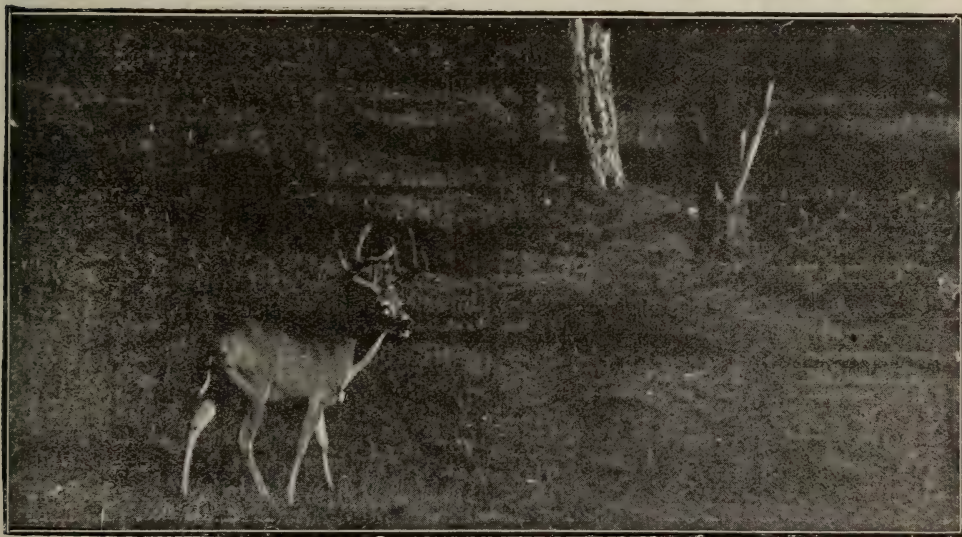
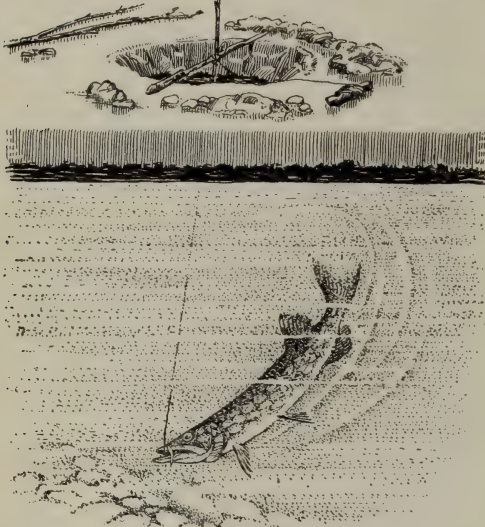


Photo by Leonard Frank, Alberni, B.C.

BUCK DEER, VANCOUVER ISLAND



F. V. Williams

THE sun had dropped behind the trees and the Northern night was settling down over the gloomy pine and spruce timber lands. Across the clearing from the men's bunk house and the stables two and a half dozen hungry, husky loggers and teamsters trudged by ones and twos toward the long low log dining room set a little apart from the other buildings and from which the light was already streaming in a welcome blaze across the light covering of snow in front of the doorway. It looked cheery enough to anyone who had been swinging an axe, pulling on a cross-cut saw, or guiding the well-fed, spirited horses that the camp always boasted of, or at least it should have for "Higgins" camps were always on record for having the best horses, the best grub, the best bunk houses, and the most contented lot of men in this particular section. Suffice it to say that when the most temperate of the men came back to certain of the Higgins camps for five years in succession it looked as if there must be some inducement. But G. E. Higgins was one of the wise men of his generation, he seldom interfered in the workings of the camps aside from the fact that he gave instructions to his foremen, and when some uninitiated individual from some other camp became too frequently noisy, or, a

nuisance among sober workmen, he was invariably taken to one side by a hard eyed foreman, given his time, and a curt bit of advice to pack his blankets and get out on the next train for town and not to come back to a Higgins camp unless he left whiskey behind him. It was forgivable to come into camp drunk, or at least it had been overlooked, but the unforgivable sin was to bring in the "stuff" to use in camp. The hard work and out-door air and regular nights' sleep would bring back sobriety but it was not expected that a man would keep sober with his "wet goods continually on tap," so the wise ones smiled at the foolish one's troubles and saved their pay until they arrived in town to satisfy their appetites for the liquid that was denied them in camp.

Nevertheless Higgins camps were also noted for their cheerful crews as has been before stated, but now there was something wrong, very much wrong to judge by the appearance of the men on their way to the eat-house. There were Swedes, Norwegians, a few French-Canadians, and perhaps a half dozen American representatives in the group, and the only cheerful one in the bunch was Louie Bourgaïs. The strategy of a chipmunk in raiding a dinner pail would give Louie the subject for a story a yard long and a yard wide and a good laughable story at that. Louie was a past master at the art of story-telling and fortunate indeed was the partner that worked with or near him, as he was sure to hear a story or two during the day that would make him forget his troubles and look forward to more entertainment. Even now as they approached the door of the dining room the French Canadian was trying to raise a laugh with a story about a traveler who had stopped at a farm house and had been fed beans so often that—well he got no farther, for the heavy shoulder of one of the Swedes caught him in the side and sent him hurtling through the door.

"Good boy, Johnson," called his companion.

"Beans, hell! we've had beans for four days straight now, and believe me," as he heard grumbings of approval from the darkness behind, "if we have beans on this here table next week I'm going back to town if I do have to walk."

"It's a long walk", grinned Louie from across the table where they were now seated, in two rows, with sixteen men on each side of the

long plank table, and as Louie remarked it looked like a "bean funeral."

"Say Frenchy!" began one of the men—"Never mind the Frenchy part," retorted Louie, as his black eyes sparkled and he forgot his natural good nature at the tone of the other's voice. "You know Frenchy could double you up and put you in the store damn quick, if it was worth the exertion, just like dat," with a snap of his fingers in the other's face across the table. "If you should so desire,"—but right here he was interrupted from the doorway that led to the kitchen by a gruff good natured voice that announced "Beans once more boys! sorry, but that bunch of provisions is still in the ditch with the other wreckage down there at Muddy Creek, and the boss says that it'll take two or perhaps three days to get at the grub and get it up here."

Scowls and dark looks greeted this announcement and good natured, jolly John Kent, the cook, known to everybody in camp as one of the best cooks ever, and an all-round friend of the boys looked mighty sober as he turned back to the kitchen and told the two boys, his helpers, to serve the "bean supper." The second boy had hardly passed through the door to the dining room when the cook heard the outside door slam and looking out through the kitchen window saw two of the teamsters walk away toward the cabins and bunk house across the clearing. As he stood watching them they stopped and one of the pair, a fellow called "Red Jake," reached to his inside coat pocket and brought forth a flask from which they both took a long "pull." Stepping quickly to the door he was about to call to them when the sound of their voices stopped him.

"Not a step do my horses go from the stable to-morrer Riley."

"Same here Red, old boy, to the devil with a camp that can't feed their men nothin' but beans. To-morrow mornin' we're both sick, savvy? and if there aint nothing better'n beans here by to-morrow night we take a team and get back towards town, hey?"

"You bet yer right Red, shick to-morrow haw, haw!" laughed the one addressed as Riley and as they passed on and the cook stepped back and closed the door, he realized that if they did away with the flask of liquid trouble, which they were in a fair way to do, trouble would probably put the camp back days or possibly weeks in their work. The wreck down at Muddy Creek ten days ago had thrown the whole camp on end. Part of the wreck had burned and under the portion of it that burned was the two months' provisions for the camp. On top of this had come a heavy gale of wind that had blown trees across the track and delayed the wrecking crews on their way to repair the trestle at Muddy Creek. Kent knew that it would be one, possibly two or three days before there could be any relief in the way of fresh meat or vegetables brought in. He had sent Ralph Weyburn, one of the boys, out with the rifle and the lad had hunted all the day before with one rabbit as a result, not a deer being seen, and very few signs, so that idea had been given up as a waste of time with too

little chances of success. He busied himself in straightening up his kitchen setting things to rights for the morning and in the meantime listening for the grumbings and mutterings from the other room to take definite word form that he might form an opinion as to whether any of the others were as desperate as the two teamsters. The door swung open and Louie, he of the good nature and story-telling ability, shoved his head through into the kitchen.

"Say cook you do know how to cook beans!" Ha, ha, he laughed, and as the outside door slammed more forcibly than ever and a derisive, "bah! came to their ears as the last of the crew left the room, Louie's face lost its usual expression and he remarked, "I don't care a whoop about the beans John, I'd eat em for a month if there was nothing else but you know how the boys are, a few of the cranks start something in a place this far out and in a short time the whole gang have got it and I wanted to tell you that a lot of them say that there's nothing doing to-morrow if there isn't something besides 'beans,' see?—just a tip so they won't surprise you and now I must be going as they will think you've saved out something special for me," and with a laugh he disappeared.

Ralph Weyburn, the boy who had been out for deer the day before and failed to find one, and the other youngster, were washing dishes and Kent was taking a stealthy look at the foreman's gloomy face through the small round opening in the door leading into the dining room, a place of observation when things were as they should be, that he often used to see the men were well supplied at meal time. This was the first time in his twelve years' experience at the Higgins camps that the foreman had really ever been up against this sort of thing. Eight of the men at the table had told him point blank that unless there was some new style of grub right away quick they'd walk back to town, if it took a week. He could do nothing and there was nothing to say so he let them talk. It was bad luck and not bad management he knew that had caused all the trouble, that and a suspicion,—just a suspicion. Had he been sure there was whiskey mixed up in the dissatisfaction he would have made short work of the offender, but he had no evidence that was worthy of the name, so could do nothing. Of a sudden there was a crash of broken crockery in the kitchen and a yell from young Weyburn of "I've got it cook!" The rest he could not hear, but Kent standing at the door turned as he heard the crockery smash and was surprised to see Ralph pay no attention to the smashed platter, but with a yell of "I've got it cook!" came across the floor and drag him into a corner back of the door from which corner little sixteen year old Ole Johnson at his task of washing the dishes heard a most excitable five minutes' whispering. At the end of that time and just as the foreman was leaving the empty dining room the cook walked in with a "I've got some news for you. If you'll tell the boys to stick on the job until to-morrow night I'll have a feed for them that they'll not forget." The foreman looked dubiously at the cook

but without asking any questions he went straight to the bunkhouse where a bunch of the boys were playing seven up, while others lay about in the bunks, smoking and resting before turning in. The foreman did not stay long but delivered the cook's message and then departed. He was too wrought up for words and was afraid if he stayed words might follow that would lead to trouble.

This promise of the cook's was discussed all evening by the men and an agreement entered into by all. Even the two teamsters, Red Jake and Riley, were talked into working one more day, but no more unless there was some change in the bill of fare, and over in the cook-house Kent was giving instructions to Ole about the men's breakfast, just what to do and where to find things. Then he took an inventory of his larder. He had potatoes, flour, bacon, and beans—at the sight of them he had to grin to himself—and then he turned and looked at the bunk house where the last light had just disappeared for the night. Hustling around from his big wooden chest he brought forth two mysterious looking packages which he proceeded to place, along with two axes, extra coats, socks and a lunch of bacon sandwiches, on a bench near the door. In ten minutes he was in his bunk and trying to sleep in spite of the dance being held by a dozen or more mice in the dining room on the other side of the partition.

"Sufferin' bobcats, but its cold," muttered Ralph as at 3 a.m. he and the cook emerged into the starlit world outside the cook house. An early start before even the stablemen were out had been the cook's idea of this venture and here they were, with a small bundle each and an axe, making their way from camp and in the very opposite direction from that the men took when going to work in the woods. The stars were gradually becoming obscured by smudges of light clouds but Ralph kept the lead and skirting the heaviest timber he followed a rocky ridge covered with small scrub timber for an hour or more, until at 5 a.m. as it was beginning to come daylight he turned abruptly to the left and went in under the shadow of the big timber.

"Sure you know where you're going," queried the cook.

"Well I should say I do," retorted Ralph. "Say I could get there blindfolded," and after that they traveled in silence until daylight. Occasionally a branch would pop with the frost, and twice the big snow shoe rabbits of this region scuttled away before them, but the cook and his helper hardly noticed these little details so anxious were they to arrive at their goal. Shortly after the cook had looked at his watch which said 5.55 a.m. they came out of the timber onto a little ridge, and down below them lay a large lake, frozen over completely. Half-way across and directly opposite their vantage point were two fair-sized islands dividing the lake into three separate channels at this point.

"See over there where that old snag leans out over the ice?" asked Ralph. "Well if you go half-way over there and make about three holes through the ice, I'll bet you'll have all you can tend to, and I'll go round the island into the other channel and do the same

and believe me I'll bet we get the fish. Why say, I must have been asleep the last two days not to have thought of the fish up here. I went over to one of the islands there the other day when I was out after deer and was walking acrost here and I thought of these deep holes and say I've seen some whoppers of pickerel taken out of here, let's get busy." Suiting the action to the word he started climbing and sliding down the bank, the cook following, and by holding on branches and bushes he succeeded in following his younger companion down to the ice, without taking a spill.

"Go ahead and cut your poles," Ralph remarked, "I'll get mine over at the island," and he was half-way across to that place before Kent doubtfully began to cut a few small straight alders from the bank for "tip-ups." Going out about one third the way across he cut a hole through the ice, arranged his tip-up by fastening a light upright pole to a crossbar that reached across the hole in the ice. To the end of the lighter pole he attached a short piece of line with a fair-sized hook with wire leader, and after baiting with a piece of white salt pork he tied a few threads from his red scarf to the upright end to make it more conspicuous in case of a strike. Out in mid channel he repeated his first set. His upright poles were just heavy enough to lie flat on the ice with the baited line attached and after finishing his second set he started over to the island. The last two sticks he had cut were slightly heavy for the purpose he wished to use them for. Arriving at the shore, or what would have been the beach, he climbed through the broken ice and driftwood, got his sticks and was on his way back, when about one third the way across he glanced over his half-hour old back-track, and Ye Gods! one of the upright signal sticks of the tip-ups was beating a frantic slap, slap on the ice, while the stick farthest in shore stood up as straight as a "sore thumb."

Kent needed no urging now; he dropped his axe, sticks and extra tackle where he stood and raced toward the nearest hole. He knew there was just one reason for those signals flying and that was—fish. Sure enough, reaching down he got hold of the line and pulling up quickly he had the satisfaction of landing a pickerel of about three pounds weight, as near as he could judge. He struck him a sharp blow on the head with a stick, unhooked him quickly, and while baiting up again looked fearfully over his shoulder at the other signal stick, expecting every minute to see it drop back to its resting place on the ice. Just once as he watched did it drop toward the ice and then it came back with such a snap to its upright position that it seemed as if it was taking an all day contract. Hurriedly resetting his line the cook chased across to this, his first set, and one glance down at the taut line told him that it was no ordinary fish on the other end. At this place he had let down about eight feet of line and had fastened the bight in a slip knot to the cross bar. From down in the cold green water a something was moving the line about in a circle and as he reached out and grasped the taut line with one hand he jerked

the slip knot loose with the other, and it was well he did so, for with a jerk that surprised him and tore the line from his fingers the big fish at the other end became frantic to escape. The cook got his reel with the spare line on just in time, for in another second it would have disappeared under the ice.

"Now then old boy you hold on to your end, I will hold on to mine," he exclaimed as he began to haul in slowly, hand over hand, the struggling fish. When but half the line was in the cook looking down into the clear water, gave a gasp of surprise and with a "he's the great grand daddy of them all," began to look about him. A few feet away lay an alder he had not used, possibly three quarters of an inch in diameter, and it was forked just right for the purpose of the cook. Holding his line with one hand, after a number of attempts he tied it back on the crossbar of the tip-up. The big fish was tired now and did not struggle so much though he kept all his weight on the line, the cook noted, as he quickly stepped back and picked up the forked branch, and with his pocket knife hastily cut one of the branches off about six inches from the fork. This he proceeded to sharpen, then cutting the stick off below the fork he soon had a very rough but serviceable gaff. After five or ten minutes careful manoeuvring he succeeded in getting the big fish within a foot of the surface and his head directly under the hole and then with a deft movement he slipped the stick under his head and jerked the short sharpened branch under the big fellow's gill cover and half lifted, half dragged him out onto the ice. Such a fish! Kent pulled him back from the hole in the ice and spent five long minutes admiring him.

Lucky thing for me I had those heavy lines or I'd never have known what whales there were in these waters—forty inches if he's one, and I'll bet he weighs close to eighteen pounds at the least, by heck, there's another one"—and sure enough there was another one. This time it was a fish of about the same size as the first.

"Well that kid said there was good fishing here and I guess he was right eh! but I've got all I want to lug back to camp right now and I guess I'll quit," which he did and after eating his sandwiches and while dressing his catch, with a hungry crow watching him from a spruce stump a short distance away, Ralph came on the scene carrying six pickerel and one small pike. As he came to the spot where the cook had dropped his axe, he stopped before picking it up and looked round and at a glance he saw that something out of the ordinary had happened. Hustling up he was as excited over the big fellow as the cook had been.

"I knew we'd get some good fish over here, but I had no idea there was anything like that to come our way to-day and say, the boys ought to be happy to-night, eh? It was nine o'clock now and as they'd both finished

their lunch they started back, arriving after an uneventful journey at the camp, swearing Ole to secrecy—although that worthy young man while serving the boys at the table could not repress the glee within him—which caused sundry sarcastic and uncomplimentary remarks from the curious men. Once the dinner hour was safely over the cook and his helpers worked feverishly getting up their fish dinner. While Ole was cutting up the big fish one of the camp cats skulking into the kitchen stole the head and bolted out of door headed straight for the stables, his favorite hiding place. Coming out of the stable door was "Red," who was supposed to be very, very ill. At sight of "Red" the cat stopped for an instant undecided and "Red," on his part astonished at the cat's burden reached inside the stable door and seizing a convenient curry comb, hurled it at the cat with such good aim that it struck the cat in the ribs, causing him to take to his heels without his precious fish head which "Red" proceeded to examine for fully a minute.

"The Saints be praised," he ejaculated. "If his isn't Friday, and here's fresh fish," and dropping the fish-head, much to the relief of the cat who was watching him from under the stable where he had taken refuge, he started on the run for the bunk house, got his coat and hat and by a long detour found his friend Riley, without seeing or being seen by the foreman, to whom he imparted the information that there was to be a fish dinner in camp. Needless to say, "Red" and "Riley" were the first in at the supper table and these two worthies were busy trying to get away with a second helping when the others came in. But there was plenty for everybody, Kent informed them, and more to be had when these were gone. It is a question as to whether the cook or the foreman was the happier to hear the men cracking jokes and telling stories between times, "kidding" each other on the size of their newly acquired appetites. Right in the midst of a grossly exaggerated account by Louie of a pickerel he had caught that contained a live wild duck, the sound of new arrivals outside was heard, and the men piling out greeted the relief crew that had finally got through, although without the expected fresh meat and vegetables which, however, they were informed would be along in a couple of days. The boys, however, hardly noticed this bit of supposedly good news, they were so busy praising John Kent's fish dinner and some of them were already planning a trip for themselves on some off day. Meantime out in the kitchen Ralph and Ole were making ready for another trip in the morning as per instructions from the cook, and out under the stables a big cat, gorged with his feed from the big fish head, was curled up asleep on a pile of straw, when he should by all the laws of nature have been out foraging for the small wood folk who have to venture out at night.

THE RESTIGOUCHE

The Salmon River of New Brunswick

Margaret Grant MacWhirter

FEW places can rival the Restigouche in beautiful and striking scenery. During its entire course of two hundred miles it maintains a panorama of mountain and plain, wooded island and fertile field till it enters the Bay de Chaleur at Dalhousie, where it is three miles wide.

In many places on alternate sides the mountains descend sheer to the water's edge, while on the opposite shore rich, level tracts extend along the river for several miles at a stretch: fully a mile deep.

Dalhousie, the picturesque shire-town of Restigouche County is situated at the head of Bay de Chaleur; it has all the facilities of a sea-port town. Before the railway pushed its way north it was a place of considerable importance in the exportation of lumber. Nature has been lavish in her gifts here as elsewhere along this river of the boundary.

Ascending the river we enter a beautiful lake expansion which extends for nearly eight miles to Pointe a la Garde—the site in olden days of a French Battery, and the first to fall before Captain Byron the English commander, on that memorable day of July, 1760, when the fleeing store-fleet of France was pursued up the bay to its final stand on the Restigouche.

On to Campbellton we go—the plucky town which has so nobly and bravely conquered all difficulties and discouragements to arise a new and more prosperous town on the ruins of the old. In the rear is Sugar Loaf Mountain; with Cross Point and the Indian Reservation opposite where the river is nearly a mile wide.

A few miles above is Athol, with "Bourdeaux" opposite: between is the Basin of the Restigouche—the scene of the final battle between the English and French in America. With the lapse of years the mouldering hulls of the French wrecks are gradually disappearing, and where the battle raged the great Corporation boom stretches along the river.

From Tide Head to Upsalquitch the river averages two hundred and fifty yards in width, and is thickly dotted with islands to Matapedia; thirteen miles above Cross Point. Long Island, the largest, is fully a mile long; it has been cleared and responds richly to the hand of the agriculturalist.

The Restigouche—meaning in the Micmac tongue "Five Finger River" has received its name from its five principal branches—the Matapedia, Upsalquitch, Patapedia, Kedgewick and main river. At Matapedia is the terminus of the railway which runs through the Gaspesian Peninsula, skirting the Gulf, Bay and river. At Matapedia, at its junction with the main river, the scenery is very grand. The Restigouche Salmon Club have purchased a large flat of land and erected thereon a number of buildings. Occasionally in the spring, when an ice-jam occurs, the rivers

losing all control overflow their banks and at Matapedia the houses have been flooded—the inmates being compelled to flee, leaving the furniture floating around. Crossing the Mercier Bridge, a road to the right leads to the large, prosperous French settlement of St. Alexis on the range of mountains which extends between the Restigouche and Matapedia Rivers, and farther to Brandy Brook and Chain of Rocks.

Six miles above is Grog Island, situated between high mountains. On the north bank a narrow road-way has been dug out of the cliff, while on the opposite shore the road has been built high up on the mountain side. The highway extends to the upper end of Runnymede, where farther progress is barred by the mountain and the traveller is compelled to proceed by way of the river.

Opposite Runnymede is a high mountain, known as the "Slate Mountain," rising in three natural terraces on a point of land between the Restigouche and Upsalquitch, which enters the main river from the south. This tributary is wide—fully one hundred and fifty yards—at the mouth, with a large beach and divides into two channels. Across the river, a mile from its mouth a bridge has been erected for the convenience of travellers through the large farming district of Robinsonville, near which the new International Railway passes on its way to St. Leonard's.

Above, for a great part of its course the main river is two hundred yards wide; then Patapedia, thirty miles beyond is reached, which in addition to the main river above Kedgewick, and the Kedgewick, have been reserved by the Government for salmon breeding purposes.

The Restigouche flows through a country rich in valuable timber. For nearly a century and a half busy gangs of men have been cutting down the great trees for which northern New Brunswick is famous. The timber interests still remain a rich source of wealth to the country, giving employment to many men, those who fell the great trees, drive the logs, work in the mills, lade the ships etc. There seems to be no limit to the amount awaiting the axe of the woodsman. There is still another industry for which the Restigouche and its tributaries have long been famous. These waters are prolific in salmon and trout, which have greatly enriched the inhabitants, besides being a source of keen pleasure to the anglers, who every season spend many happy days in pursuit of the finny beauties to whose capture they are entitled as they have either bought or leased the fishing privileges. The fly-fishing on the Restigouche has been good for the last five or six years, the year 1914 being the best in the history of the river: more fish being taken than in any previous year. The increase is doubtless owing to the removal

of the net-stands from the mouth of the river. The Matapedia is also a good river for anglers, and has its goodly share of sportsmen: chiefly Americans. In proportion to number there are more large fish caught in the Matapedia than in the Restigouche. The Upsalquitch is a small river, and the fishing does not commence till the beginning of July, but when it does begin it amply repays the time and skill expended on it, as large numbers of fish are taken, averaging eight or nine lbs. in weight. This river is nearly all government water, which has been leased to several parties on a ten years' lease. There are four fine camps between the mouth and the Forks, a distance of twenty-four miles.

Of course the fish are found in pools. Among the best on the river are Rogers' Run, The Looking Glass, The Trotting Ground, Devil's Half Acre, Whitcher's Pool, Patapedia, Cross Point, Pine Island, Chamberlain's Shoals, Toad Brook, Chain of Rocks, Brandy Brook, Main, Home, Rock, Adams (upper and lower), Jones and Titus.

Retracing our way down river from the Keswick (or Kedgewick) the first camp is that belonging to Archibald Rogers, who owns the fishing right on both sides of the river for two miles, besides leasing four miles on the south side. For four miles from Little Cross Point to the mouth of the Patapedia the fishing is leased by the Restigouche Salmon Club from the New Brunswick Government. The Club has two camps on this part of the river, one at the Trotting Ground, eleven miles from Patapedia and another at Red Bank, four miles above Patapedia.

There are fewer large pools and less fishing done on this part of the river than any other

of the same extent. "Indian House," three miles below the Patapedia is a private station belonging to the Restigouche Salmon Club, and is considered the best station on the river. As many as twenty-one large fish have been taken from Patapedia Pool in one day by a single rod.

Indian House is beautifully situated, being built on a rising ground overlooking the pool. From this station several pools extending about four miles are fished. Next in order is Big Cross Point, which was the property of Sir Sanford Fleming, usually fished by the members of the Restigouche Salmon Club. Pine Island, also belonging to the Club is a double station for four rods. Still descending the river are Red Pine for two rods, and Chamberlain's Shoals with two camps: the upper one being a club, formed of well-known Montreal men, and the lower belonging to the Restigouche Salmon Club. The two camps at Toad Brook are private: the one on the South side has a beautiful situation.

Camp Albany (Messrs. Alcott) is private and extensive, and repays the labour as the fishing lasts the entire season. Farther on is the station of H. R. Silver of Halifax, and that of W. P. Clyde at Deeside with a mile and a half of water.

Club Harmony belongs to five members who own some of the most valuable fishing on the river. Their limit of three miles is private, and the situation of the camp is the finest on the river, being at the junction of the Upsalquitch and Restigouche. Runnymede Lodge with three miles of water also belongs to five members. Three miles above Matapedia is a pretty little camp owned by Wm. M. Barnum.



Photo by Notman and Son, Montreal.

THE RESTIGOUCHE NEAR MATAPEDIA

Again we have reached the junction of the Matapedia with the Restigouche where is situated the camp of F. W. Ayer, who owns and leases considerable fishing on this part of the river, and has the reputation of being one of the most skillful fishermen who comes to the river.

At Matapedia is the Club House and headquarters of the Restigouche Salmon Club, the officers of which are as follows: Henry De Forest of New York, President; Walter Jennings of New York, Secy. Treas. The fishing here extends about three and a half miles and is very valuable, although its value is lessened by the logs, which cause considerable trouble during June.

The camp of Mr. Brainerd of Montreal is private; he owns some good fishing, three miles below Matapedia, and has a beautiful little camp. Flatlands Club includes five members among which are: Messrs. Meredith,

The fishing season usually begins about the first of June—some years a little later, and occasionally during the last days of May.

Gaspe or bark canoes are used by the fishermen. In each boat are two polers and one fisherman; a luggage canoe is also in attendance.

The government has taken great precautions to preserve the salmon. Certain places are reserved for breeding purposes; the salmon are caught in large nets and kept in a pond.

"The fresh water salmon retaining pond at Tide Head on the Restigouche has been abandoned and replaced by a salt water pond at New Mills, N. B. The parent fish for the old Tide Head pond were taken in nets operated by the department, and at New Mills they are purchased from the commercial fishermen. The New Mills pond is situated on the south side of Bay Chaleur. It is formed of two cribs constructed of logs in



INTERIOR OF SALMON HATCHERY AT FLATLANDS ON THE RESTIGOUCHE

Patterson, R. B. Angus and Dr. W. W. Chipman of Montreal. The two miles of fishing is very good.

Some good returns are received from Dr. H. H. Lunam's water near Tide Head, but owing to the vicinity of tidal water salmon do not take the fly so readily as farther up river.

The Restigouche Salmon Club limit their members to eight fish per day: the others have no limit. To protect the salmon there are about thirty guardians on the Restigouche, and twenty on the Matapedia and Upsalquitch. These guardians go on duty about June first and continue from four to five months: the average wage being fifty dollars per month.

courses and saddled into one another. These cribs are 195 feet and 280 feet long respectively, and form with the bend in the shore line a quarter circle. The cribs are ballasted with stone and sheathed on both sides with plank—ing "(Appendix No. 13. Marine & Fisheries)".

The salmon are kept there till spawning time, which is between the latter part of October and the middle of November. When the spawn has been removed the old fish are set at liberty to return to salt water, and the eggs are removed to the Hatchery at Flatlands where Mr. Mowatt is in charge.

The ova or eggs are placed in trays, and laid in the water for the winter, while water is kept continually running over them. The useless eggs are picked out with "pickers"

made of wire or wood. This is repeated at regular intervals, till the eggs are hatched, which occurs in May. The sediment is cleaned from the eggs with a spray. They are kept in the hatchery from six to seven months.

The young fish are kept about six weeks longer, until about one and a half inches long, when they are liberated, being placed in rivers where the current is not very strong, and where no other fish lie; with good rock or bottom gravel beneath which to hide, such as the upper waters of the Restigouche, Kedgewick, Matapedia, Nepisquit and Bonaventure Rivers.

The young fish known as fry remain in fresh water rivers for two and a-half years. In the fall they go to sea and are known as parr, being six inches long. Between one and two years they return as grilse—i. e. male fish—Female fish do not return till the following year, and are known as salmon. Ninety per cent of the young fry are liberated from the hatchery, while in the natural way only ten per cent are impregnated; thus in the artificial way there is a gain of eighty per cent. The result of artificial breeding is that the fish are increasing every year.

The fish hatchery on the Restigouche was first built above Deeside: this being the second built in the Dominion. It was burnt and rebuilt at Flatlands, N. B. The late John Mowatt, Esq. was the first overseer of fisheries on the Restigouche River. This office is now filled by Mr. Max Mowatt Fishery Overseer for Restigouche County, and Mr. Eben. Ferguson for the Restigouche, River and its tributaries in the Counties of Restigouche and Victoria.

Like many other important industries the fish hatchery had a humble beginning. The first fry was hatched out in the basement of Samuel Wilmot's house: he afterwards became first superintendent of fisheries. The Messrs. T. & M. Mowatt of Restigouche built the first hatchery on the Fraser River in British Columbia. So unpopular was it that

in 1884 cannery men petitioned the government through the Board of Trade of Victoria to stop the erection, as the river was teeming with fish. To-day these same cannery men have a hatchery themselves in addition to the Provincial Hatchery. The Dominion Government has fourteen or fifteen among which is a splendidly equipped one 115 by 32 feet wide at Gaspé.

The hatchery on the Nepisquit is subsidiary to the Restigouche Hatchery. According to the Marine and Fisheries report of September 1914—"Five hundred and thirty salmon were taken in the Government net at Tide Head and ninety eight were purchased from the commercial fishermen at New Mills. These were retained in the fresh water pond at Tide Head on the Restigouche, and yielded 2,356,500 eggs of which later 500,000 were transferred to the new subsidiary hatchery on the Nepisquit river."

During 1914, 1,654,700 salmon fingerlings in addition to a balance of 40,000 from the previous year were distributed in the various rivers from the Restigouche Hatchery.

According to the report of marine and Fisheries the season's (1914) catch of salmon far exceeded any former year within the remembrance of even the oldest inhabitant—"as many as thirty salmon having been taken in one day in the river with two rods." Net fishermen received a good return, notwithstanding the damage effected by the severe storm of June 3rd.

Such results have made all who are interested in the salmon industry anxious for the continued success of the hatchery.

Even in winter the Restigouche yields its harvest of fish: the smelt-fishing industry being of considerable consequence. The work is cold and wearisome, but rich returns usually reward the fisherman.

The hardy residents of the Restigouche are not afraid of cold or hardship, and let no opportunity slip to secure the treasures which are to be found in the forests and waters of the Restigouche River.

CHRISTMAS IN AN INDIAN WIGWAM

Max McD. Tait

IN view of their distinctive taste for ceremonial and the strong vein of sentiment running through their nature, it seems strange that our North American Indians have not developed from their own sources anything corresponding very nearly to our Christmas idea. They have memorial feasts in which they offer gifts to their dieties, partly in gratitude for having brought their tribe through some great crisis in the past, but more particularly by way of insuring similar favors in future crisis.

But there is nothing corresponding to our Christmas. Contact with white people in the early days, however, brought about some changes in their holiday dates, and celebrations which had been held nearly at the beginning of the year, were held about our

New Year's time. It was the custom of the Hudson's Bay Company, in the early days of trading in Western Canada, to take the end of the year and the beginning of the New Year as the time for balancing accounts, and they usually accompanied the Indian's settlement with a present of some sort. It became a time of giving gifts, and the Indians have adhered to the custom ever since, preferring to celebrate New Year's Day rather than Christmas.

In the central part of the Canadian West the Indians long ago called Christmas, "kissing day." The Chippewas down on the Mississippi River first learned the custom from the old French voyageurs, and they, in turn, transmitted it to the Indians of the North. The voyageurs were in the habit of

kissing each other when exchanging gifts and greetings: but these practices have now pretty well died out.

The notion of feasting and conviviality is the first one associated with any holiday in the minds of most Indians, in whose primitive ideals of happiness the full of the stomach takes an important place. It is said that once the matron of a mission school, wishing to know how much of the significance of the Christmas occasion was borne home to the Indian mind, asked how many really understood what the day meant. Nearly all professed ignorance; but one old man assured her that he knew, and explained "White man get heap drunk."

With the coming of missionaries to the great West of Canada, a new day dawned for the red man. Christmas became a day to be remembered. The old Indian orgies were put away and instead the tribe gathered on Christmas Day at the Mission school and were entertained in royal style by the missionaries, or by the traders, or by both combined. The Indians were guests, but were always encouraged to do as much as possible for themselves. On most of the reserves to-day a contribution is made by the people of the towns near the reserves for this Christmas dinner. Merchants and other business men donate groceries and candy; the Government allows additional rations for the Christmas week; and all brought together, a sumptuous feast is provided.

On the blood reserve in Southern Alberta, some 1,200 Indians are fed on Christmas Day. Most of these dine at the Stand Off Mission, where the Sisters of Charity in the Convent school do all the work. St. Paul's Mission farther down the Belly River also entertains a number in the Anglican school there. A touching scene at all the Indian dinners on the Indian Reserves is the presence of a number of old men and old women who never having been at school and learned to sit up to a table and eat with a knife and fork, squat against the wall of the room and are there served by kind-hearted teachers and employees, eating their food in the more primitive way to which they are used.

When the white people brought to the notice of the Indians the Christmas tree with its annual crop of beauties and benefits, the pretty fancy caught hold of their minds very promptly and in nearly every Canadian tribe

it was named "the giving tree."

There is a very pretty legend connected with the Christmas tree in the Indian wigwam, which may or may not have a historical foundation. It is said that many years ago, during the days of the medicine clans, a cedar tree was always brought in by the leading medicine-man in the early Spring. Because of the length of its life the cedar was called "grandmother." The tree was placed directly in front of the medicine lodge, but before it was put into place the people were invited to make offerings to the "grandmother." Calicoes, shawls, moccasins, robes, etc., were brought and placed on the tree, chiefly by the children and youth, much as we do. The leading medicine-man offered a benediction and the gifts were distributed.

After the season of medicine ceremonies was over, in the late autumn, the tree was hung with little children's moccasins. A prayer was offered by one of the medicine men that the owners might be blessed with long life and good health, and taking up the tree, threw it into the river. As it floated down the river they sang until it was out of sight.

As a rule there is little Christmas giving, even to-day among the Indians of Western Canada. Parents who are not too poor will sometimes make a donation of money or a part of their rations to the school in which their children are being educated. The kind of gifts made to the Indian children at the schools are much like those made to white children. The traders on the reservation, the contractors who supply the commissary, and others who depend upon the patronage of Indians and the Government for their business, contribute more or less liberally. The school authorities themselves also draw upon their slender purses for contributions.

The children are encouraged to make little souvenirs for each other—things made with their own hands. The girls do needle-work which they present to each other and to their teachers. The boys construct mechanisms in the workshop and give these as Christmas gifts. The introduction of religious and industrial work among the Indians of the Canadian West has done much to make Christmas a new day with them, and, to many, the real meaning of the Christmas season is well known.



WHEN CHARLIE MITCHELL BROKE THE GAME LAWS

A story of old muzzle loading rifles, black powder and round lead balls, of a big deer, and a leather stocking of the old days who still lives

J. W. Sangster

CHARLIE Mitchell had been my companion upon many a hunt, and upon many a fishing trip. He is getting on a bit in life, which accounts for the fact that I can manage somehow to keep alongside of him, even when occasion calls for a long or a hard tramp. He is taller than I am, taller than most men, and when his tall, straight figure is dressed in his field suit of brown whipcord, with hat of soft brown felt over his brown hair, large, soft eyes and reddish-brown beard, he is more the living personification of the old brown hero of the Leatherstocking tales, than any other man whom I have ever met, in the course of many years travel, and covering a great deal of the continent of America. This resemblance is most strikingly intensified by his easy, deliberate manner, and movements. His rifle, resting easily in the hollow of his arm, further adds to the similarity, and as for the way in which he brings that rifle to his shoulder,—well, there is an impressiveness about it that is not soon forgotten. Intuitively does one feel that, when that steady muzzle flashes forth its tongue of flame, lead directed so carefully and well will not miss its mark.

It is to Charlie that I owe, more than to anyone else, what little I know of the lore and the lure of the woods and the streams. He possesses a keen and observant sympathy with nature, one which finds expression not alone in fancy, but along the most practical lines. That he is a woodsman of the first order does not imply that he is not at the same time a shrewd and capable man of business, or a farmer of a high and progressive order, for he is both. Of the thousands of acres, over which, half a century ago, the forests waved,—and reverberated to the crash of the big, old-fashioned, English-made, muzzle loading rifle, that, as a boy, Charlie lugged about with him,—acres that now are stretches of fine farms,—Charlie's own are the best cultivated and the best. In the long ago, Charlie laid aside the big muzzle loading rifle. Before the days of centre-fire cartridges, Charlie owned a repeater. But it wasn't upon its rapid-fire qualities that Charlie depended, to bring home his game. Nowadays, self style sportsmen are committing to paper statements that the 30-30 or even the 32 Special are out-of-date guns, not good enough for a sportsman to take to the woods, to kill the legal limit of deer. But, in the old days, Charlie could bring in his black bear, when armed with nothing worse than a 200 grain slug of lead, propelled by some 25 grains of black powder. And he didn't fill the hide full of holes either, for that isn't Charlie's way.

When occasion arises, Charlie can handle a modern Winchester lightning-fast. There are old timers still living, who saw him do that with his old Henry, many years ago. On one occasion a deer passed a party of them on the full jump. But it didn't jump fast enough to escape the Leatherstocking man. "Bang-bang-bang-bang," four times, went that old 44 Henry flat, and when the deer was gathered in, there were four bullet-holes in his ribs, that you could cover by throwing down your cap. More recently still, only a few years ago, did a deer try the same tactics. It passed a company of which Charlie was a member, amid a fusillade of bullets. When it was picked up, traces of soft-nosed, high-powered bullets there were none. But you could cover with your hand the two holes, made by two 38-55 balls of lead, as, from Charlie's Model '94, they had sped their way. There was a rather dumbfounded, but somewhat crestfallen group of sportsmen standing about, and they one and all decided on the spot that Charlie was still the daddy of them all.

A short time ago, it was my privilege to spend another day in the fields, with Charlie. We weren't out after big game,—it was June, and nothing better than a rather plentiful supply of woodchucks, very shy and wary woodchucks they were, offered for game. We only carried a pair of light rifles. I had my little 25-20 Stevens single-shot, a little gun about which I could write a pretty interesting tale, but that would be another story. Charlie had a 32 Stevens rim-fire, a gun which he bets on for small game, and one which, in my opinion, should not be completely overlooked, when the talk is all about which or what is the best gun for small game, at moderate ranges. I carried, beside, a field glass, which saved many a step, and, to fill in the spare time for rests, we had our briar pipes.

Woodchucks were plentiful, but not very sociable. I had missed one at over 200 yards, chiefly, I determined, because 9 grains of Dupont No. 1 was just a little bit too urgent upon the 96 grain bullet, on such a hot, dry day, and had dropped my sights a hair-breadth below a carefully calculated line, and got one at 150 yards. Charlie had put several others clean out of business, with never a miss, at from 85 to 125 yards. Charlie has a way of getting closer to game than most hunters can. We had decided to sit down upon the top rail of a fence, and we watched the gentle summer breeze drift the tobacco smoke lazily away, and gently sway the purple tops of the field of blooming clover. It was while sitting on the fence, with pipes

going gently and well, that Charlie told me the story of the big deer, and of how, once upon a time, in the long ago, close to the spot where we sat, he had himself once broken the game laws.

"Harvest was just about over" said Charlie, "and, at home, we were all through. It was getting close to the hunting season again, and you know the feeling that begins to come over you about then. I felt it that year 'as usual' and one morning, long before daylight, I got up and took down the big-bored, muzzle-loading rifle, that father had sent to England for. It was a beauty in its day, and the only gun of its class in the whole country.

It was something to own a good rifle, in those days. The man who settled on the farm we are looking across at, owned one later. He sent the money off to England, and, six months or more afterward, he heard that it had arrived. He set off on foot for London, Ont.—seventy miles or more,—and after a long, hard tramp, there and back, he returned with his rifle over his shoulder, proud to own a really good rifle at long last.

"Well, I started out this morning, more to 'prospect' than wit the idea of shooting anything. I wanted to know where the partridge were the thickest, where the deer runs were, and to keep my eyes open for any signs of fur. I tramped along, and it was just about daylight when I came to this corner of this field, just over there. It was an open space, clear to the other side, where the wood began again, and I rested the big rifle against the fence, while I looked carefully about.

"You see that corner at the far angle of the field? Well, it was just there, at the edge of the woods, that I got the first glimpse that I ever had of the big deer. You never heard of the big deer? Well, I suppose that every corner in Ontario has had its big deer at one time or another. Many of them had far more than one. In some places there was a big deer every year or so. But in this part, this was the bona fide biggest deer of all. He had been seen now and then, for many years past. Nearly every hunter had stories to tell of him. They had all seen him, some of them more than once, but all had failed, somehow, to get him. There were a number of crack hunters in this neighborhood then, so far as local reputation and old fashioned muzzle-loaders would let them. I had never seen the big deer before, but there could be no doubt about his identity. As he stood there, with his lordly head held high, looking about him, he made a noble picture. The dark woods were behind him, while about him a low morning mist rolled backwards. I have often wished that I could put down on canvas the picture, with all the impressions that it gave to me, of that far corner of this field as it appeared to me, on that morning, more than fifty years ago.

"I guess that I was never quite so badly seized with a desire to get a deer, either before or since, in all my life. I didn't remember whether it was open season or not,—forgot all about matters of that kind. Game laws were not the strictly enforced regulations

that they are to-day,—people didn't always think much about them, and that may have had something to do with the fact that I didn't remember anything about its being a day or two before the open season,—until later.

"It would be a long shot. Straight across the field was an easy 200 yards. From corner to corner it must be 25 yards or so better. I knew the big rifle would do that much,—she wouldn't do much more,—and be sure about it. I felt that I was a little bit excited, and realized that that wouldn't do. I stopped, and decided to get as ready as possible for following up the deer, after I had made my shot. I took out the powder flask, and measured a charge into the top. I set that beside me on the fence. I took out a ball, and put it into its patch. I took out the ramrod, and placed it beside me. I got out a percussion cap, and then I raised the sights to the 200 yard mark, and shoved the long barrel out in front, over the fence.

"It was a fine morning, just at the time of dawn. The air was still and calm. There were a few scattering mists rolling away, as I brought the old crotch sights down into line, and got the front sight steadied just on the centre of the big buck's head. You know the name those old crotch sights got? They were called 'buckhorn' sights. If you never happened to know why, just imagine that you are sighting through them upon the forehead of a big buck, with a spreading set of horns. You will get the idea fast enough. That was how it all looked to me, as I settled the bead right on the head of that big deer, brought the pressure of the trigger to the loosening point, and the old gun roared out her blast of smoke and flame and lead.

"I didn't wait to see the result of my shot. Those weren't the days of 'Lightning' and 'Marksman' or even 'Dupont Rifle, No. 1'. Down behind a big thick, cloud of smoke I was pouring in my charge of powder, ramming down the ball, and getting ready to hop that fence and head for the place where I had seen the deer as I turned the trigger loose. Just as I put the cap in place, and was lifting the rifle up to the top of the fence, I heard a sudden 'thud, thud,' and then a snort. Instinctively, the rifle kept moving right on to my shoulder, as I looked over. There, right in front of me, amid the thinning smoke-cloud, stood the big deer. He had paused in the act of "taking-off" for a leap over the fence. Immediately he saw me, he turned that crouch into a sideboard spring. Immediately I saw him, that rifle swept right down toward his head. As he turned to jump, I pulled the trigger. Talk of your western tales of 'getting the drop,' nothing ever happened where sp'it-seconds counted more than they did then. It was all a case of who had moved the surest and the quickest. But instinctively, as the old gun roared her second blast that morning, and the echoes rolled away over the woods, I felt that the trick had been mine. When I got over the fence the evidence was there to prove it. His jump had ended in a drop to the ground, and before me lay the biggest and the fattest buck that I have ever seen.

He had got my bullet, not square in front, but in the corner of his head, and it had torn its ragged way through his brain, and the cervical vertebrae. I stooped down to bleed him, and it was then that the first thought came to me, of how to get him home.

'Get him home.' Oh, Jiminey; these and also several other words that hunter men seldom use, except upon extreme occasions came to my lips. I had a very nice mental picture of Charlie Mitchell appearing at his father's door,—with a big fat buck,—several days before the open season. It just happened that Charlie Mitchell's father was, beside being a farmer, a miller, a store keeper, and several other things, local game warden and justice of the peace, an office that meant something in the way of responsibility in those far-off days. And it wouldn't have made so very much difference if he hadn't been, when one considers the views that he held in regard to law, and order, and justice, and hard, honest, square-dealing, generally.

For a little while, I stood there, not knowing exactly what to do. I was standing upon the farm of big Georgie Brown. Georgie was a gigantic Scotsman of California gold diggings fame, a 49'er, and loudly and oft had Georgie sworn that this fall should not pass without the hide of that big buck hanging on his barn door. Georgie was a brother-in-law of mine, and the deer was lying right on his farm, dead. I might have simplified the matter by going to him about it. He would not have felt any scruples about taking the deer, using the meat, and hanging the hide where in his idea of things it was already as good as nailed up. He would have sworn himself to complete secrecy. But the trouble was that no sooner would he have sealed the secrecy with an oath, than he would go, straight off, and tell every man, woman, and child, all about it.

Just then, off across the upper fence, there came to me the rattle and the ring of the long old-fashioned whetstones, as they were applied to the big broad blades of old-fashioned cradles. It was the Bennett boys, and they were out, bright and early, whacking into a piece of late standing harvest. I decided that they were the likeliest people anywhere to help me out of my difficulty. They would take the deer home, take off the hide, put down and eat the meat,—and say nothing about it to anyone. So that was the best I could do. I went across, and told them all about it. The boys came over, and amongst us we dragged the deer to their home. Hunters as they were, scores of deer as their father had brought home, I guess that was about the best bit of venison they ever tasted in their lives. It was fat, and thick, and tender, and juicy as the best cut from an export steer, and perhaps their harvest finish wasn't delayed so much after all, for they were fed for their task, upon such meat as millionaires like to get for their tables, but can't. I used to drop in to see the Bennetts often after that. It wasn't exactly to get a taste of that venison. We soon had plenty of our own at home. But the boys were good fellows, the old man was a woodsman and a sport of the first order.

And then—my wife, now,—she's a Bennett.

"Well, concluded Charlie," as he slid down from the fence. "I guess we'd better be getting along. There are half a dozen woodchucks waiting for us over that gravel ridge. I want to tell you, though, that for the whole of that season, and for years afterward, the old hunters used to wonder what became of the big buck and who had got him. I guess, too, you are the first of all my chums to learn the exact truth about that deer, outside of myself, and the Bennetts."

"About that first shot? Well, now, that was what I really started out to tell you about for it had a lot to do with the way in which the whole thing turned out. I looked the deer over for marks of that first shot, and I found them. I had just nicked his ear to begin with; Then the ball had scratched him heavily along the rump, a long stinging welt. It had raked him close enough and hard enough to resemble a wicked blow from a big whip or a heavy gad. Feeling himself attacked too venomously from behind, he had just lit right out into the field, and made for the other side. The big cloud of smoke from the rifle looked to him, amid the scattering morning mists, as the thickest mistiest place, and the best one to head for, and to hide himself in. So he came right into me. I was loading up pretty fast, and while I was loading he was coming up to me on the full jump. From first to last, it was a case of who moved the faster."



DOE, VANCOUVER ISLAND, B.C.



LAKE EDWARD

A MOOSE HUNT IN NORTHERN QUEBEC

Ross W. Salisbury

MY old friend Bob did not realize what a strenuous trip lay before him when he proposed a moose hunt in Northern Quebec. I had hunted moose before and had come to the conclusion that there was more work than pleasure connected with such a hunt, but the north woods have a peculiar fascination at this time of year and I found myself unable to refuse him.

Several weeks were spent in writing guides and outfitters for information as to the most suitable place, etc., and finally it was decided that we were to venture into the famous "Laurentide Mountains" south of Lake St. John. These hunting tracts are nearly all reserves and it was through an agent or outfitter that we made our final arrangements. He was to furnish guides, canoes, tents and provisions and from the tone of his letters we could almost imagine the moose in waiting for us.

On a clear cold morning we left Quebec for Lake Edward. There were a number of Canadian soldiers on the train bound for Valcartier. They all seemed in good spirits and anxious to join the colors. We reached their camp about an hour later and their many tents, drill grounds and rifle ranges proved of great interest.

We did not reach our destination until late in the afternoon. Here a launch awaited us and with another party of sportsmen from New York we were taken across the bay to the hotel. This was more a hunting lodge than a hotel and contained many fine specimens

of moose and caribou heads. After an appetizing supper of moose steak we gathered around the fire-place relating past experiences and making our plans for the big hunt.

We were all up bright and early the next morning and after a hurried breakfast found the guides and canoes waiting for us. The big launch with the canoes in tow took us as far as Rat River where we left the other party and proceeded with our two guides. Their canoes were well loaded with duffle and supplies and it was some time before we reached the rapids where we made our first portage or carry. It was here that Bob proved himself a real sport carrying duffle for nearly a quarter of a mile to the next lake. It was necessary to make five portages before we reached Moose swamp where we made our first camp. The Indians were expert guides and while Jack who was Bob's guide, pitched the tents, Oneshene, who proved my best man prepared dinner. He was a past master of cooking and had a way of serving bacon and eggs with fresh fried potatoes that would tempt a king. After camp was settled and dinner over we started on our first hunt. Bob and his guide went down Rat River while Oneshene paddled me through Moose swamp. We failed to see any game but Bob returned later, saying he had seen a cow moose and two calves. The next morning the guides were up at daybreak and again started in different directions. We could see floating lily pads showing where the moose had been feeding during the night but still there was no



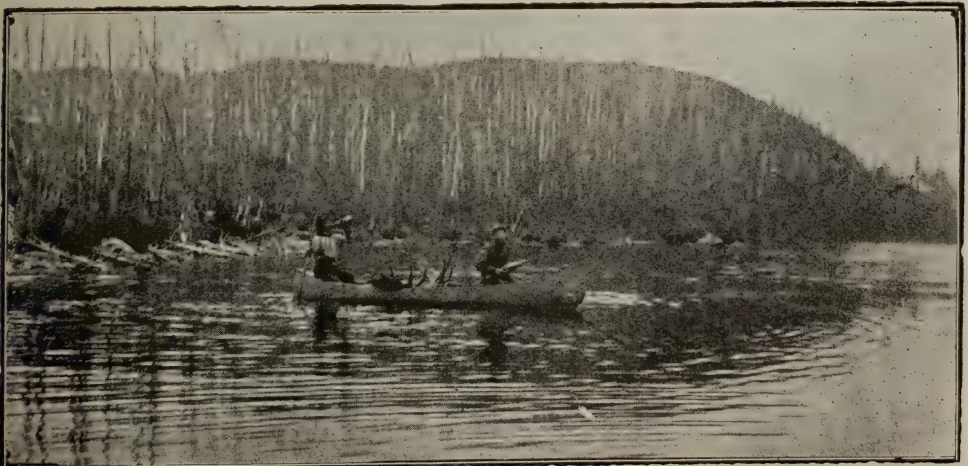
CAMP ON MOOSE SWAMP

game in sight. On the way to camp we heard Bob shooting and he returned all excited saying, he had shot at a big fellow and missed. My old guide did not like the idea of not seeing any moose and immediately after breakfast he began taking down the tents and packing camp. I asked him in sign language, as he spoke no English, "Where now?" to which he replied by holding up seven fingers meaning seven portages. This, I knew, meant real work but we went about it and by nightfall were pitching our tents in as wild a place as one could imagine. The hooting of owls with occasionally the call of a cow moose or some other wild animal set Bob and me to thinking we were far from home and our rifles were kept within reach and loaded in case of marauding bears.

We failed to locate any game the following morning but toward evening my guide pointed out three large bulls feeding on the edge of a marsh. It is wonderful to see how carefully he handled that canoe, so as not to attract their attention. The one nearest to us was

a last year's moose with no horns to speak of and no experience as to danger. He made a careful survey of us and instead of bolting into the bush came closer, running alongside the canoe, splashing the water and scenting the air in such a way that the other two took fright and ran. The old Indian did his best at calling them out but received only a few answers and we returned to camp empty handed. Bob and his guide had supper ready, and gave us the horse laugh when I related our adventure. Oneshene remained silent and when we turned in said: "To-morrow morning, four o'clock."

I spent a restless night thinking of what I had missed and was up at daybreak awaiting my guide. It was pouring rain when we paddled across Lake Canut for this same marsh. It may have been a gift of Providence but there awaited us the largest of the three moose we had seen the day before. He seemed to be busy eating lily roots until we were within one hundred yards of him, then scenting danger he turned and I fired.



CALLING FOR MOOSE



THE PRIZE

It was a regulation army Springfield gun I had turned on him and the one shot sent him to the happy hunting grounds. The old Indian seemed as pleased as I for it proved to be a record head measuring sixty inches across the horns. We discovered the veteran had been shot twice before and had had one rib fractured from fighting. After we had skin-

ned him and with the beautiful head for a trophy we did not mind the two day tramp back to civilization.

Bob admitted it was somewhat of a strenuous trip but worth it, and expressed the hope that the following season he might go back and secure the equal of my trophy.

NORTHERN CAMPING TRAILS

C. H. Lockwood

(PART 2)

EARLY morning on Pitch Creek found the man of the party unusually active, and before the women campers were awake, at a certain spot up stream the bending bamboo whipped brightly colored flies forth and back over a pool of darkly swirling and foaming waters. At frequent intervals the wrist turned, and the result at the end of the line was manifest, the silken thread gashed the waters and eventually a struggling trout came to net.

There was no complaint to be made regarding the fishing. As to being molested one might just as well have owned that part of the earth so far as there being any one to dispute it. It was one of these July mornings when the birds are astir early, when the hum of insects is heard (particularly mosquitoes) when the fisherman stays just long enough to fill his creel then beats it back to camp. Such was the scribe's experience, but the fish were worth a few mosquito bites. By the time I had returned to camp the women had the kettle boiling and this time it wasn't necessary

to tell them where I had been. As I approached the place I strode confidently into camp, for like the ancient tribal hunter, I had met with success. Once upon a time the most honored among the tribes of men that inhabited the earth were the great hunters and fishermen who went forth and brought back to the women and children and older men of the tribe the trophies of the chase. I have always felt that those old hunters were men to be admired from the fact that their motives were not self centered, they were a benefit to, and a bulwark of, the life of their time. Later when these great hunters became great warriors their day of usefulness was past for they made slaves of the people and made them work for them rather than working themselves for the good of the tribe. When, therefore, I strode into camp I tried to assume a lordly air such as might have become one of my hairy ancestors. My reception at the camp bore out the theory that the female of the species still entertains respect for the successful hunter or fisherman.

Just as we were finishing a tasty breakfast, of which the fish formed the principal item on the menu, we heard a train whistle in the distance and while the scribe and madame were busy packing the tent and cooking outfit into the packsack Miss E. was stationed in the middle of the railroad track on the line of the P. D. special to stop said train at all hazards. This was not as hard a job as one might suppose. The P. D. is a peculiar road and short skirted, felt hatted females are not so numerous in that locality but what the engineer will slow down for a good look. During the progress of that look the campers boarded the train, which consisted of a snorting locomotive, several flat cars, and a small passenger coach hooked on behind. Even admitting that the train was not in the flower of her youth it was with a distinct feeling of gladness that we swung up to a place upon the cushions, for apart from the walking, the carrying of the packsack was somewhat of a trial to the tenderfoot. Jim T. of Whitefish Lake was on board and from him we got some information about the trout fishing, etc., north of Silver Mountain where we got off the train.

Silver Mountain is twenty miles from Stanley Junction and forty miles from Port Arthur. Three or four log houses and an abandoned depot were the only buildings to be seen but a mile back from the tracks was the famous old silver mine which gave the town its name. This mine has changed hands several times but at that time still continued to put out considerable ore although it was claimed it had seen its best days. Down by the mines were a few log cabins which formed a shelter for the men who worked there. The greatest amusement to the local inhabitants, however, seemed to be furnished by the sportsmen from Fort William or Port Arthur who came there to hunt or fish. As this region is one of the big game districts for moose, deer and bear and is also noted for its fishing, it is not unusual for hunters or fishermen to be seen at any of the little stops along the road.

For the benefit of the readers of this magazine who may care to go into this territory to hunt or fish let me add that the best hunting and fishing naturally lies back some little distance from the railroad. One should go back at least three or four miles from the station. Between stations, it is true, moose and other game are frequently seen though if one really wants to see big game he should get off the main travelled roads and railroads. There are many lakes north of Silver Mountain which are alive with trout and which have never known the lure of an artificial fly. One can call moose here, too, or hunt deer or bear to his heart's desire, while for the adventurous trapper there is still much fur as that of the lynx, marten, and fisher.

Our stop at Silver Mountain was short, just long enough to stock up with some more supplies and to secure the assistance of Johnny G. or Jack as he was more often called. Jack was about five feet eight in height and his face was decorated with a neat little moustache which Jim T. claimed was a lady winner. Be that as it may Jim had some moustache

too, one of the long drooping variety, but more of him later for we had promised to visit him at one of his lumber camps on Whitefish Lake. Jack helped load up the provisions and in two hours after landing we were on our way to a certain tributary of the Whitefish River north of Silver Mountain.

Shortly after we had started it began to rain and we were mighty glad when we reached the shelter of the cabin on the north branch. This cabin had formerly been occupied by a sailor, a Mr. Connor, and was known as Connor's Cabin. We had permission to use this cabin which we found in good shape. It contained a cook-stove and was clean and comfortable. The cabin is built near the bank of the stream and is surrounded by a beautiful grove of young jack pines. The lower branches of the evergreens are trimmed out so that it looks like a little park. We found some drawings by Connor on the cabin walls and it was easy to guess from other indications that the owner of the cabin had possessed artistic tastes.

Despite the drizzling rain Jack and I determined to go out and try our luck for brook trout. A little dampness does not make so much difference when one wears woollens and mackinaw clothes so grabbing our fishing rods we started out to get fish while the women volunteered to straighten up the interior of the cabin. There was dry wood cut and stacked up in one corner so all we had to do was to shoulder our fish rods and vamoose.

Fishing in a drizzling rain is rare sport when one is properly clothed. On such a day the pattering raindrops dent the placid surface of the beaver ponds, when the mosquitoes are busy keeping dry, the trout are full of witching ways for the rain seems their special amusement. Jack and I did not follow the stream when we left the cabin but struck a trail which led us out through the jack pines to a series of beaver workings. Here, needless to add, we got all the fish we wanted. It was on our way back that an accident happened. At a certain point on the stream which we had crossed on the way out we found the beavers had been busy for the waters seemed suddenly to have risen and our crossing place was flooded. We had to travel some distance upstream to find another log on which to cross the stream. While Jack got safely across the scribe slipped and went neck deep into the icy waters. Of course the fish in the basket probably appreciated this sudden departure from the slippery log but it taught the log walker a lesson, which was never to go into the bush without a good supply of hob nails in the soles and heels of his boots. However I comforted myself with the reflection that I had been nearly as wet before I fell in. Arrived at the cabin we were greeted by an appetizing odor of baked beans. There is an old saying that the wise woman appeals to a man through his least protected point of attack. Be that as it may after Jack and I had been filled up and dried out we felt fit enough to have pulled down a tamarack tree to please them had they demanded this of us.

This cabin of Connor's being the farthest

dwelling north of Silver Mountain naturally sits somewhere near the edge of the line which may be said to separate the game country from the lines of civilized man. On our fishing trip we had seen several fresh moose tracks and the streams were fairly swarming with beaver. We also found the vicinity of the cabin to be the home of many wild wood rabbits and as Jack and I never shot any near the camp they soon became very tame. Without exaggerating we sometimes saw as many as a dozen during the course of an evening, feeding or scampering in play beneath the young jackpines near the cabin. We spent considerable time watching them and the young rabbits especially were full of fun. When first we came to the cabin they were very shy and often we could hear the old rabbits giving the young rabbits the signal to scamper for cover. This rabbit language consists of the old rabbit thumping the ground seven sharp blows with her hind feet as she makes for cover. This sound can be heard by the young rabbits for a considerable distance and immediately they scamper out of sight. We tried in every way to make them feel at ease in our vicinity and after a few days of patient effort found that we were making considerable progress. Often in the evening we would build a big bonfire near the cabin and on these occasions the rabbits seemed to enjoy it, and soon learning that the fire would not hurt them, would come quite close to it.

The climax with the rabbits came when we brought out a big gray tom cat from the mountain. He had been a present to the woman who owned him from one of the settlers and we got him to thin out the mice with which the cabin was infested. A red squirrel was also a frequent visitor to the cabin and had become very tame. The tom cat's habits were strictly nocturnal and he was evidently an old hand at ranging the woods. It was an easy matter to keep Tom in the cabin during the day and he became a great pet of the women folks and would lounge around and sleep in the sunny places with great contentment. In the daytime we could pet him and he seemed to enjoy it but as soon as the evening shadows began to fall Tom was a different cat. The women at the station claimed that he was part wild cat and he certainly looked it. When night came Tom would usually creep out and that was the last seen of him until morning when he would return and go to sleep in the cabin.

With such a formidable cat around one would have thought that the rabbits would have been scared away, but such was not the case. Being summer time there was an abundance of food for all. The cat's natural food seemed to be wood mice and birds, but often when cleaning fish Tom would appear, having evidently been attracted by the smell. The red squirrel and the young rabbits Tom could easily have killed had he so desired. The fact that he let them live and even became playful with them provided us with some interesting reflections.

One evening soon after dark I happened to step into the outer shed adjoining our cabin, and looking through the open door I saw a

young rabbit beneath the jack pines. He came hopping along and smelled the saw buck and the axe, seeming to be on a tour of investigation, more than in search for food, although we had previously thrown some potato peeling in that locality and it is possible he was looking for these. Standing perfectly still I continued to watch the rabbit and soon another object drew my attention. Only when the rabbit moved did the dark object change its position, and with each move it drew closer to its victim. It was crouched low to the ground and soon I made out that it was old Tom stalking a rabbit. I had never seen Tom catch a rabbit and wondered if that was what he was doing. When he got close to the rabbit, and just as the young wood hare started to move, he made a lightning like spring and landed just close enough to scare the rabbit badly. The rabbit escaped in short order and Tom sneaked off, probably to repeat the performance, as I soon learned that this sport was his greatest amusement. Not only did he confine himself to rabbits but we often afterwards caught him chasing our red squirrel and although he could have killed the squirrel many times he never so much as scratched a hair. It was comical to see the squirrel come on the jump, running for safety to the trees or the shack, with old Tom right at his heels. The squirrel kept up a lively scolding while he ran and did not seem to value his life very highly for he only kept out of reach by a bare margin.

Thus did these animals amuse themselves during the summer months. One can imagine the difference in the winter when the cold icy weather has settled down on the wilderness, reaching out hoary hands to grip the things of the wild. Then famine stalks into the ranks of wild life, the animals of the wood lose their surplus fat, most of the birds have migrated to the south, even the tiny mice hide deep beneath the snow and the necessity of getting a bare living is imperative. At this time one can imagine there is no mercy in the woods and that murder runs riot. From this we can deduce but one conclusion, when animals, even human animals, have plenty to eat and are free from want, they become more sociable. Even the wolf, it is said, is a comparatively harmless animal during the summer months, but when forced to compete with others of the wild for bare existence, soon sinks to the level of the most brutal and murderous of beasts.

Beavers occupy a distinct class among the habitants of the wilds. Their industry and social life places them more on a par with man, as regards their habits of life. The work of their sharp teeth in cutting down trees is familiar to most campers. We found one dam spanning the head-waters of the Serpent River, over a hundred feet in width, and in it were stones as large as two feet in diameter. I could never figure out exactly how these beaver managed to get those large stones in their proper location, although it is generally known that a stone in water is not nearly so hard to lift as the same stone on land. Woodsmen are often bothered in this locality by the beavers who seem able to dam up their particular streams almost as fast as the lumbermen can

break the dams to let their logs through. There was a beaver dam and several houses within a few rods of Connor's cabin. I often went there of an evening to fish for brook trout and so successful was I that we actually got tired of eating them. Always I was in hopes that I might see some beaver while fishing but they always seemed to know that night time was the safest time for them and often we could hear them splashing around and making considerable noise. One night, after I had caught several trout, I remained standing in a certain position and near to the beaver houses. My attention was first attracted by a rabbit that came hopping along the brink of the creek through the long grass. Every few jumps he would hop high into the air and look about him. Finally when very close he came to a little clearing and here he paused and sat up on his hind feet, from which position he peered in all directions, sniffing the air. Evidently the rabbit was badly scared and soon I saw the reason.

About four minutes after he had disappeared a weasel slipped out of the grass and stopped at the very spot where the rabbit had squatted. While watching this performance I had remained standing motionless over the water. Imagine my surprise when a soft winged bird lighted on my fish pole, about three feet out and looked me full in the face. Needless to add, one look was enough. This experience was followed by the advent of Mr. Beaver.

I heard a rustling in the grass on the opposite side of the stream and continued my

lonely game of immobile watching and waiting. It is often surprising what one can detect, if he will take a good stand near a lake or stream and remain perfectly still. The wilderness soon forgets even the most careless intruder, if he remain silent for a short time, and the wild life continues on its way as before. Across the creek I could hear an animal moving among the tall grasses and occasionally a stick cracked slightly; then came a sound of sharp teeth cutting into wood, and I felt sure that the animal must be a beaver. I was in hopes the animal would come out of the long grass where I could see him; but it seemed that I had already experienced more than my share of wilderness sights for one evening. It soon became so dark that it would have been impossible to have seen the beaver even had he come out. But now, after a long wait, came a spirit of youth, or foolishness, or the overflowing of life or the relaxation of the nerves, or whatever it might have been termed; at least the spirit moved me to do certain things. At my belt was my wife's .38 calibre Colt's revolver. To mar such a peaceful scene would seem to the conservative naturalist, almost a sacrilege; but that was just what I did. Levelling the old Colt's into the long grass I pressed the trigger, once, twice. I had no intention of hitting the beaver, but I wished to scare him a little. The sounds awoke the echoes in the tall distant hills, the stream trickled musically through the old beaver dam; but the beaver, and all the creatures of Nature had suddenly become as silent as the grave.

To be continued

AFTER DOLLY VARDONS ON THE COQUAHALLA

William Beck

I was told when I came to Vancouver that there was no good fishing to be had in the neighbourhood, all the fine streams which run into the Fraser being played out, and that if I wanted good sport I should have to go beyond Squamish on the P.G.E. or on to Vancouver Island.

Like most general statements this proved to be only partly true and I have already discovered that there is sport to be had both in Vancouver and on the Fraser tributaries.

Only last week in two day's fishing in the second narrows my boy and I hooked thirteen salmon and landed eight—This in sight of the city and amidst its smoke; (smoke from bush fires alas, and not from its factories).

And I would point out that a seven pound Cohoe on fine tackle puts up as good a fight as any fisherman would wish for.

It was a day's fishing for Dolly Vardons however which appealed to me particularly. I had heard a good deal about Dollies, but

had never seen one, and when my friend H. J. Byrne of the C.P.R. asked me if I cared to have a day with him on the Coquahalla after Dollies, I jumped at the offer.

I may say that what Byrne doesn't know about the fishing in most of these Fraser streams isn't worth knowing, and if there is a particular pool which holds the big ones, he not only knows it, but can get them out.

We left Vancouver in the evening bound for Hope, passing through Mission on the way. I mention Mission because it recalled a shooting story which I heard from the man who experienced it and which may be new to your readers.

Two Seattle men who were enthusiastic shots were told that if they wanted some really first class snipe shooting they should go to Mission as the birds were not only numerous but exceptionally big.

They were off on the first opportunity and put up at an hotel overnight. They asked

the manager what sport they were likely to get, but received the discouraging reply that he hadn't heard of such a thing as a snipe being seen for weeks, and that someone must have been pulling their legs.

However, they guessed he didn't know anything about it and got up at six in the morning for a couple of hours' shooting before breakfast.

They had the time of their lives. The number of birds was beyond belief, and they were two very satisfied sportsmen who returned to the hotel.

The manager asked them how they had come on, "Sixty couple" was the jubilant reply "and every bird as big as a pigeon".

He scratched his head in a puzzled kind of way—the thing was beyond him. He asked them to let him have a look at the bag and they spread it out on the verandah for his inspection. And a fine lot of birds they were.

First astonishment, and then a broad smile broke out on his face. "Why, you silly fools" said he, "those are not snipe, they're mosquitoes".

"And" said the man who told me the story, "when we came to examine them, I'm d——d if they weren't mosquitoes. They had been down to the river sharpening their beaks for the visitors."

On arriving at Hope we put up at the Coquahalla Hotel and the manager, Mr. Boulton, asked what time we meant to start in the morning. We said four o'clock and he said he would waken us, a promise he kept to the minute, worse luck. Needless to say Mr. Boulton is a good fisherman himself, as it takes some self sacrifice to get up at four in the morning merely to send others off on a day's fishing.

Our program was to walk up the valley on the railroad track for four miles until we reached the natural bridge pool. That meant an hour's walk, and when we reached the place where we had to leave the track, and descend to the river, I realized the difference between fishing in Scotland and fishing in B. C.

The river was about 200 feet below us and the descent was not exactly perpendicular, but very nearly so. To lose your footing on the precipitous bank meant a glissade to the rocks below.

Half way down I heard Byrne shout that he was going, and I saw him with arms and legs stretched out to their limits, hanging on against the laws of gravity. After twenty breathless seconds he got a grip somewhere, and we cautiously got down foot by foot.

Later in the day I saw a youth from the construction camp come down that face with his hands in his pockets, and smoking a cigarette. It looked uncanny, and he told me it was dead easy. Perhaps it was, but if so, we must be getting old.

The Coquahalla, here at what is known as natural bridge pool runs between perpendicular rocks, and is confined to, a width of about twenty-five yards. The pool is black and deep, and only at the tail where it runs out can the bottom be seen.

I preferred a rest and smoke for a time to recover my breath so Byrne fitted up and

went over to fish the pool from the opposite side.

He was using a small sized spoon with a Malloch reel, and, leaning over the rock, I could see all that went on below me. Three or four Dollies were visible on the gravel in about ten feet of water, one of them a good fish.

He cast his spoon right to my side, and I then saw a sight such as I never saw before and probably may never see again. As the bait spun towards the center of the pool, fish seemed to spring from everywhere.

Every nook and cranny in the rocks seemed to exude them until they reminded me of the rats which came pouring out of their holes to the strains of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

Fully twenty-five Dollies were after that spoon at the same time and from out of the depths below me two big salmon joined in the chase.

A fish struck and after a struggle broke loose. Another got hold, and also got away. Then a third seized the spoon before the line was reeled in and it was landed.

Three strikes at the one cast. My impressions of fishing in B. C. were being formed rapidly! The fish landed was a comparatively small Dolly of one and a half pounds.

Byrne tried a few more casts here but got only one more strike, and when I looked over again into the pool only a few fish could be seen on the gravel.

A few more casts and these gradually vanished into the deep until not a fin was visible. The pool seemed lifeless, and in the valley itself not a thing was to be heard or seen except a humming bird which hung poised over the river like a jewel blazing in the sun.

The heat was awful, and even sitting still on those rocks made you sweat profusely. A glistening object near me turned out to be my companion's flask sticking out of his bag, which goes to prove that however insufferable a man's lot may appear to be, there is usually a remedy at hand, if he cares to look for it.

I tried a cast a little below natural bridge pool, but it yielded nothing, so we went down a hundred and fifty yards to the next pool. This is one of the best in the river, but there is only one narrow ledge from which it can be fished.

Byrne insisted that I should have the fishing in that pool so I fitted up a small blue phantom and proceeded to catch my first Dolly.

My initial cast hooked a fish which I lost. The next I landed a three pounder, and immediately after, a beauty of five pounds. It was short and thick and I should say a perfect specimen of its kind. As Byrne however has had plenty of fish from this river ranging round ten pounds, I couldn't crow very much over it.

The fact of the river being low and the bright sunshine resulted in each pool being soon fished out. The surprising thing was that fish would take at all under such conditions. They certainly wouldn't in the Old Country.

Our next move was to two mile pool. It sounds easy to say our next move, but in

that heat and down that valley, the moving was desperate work.

A member of the Alpine club would draw the line at what we did, and even a keen fisherman would think it hard going.

Byrne started in again at two mile pool, while I watched him. It was another fine pool, and DOLLIES by the dozen could be seen on the gravel where the water was not too deep.

He hooked a good fish at the first cast, and lost it, hooked another and lost it, and repeated the performance until he had lost five. Then he examined his hook and found it had no barb.

How any man could talk as he talked in that dreadful heat I cannot understand, but I can remember nothing which he left unsaid which would have fitted the occasion.

About a mile below two mile pool is Steel-

head pool, one of the finest reaches in the river. Here we had better luck, and landed three or four good fish, losing only one.

On the day's outing we had hooked twenty-one fish and landed seven of an average weight of three pounds. We should have had ten or eleven fish but if a man for some reason or other indulges his eccentric notions to the extent of using hooks without barbs, the average is bound to suffer.

We got back to Hope two very very tired but satisfied fishermen, and if anyone wants a days (or a week's) good sport I can recommend the Coquahalla.

The fish are numerous, of good size, and they take. What more does a man want?

Now I am looking forward to a day on the Stave, and another on the Vedder, in both of which I am promised good things.



Photo by Sel. J. Wigley.

Wood Hares or Snow-shoe rabbits turn white in winter even if snow fails to fall

EASY PICKING

Thos. Wight

PHILIP Gordon was a young man of a somewhat peculiar turn of mind. Since his boyhood he had been fond of all outdoor sports and in all of them he excelled. It was but natural, perhaps, that he should be proud of his accomplishments and lord it over his athletic friends.

The only sport which he could never be induced to try was fishing. Whenever any of his friends proposed a fishing trip to Philip he would answer: "Pooh, fishing's no good. It's too easy picking, only good for girls and old men."

This disinclination to fishing he persisted in till his twenty-first birthday always saying there was "nothing in it" and that when he got old and lame he would perhaps try it.

On his birthday a friend, in a spirit of fun, presented him with a fine fishing rod and told him that he would buy his first catch. That rather touched Philip in a sore spot as it seemed to reflect on his ability to catch any fish and in order to show them that he could fish as well as any of them he resolved to go the very next day and prove that he was able to beat at fishing as well as at other sports. Forthwith he consulted a friend who was an expert, as to where he should go and what he should use, and following his friend's advice went to a sporting goods store and fitted himself out with hooks, line, landing net, etc.

As he was leaving the store a thought struck him and turning to the clerk who had served him he said: "I think I have everything but a basket. Please give me one." The clerk at once handed him a nice one, large enough to hold ten or twelve pounds of trout.

"Have you nothing bigger? Is not that a little small?" asked Philip. Finally he got one to suit him and hurrying along the street to his room he met a number of his friends all of whom stared in open wonder at the unexpected sight of Philip who was apparently going fishing. However, they all wished him good luck and not a few got the promise of some trout when he came home. Early the next morning Philip set out for a famed trout stream about four miles distant, expecting to get a basket full and get home in time to distribute them among his friends to whom he had promised them.

Arrived at the edge of the stream he unslung his basket and examined its contents. First he picked up a large flask, looked through it, holding it between himself and the sky, and muttered "You stay there till I get the first fish." Next came a parcel of sandwiches and then a miscellaneous assortment of other articles. Carefully laying them on a large rock he proceeded to put his rod together and get ready to fill his basket. This he believed would be an easy matter as he had often seen the fine catches secured by his friends. Having got everything ready, and being provided with a beautiful cast of flies, he proceeded to his task. At the first catch he was surprised to see the whole line

come down in a bunch about three feet from the top of his rod. This, of course, would never do. Again he tried with no better result. Becoming a little annoyed he gave a vigorous throw the next time, only to find that his line had not entered the water at all. Looking around to see what the trouble might be he noted that instead of catching a fish one of his hooks was fast in the seat of his pants. This was a nice dilemma. Turning round and round like a kitten chasing its tail, he found that he could not reach it and that he must resort to desperate means to get free. Looking along the road to make sure that the coast was clear he was just about to unbutton his clothes when he heard a shrill "Tipperary." The voice was proceeding from a small boy who dangled a school bag in his hand. Philip shouted to the boy to come to his assistance and the little fellow quickly had him freed from his difficulty, receiving a quarter for his trouble. He was about to rejoin his companions who had by this time come in sight, when turning to Philip with a serious face he said: "Is that the only one you have caught?" Saying which he ran away. Having rejoined his friends they appeared to hold a consultation, and as they talked together their teacher, a blooming young girl of eighteen or twenty, came in sight and one of the urchins shouted to her: "Johnny Wood has caught a twenty-five cent sucker. There he is over there!"

Philip was of course very much annoyed at this occurrence but it only strengthened his determination to fill his basket. In order to forget his annoyance he resolved to apply himself to the flask, quieting his conscience by saying that he would not take a drink when he got his first fish. He then started to cast more carefully and by dint of perseverance at last succeeded in making a fairly good cast. Feeling a slight pull on his line he swung a small fish about three inches in length over his head where it alighted in a bunch of grass about ten yards from the shore. Seizing the net he rushed over and slapped it down on the place where he was sure the fish had fallen. Carefully putting his hand underneath the edge of the net he felt all round but could find no fish. After a long and careful search he gave it up and was proceeding to the water's edge to begin again when glancing to one side he saw a small garter snake making off with his fish. This was more than human nature could bear. Resource must be had again to the flask, and this time he took a more liberal swallow. With considerably less confidence he applied himself to his self imposed task of filling the basket, but after laboring for an hour with frequent applications to the flask he at last gave it up in disgust. Laying down his rod he proceeded to light his pipe when, whether from the unevenness of the ground or from the too frequent application to the flask, he made a stumble, put his foot on his rod and broke it in two pieces.

This was the last straw; he sat down by the rock on which he had deposited his tackle in the morning, emptied the flask and was soon in the arms of Morpheus. Late in the afternoon he was awakened from a dream in which he had seen a monster snake trying to stuff a small boy into a large flask. Looking up he saw his young friend of the morning

dangling a large string of beautiful trout and singing "It's a long, long way to Tipperary."

Gathering the remains of his rod and other tackle together into a heap he struck a match and set fire to them, then slunk home by a back way, and if ever he begins to boast of his athletic ability it is only necessary to say "Let's go fishing, it is easy picking."

MY FIRST BEAR—and another one

Geo. S. Broadbent

TOM, I'm going to get a bear to-day" said I, casually, as I stepped out of the tent dressed in my moleskins and moccasins with a pack on my back and the long barrelled fifty-seventy Lee-Enfield slung over my shoulder. I could not see his face but I felt sure he was grinning for he did not answer at once.

"Better take me along"

"No" I replied firmly, I intend to get that bear myself and with this rifle too."

"Which rifle" said he swinging around, and his face hardened as he saw it.

"Look here lad it's your own business but these bears up here are dangerous if you wound them, and you won't have time to load that old gun again before he's on you quick as a cat, see? Take my thirty-eight-fifty-five. Why only a year or two ago I shot one five times and laid him out, then like a greenhorn I goes up to him without re-loading when up he gets and chases me for a hundred yards—"

"Then what happened" I interrupted foolishly.

He turned towards the fire again without answering. Resenting his attitude I started down the canon which ran towards the Kiskabiskow River, a tributary of the mighty Peace.

"Which way are you going, partner?" I heard his voice call, but I did not look around, thinking to pay him back for being so short with me and jumping from one windfall to another, I soon reached the bottom of the canon and headed down to the Kiskabiskow.

As I made my way over the fallen timber and big rocks in the bed of the dry canon I began to reflect what a fool I was, firstly for going off with this antiquated rifle, which was dated 1864, and which I knew nothing whatever about; and secondly for not telling Tom which way I was going. Supposing something happened—I stopped and thought of going back but, no, I was too stubborn, I must have my way this time at any rate; but I inwardly resolved to pay more heed to friendly councils in future and to trust more to my partner's experience. Half way down Prospect Canon, for so I named it, having found some ore and coal there a few days previously, I came to a deer lick where there was plenty of fresh deer and moose sign. I was on the qui-vive now for anything that might appear but nothing did and in half an hour I was standing at the mouth of the canon on the brink of the Kiskabiskow River.

Following the river up for five miles between two steep slopes which reached upward for half a mile on either side of the river I came to a small flat clearing partly covered with grass and partly with thick alders, here I sat on a rock and ate a late lunch feeling rather nervous and lonely. I had just finished my lunch and was taking a survey of my surroundings when I heard a rustling in the bushes some distance above me and a few moments afterwards a big black bear came quickly down the slope towards the river. I was very nervous, and when something whispered in my ear. "He has not seen you yet, there's time to get away! Quick; your gun is no good; this means your death!" I confess I felt like obeying, but I swallowed hard and stayed.

About two hundred yards away the bear, who was moving with great agility, stopped and began scraping ants out of an old log. Now was my chance thought I, so resting my rifle on the rock I took aim at his head and pulled the trigger. The explosion and echo that followed was enough to awaken the dead and the bear jumped straight into the air then made off into the alders. Had I hit him or not? I asked myself nervously as I hastily re-loaded. It would be madness to follow him into those thick alders with such a cumbersome weapon, so I stood undecided and wondered if my shoulder was dislocated, when up bobs the bear's head and shoulders over the cutbank of the river twenty yards away. I don't know whether I took aim or not but I pointed the old rifle at him and it went off. When I saw the splash of the bullet on the water I backed up re-loading and resolving to sell my life as dearly as possible. A thousand thoughts clamoured for recognition in my excited brain at that moment for I felt that there was no chance whatever now; then I heard a splash and experienced a great relief as I was sure the bear was going to swim the river so running up to the bank I prepared to get him as he swam across, but instead and to my great astonishment I was just in time to see him sink and a red streak go swirling down the river. For two minutes I stood looking at the water where the bear had disappeared, then hastily undressing I plunged into five feet of ice cold water, I was going to have that bear! A vision of Tom's sardonic smile when I told a story of having shot a bear which disappeared mysteriously beneath the waters of the Kiskabiskow decided that question.

Feeling around gingerly with my feet, half expecting to feel my legs grabbed, they finally landed on something soft which gave me a queer sensation akin to panic, however I conquered it and diving, grabbed the bear's fur and dragged him to the surface where he was easy to support and swimming down the river with him to a good landing place fifty yards away I pulled him ashore feeling much like I once felt after having a bad tooth extracted.

An examination showed that my first shot had broken his left fore-leg which had been close to his head when he was scraping the log; the second shot had gone clean through his neck, severing the jugular vein.

It was now sundown and I was seven long miles from camp so I dressed quickly and after lighting a smudge, to keep off the flies and animals, climbed the steep slope and struck out towards camp through the forest which I found on fire all around me. Having a good sense of direction however I made fairly good time through the dense smoke and by dark had reached the outskirts of the timber. The air was clearer here. I could see the big fire which Tom had thoughtfully built to guide me and I felt ashamed of my conduct to him that morning. Two miles of windfalls breast high took me two hours to negotiate in the dark but at last I topped the knoll whereon the tent stood and heard the welcome bark of Tom's dog.

"Well, Tom, I got a bear" I said as I flung my pack on the ground. He was genuinely pleased and his manner changed to me from that time. You see I had been a greenhorn, now I was initiated into the exclusive Order of Sourdoughs.

"And with that gun" he said incredulously after I had recited the details.

"Yes" said I "with that gun which is a very good gun—if you know it. What did you sell it to me for?"

"For five dollars" he grinned.

"Well it's paid for itself anyhow" I retorted.

The following day we took our pack sacks intending to bring back the hide and as much of the meat as we could carry, the canon being too steep for our pack-pony to descend.

We found the dead bear undisturbed, I was half afraid that he might have been spirited away, and Tom being an expert at skinning it did not take us long to strip him then quartering him with a small trapper's hatchet we cut the meat into thin strips. Next we built a tall tripod of alder poles around which we wound string brought for the purpose, and on it hung the strips of bear meat. Underneath we built a smudge of green poplar, large enough to last two days, by which time the meat would be sealed and would keep indefinitely. Taking the heart, kidneys, some fat and the hide, (I also took two teeth to convince skeptics), we climbed the steep slope and hit for camp.

Tom had set a gun close to an old pack trail half a mile from camp a few days previously and had baited it with a piece of rancid bacon, some fish and some burnt sugar, so we were expecting results from that quarter. We had not long to wait for on the morning after we got back from the

Kiskabiskow we found a two year old black bear lying stone dead twenty yards away from the set-gun, the large Snyder bullet having found his heart. We had now so much meat that we decided to sell about a hundred pounds of it, so loading the pony I started out at six o'clock that evening to the Pouce Coupe settlement, thirty miles away, intending to travel all night but I had made about six miles when the rain started to come down in torrents and I was forced to camp. Luckily I had just come to a clearing, so picketing my pony I made a shelter of the pack-cover, underneath which I spent the most miserable night of my life as it rained hard all night and a furious wind drove it into my shelter so that I was soon wet through. About midnight, I judged, a terrible thunderstorm came up and one bolt of lightning, I remember struck the ground and seemed to roll along it for some distance.

Thinking my pony was hit I went out into the inky night to locate him, which I did after half an hour's search, sheltering under a tree. He had pulled up his picket stake and wisely made for cover. After I had tied him I went back to finish that awful night under the pack-cover which was now leaking like a sieve.

At last day break, a lull in the storm, then the sun, and the world was laughing in light again.

Alas, my bear meat was spoiling, the thunderstorm was responsible for that, I suppose.

After eating a cold breakfast I hit the trail again very early so as to get ahead of the mosquitoes, and made the prairie that night.

I managed to sell ninety cents worth of bear meat; the remainder I had to throw away.

Somewhat disgusted, but not disheartened I jumped on the empty pack saddle and headed towards the Peace again.

Arrived back in camp I solemnly placed forty-five cents in Tom's hand instead of the expected five dollars.

"Come again George," said he stirring the pea-soup with the other hand.

"That's half the collection Tom"

"Half what! Do you mean to say you sold that bear meat for ninety cents?"

"Yes, all except the part of it that is lying on the prairie rotting."

Then I told him all about it.

"And to think that that bear meat dried would have lasted us for two months" observed Tom sadly.

That night we were awakened by a dense smoke which poured in through the open tent door. Hastening out we found ourselves surrounded by fire; the wind had changed to the west and the dry timber and brute between us and the forest were a mass of blazing red. Quickly we burnt all the grass and brush around the tent but we had little hopes of saving our outfit and were about to try a forlorn hope exit when the wind veered gradually and drove the fire back on to itself. We sat down, black, sweating and exhausted.

"Those damned Indians are trying to drive us out of their hunting grounds" said Tom savagely. But Tom always was prejudiced against Indians.

A CANOE TRIP THROUGH ALGONQUIN PARK

Jennie Sauble Seel

AFTER having spent a most delightful Sunday at Huntsville, we left early Monday morning for my first canoe trip through part of Algonquin Park, the national reservation of Canada. Hereafter my husband will be known as Billy. We, of course, went by steamer from Huntsville to Lake of Bays, crossing the portage on that wonderful railroad, the train having been named "The Hot Tomali Limited." Our guides, Hank and Jack, met us there and we went by another steamer to Dwight, which place was entirely quarantined for diphtheria. From there our guides went by canoe to High Falls, to which place we drove in an ordinary dray wagon, together with all our luggage. I may have travelled over rougher roads in my life, but if so I have entirely forgotten it. Billy walked most of the way, because he felt sure he would be jostled out of the wagon. I managed to hold on and stay in. At one point our driver stopped so we could go to the water's edge to view the falls from a distance and it was a most beautiful sight.

We arrived at our meeting place sometime in advance of our guides, but they finally appeared, and we then started on our canoe trip on the Ox Tongue River, more commonly known as the north branch of the Muskoka. We paddled only a few miles when we made camp for the night. It seemed that our guides in making the trip from their homes near Dorset to Portage had met some congenial friends and had imbibed quite freely en route, so that when it came time to make camp they were hardly able to do so. As it was my first attempt at sleeping in a tent, I was not wise enough to notice the lack of certain things. For instance we slept on the blankets without any balsam under us, but that was the only time it happened and always afterward the guides took very good care of us. We travelled in two canoes, and it is indeed marvelous how much these guides can stow away in a canoe. The next morning when we left the Falls the mist was rising from the water, the birds singing and everything looked and smelled so fresh and good that we soon forgot the discomforts of the night before.

Our next stop was at Twin Falls, where Billy caught a few trout which were soon sizzling in the pan. We stayed at this place but one night and from there went to South Tea Lake, where we spent two nights and where we had a delightful camp. We were near to Smoke Lake and went over there to fish, but were not at all successful. We paddled up to Canoe Lake Station, a point on the Canada-Atlantic Railroad. The second evening at South Tea Lake directly after supper, we noticed a canoe coming up the lake at great speed. When you are living in this manner, it is quite an event to see another canoe. Of course, both Billy and myself felt

a trifle uneasy, but our fears were soon dispelled by the arrival of a fire ranger, whose duty it is to look after parties and see that the fires are well out before leaving a camping place. As soon as the man recognized Hank, he left us and said he wanted to reach Cache Lake that night. Cache Lake is the headquarters for the park employees. He seemed to think that with Hank as our guide the fire question was settled, as Hank never left a camp without thoroughly extinguishing the fire. We left South Tea Lake early in the morning and passed through Smoke, Porcupine and Coon Lakes and finally reached Great Bear Lake, where we camped from a Saturday until the following Thursday. In making this journey we had several short portages, and from Porcupine Lake to Coon Lake we walked over an abandoned lumber slide, but when half way across it, Jack suggested that Billy and I leave the slide and take the path to Coon Lake. We tried to do this, but got lost and could not get out of the dense growth. We called to and would be answered by Hank, but it was sometime before he could locate us. However we finally reached Coon Lake. Billy then discovered that he had left his camera on the lumber slide, so that had to be gotten. There is no more beautiful spot to camp than at Bear Lake. It is no doubt used annually by some persons, as there are tables, benches and a fire place built. The guides cooked splendidly for us and I caught the fish for the party. We had many of them broiled right over the log fire.

From Bear Lake we made several trips to Bonnechere Lake, which is small but I think quite the prettiest body of water we saw on the entire trip. It is such an odd shape and the border line is so irregular that it would never become monotonous. After leaving Great Bear Lake our destination was the Kahweam Club, on Long Island, Hollow Lake, so we again came to Coon Lake, over a portage and reached Rock Lake in time for our evening meal and the night. We saw several deer high up amongst the rocks surrounding Rock Lake, and they made an attractive picture. There were also a million mosquitoes (more or less) about that night, and so many visited me that I remembered them for a long time. From there we had a long portage, several paddles and finally reached Kimball Lake, a nice flat portage to Hollow Lake, and in a short time were at the club house. From indications we saw some member was visiting there. Later on we saw a canoe coming up the Lake and immediately I recognized the straw hat of Mr. Stranahan, of Harrisburg. We had not seen any familiar faces for almost three weeks, and we were happy to have him with us and to eat the nice fish he had caught that afternoon. He stayed with us until the following Monday morning. After his de-

parture, I caught my record fish, which weighed 9½ lbs. My only regret on the entire trip was that Mr. Stranahan was not there to witness my success.

We remained at Kahweam for one week and returned to the States after the very best vacation I have ever had. The trip through

the park is one that almost any women could stand, as the portages are all short and canoeing is one of the laziest ways to travel. I very often sat in the bow of the canoe and took a nice little sleep. For 12 days and nights we travelled by foot or canoe and slept in a tent. We had no rain on the entire trip.

EDDIE'S BEAR

H. A. P.

EDDIE lives in Little River Harbour on the South shore of Nova Scotia, where he occupies his time between fishing during the summer months, and shooting ducks for market in the fall and winter, and what he does not know about ducks, shore-birds and their habits is scarcely worth knowing at all. No man on the "South Shore" can compare with him as a guide for plover shooting, and his imitations of the calls of any members of the shore bird family cannot be approached by artificial device of tin or wood. Ducks are his specialty, and tolling dogs his constant companions. I believe his record tolling shot of thirty-two black ducks, has yet to be beaten.

Little River Harbour is noted as the home of the Tolling dog, or Little River Duck dog, the finest wildfowl dog in existence. But it was not of dogs and ducks I started to write as the title of this story indicates. Eddie had been to the "States" all summer, and as fall came on he dreamed of the maple leaves just turning from green to purple, and the winnow of black duck wings as the birds flew over the barrens from Little Harbour to Goose Bay. Yes, he was homesick for his dogs and guns. Throwing up his job, he landed in his native province the latter week of October. Upon his arrival home, he heard numerous stories of the women and children having been nearly scared to death by a bear, which had been seen upon several occasions by the blueberry pickers during the months of August and September.

From Little River Harbour to Goose Bay a trail runs through the barrens and granite boulders, and the first night of Eddie's arrival home he was striding along in the moonlight with old Rover at heel, and his old ten bore under his arm. How good it was to feel the well worn trail beneath his rubber boots again, but the fog was drifting in and it was quite dark as he entered a spruce thicket. Any one not acquainted with the trail would never have found his way, but to Eddie it was as an open book. Every stone in the path had helped wear holes in his hip rubbers many, many times as he trod upon their ragged edges, either going to his favorite duck stand or returning with a back-load of game. He had forgotten all about the bear story the folks in the village had told him, and the only thing in his mind was to reach

the spring hole where black ducks came into water. His finger itched to again press the trigger of the old gun as she dealt death out to the thickly hovered, drinking birds. Just as Eddie topped the crest of the hill and the trail led out upon the barrens, he was frozen to the spot by an unearthly snort below him; even old Rover began to growl softly. Then into his mind flashed the story of the bear he had listened to that day. His gun was empty, his shells being tucked away beneath his sweater. Yes! Eddie ran! Back through the brush he fled, in his frantic haste losing the path, until crack, smash, he was fast in a barb wire fence. Tearing at the sharp barbs to free himself, he glanced over his shoulder, and there in the dim moon-blaze was a black object of gigantic size coming right up the path, pausing every few yards to snort and tear up the earth. Eddie's hair began to rise! Perspiration broke out all over him! Backing up against the wire he sat down, tore open his sweater, and shoved two shells loaded with duck shot into the old ten bore. On came the bear, grunting and snorting, until hid momentarily from view by a sharp decline. Eddie's mind was made up to shoot both barrels at once as soon as the beast came over the rise, and when he would not be over ten feet away. The instant the bear appeared Eddie slipped both fingers through the trigger guard, and taking as good an aim as his nerves and the uncertain light would permit of, yanked away. Eddie says he does not know to this day why the gun did not go off. Just then two gleaming horns topped the mound, and standing staring at him, looming monstrous through the fog was a brindle ox. Eddie's hair went flat, the perspiration turned cold upon him, and with a heavy sigh he began to laugh. It seems that one of the neighbors had sold this ox to a man some miles away, and being lonesome for his kind, the animal had broken out of the pasture and wandered to his old haunts, when, scenting the trail recently travelled by his herd, he followed it up, pausing to snort with pleasure every few steps. Eddie said it was lucky for him that the gun did not go off as the animal was worth at least one hundred dollars, and lucky for the ox as well because his loads were 4½ drs. powder and No. 2 shot in "Canuck Shells."

THE HERMIT OF DEAN LAKE

D. R. Oliver

"OLE Billy Driver"—That's what the scattered farm residents along the Mississauga river, back of Dean Lake, call the aged hunter, who for thirty or forty years (stories differ) has squatted near the Townline bluff and lived his hermit life. But to us he was known as "The Old Man." In addressing him in this way there was not the slightest thought of irreverence on our part, but really he appeared so fragile in his torn garments and with his long grizzled beard playing about his chin, that no other appellation seemed suitable. And it was a wonder to us how he could possibly survive the bitter cold and deep snows of mid-winter, but he has done it for almost two score years, and in all likelihood next spring will find him tramping through the green bush. But some morning he will not be seen and his body will be discovered stretched out on the rudely constructed and battered cot that adorns his meagre ten by twelve and profusely chinked cabin.

Everyone along the Mississauga knows Billy Driver. We got our first glimpse of him in the early hours of the morning. Pulling back to our camping grounds from the railway station, a distance of five miles by guess and ten or fifteen by actual measurement, we passed his little shack, nestling on the side of the bleak bluff. The rude cabin presented no sign of life and we urged the horses over the rock and corduroy, wondering who the tenant might be. Twelve hours later we were enjoying a well earned and refreshing sleep when Mr. W——stirred uneasily, rolled over on his side, then sat up alert and listening. In a second the rest of us were wide awake. From a spot within one hundred yards of the little ravine in which we camped, resounded the steady stroke of a falling axe. Naturally we were very much astonished. We were not accustomed to felling trees in the moonlight, in the early hours of a frosty November morning. Finally Mr. W——slipped into a convenient pair of trousers encased his stockinged feet in a pair of packs, caught up his .303, jammed a couple of shells in the magazine, and slipped out through the tent door. He was not long returning.

"Why, it was only an old man pounding away as hard as he could" was the explanation made by Mr. W——on the return from his sortie. The ring of the axe finally ceased as with a roar, the big pine that had been attacked, crashed downwards. Then followed shortly the monotonous hum of an old and rusty saw tearing its way through green wood. But at this juncture we lost track of everything as the demon sleep had again attacked us and beaten down our feeble resistance.

That was our first introduction to Billy Driver. Our second and more formal meeting came next day when we were erecting the store tent. He hove in sight carrying a long rifle, in reality a young cannon that had seen better days.

"Be you all goin' to camp here?" he asked of us as we dragged the ridge pole of the tent into place.

"We be" was the response in chorus.

"Well you never asked me if you could, but as I sees you're alright, I guess I'll let you stay here if you won't go down and shoot on the Indian reserve."

That was the first knowledge we had that the old man owned the land on which we had located. But to have no trouble we assured him we would slay no game on the Indian reserve, and decided to do nothing that would warrant his discarding his evidently hastily formed, but good opinion of us.

It has been said that the way to a man's friendship lies through his stomach. We tried the truth of the saying on Billy, and it worked like a charm. Dinner had been on the stove so it was not long before Billy had a plate before him, overtaxed with a load of bacon, boiled potatoes, stewed corn, cold chicken and cakes of every description. As was the case with Jack Spratt he swept the platter clean and finished the meal off with several nice, juicy snow apples.

"That was good" he said. "The only picnic I've had this summer."

Billy grew more talkative and questions, some rather personal, I admit, were rained on him.

"Where's your wife?" one of us asked.

"You be answerin' your own questions" was the quick retort.

For a few moments there was stony silence, but suddenly the old man chipped in saying "I had a woman once but it wasn't long before I found out she had another man and then another fellow came along and took her away from me. That was all right though 'cause if she liked him more than me she could have him alright."

Sitting there that day Billy told us a great deal of his past life and related many other interesting incidents. A little over a mile from our camp was a deserted mine shaft. Scattered about in profusion were hand-drills of every description. Years ago miners from the south invaded the Dean Lake country sinking several holes, one of which (the one we visited) Billy claimed had been on his property. Nuggets they sought but all they got for their expense and labor was large quantities of stone, glittering all colors of the rainbow, that class of rock widely known as "Poor Man's Gold."

"They never got anything" Bill told us. They might of, but I had found the claim first and when I found they had run in on me I sent for my lawyer at T——and he wrote them up and they git out like hurrah."

And then Billy told us how a score of years ago, murder had been committed in the big swamp, that from the big bald rock stretches almost a mile distant and nurses in its midst the sluggish-watered Potomac river. Time blots out many things and apparently Billy's

memory had suffered to some extent in this way for his particulars regarding the murder were none too clear.

"There was news brought me afterwards" he said that the big man he thought the other two men wuz cheatin' him so he up with his fists one day and killed them both. He was terrible powerful and they had no chanst with him. He bury them in the swamp underneath the big tree and long ago I cross over and see the graves where they lie dead. But there was some more news fetched to me which was a woman that was the wife of the big man had got him under liquor and robbed him of his money and then skinned out. He thought the other men had done it and he fight terrible."

That was all we could learn of the double murder in the big swamp. Whether or not the murderer paid the penalty we were unable to make out. There is no doubt that the double crime was actually committed as we heard of it, from a farmer, later on.

We invaded the swamp one morning in an endeavor to cross the swollen Potomac and reach the moose country. We were unable to locate the big tree or any trace of the graves but there is no doubt that some place in the marsh the remains of the victims may be found.

Billy expressed great fear that we would lose our way in the woods, and constantly he came over to our camp to ascertain whether or not we were safe and sound. One evening he dropped in and at once was attracted by our rifles. The peep sights came in for considerable comment.

"Don't that beat all" he said, as he fingered one of the sights and squinted through the pin-point aperture along the barrel. "Don't that beat all. Why that suit my ole eye like hurrah."

The lever action on the rifle came in for a lot of attention and the shells also.

"That's the prettiest, nicest, wickedest lead I've ever been seein' he exclaimed as he closely examined a cartridge used in the new Savage H. P. 22 cal. Compared with the shell fired in Billy's blunderbuss, the soft-nosed, copper sheathed bullet of the Savage, was a mere nothing in size.

"What do you think of that, Billy?" we asked as we placed a pocket flashlight in his hands.

"That be a tolerable good thing to blind a moose at night" he replied. It was the first lamp of this kind Billy had ever handled and he kept pressing the button so long, that we feared he would eventually kill the battery, so we removed it from his grasp, merely by one of the men proffering him a wrist-watch for examination.

Never could a man have been more taken up with anything than was Billy with that cheap little, leather-adorned time-piece. He tried it on his bony wrists fully half a dozen times and when he arose to leave for his lonely shack, he picked the watch up from the table on which it had been carelessly tossed, and fingering it lightly, remarked laughingly, "Don't that beat all?"

It was with tears in his eyes that the old hermit told us of his oxen. Several years

ago he possessed a yoke of the largest oxen ever seen in the North country. Billy spent most of his spare time in training the animals and later we learned that what the oxen could not do in the way of entertaining was not worth mentioning. On being introduced to a stranger they would get down on their knees and alternately raise and lower their heads. They also had different movements and bawls for replies, such as yes and no. It was the greatest blow in Billy's stormy, rough life when one of the animals died. According to Billy's story, the other ox's demise resulted from a sorrowing heart.

"They'd always pull strong together" said the old man, "and one could not get ahead of the other but one day the younger he pull ahead and walk in front. The older one he just stop and get pinin' away and he die one night."

A small shack filled with hay situated near Billy's humble abode, is mute testimony that he fed his oxen properly even though he stinted himself. This hay we learned had been cut in a field almost 500 yards distant. Unable to secure help the old man had cut it with a hand-knife and carried it in armfuls to the miniature barn near his dwelling.

"If you want a good bed" he told us time and time again "just come and help yourself. I ain't got any use for it now."

But it was through the death of the ox that Billy got his one and only glimpse, I'm certain of the outside world. The remaining ox was disposed of for some eighty dollars and Billy decided to take a trip through Manitoba in which province he claims a scattering of relatives. According to reports Billy had a good time while away, but despite all manner of inducement, declined to make his home there and returned to the bush country.

"I was glad to get back" he told us. "You jes bet they couldn't make me stay there."

And naturally we asked his opinion of the war.

"Why" said he, "I think it's a blame shame that England and Canada has to go and pick on them poor Dutch."

So then we spent fully an hour convincing him that England and Canada were not picking on the Dutch, that it was with Germany that Great Britain was battling and not Holland. Then we talked of machine guns, of the Cossacks, of battleships and their long-range guns, of the cost of warfare, and many other matters until Billy's big eyes nearly popped out with apparent astonishment. Not a word he said while we sat there and expounded our knowledge of the present great struggle. I remember one story we told him, of a band of Cossacks charging across a railway bridge and slaughtering German infantry. He laughed a deep chuckle and then politely informed us we prevaricated like hurrah. I'm afraid Billy put little faith in our yarns.

In the course of time we paid a brief visit to his home. It was near noon when we tapped on the door and heard his cheery "Come in, gentlemen, make yourselves ter home." He asked us to remain for dinner but we declined for several reasons, chief of which was that we could see little to eat.

"Where do you get your supplies?" we asked.

"Why?" he replied, "I ain't got much now but I walks ter Blind River where they trust me at the store. I jes came back that night you fellows came. I walked all through the bush with some potatoes."

An old stove, one stick of wood would almost fill the fire-box, a rude cot with several coarse quilts, a few old clothes and thirty or forty axe-handles, occupied the room. Little wood was to be seen and we ascertained afterwards that he cut fuel only as he needed it. Also that he slept through the day and sat up at nights. He hated sleeping in the darkness he once told me, and as he had neither lamp nor oil of any description, his nightly practice of tree-cutting could easily be accounted for.

It is nothing for him to tramp miles through the woods after nightfall. He told us before we left that he was going on a long tramp that would occupy possibly a week's time.

"I want ter go away up the Mississaugua to look at a place where some trees blowed down," he informed us.

"What for Bill?" I asked.

"Now you be answerin' your own questions."

Billy has squated near the Townline Bluff for a long time and he imagines, so we learned, he owns the property. No effort has been made to dispute his claims and he probably will own his "four hun'erd acres" till his death. Years ago he squatted on the ground where Traverse City, Michigan, now stands.

Several months ago, imagining he owned the entire city, he tried to enforce his claim to the property. The result naturally proved very disappointing to him. He continually builds "castles in the air" on this dream property of his and from his conversation one would imagine him a great land owner.

I remember the morning we broke camp and pulled out for the railroad. We had set aside about a dozen loaves of bread, a quantity of bacon, some cake and fruit, and as we passed his door, one of us stole up to the step and was about to lay it down, when the door was suddenly jerked open.

"Thank you, gentlemen" Billy cried even before we could open our mouths to tell him of our little donation.

"I won't forget you" he said, "and don't you forget me. Send me some letters soon."

We promised to comply with his requests and as the heavy wagon commenced its laborious nine mile grind to the track I unlimbered my kodak and stole a picture of the old man as he was blinking at the early sun.

Billy remained on the doorstep waving at us until his vision dimmed. A huge stone in front of us necessitated a sharp swerve to the right. When we regained the trail the cabin was hidden from view.

"Ole Billy Driver," the hermit of Dean Lake, had passed out of our lives.

SOME DEER DON'TS

Don't shoot at anything you can't see—the chances are you won't hit it, unless it is something you don't really care to hit—your hunting companion, perhaps.

Don't hustle around in the woods looking for an animal with the architecture and action of a cow—the critter you're after more closely resembles a collie dog seeking an interview with the neighbor's cat.

Don't believe all the dope handed you by the "deer slayers" assembled in the general store of the settlement where the cars drop you—and don't expect them to believe anything you tell them.

Don't neglect to make a careful study of the bullet holes in the carcass your guide has hung up for you. It is sometimes embarrassing to be suddenly asked to account for a broken hind leg on the buck you dropped with a single ball through his heart.

Don't go crawling through thickets on your hands and knees. The attitude won't deceive any deer but it may mislead some well-meaning stranger into endowing you with a couple of three soft-points just where they will do you the least good.

Don't fail to shoot when you see a deer. Shoot at him, if possible, but by all means shoot—it makes a better impression upon the bystanders.

Don't rest your rifle on any hard support. It will shoot off aim if you do. Instead, rest your body or your elbows.

Don't think it necessary to mangle your victim's throat with a bowie knife. It spoils the head for mounting. Stick him in the chest—and be blame sure he's dead before you do it.

Don't run after a wounded deer, give it time to lie down and bleed. The chances are that it will never get up, if well hit. About the only exception is when falling snow is obliterating the trail.

Don't hurry—that's a game where the deer has you beaten.

Don't go out without matches, a compass and a bite of something to eat stowed about your person. You may want to stay out longer than you anticipated. And again, you may have to when you don't want to.

Don't let getting lost fuss you. It'll take you about a week to starve to death and you won't freeze as long windfalls give shelter from the wind and wood and matches make a fire. Remember, your companions will begin looking for you the next morning and that a bonfire sending up a big smoke from the top of a hill will help them a heap in finding you.

A HISTORY OF THE CANADIAN FISHERIES

From a speech delivered by Hon. J. D. Hazen, K. C., Minister of Marine and Fisheries at the luncheon of the directors of the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto on "Fisheries Day" in September last.

THE history of the Canadian Fisheries is full of interest and adventure. Indeed in it, is, in a large measure bound up the early history of the northern portion of this continent.

Fishing may properly be classed amongst the ancient and honourable callings. It was a comparatively old means of earning a livelihood in the days of Our Saviour, and it was from amongst the fishermen that He drew His most illustrious Disciples. At that time the gill-net and drag-seine were used in a considerable way to supply fish to the inhabitants of the towns and cities of the Holy Land lying around and in the vicinity of the lakes.

There seems to be no record of when nets were first used, and there may be something in the opinion that it was the spider's web that first suggested to reasoning man the idea of capturing fish in a similar contrivance.

No doubt the earliest fishing ventures were confined to the lakes and rivers, and it was only as the demand for fish increased and the supplies in these waters were not adequate to meet the need, that fishermen began to venture forth to sea.

In the early days, owing to lack of proper transportation facilities, it was impossible to supply fresh fish to the markets at any considerable distance from the coasts. Hence the necessity for curing arose.

The fact that the codfish dried in the sun and air, makes a palatable and nourishing food that can be sent any distance from the sea-coast, was early learned, and almost immediately following the acquiring of this knowledge, boats began to venture farther seaward in search of fish.

As early as the 12th Century, the hardy Basque (from the Bay of Biscay) and Norse fishermen were faring forth in their small unwieldy boats as far as Iceland, and it is claimed by some historians that even before the discovery of this continent by Columbus, these fishermen had visited the coasts of what are now known as Newfoundland and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and English fishermen soon followed their lead. In any event in the 14th Century, English fishermen had come as far westward as Iceland, and following the discovery of the North American coast by the Cabots, they, almost immediately extended their operations to the shores of what are now known as Newfoundland and the Maritime Provinces and the State of Maine. In these early days, foreigners called these countries by the generic name "Baccalaos"—the land of dried codfish.

Indeed, it may be said that the first and chief result of the discovery of North America,

was the immediate establishment of a great fishery.

In all ages of the world, the fishery has been the mother of commerce and the parent of navigation and it was the cod fishery, first pursued at Iceland and later on the coasts of North America, that made English sailors, and that made Britain a great maritime power. DeWitt says that "The navy of England became formidable by the discovery of the inexhaustibly rich fishing banks of Newfoundland."

Extent and Value of the Fisheries.

Canada is blessed with an inexhaustible fish supply. Indeed, our fisheries are the most extensive in the world. In addition to such famous fishing banks as the Georges, Roseway, Lahave, Banquero, Misaine, Sable Island, the Grand Banks, and many others adjacent to our Atlantic coast, we have on that seaboard, without taking into account the smaller bays and coves, about five thousand miles of seaboard, practically every mile of which is stocked with excellent food fish, and the whole length of it is dotted with harbours and coves from which the fishermen can carry on their calling with comparative ease and safety. Off the Pacific coast we have by far the richest and largest halibut fishery in the world. The deep seas there are also stocked with many other excellent varieties of food fish, and along the shore line there are over seven thousand miles of coast waters into which flow such large glacier-fed rivers as the Fraser, Skeena, Naas and others, up which every year swarm countless thousands of five different varieties of salmon.

In addition to our sea fisheries, we have over 220,000 square miles of fresh waters, most of which are abundantly stocked with excellent fish, the supply of which is being kept up by our hatcheries.

The annual value of the fisheries now runs from about \$31,000,000 to about \$34,000,000, depending on the extent of the salmon run to the Pacific rivers. In the Fraser river, there is a big run every four years, and in the three succeeding years the run to that river is on a sliding scale.

The approximate total marketed value of all kinds of fish, fish products and marine animals taken by Canadian fishermen from the sea and inland rivers and lakes during the fiscal year ended March 31, 1915, amounted to \$31,057,550. The value of the fisheries of each province being as follows:—

British Columbia.....	\$11,487,312
Nova Scotia.....	7,730,191
New Brunswick.....	4,940,083
Ontario.....	2,600,000
Quebec.....	1,924,430
Prince Edward Island.....	1,261,666
Manitoba.....	825,417
Saskatchewan.....	132,017
Alberta.....	86,659
Yukon.....	69,775

Of this amount the sea fisheries contributed \$27,170,483 and the inland fisheries \$3,887,067.

The fishing industry now gives employment to almost 94,000 people, over 84,000 of these being engaged in the sea fisheries.

To carry on the fisheries, 282 steam vessels, 1,236 sailing and gasoline vessels, 431 carrying smacks and 38,058 boats are employed. Of the boats, 9,261 are now fitted with gasoline engines.

There is now invested in fishing gear, vessels, etc., about \$24,500,000, over \$22,000,000 being invested in the sea fisheries.

While the fisheries are now one of the industries of first importance to the country, their present value and importance are merely an index of what they can and will be made in the next few years.

Lack of Progress in the Eastern Fisheries and Dawning of a New Day.

While it is true that the fisheries are now worth from \$31,000,000 to \$34,000,000 annually, and not so many years ago their value was less than \$20,000,000, the fact remains that this increase is practically altogether due to the phenomenal development of the salmon and halibut fisheries of the Pacific coast and of the fresh-water fisheries.

Now, what is the cause of this non-progression in the Atlantic fisheries? It certainly is not due to any failure or shortage in the supply, nor to the necessity of going greater distances to make catches, nor to the need of considerable capital to engage in the industry. The supply of fish in our waters is as great as it ever was, and the fact that in the European waters, where fishing is so intensively prosecuted by all the countries bordering thereon, during every month in the year, there is no sign of depletion, is an evidence that we have little to fear in that direction.

The whole difficulty in Canada, is the question of demand. The great bulk of the fish on the Atlantic coast is being sold in a salted and dried condition. The market for such fish is limited, and is being adequately supplied each year; but Canada itself should afford an exceedingly large and continuously growing market for the products of the fishermen.

We live in the north temperate zone, where fish are in greater abundance and of better quality than in the southern waters, and where, consequently, they should form an important portion of the daily food supply of the people. That the day is coming, when such will be the case, and when there will be a steady and rapid growth of the fishing industry, is evidenced by the development that has taken place in recent years in the fresh and mildly-cured fish business in this country.

This will be referred to later on; but it may be here stated, that while this development has been a rapid one, it is merely a fraction of what there is room for.

It is not surprising that in this new country, with its unsurpassed agricultural resources, and, until recently, with butcher's meat readily available in all portions of it at moderate prices, there has been little demand, away from the immediate water fronts, for fish;

but a result of this condition, is that the Canadian-born population has grown up without a taste for fish, and what is worse, with little knowledge of our fisheries and of the value of fish as food. Even more unfortunate is the fact that comparatively few housewives have learned how to cook fish so as to make it attractive and tasty, and at the same time to maintain, and, what may be readily done, even enhance its food value.

Canada is now face to face with the problem of a meat shortage. The settlement of those portions of the prairies, which in past years formed vast cattle ranches, and at the same time the increase in the value of grain, has made cattle raising for meat purposes on the small farm, a difficult problem. At such a time, it is of incalculable value to the country to be able to turn to its waters to make up the shortage and to find there an inexhaustible supply of excellent nitrogenous food, to be had for the catching.

It is of the utmost importance at such a time, that people should speedily become informed of the excellency of fish as a food, as well as of its palatability, and of the fact that with the transportation facilities now available, it is quite practicable to lay fresh fish, smoked fish, etc., down in practically all parts of the country in as good condition as when shipped from the starting point.

There seems to be a widespread opinion that fish is not a nourishing food, and that, consequently, it may not, with safety to health and strength, replace meat to any large extent. The sooner this impression is dispelled, the better. Not only is fish like meat rich in nitrogenous food—that is, food which supplies the body with the strength to do its work and builds up its tissues, but does not go to the supplying of fat and heat—but high medical authorities advise that it cannot be too strongly insisted on, that for working people of all classes—those who work with their heads, as well as those who work with their hands—fish is an economical source of the energy they require to enable them to carry on their work, and it furnishes the very materials that children and young persons need to enable them to grow healthy and strong.

How much more economical it is as a supplier of the bodily needs than meat, keeping in view the price that has to be paid for each, is little appreciated. Without going into the analysis of the different kinds of butcher's meat and fish, it may be stated in a general way, that fish is only about 2 per cent. poorer in nitrogenous constituents than meat; but on account of its greatly cheaper price, it is a much more economical food than meat. For instance, if dressed cod—fish with the entrails removed—can be purchased for 8 cents per pound, beefsteak would need to be sold at 8½ cents per pound to be as cheap a source of nourishment. If fresh haddock can be bought for 8 cents per pound, fresh mutton would require to sell at 7 cents to be as cheap a food. If halibut sells at 16 cents per pound fresh pork would need to sell at slightly less than 15 cents to be as economical a food, as halibut is even richer in nitrogen than meats.

Also, sight should not be lost of the fact

that unlike meat, up to a large measure the greater the demand there is for fresh fish, the more cheaply can that demand be supplied.

At the present time, there is no demand in this country—though there is an unlimited demand in Europe—for the smaller-sized fish. Hence, the fishermen do not find it worth while bringing these fish to shore, or if they do, they receive very little for them. Further, there are different varieties of excellent food fish that are taken in large quantities by the fishermen for which there is no market. Large quantities of skate, the wings of which are in demand in the Old Country, are caught by our fishermen; but there is practically no market therefor. Different kinds of flounders, like the English plaice and witches, are caught, which, though they make excellent eating, there is no market for. Many other varieties might be mentioned. Obviously, if the fisherman could take his whole catch to shore and be assured of a market for it all, he could afford to sell that whole catch at a cheaper rate per pound and still make the same amount of money on it.

If the demand is large enough to enable the dealers to ship fish in carload lots, the cheap-est transportation rates will be available, which will enable the dealers to sell the fish more cheaply without reducing their own profits.

What the Government has done to Expand the Industry.

It is only a few years ago that the more important Canadian centres, such as Toronto and Montreal, were obtaining such supplies of sea fish as they were consuming, from United States sources, though in some instances the fish were first imported into that country in carload lots from Canada. The business from the Canadian seacoasts was so small, that the railways did not find it feasible to place refrigerator cars at the disposal of shippers, and the express rates were so high that successful competition with Portland and Boston was not possible.

The Government, with a view to overcoming these conditions, and to enable the dealers to expand the fresh fish business in this country, took up the matter; but it was found impossible to induce the express companies to lower their rates. It was, however, hoped that if it were shown them that a large business were available, they would find it desirable in their own interests to make the rates such as would assure that business being handled by them.

In the first place, an arrangement was made with the railways, whereby refrigerator cars to be hauled by fast freight, were placed at the disposal of the shippers. Such cars are now available from the Atlantic coast three days each week. The Government further undertook to accept responsibility for the payment of one-third of the express charges on less than carload-lot shipments from the Atlantic coast to points as far west as the eastern boundary of Manitoba, and from the Pacific coast, as far east as that boundary. It also, for a time, had a refrigerator express service in operation from the Atlantic coast.

The results have been highly satisfactory. The importation of fish from the United States to supply the Canadian markets, it may be said, has been stopped, only such varieties now being imported as are not available in Canadian waters and for which there is a demand at hotels. The increase in the shipments by express alone may be judged from the fact that in the fiscal year 1909-1910, the Department's one-third of the rates amounted to about \$29,000, while last year it was in the vicinity of \$80,000. In addition to the less than carload-lot shipments by express, several carload lots per week, consisting of halibut and salmon, are shipped from the Pacific coast to Toronto and Montreal and Winnipeg, while from the Atlantic coast, large quantities are shipped in refrigerator cars by fast freight. Moreover, during the whole winter season, large shipments of frozen fresh fish are made from both coasts by freight.

My department has also prepared and distributed a very large number of copies of a little booklet, entitled "Fish and How to Cook It." It not only contains a large number of recipes for preparing fish for table use in cheap and tasty ways, but it also embraces in a condensed readable form much valuable information about fish and its value as a food.

To keep up the supply of fish in our fresh-water lakes, and of such anadromous fish as salmon, which must ascend to the fresh waters of the upper portions of the rivers for spawning purposes, the Government operates what is probably the largest fish-breeding service conducted by any one government. There are now over fifty fish hatcheries propagating such excellent varieties of fish as salmon, shad, whitefish, salmon trout, pickerel etc., in addition to fourteen lobster hatcheries. The annual appropriation for this service alone, is now \$400,000. Its effectiveness is no longer a question of doubt. Attention need only be called to Lake Erie, in which there is no close season, but on which extensive hatching operations have been carried on, on both sides of the line, and as a result of which the catches in the lake have vastly increased in the past twenty years. In Lake Winnipeg, the fish supply was represented to be fairly depleted a few years ago, but it has now been so built up that during the present summer fish have been more abundant than at any time since the early days of fishing in this lake.

In many other ways the Government is giving direct assistance in the development of this great industry.

Need of Advertising.

It cannot be expected that the Government can for all time continue to pay a portion of the transportation charges on fresh fish. Moreover, with a large enough demand therefor, no reason for so doing would obtain, as carload-lot transportation rates would be available, and if the express companies could not see their way to make their rates low enough to enable the business to be handled by express, experience has shown that it is perfectly feasible to transport fresh fish in refrigerator cars by fast freight. Indeed,

shipments proceeding in the latter way are surer of reaching their destination in perfect condition than iced shipments in ordinary express cars.

As has previously been indicated, the growth of the industry from now on depends primarily on the consumer. He must be educated to use more fish,—to give it a daily place on his bill-of-fare. To accomplish this, the dealers must do their part by proper advertising. It may be well to call their attention to the fact that notwithstanding the enormous proportions to which the fresh fish business has grown in the United Kingdom, those in the business there realize that there is room for greater expansion, and to bring this about, they are, by united effort, carrying on an advertising campaign to encourage the use of more fish. They have formed themselves into an association known as the "National Sea Fisheries Protection Association." Its members embrace all branches of the industry, and the advertisements made by this association embrace the publishing of large attractively coloured posters of fishing scenes, calling attention of the public to the desirability of using more fish, as well as coloured wall-cards and the distribution of booklets containing useful information regarding the value of fish as food and recipes for cooking it.

It is encouraging to know that an association having similar aims in view has recently been formed in Canada, known as the "Canadian Fisheries Association," and it is hoped that much will be done by its efforts to educate the public into freely using fish.

Possibly the greatest outstanding need in developing the fish business in our different

cities is the absence of proper fish stores. The general practice is to sell fish in meat shops, the sellers not being persons who are skilled in handling fish, and the fish itself is often displayed in anything but an attractive way. The time has surely come when up-to-date fish stores, from which all kinds of fish in perfect condition and prepared ready to place in the oven can be obtained, would be paying ventures if properly operated in all our cities and more important towns.

What energy in pushing the sale of fish, combined with advertising, will do, is evidenced by the fact that in one of our growing towns this year, a concern increased its sales of fish in one month by \$10,000.

A Possible Field for Expansion of Trade.

One effect of this disastrous war is to very seriously curtail the fish supply of the Motherland. Not only have a large number of the most efficient fishing vessels there been taken over by the Admiralty for war purposes, but the area in which fishing may be carried on has been much restricted, so that there is little likelihood, until the war is over, of a normal supply being available from the usual sources.

It seems quite feasible that this shortage should be made up by Canada. While the shipping of fresh fish packed in ice, to the Old Country, may not be practicable, the shipping of frozen fresh fish there has already passed beyond the experimental stage, and, no doubt, properly smoked and filleted fish would also be acceptable. I, therefore, think it well to direct the attention of the fish dealers to the possibilities of the business to be done there.

THE GHOST OF DEVIL'S GLEN

J. D. A. Evans

SPENDING the Christmas holidays of 19—with a relative who lives in the Pembina Valley the writer hied him away to pay a visit to an old sportsman friend who perceiving the visitor came out to meet him.

"Merry Christmas, George" said the visitor as he grasped the veteran's hand.

"Merry Christmas," was the response, "and a merry one I expect to spend. Fine sport in the valley this fall, and the largest number of shots I ever had."

Many a Winnipeg sportsman will recall the "roost" kitchen, the evening duck flight and dinner a la Hotel Fort Garry in George's kitchen. Following is the yarn spun by George to his Christmas guest.

"There weren't many folks living in this part of Pembina when I came here. The story of Devil's Glen was told me on the Christmas afternoon of my first year by an old Indian who lived on a hill above Swan

Lake. He was a good Neche, I knew very well, so I invited him to come and have dinner with me. The Indian said that about forty years before, or I judged it to be about that length of time by the way he kept counting on his fingers, some kind of an old witch lived in the Glen. She was a squaw and none of the Indians would have anything to do with her. They blamed her for everything which went wrong; if the fish in the lake wouldn't bite or the Neches couldn't get a good catch of furs they said it was through her evil powers. I haven't lived near Indians all these years not to know what silly ideas they have of many things. This old squaw wasn't seen for some time and after a while some Indians looked through the window of her shanty and found her dead—murdered evidently. Since that time the Indians, and yes, some white people too, say her ghost walks around the Glen and you may bet no Neche wants to go in there after dark, and

lots of them wouldn't walk through the Glen in broad daylight either.

"What are they afraid of?" interrupted George's listener, who well knew that portions of the valley are supposed to be tenanted by ghostly habitants.

"They don't want to see the devil, that's why," answered George. "I saw the ghost there myself one evening last fall as I was making a short cut home. You needn't laugh because I'm telling you an absolute truth."

"You just thought so George," remarked the writer. "That ghost of yours is on a par with the Indian giant with his large wings, the fellow some Winnipeg men chased around a few years ago."

"That spook wasn't in this part of the valley," responded George, "that was toward Pelican Lake."

"That's so and now we've got another unearthly creation close to your place. Is there any other ghost flitting through this part of the valley?"

"There's a strange light sometimes seen at Lower Marsh but I've never heard tell of it in winter."

The writer laughed and vouchsafed the information that will o' the wisps or Jack lanterns are not visible when the ice of winter closes up the waterways.

"Perhaps it is as you say. A Jack o' lantern however doesn't run backward and forward across the marsh. It's something other than that. I've often wondered what it is."

After much argument on the part of George to prove up the wandering spook in Devil's Glen the writer proposed that in company with George and his two sons he should pay a visit to the Glen during the evening.

"All right," George agreed, but along goes my Winchester. Indians tell too many stories of that ghost for a man to take any chances. Lord only knows what the thing may do."

Supper over a quartette of spook hunters left the house and walked along the snow laden

trail to the foot of the hills that led to the Glen. A highly interesting journey was this over fences, stumps, rocks until finally we came to the gulch of Devil's Glen. With his finger George pointed to the wood with its poplars waving in the windstorm.

"Quite a place remarked the writer. If ever the devil had a hand in this world's creation he certainly was architect of this spot. Fine site for you, George, to build a new house, you'd have a delightful neighbor in this Indian ghost."

Through the Glen tracks were made, the party clambered on toward the summit.

"Where's the spook, George?" asked the writer. "Must be away spending Christmas in some part of the valley, perhaps entertaining old Joe Morrison at Rock Lake."

"It was in that clump of trees I saw the ghost," said George after a long silence. I've seen it years ago too and various men from Winnipeg have run across it and wondered what it was."

"What's that thing, dad?" spoke up one of Herd's boys, pointing to something which was moving through the trees a little in advance of us.

"That's it. Do you see?" exclaimed George as he clasped the writer's arm and pointed towards the tree clump.

Certainly a weird spectacle was that which met our eyes. Whatever the figure was or whomever it represented the writer can make no attempt to explain. Suffice it to say some hideous object was swiftly running up the Glen. Indeed the writer might mention the names of many Winnipeg residents who have been eye witnesses of this ghastly spectacle as he is willing to pledge his word as to the truth of this narrative.

This visit was probably George Herd's final one to Devil's Glen. The following spring he left for British Columbia where he later passed away.

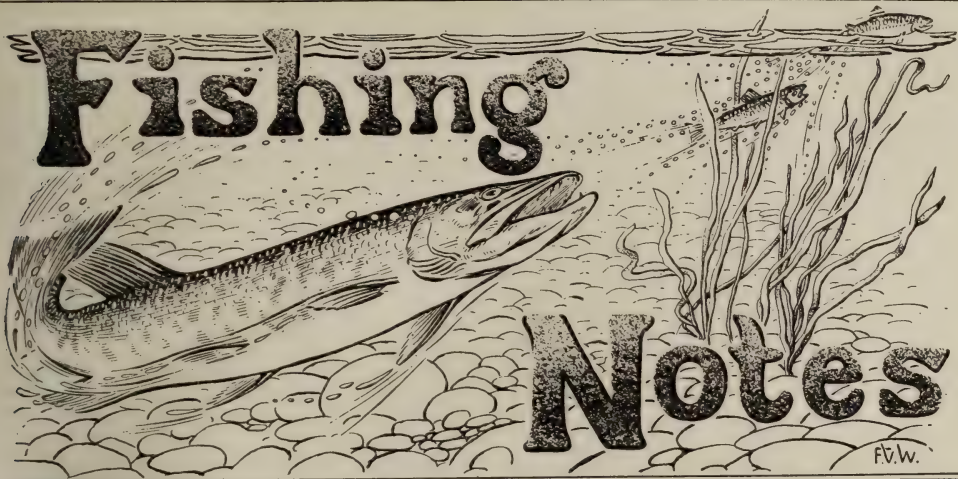
To-day let those who possessed George's acquaintance lift their glasses to his immortal memory.

AN ALPINE CLUB ARTICLE

By CONRAD KAIN

For the February Issue

The next issue of Rod and Gun will contain the story of an ascent of Mt. Cook, New Zealand, by Conrad Kain, the well-known guide of the Alpine Club of Canada. After the camp of 1913 at Mt. Robson, Conrad went to New Zealand where he spent the winter of 1913-14. Mr. Frind, Conrad's "gentleman" accompanied by Conrad and Bill Brass, a New Zealand guide, made the ascent of Mt. Cook in February 1914. On the same day another party set out but encountering an avalanche their expedition was brought to a tragic ending.



THE PACIFIC SALMON

Robert Page Lincoln

THE Quinuat, or chinook salmon is by far the best known of the Pacific salmon. First let us consider the matter of distances in which salmon run up the various rivers. It has been remarked that "in the Yukon the quinuat runs as far as Caribou Crossing and Lake Bennett, 2,250 miles; the red salmon runs to "Forty Mile," which is nearly 1,800 miles. The red salmon and the chinook both ascend to the head of the Columbia, Fraser, Nass, Skeena, Stikkeen and the Taku Rivers. Yet this does not prove that all of them go that far before they spawn as was commented on in our last paper; and it certainly is true that these fish that go as far upstream as those just mentioned come down stream dead, and decayed, for the reason that in the leaping of rapids and falls they have sustained bruises and hurts that would make survival a thing impossible, especially when the fresh water parasites that attack them without mercy, are taken into consideration. The spawning run of the salmon occurs both in the Spring and in the Fall; the Spring run salmon being represented by the chinooks and the bluebacks. These fish are the ones that go the farthest up stream; others run in the Fall and it is doubtful if the majority of them do not spawn near to the ocean and in the rivers and if many do not return alive and active. They die, which, according to Jordan "is true of all, whether spawning remote from salt water, or only a few miles or yards from the sea." The large rivers are always sought by the chinooks for spawning purposes. The last run of the salmon occurs during the early fall months, and is swifter than the first by far; in fact fish have been taken during a first run wherein individuals were practically ripe, with eggs running when only half-way to their destination. It is as yet unknown how long the salmon stays in the

salt water before the desire comes over him to reproduce. As a rule it may be said that he stays in one locality or another for the space of three years when he enters the rivers and ascends. A salmon, it has long been held, always returns to the river of his birth to reproduce; no matter how far away he has been from the river of his birth he returns to spawn and die. This has been proven in many cases to be a fact, and it is interesting to note this peculiarity of this fish. Fish, for instance, that have grown to practical maturity in a stream, and have been ready to go down have been marked. These same fishes have returned. Also these same salmon have been marked and placed in another stream far from the scene of their birth, and the result has been again, a return to the home river. Yet this theory has been proved by Jordan and other authorities to a certain extent. Jordan holds that while these fish, in general will return to these rivers they do not go any farther than the bays at the river's mouth. Thus, he holds they are never quite away from the river and when they go upstream naturally they enter this river. Jordan remarks as follows: "It is the prevailing impression that the salmon have some special instinct which leads them to return to spawn in the same spawning grounds in which they were originally hatched. We fail, however, to find any evidence of this in the case of the Pacific salmon and we do not believe it to be true. It seems more probable that the young salmon hatched in any river mostly remain in the ocean within a radius of twenty, thirty or forty miles of its mouth. These, in their movements about the ocean, may come into contact with the cold waters of their parent streams, or perhaps of any other river, at a considerable distance from the shore. In the case of the quinuat and the blueback

salmons their instinct seems to lead them to ascend these fresh waters, and in a majority of cases these waters will be those in which the fishes in question were originally spawned." It is this authority's belief that they enter wherever they find fresh water, and the first likely stream they discover, whether the parent stream or no, they will ascend. The investigations by Mr. H. S. Davis show that in March of the year 1896 five thousand chinook fry marked by having the adipose fin cut off were released in the Clackamas River. Nearly four hundred of these fish are said to have been taken in the Columbia in 1896, and a few more in 1899. A few were also taken from the Sacramento River in 1900 and the two years preceding it. In the Columbia most were taken at the mouth of the river where nearly all of the fishing was done, but a few were in the original stream, the Clackamas. . . . Further evidence, however, shows that the most which are hatched in a large stream tend to return to it and that in general most salmon return to the parent region.

The investigations of Jordan are perhaps the best and most reliable on record, therefore some of his comments are of special interest. We quote from him as follows:

"The habits of the salmon in the ocean are not easily studied. Quinnet and silver salmon of all sizes are taken with the seine at almost any season in Puget sound and among the islands of Alaska. This would indicate that these species do not go far from the shore. The silver salmon certainly does not. The quinnet pursues the schools of herring. It takes the hook freely in Monterey Bay (California), both near the shore and at a distance of six to eight miles out. We have reason to believe that these two species do not necessarily seek great depths, but probably remain not very far from the mouth of the rivers in which they spawned. The blueback, or red salmon, certainly seeks deeper water, as it is seldom or never taken with the seine along shore; and it is known to enter the Strait of Fuca in July, just before the running season, therefore coming in from the open sea. The great majority of the quinnet salmon, and probably all of the blueback salmon enter the rivers in the Spring. The run of the quinnet begins generally at the last of March; it lasts, with various modifications and interruptions, until the actual spawning season in November, the greatest run being in early June in Alaska, in July in the Columbia. The run begins earliest in the northernmost rivers and in the longest streams, the time of running and the proportionate amount in each of the subordinate runs varying with each different river. In general the runs are slack in the Summer and increase with the first high water of Fall. By the last of August only straggling bluebacks can be found in the lower course of any stream; but both in the Columbia and in the Sacramento the quinnet runs in considerable numbers at least till October. In the Sacramento the run is greatest in the Fall and more run in the Summer than in the Spring. In the Sacramento and the smaller rivers southward there is a Winter run, beginning in December. The Spring

quinnet salmon ascends only those rivers which are fed by the melting snows from the mountains and which have sufficient volume to send their waters well out to sea. Those salmon which run in the Spring are chiefly adults which are supposed to be at least three years old. Their milt and spawn are no more developed than at the same time in others of the same species which have not yet entered the rivers. It would appear that the contact with the cold waters, when in the ocean, in some ways causes them to run toward it, and to run before there is any special influence to that end exerted by the development of the organs of generation. High water on any of these rivers in the Spring is always followed by an increased run of salmon. The salmon-canners think—and this is probably true—that salmon which would not have run till later are brought up by the contact with the cold water. The cause of this effect of cold fresh water is not understood. We may call it an instinct of the salmon, which is another way of expressing our ignorance. In general it seems to be true that in these rivers, and during those years when the Spring run is greatest, the Fall run is least to be depended upon."

The time for reproduction having come over these wonderful fish the great multitudinous army makes for the mouths of the various rivers. There is a steady pouring into the rivers from the great ocean, day succeeding day, each witnessing the countless thousands pouring in. Nor are the large fish alone represented in that vast aggregation; male fishes down to six inches in length are also running, their organs fully matured, each containing milt capable of impregnating the eggs of the female. Hordes of these small fish fill the water in one swarm of life and action, all urged upward and onward. The oddity of it is that these young fish also die after the spawning season is over.

The female salmon are now fat with spawn and are easily distinguished by their rounded sides. The males are a picture of vivid and intense beauty; they swim the water like gallant courtiers of yore, and with a grace and strength equalled only by the dominant ambition that gradually and insatiably rivets their attention. Their bodies are now (if it be in the late Spring or early Summer) more radiant and shimmering than ever; the olive green of the back vieing with the palpitant silver of the belly, and the head seems polished and vibrant with a living metallic color. The immense army now swims onward, up, and up. Days come and days go and still that seemingly ceaseless army swims onward—one magnetic purpose held at the horizon of consciousness. Shortly the effects of the fresh-water begin to be noticeable. While in the Spring run the flesh of the salmon is red, toward the Autumn it changes to a washed-out, sickly whitish-grey color and a like-colored slime films the body. The scales on the upper parts become imbedded in the skin; as the season lengthens these scales come off and the skin undergoes a radical change, tending to decay. A closer drawing in upon the spawning season witnesses the decline in beauty of the males. Their jaws become prominently hooked in a most grotesque

manner so that closing the jaws is an impossibility. And in a strange and puzzling manner also the fore teeth of these fish now take on an odd, swift growth which, in form, has appropriately been expressed as canine-like. Undoubtedly this is to aid them in combats among themselves for the possession of the females and the spawning bars. And yet this is one of the oddities manifested. Upon leaving the salt water they forsake food of every variety; the stomach practically shrivels up, becoming peculiarly contracted, in fact to such an extent that food cannot successfully be eaten, even were it desired. This apparently serves to prove that Nature had meant these fish to die directly after spawning. Toward the approach of the spawning season the salmon will be found to have lost one fifth of their weight. The males have gradually changed coloring. The quinnat males are a blotchy dark red, some even blackish; the bodies grow disgustingly slab-sided and grotesque. What is the cause of this? Is it the action of the fresh water upon them? It is entirely brought on by the growth and development of the reproductive organs, which are now in a state of perfection while the body is on the verge of decay.

In the first stages of the upstream swim no disastrous effects are noticeable upon the fish, but when the rivers become lower and shallows, rocks and rapids are encountered, then is when the fish really begin to suffer their apparently inevitable fate. The wearing against the rocks eventually rubs off the fins; sharp bits of rock cut gashes in their sides. And yet this does not consistently hold good in all cases for salmon have been taken from waters in the Sawtooth Mountains of Idaho, one thousand miles from the sea devoid of gash, bruise or mutilation. This is curious indeed considering the thorny path they must follow. For such is the dogged determination of this singular fish that he is able to leap the most seemingly impossible, insurmountable obstacles. Twelve-foot falls are as nothing to a salmon's leap. Reaching an obstacle they swim back a certain goodly distance, judge this distance carefully, with the intelligent exactitude of the human eye, and then putting immense power into their symmetrical bodies flash forward; reaching the bottom of the fall they veritably rise from the water with a swift slap of the tail, giving two or three instantaneous extra slaps of the tail as they ascend. As they go up the rivers now, on their run, and the waters become shallower they increase their speed. Ordinarily they make about three miles a day; but later on will acquire four miles.

Sometime, now, in the stage of their trip the destination is reached. The water must have a temperature of at least fifty degrees before spawning goes forward. A day or so follows and the spawning begins. Scooping out a shallow bed in clean bright gravel the female carefully deposits her eggs which run in a steady stream till all are vented. The male then approaches from behind and impregnates these eggs with the life engendering mites. Not all of this spawn ever sees the light of existence. After the eggs are impregnated they are slightly covered with sand or

light gravel—fanned into place by the action of the tail over them. Often they are covered too deeply and they die. Often also they form delicious food for the fish epicures; as a rule the male watches over them for the space of two or three days, if not more. The female will cast as many as one thousand eggs, only an inconsiderable number of which come to life. After spawning the female makes her way downstream, apparently to go back to a home in the salt water, but she invariably falls by the way exhausted, wholly decayed streamers of skin floating after her, great holes along the sides. The male follows but also dies, following the set rule—that *none live after spawning!* Rotting, smelling fish line the shores, and the air is putrified by their unsightly presence; wild animals gorge themselves on the spoils; bears grow aldermanic in proportion; eagle and fur clash in a battle for the possession of the choicest of the expiring salmon. This is the story of the spawning of the most peculiar of our fishes. The eggs that lie in the spawning beds hatch out after a space of time reaching over fifty days. For six weeks after hatching out the tiny fish lives upon the substance furnished by the yolk-sac, a receptacle forward of the breast. Six weeks having passed the yolk-sac is exhausted and the tiny fish begins to feed upon external life, in the form of parasites in the water. Thereafter it is held that the young fish starts out for the sea, swimming gradually downstream. When entering the sea, at five or six inches, he is known to be in the well-known "parr" stage. It is a common belief, that as soon as a young salmon in its native fresh water stream attains a certain age it instinctively makes for the ocean, but to the best of my observations this does not hold good in all cases. In such rivers as the Sacramento of California; the Willamette of Oregon; the Columbia of Washington and the Fraser of British Columbia, and in all of their tributaries small salmon are taken, and are even by men who should know better designated trout. The fact of it is that these members, instead of going to the ocean have thought well of the freshwater and have stayed on.

It is highly doubtful if a great deal of fly-fishing has been done for the salmon, for that is not the method popularly in use. We bait cast for the black bass; though occasionally some of us fly-fish for them. Thus, in the case of the salmon, we troll for them, yet occasionally try the fly. It is in the freshwater pools of the rivers such as the Sacramento where the flies are taken by the salmon if they are taken at all, and I wish to state that when a young grilse is hooked he is able to put up just about as wicked and enduring a fight as you could find anywhere, in any fish. Frankly, it is the grilse salmon that take the fly. On the spawning run the fish refuse the fly or any bait, though they will take the fly if it is persistently cast around their nose, this more out of anger and annoyance than anything else. The demand in fly-fishing for young salmon is a strong rod, line, salmon leader, and salmon or large bass flies of the standard regulation sort. There is hardly any need of imitating nature, for

they are not interested in the form so much as the attraction it makes. A grilse salmon on the fly hook will leap out of the water time and time again, and only when you have him in hand, quelled, can you really say that you have your fish.

Trolling for the chinook salmon is a sport that some hold to be equal to tarpon fishing off the reefs of Florida; equal to capturing the giant salt water black bass off the Californian coast; equal to taking the giant tuna of the North Atlantic coast; and they say that it is quite as entertaining and spectacular as capturing the *Salmo salar* of New Brunswick. To all of these assertions I must add mine—the chinook salmon is a great and good fighter on the hook. Trolling off of the sandbars out from the mouths of the various large rivers of that sportsmen's paradise, British Columbia, is sport, of a rare sort. There the fish in the bright and vivid summer will be found in numbers and sooner or later one is going to rise and smash your spoon. For this sort of fishing I desire a short steel rod with a lot of backbone to it. The reel must be large, and the line must be strong; the metal lines have points in their favor that need hardly be mentioned for this sort of fishing. Some vastly prefer to have a long, ten-foot greenheart rod with a large reel, well supplied with durable and tested Cuttyhunk line. Be this as it may, I prefer the shorter rod. The spoonhook is the lure. It should be a Number 7 or 9 Skinner, which is about as good a spoon hook as can be found anywhere. In the case of the Columbia river, one has to go three miles out from the river's mouth, past the sandbars, where the water is always choppy, to get the best fishing. Your craft is a fishing smack, with a staunch motor; and it makes its way over the water very easily—at good trolling speed. The line is now let out and when an appreciable length is doing duty it is stopped and one waits for

the strike. All around there will be evidence of fish life and many times these great fish break water with a shattering splash. Here will be representations of all the salmon; and here the various beautiful and glistening steelhead trout disport themselves. It is a high time of the year, is Summer along the Pacific shore,—before the beginning of the great runs. Now, suddenly, as you work along bang! smash! you have hit into a great chinook. At first it seems a dead weight as the fish wonders what in the world he has accumulated. But then the barb finds him. He deliberately shakes his head and darts first right, then left. The smack is slowed down. *Whir-r-r-r* sings the line, as it whips from the reel. You give it out, your leather-patched thumb staying him as you press it to core. Suddenly after fifteen minutes he flings himself like a bolt of lightning out of the water. You half fall back in your seat as you mark his size. The boatman swears bad and wicked profanity; grabs the gaff in two hands, shouting encouragements and directions. For that chinook is a mighty big one, well over thirty pounds. *How that fellow fights!* "There's a reason." He is now at his best; his body, glittering silver, his head of metallic and burnished luster; trim, symmetrical, well-poised, and clean-cut is he. For a long, long time it seems that he is going to get the best of you. The fight instead of decreasing in fervor, increases, and you find yourself amazed at his endurance. The tarpon you caught off Indian River fought no better and he was larger.

But, finally, a strong line, a well set hook and your persistent fight wins and you get him up to the boat. The automatic gaff closes over him, and you are prepared for a fresh salmon steak. *For never was there a fish invented more delicious than the salmon. He rivals comparison. He is the food of kings; the dream of the sleepless epicure!*

FLY TYING FOR THE TYRO

Robert Page Lincoln

IN the paper before this I made clear the question of hooks for trout, and here I shall speak of the various kinds of flies that are tied for trout; that is their independent styles. There are for instance the hackles and the palmers, well-known productions, and which are used by fishermen with every degree of success; there are also the reversed wing flies and the so-called matched wings. These are the most important in the wet fly class, though on the other hand we have the winged dry fly which has gained for itself considerable renown. There is another fly that is known as the gauze wing that might also be mentioned in this list and which purports to be the closest imitation of the natural fly that can be made. These are made in three varieties: the gauze wing, with

silk body; gauze wing with cork body and gauze wing with rubber body, and cost from \$1.25 to \$1.50 a dozen; that they are worthy affairs has many times been proven. I might here name the fluttering flies and several others tied away from the standard regulations but they are little known, hence we will pass them over. In the palmer and the hackle we have two well-known flies that are much alike. They are wingless creations. In the latter the fly is hackled at the head only, while the palmer has a body with hackles rising out of the body the whole length. On the palmer the hackles are a trifle thicker than on the hackle fly. They are both good killers on the streams and should have a prominent place in the trout fisherman's fly-book, to be used at all times when the trout are tak-

ing flies. In the reversed wing fly we have something, which, in its construction may be seemingly harder to tie and yet this is not the case. A great number of the flies are of this sort and I might as well make the system of tying them plain here as later on. In the reverse wing we have the wing, hackle, body, tail and tag. The tag it may be explained is used only to a moderate extent and it may be done without; this tag is simply a few turns of gold tinsel or silk floss at the tailward end of the body, at the base where the sweepers, or the tail strands are. In my opinion, if that is taken at its worth, I would suggest that this be left off, for I do not see that it helps out to any noticeable extent. With the fly in the vise you proceed to make the reverse winged fly. The feather (presumably a mallard specimen of the grey sort) is trimmed at the end and is laid upon the shaft of the hook, the soon-to-be wing pointing backward. The body is now built around the rib of the feather. The shank of the hook may either be waxed or the thread may be waxed to make it properly lie put. During this performance the tails, separate strands of dyed feather, often red, are worked in and the body built up close to the end of the hook shank. When the body is made the feather is bent forward as seen in Figure 2 of the drawings. This forms at the bend at the end of the hook shank what may be known as the head, and a few wrappings of silk thread will finish what may be an excellent imitation and deception. The hackles are now worked in and the fly is finished as shown in the third illustration. The reversed wing fly is comparatively easy of accomplishment, though it is not the only method. Amateur fly-tiers have their own self-worked-out systems and they seem to adhere to them through thick and thin, against all rules and regulations. In the case of the matched winged flies, or two wings, we have a fly tied to the smaller size of hooks and worked in quite a different manner which will be shown later on. In the illustration will be shown also what is known as the fluttering fly. This fly is undoubtedly more in use in the older country of England than in this country. It will be noted on this fly that the head is tied near the bend in the hook, with the wings leaning backward. This, used in the water is drawn backward, and thus gives a struggling appearance in the water. There is yet another fly that might here be mentioned which I shall speak of more closely later on when I have waded through the preliminary particulars and that is the so-called detached body fly. A glimpse at the illustration will serve to show this fly, most of the lower part of whose body is tied separate from the shank of the hook upon a chicken quill or a boar's bristle. A mere glance at the detached fly hook will make you think it rather difficult to master and yet it can readily be done, with the exercise of skill and patience.

Before we continue with these particulars let us for a moment study the reasons for the use of hackles in trout flies. It assuredly is inconceivable that they are there merely to represent legs of an insect, for six, at the highest is about all they have, and on some

of our artificial flies there will be seen any number of them. Camp states that "in the winged fly the hackle is intended to represent the legs of the natural insect. The hackle flies are representations of larval forms such as the caterpillar." But it is a mistaken idea among many that the entire purpose of the hackles is to represent legs of an insect. Says a writer in the well-known and highly appreciated London Field, "The first function of a hackle is to break the fly's fall, to let it down lightly on the water. And that is equally true whether it be a cock's hackle, or a hen's, or a soft hackle from any of the small birds. Anyone who has tried to fish with flies tied without hackles over moderately shy trout will find them apt to be scared by the violence of the fall of the fly on the water. When the fly reaches the water, another function, or other functions of the hackle come into play. If the fly be a floater, winged and hackled at the shoulder only, then the functions are, **first**, flotation, and **secondly**, imitation of the legs of the fly. Many good fly dressers hold that the body is the really attractive part of a trout fly, and that in a floater a hackle which is sufficient to insure proper flotation and is otherwise colorless and inconspicuous, serves its purpose best. A good cock's hackle, such as is used for floating flies, is extremely sharp and bright when held up to the light, and even in the ruddy shades lets but little color through. There can, however, be no harm, and it is probably safer if the hackle, as held to the light, bears a fairly close resemblance in color to the legs of the fly it represents. A winged floater, hackled all down the body with cock's hackles to represent a sedge—or even a similar pattern without wings—is probably taken for a fluttering sedge, by reason of the "buzz" effect. A floater, hackled with a sharp cock's hackle at the shoulder only, and without wings, is probably the best method of suggesting a spinner spent, or still living. The wings of the natural spinner have an iridescent glitter which is well suggested by the extended fibres of a first-rate rusty or honey blue dun, cock's hackle. Such a hackle thus serves, beyond the purpose of breaking the fly's fall, the double purpose of flotation and imitation of wings.

In the case of the sunk flies, we find that these present still more complex propositions, according to the way in which the fly is presented to the fish. Fished directly up stream, a wet fly (whether winged or not), which is hackled with a stiff cock's hackle, has thrown away one of its chief advantages,—the mobility of the hackle. In fact, one is inclined to think, that, if a hackle were not needed to break the fall, such a fly might best be dressed without a hackle. A hen's hackle, or a small bird's hackle would respond to every movement of the current, and would thus suggest an appearance of life in action, which is very fascinating. Doubtless the hackles suggest the wings and legs of hatched out insects, drowning or drowned, and tumbled by the current in some cases; in others they undoubtedly suggest some nondescript, struggling subaqueous creature. In either case the mobility suggests life. However, an upstream wet-fly man, no matter how keen he is

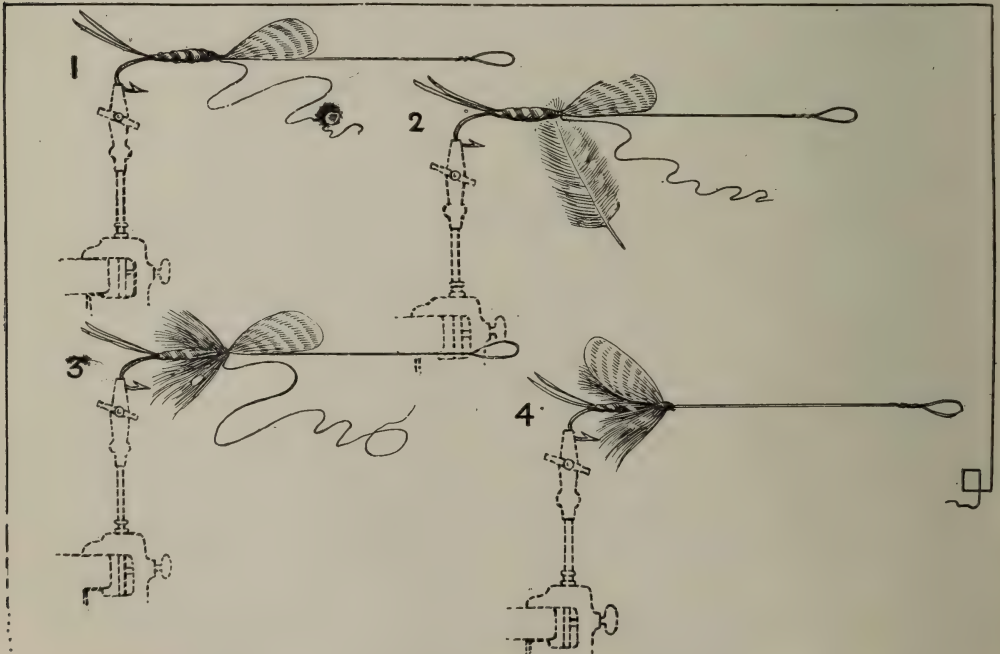
on this method, does not always cast directly up-stream, but more often up and across, and occasionally across. When he casts across, or up and across, and holds his rod top so as to bring his team of flies as nearly as possible perpendicularly across the current, a new set of considerations arise. The droppers, catching the stream, more than does the gut cast, are drawn head up stream and tail down stream in advance of the gut cast. Here soft hackles are apt to be drawn back so as completely to enfold the body of the fly, with the points of the fibers flickering softly beyond the bend of the hook, thus suggesting a nymph vainly attempting to swim against the current. The top dropper may be dibbing on the surface, thus suggesting an ovipositing fly. Here the hackle represents the wings of the natural fly in active motion. In these conditions cock's hackles, whether dressed at shoulder only or palmerlike, are apt to impart motion to the wings and body and to suggest life in this way rather than by their own motion, as do soft hackles. The resilience of a first-class cock's hackle is great, and every exertion of it must react upon the fly body, which it surrounds, and impart a motion, which, whether lifelike in the sense of resembling the motions of some particular insect or not, at least is sufficient to attract attention and excite the rapacity or tryanny of the trout if it does not appeal to his appetite."

We now come to the actual gathering together of materials for fly tying; this is a subject that is wide enough and the materials are so varied that I could not begin to name the things that may be utilized for the pur-

pose. With the aid of dyes, no matter what color a feather is it may be transformed into another color, and so made good use of. In my mind the Diamond Dyes are as good as any; and I presume that they are procurable through any commercial house handling general household supplies. These dyes will outlast the flies, so you may know they are worthy enough for this business. In the case of barnyard fowls you are able to obtain many natural colored feathers for hackles that cannot be excelled; of course there are many kinds that we cannot procure and which we must buy. These feathers and materials, however, come rather cheap, all things taken into consideration, and they should be procured. Floss and silk threads of various colors are gotten hold of in the dry-goods stores; so also the gold and silver tinsel and the tinsel thread may be procured from the supply houses. Black shoemaker's wax is a great necessity, with which to wax the thread when tying so that upon the hook shank it will not slip. The black wax will do in most cases. A can of shellac-varnish is another necessity, for your fly is never ready to use until the thread tied ends are touched with some of this varnish which may be homemade by dissolving brown flaked shellac in wood alcohol. This hardens and makes the knot compact and immovably firm.

In the tying of flies it should be understood that branching out for oneself, with personal inventiveness is very desirable. Get away from the common notion that your flies, when tied, must look like the hand-tied professional flies that come from the supply

MAKING THE REVERSED WING FLY



1. Wing and light gut snell tied in: body built and ribbed with tinsel: two red ibis tail strands added. 2. Hackle worked in. 3. Hackle finished and tied with winding silk. Wing bent forward and firmly tied at head, after which same is shellacked.

houses. It does not matter if your hackles bristle a little out of shape; your fly is tied for *service*, and not as an *ornament*. It really does seem to me that the majority of the flies are merely tied to appear in decorated, white paper boxes, or glass cases. A fly, however, should be strong, and should give service, *and a lot of it*. The person reading this may wish to know where he can obtain material for fly dressing. Among a number of suppliers in this respect I might name W. J. Jamison, 736 California Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, as being as good as any, and he will supply you with about everything you need as reasonably as any one. To aid you in getting a line on some of the material used for flies, and the cost of it, I am setting down his listed prices of same. They are as follows:—

Fly Maker's Tweezers, each.....	\$0.35
Fly Maker's Scissors, straight.....	.50
Fly Maker's Scissors, curved.....	.60
Fly Maker's Wax.....	.05
Tying Silk, special made, extra small, 200 yds.....	.25
Floss Silk, assorted colors, per skein.....	.05
Gold and Silver Tinsel.....	.15
Mohair, per packet.....	.15
Pig's Wool and Seal's Fur.....	.30
Chenille assorted colors, per yard.....	.05
Fancy English Pheasant Feathers, per doz. pairs.....	.10
Rooster Hackles, dry fly sizes, natural color, doz.....	.08
Rooster Hackles, natural color, trout sizes, doz.....	.05
Rooster Hackles, natural, for large bass flies, doz.....	.03
Rooster Hackles, dyed red, for large bass flies, doz.....	.05
Rooster Hackles "Honey Duns," all sizes, doz.....	.10
Hen Hackles, black, brown, white, per doz.....	.05
Hen Wing Feathers, assorted, doz. pairs.....	.15
White Hen Breast Feathers, or dyed red, brown, yellow, green or blue, per doz. pairs.....	.04
Plymouth Rock Breast Feathers, or dyed red, brown, yellow, green or blue, per doz. pairs.....	.04
Fancy Hen Breast Feathers, assorted, per doz.....	.04
Goose Breast Feathers, large white, per doz.....	.05
Goose Breast Feathers, large, red, brown, yellow, green or blue, per doz.....	.08
Goose Breast Feathers, small, white, per doz.....	.03
Goose Breast Feathers, small, red, brown, yellow, green or Blue, per doz.....	.06
Goose Feathers, extra fine young quills, very thick, soft and velvet fibre, in sizes from $\frac{3}{8} \times \frac{3}{4}$ inch to $\frac{3}{4} \times 1\frac{1}{4}$ inch, pure white, per doz.....	.15
Same as above, $\frac{3}{4} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ inch to $1 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ inch doz.....	.12
Guinea Wing Feathers, per matched pair.....	.05
Guinea Body Feathers, per doz. pairs.....	.06
Guinea Hackles, per doz.....	.06
Turkey Wing Feathers, assorted, per pair.....	.05
Turkey Wings, dyed red or yellow, per pair.....	.10

Turkey Wings, speckled, dyed red or yellow, pair.....	.10
Turkey Tails, white, each.....	.02
Turkey Tails, dyed red, each.....	.05
Mallard Wing Feathers, per matched pair.....	.05
Gray Mallard large, per doz. pairs.....	.15
Gray Mallard, medium, per doz. pairs.....	.10
Gray Mallard, small, per doz. pairs.....	.06
Dark Mallard, large, per doz. pairs.....	.20
Dark Mallard, large, per doz. pairs.....	.20
Dark Mallard, small, per doz. pairs.....	.15
Teal Feathers, large, per doz. pairs.....	.10
Teal Feathers, small, per doz. pairs.....	.10
Peacock Tail Feathers, eyed, each.....	.15
Peacock Tail Feathers, swords, each.....	.08
Partridge Wing Feathers, per matched pair.....	.05
Partridge Tail Feathers, each.....	.02
Partridge Hackles, per doz.....	.06
Dark Grouse Hackles, per doz.....	.06
Golden Plover Wings, per pair.....	.12
Hen Pheasant Wings, per pair.....	.15
Jungle Cock Feathers, per doz.....	.20
Jay Wings, per pair.....	.25
Snipe Wings, per pair.....	.10
Starling Wings, per pair.....	.10
Woodcock Wings, per pair.....	.12
Wood Duck Barred Feathers, each.....	.10
Wood Duck Lemon Feathers, per pair.....	.03
Horse Mane hair, white, per ounce.....	.20
Horse Mane Hair, red, per ounce.....	.30

Among the implements that you need for tying flies, the vise is really the most important. But the vise can without inconvenience be dispensed with if you have small fingers. We of the artistic clan have thin, tapering fingers you know (thanks: you may bring the flowers around to the stage door; don't throw them). If your fingers are inclined to be a bit clumsy, see to it that you have a vise. A vise is at times a direct necessity, for the tying of flies to wee sma' hooks is a feat very difficult. To my way of thinking a pair of fly-tiers' scissors is a mighty good purchase, and the straight sort is all you will need. I can easily get along with these; but they should be keen so that with one snip a thread, feather, fibre or tinsel may be cleanly severed. You will want a darning needle, the sharp point of which has been somewhat dulled, this to pick out thread that gets caught, or feather filaments that twist under as you wind the hackle rib. Personally I see no use for the tweezers; they can readily be done without. So also can forceps which I have found to be more a nuisance than anything else. I may add here, as a word of advice, that you should try to cultivate the use of your fingers almost entirely in fly-tying, for the reason that when you wish to imitate new flies on the stream you will have to get along without vise or other implements so that if you have learned already how to get along without them you are that much ahead.

It will be noted that much of the material that goes into the making of flies is simple and is easily procured. Visit a hen home where there is an assortment of the layers—and otherwise. You are able to procure in a short time a great variety of hackles that will answer your purpose to a dot. Says one

writer: "I paid a poultryman ten cents for the heads and necks of three roosters and have enough grey, black and red hackles to last for the rest of my life. You should obtain a few white swan's plumes—from the wing or tail of the bird. White chicken wing feathers will do in a pinch, but swan's plumes are far more easy to work into wings for flies. A few feathers from a turkey feather duster—brown and grey, speckled—will come in handy and you must have at least one peacock feather or plume. Peacock herl for the bodies of Brown Hackles and Coachmen, and some other artificial flies are the filaments plucked from a peacock tail feather. Those of a bronze hue are the most valuable and any feathers donated by the owner of an old bonnet may not come amiss. Indeed, if you continue your fad of fly-tying, ever have your eye on the alert for materials. A church—the inside—is the temptation of temptations for the fly-tier. It is hard to sit behind a hat dressed with the very feathers you need and not take a twitch."

so accurate as to detail, and since he gives a list of flies so very good, I am adding them to this article; and at the end will be found some hints by Mr. Taylor as to the flies he uses for various seasons. His list is as follows:

Abbey—Body, crimson silk, ribbed with gold tinsel; wings, pintailed duck; hackle, brown; tail, three strands golden pheasant; tag, gold tinsel.

Alder—Body, peacock herl; wings, wood duck; hackle, brown; tag, gold tinsel.

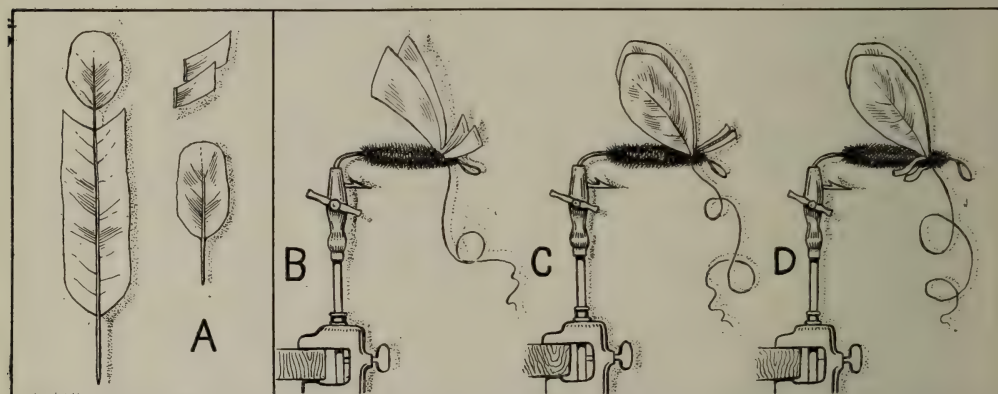
Black Gnat—Body, peacock herl; wings, American crow; hackle, black.

Cow Dung—Body, greenish-brown worsted; wings, brown hen's feather; hackle, brown; tag, gold tinsel.

Caldwell—Body, claret silk, ribbed with gold tinsel; wings, pintail duck; hackle, brown; tail, three fibres of wood duck; tag, gold tinsel.

Cinnamon—Body, brown worsted; wings, speckled brown hen feather; hackle, brown; tail, three strands of black hackle; tag, gold tinsel.

METHODS OF WING CONSTRUCTION



A. Showing two ways of acquiring wings from a selected feather. B. Tying in one form of wings. C. Tying in the other form—two feather tips. D. When firmly tied as in Fig. C, the two fiber ends are bent forward, and tied also in front of the wings, thus holding them secure.

In a humorous way this shows how readily feathers, *et cetera*, are procurable. The total expenditure, in these purchases amounts to comparatively little; you gain, however, tenfold by having your list of materials complete when you begin to tie your flies.

I have decided, in this article, to include a sort of a category of some of the best trout flies; what materials go into them, that the amateur may be guided right in his selections. If my advice were to be followed I would positively say if you are going to tie flies, after the well-known standard regulations, be sure and procure professional tied specimens. Then, with one of each, carefully dissect each as you tie and follow closely the manner used and the materials. This list will give you an idea what to procure. Space will not permit of my continuing this article much further and therefore I must wait the next month to give details of actual tying of some well-known flies. The appended list of flies, from the pen of Charles S. Taylor, should be appreciated by all and since it is

Coachman—Body, peacock herl; wings, white; hackle, brown.

Green Drake—Body, straw silk, ribbed with loose coils of black silk; wings, wood duck; hackle, brown; tail, three fibres of wood duck.

Grasshopper—Body, brown worsted; wings, jungle cock's feather; above it one strip yellow, color, dyed, and one red ibis, about three fibres of each; hackle, scarlet; tail, yellow, swan and pintail duck, three fibres of each; tag, gold tinsel, and about one sixteenth inch green silk; head of peacock herl.

Grizzly King—Body, green silk, ribbed with silver tinsel; wings, pintail duck; hackle, grizzled; tag, gold tinsel; tail, red ibis.

Jungle—Body, scarlet silk, ribbed with gold tinsel; wings, jungle cock's feather, single; hackle, white, with black center; tag, gold tinsel; tail, three fibres red ibis.

Montreal—Body, dark crimson silk, ribbed with gold tinsel; wings, turkey's wing feather; hackle, scarlet; tag, gold tinsel; tail of ibis.

Pale Evening Dun—Body, yellow silk,

STYLES OF TROUT FLIES



1. Gauze Wing Fly with detached body. 2. Palmer Hackle. 3. Reversed Wing Fly. 4. Matched Wing Fly. 5. Fluttering Fly. 6. The Famous Dry Fly with upright wings. 7. The Common Hackle, flydy unhackled, hackle at head alone.

ribbed with gold tinsel; wings, mallards' under wing feather; hackle, yellow; tag, gold tinsel; tail, three fibers from mallard's wing.

Professor—Body, yellow silk, ribbed with tinsel; wings, pintailed breast; hackle, brown; tail, three fibers ibis.

Red Ant—Body, scarlet silk; wings, ibis; hackle, red or scarlet stained; tag, of peacock herl.

Seth Green—Body, green silk, ribbed with yellow silk twist; wings, lead colored feather from under mallard's wing; hackle, brown; tag, gold tinsel; tail, three strands mallard's wing.

Soldier Palmer—Body, scarlet silk, ribbed with gold tinsel; hackle, brown, one short up the body above, one full at head; tag, gold tinsel.

Stone Fly—Body, grey silk, ribbed with silver tinsel; wings, mallard's under wing feather; hackle, grey; tag, silver tinsel; tail, black hackle.

Brown Hackle—Body, peacock herl; hackle, brown, wound thick; no wings.

Canada—Body, red worsted; wound with gold tinsel; wings, light brown and mottled; hackle, brown; tail, red worsted.

Grey Hackle—Body, green silk, ribbed with silver tinsel; hackle, grey; no wings.

Blue Jay—Body, claret mohair; wings, matched English blue jay; tail, ibis.

Jenny Lind—Body, yellow; wings, blue; hackle red.

Page—A red fly with wood duck wings.

Parmachene Belle—Body, yellow; remainder red and white mixed.

Rube Wood—Body, white chenille, finished with red silk tag; hackle, brown; tail, brown mallard.

Scarlet Ibis—Body, red, ribbed with gold tinsel; wings, scarlet ibis; hackle and tail of ibis.

Silver Doctor—Body, silver tinsel, wound with red silk, finished with red tag; wings, mixed yellow and red, with wood duck and

bars of wild turkey; hackle, blue and guinea hen; tail, golden pheasant.

For mid-spring fishing, Coachman, Royal Coachman, White Miller, Professor, Brown Hackle and Grey Hackle, are the favorites, and the writers' preference for casting during the latter days of April and the month of May. For the waters of the north-east, Silver Doctor, Jock Scott, Brown Hackle and Parmachene Belle on rather large hooks are sure "meat getters." For Maine and Canada the three most successful flies are: Montreal, Parmachene Belle and Silver Doctor.

Arranging the cast according to the fishing months, the writer's experience suggests the following, in addition to those enumerated above.

April—Cow Dung, Red Ibis, Cinnamon, Stone Fly, Red Spinner, and Parmachene Belle.

May—Montreal, Yellow Dun, Turkey Brown, Iron Blue, Spinner, and Red Dun Fox.

June—Grey Drake, Green Drake, Silver Doctor, Alder, Black Gnat, and Orange Dun.

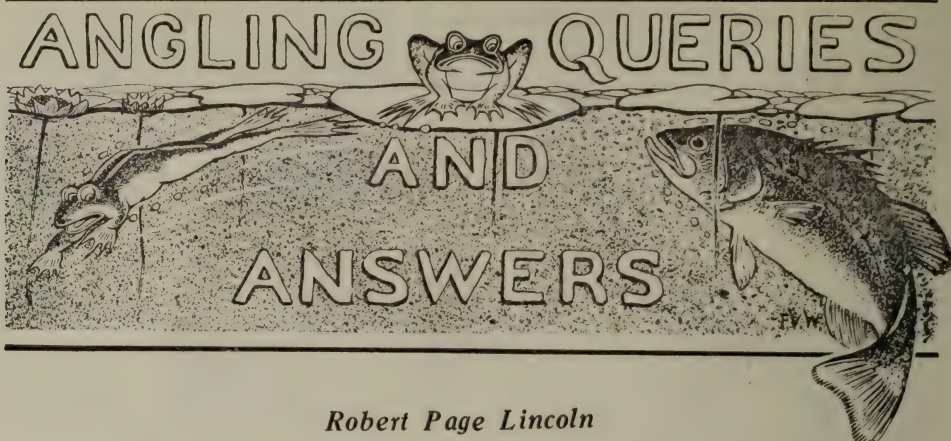
July—Pale Evening Dun, Grizzly King, July Dun, Red Ant, Brown Palmer.

August—Governor, Coachman, Seth Green, Royal Coachman, August Dun and Shad.

September and general fall fishing—Queen of the Water, Willow, Whirling Dun, Black Palmer, Red Palmer, Blue Bottle.

As I have mentioned the best way is to get the real fly tied to hook; dissect that fly and you will learn more than I or anyone else could tell you. If you can possibly get plates showing colored flies, so much the better, but even then there is nothing to beat the system I have named. It may be mentioned that Abbey and Imbie, tackle dealers New York City furnish plates with flies in their natural colors. If you can procure these it would not be a bad addition.

ANGLING QUERIES AND ANSWERS



Robert Page Lincoln

No. 45.—I wish to procure a book on the different kinds of fish; a good, authoritative volume, not too technical, that one can rely upon and which treats the subject in full. I recently invested in a natural history and found it absolutely lacking in complete information. I should be glad to hear from you on this subject.

Fraternally,
H. F. Moore, Flanders, P.Q.

Ans.—I certainly would recommend David Starr Jordan's work on "Fishes," which seems to me to be just about as thorough and complete as anything of this sort can be. Jordan has long held the lead as an authority upon the fishes of this planet and the work above-mentioned shows him a success in that monumental endeavor at classification of the numerous subjects demanding attention. Works by Jordan in this respect include his two volumes entitled "A Guide to the Study of Fishes," coming in which double form you have to pay twelve dollars for them. With Barton Warren Everman, Mr. Jordan is also the author of two volumes, published by Doubleday, Page and Company, Garden City, New York, U.S.A., entitled "American Food and Game Fishes"; they cost four dollars a volume and come in two volumes. But by far the best book I recommend is a more recent single volume entitled "Fishes," Henry Holt and Company, Publishers, New York City, N.Y., which contains practically the better part of the two volumes above-mentioned. "A Guide to the Study of Fishes." This volume is procurable for six dollars and is complete in almost every respect. Mr. Jordan in his preface says: "This work contains virtually all the non-technical material contained in the author's "Guide to the Study of Fishes." It lacks the considerable portion relating to the structure and classification of fishes, which is intended rather for the technical student of Ichthyology. The present volume contains substantially all which the author would have written had his original purpose been to cover the subject of fishes in a general natural history of animals. The fishes used

as food and those sought by anglers in America are treated fully, and proportionate attention is paid to all the existing as well as all extinct families of fishes. Notwithstanding the relative absence of technical material in the present volume, the writer hopes that it may still be valuable to students of Ichthyology, though his chief aim has been to make it interesting to nature-lovers and anglers, and instructive to all who open its pages."

This book is well-bound, green, stamped with gold, containing close on eight hundred large pages, and a multitude of drawings of the fish listed, also some full-page reproductions from paintings of trout in their natural colors. The book has my recommendation.
R. P. L.

No. 46.—Last Spring in one of the lakes in this part of the province we found great numbers of dead fish when the ice went out, and I cannot account for it. At first I came to the conclusion that an epidemic had been abroad, but then I noticed that the pickerel had been the worst sufferers since greater numbers of their bodies were found floating on the water, or washed up on the shore. An old-timer here holds that the fish were drowned; that they died from lack of air. What influence could bring about such a condition, and what do you believe the cause to be. I should like to hear from you about this, and a return answer would be greatly appreciated.

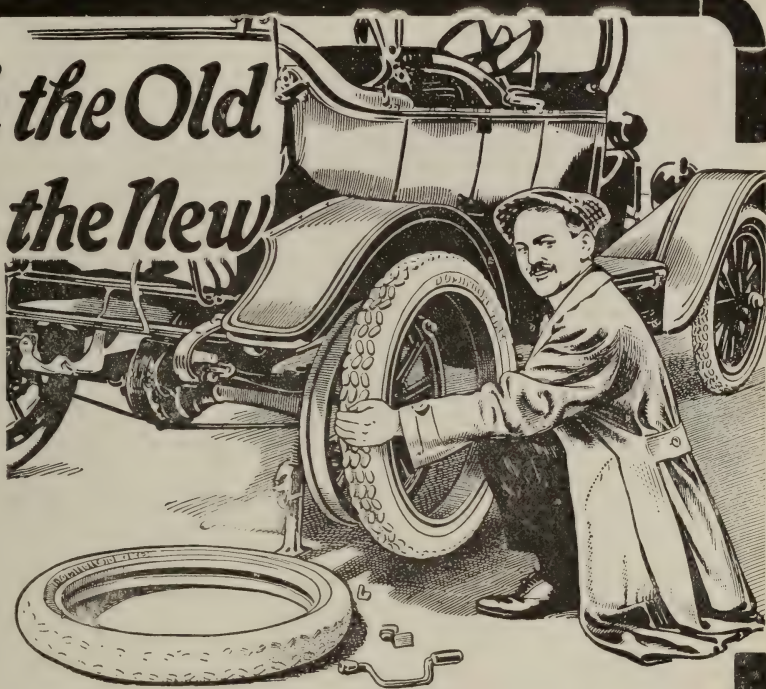
Yours truly,
Alfred Kelsie, Ont.

Ans.—While it is not impossible that an epidemic was abroad in the course of the winter (and you should have had some of the dead specimen's inspected by experts) still the chances are that the old-timer was right in his conclusions—that the fish actually died from lack of oxygen. To say that a fish has been drowned appears ridiculous, it is true. A fish, however, can be drowned readily enough in his native waters. Simply hold the gill covers, or opercles close and keep him under the water a sufficient time and he will drown "like a rat." A fish breathes the oxygen in the water he takes in in gulps; this

Off with the Old On with the New

"I'm sorry, but I guess that good old 'DOMINION' Tire will have to go at last. It has held out so long beyond its mileage that I wondered if it would ever wear out. It certainly doesn't owe me anything, and it never gave me any trouble."

"I'm counting on this new 'DOMINION' though, to duplicate the good work. With four 'DOMINIONS', and one on the rack, I'm never afraid my business or pleasure will suffer because of tire troubles".



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water passes over the gills and out through the covers. The gills are the red fringes occurring on the gill arches. Each has a blood vein running through it. When the water immerses the fringes they take the oxygen from the water, sending it in a purified state throughout the body. While your explanation of this incident of the death of fishes was incomplete I take it for granted that it was a small lake. Mortality among fishes in small lakes from lack of air has often been noticed. The oxygen in the water becomes exhausted; there is no aeration. The rush of a stream over rocks sends air into water, causing good aeration. In still waters, ice fettered, from shore to shore, the air is gradually absorbed, especially if the winter is long. Death occurs when fish make for the shores and in shallow water, endeavoring to get air from crevices in the ice along shore, freeze in; or death may come through smothering. A number of things have been noted as the cause of death among fishes when lakes have been frozen over. Cracks in the ice often save the fish, allowing a place where they might rise and gain air from without. Undoubtedly this saves the fish in most of the lakes. But disaster may come when a winter rain fills these cracks and crevices, or when a freshet overflows the ice, freezing solid. Then the snow will pack down on this and the deed is done, especially on ponds and small lakes. The cutting of holes in the ice is what saves the majority of the fish no doubt. Ice cutting, and fishermen cutting holes gives air and the fish obtain their demands. This is said by some to be the reason why fish are so readily caught, fishing through the ice. I have caught fish a foot or two from the surface in this manner. You mention the fact that pickerel seemed to be among the dead to a greater extent than others. Pickerel are known to go in shore for air, way up as far as will be permitted. A sudden, quixotic freeze will have the tendency to trap them in the shallows. Thus, fish are often found in the ice itself if investigation were carried forward to find the truth in this assertion. Pickerel like the shallows and the weeds that grow therein for the reason that they communicate the demanded oxygen to the water. It will be found that the water where aquatic plants grow in profusion is well oxygenated, for the reason that the plants feed upon the carbon dioxide of the air, diffusing the purities throughout the water. Trees likewise live upon carbon. This carbon is food for the trunk. This carbonic acid gas is death to us. The trees take it out of the air. Therefore, where trees are there you will find the air cool and delicious and tasty.

R. P. L.

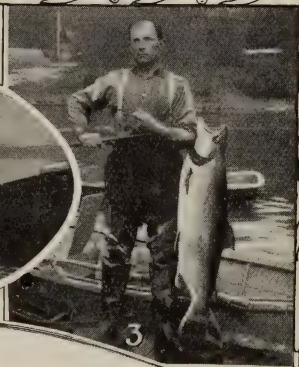
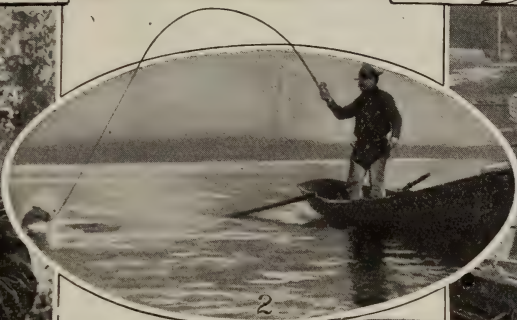
No. 47.—There are some questions that I would like to ask you about our black bass. I do not know if I have ever seen small-mouth bass. Are there any special markings by which I could tell the small-mouth and the large-mouth apart. I ask this because I understand at times the two cannot be told apart. Also, is there any method of knowing the correct weight of a bass. Are the black bass of Florida of the same sort that we have in

the north; and what is the reason they grow to as high as seventeen pounds in weight there and not in the north. I should be glad to have you answer these queries in your department and the answer may be of interest to brother fishermen.

Yours sincerely,
V. B. Caywoodie, Que.

Ans.—First let me chronicle a few little known facts about the bass. The bass, as "bass" have been misnamed, for the bass is not a bass at all; he belongs in fact to the sunfish family. The true bass, the black bass are salt water fishes and some specimens caught in the south Pacific waters go as high as five hundred pounds weight. They are, strangely enough, an odd exaggeration of the bass of our waters—their weight being so ponderous; otherwise, to a startling extent, they are alike, and have often caused great wonderment. The word bass comes from the Dutch, meaning perch, or *bars*. You ask how to tell the small-mouth from its brother. To those familiar with them they are easily distinguished. The large-mouth has a large mouth; the small-mouth one a considerably smaller mouth, and this is noticeable always. The scales on the large-mouth are far larger. In the small-mouth they lie very close on one another. The large mouth is easily told by the black lateral line. This stripe is not noted on the small mouth, though it must be added that large-mouths are caught on which the black stripe is not noticed. The small-mouth is always told, especially at the time of spawning, by the perch-like, vertical, blotches or half bars that occur on the sides. In some specimens these are singularly pronounced. The haunts of the small-mouth and the large-mouths are widely different. Small-mouths, like trout, love cold, clear waters, and their favorite haunts are among the rocks, and they are especially partial to places where springs come up from the bottoms. Also the small-mouth is essentially a stream fish, whereas the large-mouth is a lake and pond fish, best at home among the pads and the weedy places; is not averse to muddy waters, and may often be taken in half stagnant ponds. Small mouths rarely go over five pounds weight and if you have caught one of this size you can really say that you have taken a very large small-mouth. A three-pound small-mouth in some places is considered large. Large-mouths on the other hand grow to be as much as eight pounds in weight in our northern waters. In regard to a method of estimating the weight of the black bass, I have puzzled over just what you mean. If you mean a table by which, at a glance at the fish, knowing its length and girth, you can correctly mark its weight, the following listing may be of help to you. This table should be correct for all sections, needless to relate.

Length	Girth	Weight
12 inch.	8 inch.	1 pound 6 ounces.
14 "	11 "	2 " 6 "
15 "	11 ½ "	2 " 14 "
20 "	13 "	4 " 5 "
20 "	14 ½ "	5 " "
21 ½ "	16 ½ "	6 " 8 "



Prize Fish

1. 5 lb. Small-Mouth Black Bass caught on a "BRISTOL" Rod at Laurel Lake, Pa., by Benj. H. Dittrich of Honesdale, Pa.
2. Lake Fly Fishing with a "BRISTOL" when the Bass were running good.
3. 42½ lb. Salmon caught by A. E. Burgdoff. Won prize of "BRISTOL" Rod.
4. A big 'un caught on a "BRISTOL" by our old friend "Jack".
5. Bull Trout too big for the basket. Caught with a "BRISTOL" Rod on Watches River by Volney Taft of No. Yakima, Wash.
6. 34 lb. Lake Trout, 41 inches long, 25 inches girth, caught on a "BRISTOL" Rod at Chaffey's Lake, Ontario, by H. C. Austin.

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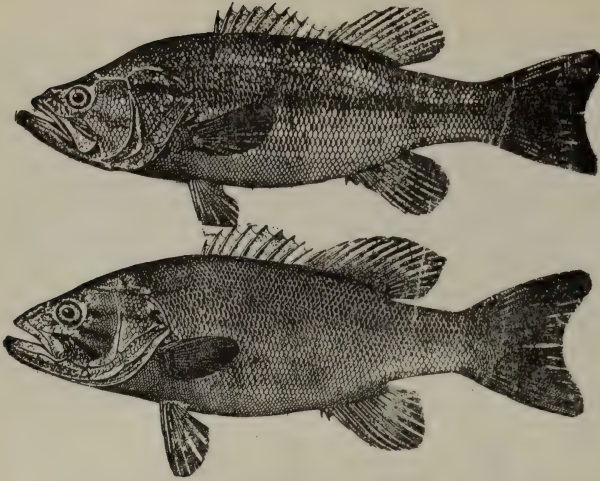
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Above. The large mouth bass.

Below. The small mouth bass.

The black bass of Florida are of the same sort that we have in the north, the only difference being that they attain to a better weight in the south than in the north. The reason for this should be plain enough. In the favored southern waters the bass feed the year around, and are active. In the northern waters the bass hibernate; their growth is practically at a standstill during the months of cold weather. The return of warmth to the waters of fifty degrees, brings them out of torpidity, into action. Bass hibernate, for instance, in the limestone reefs in Lake Erie. Otherwise they may be found among the rocks, obstructions, sunken logs, etc.

I trust that the above will be of interest to you, and will answer the questions as you desired them answered.

R. P. L.

No. 48.—I remember in one of your last winter's articles on ice fishing, you mentioned using small spinners upon the line in connection with the hook which is baited with a minnow which is hooked just forward of the tail. Where can I procure these spinners, and what size would you deem the best? What sort of a line is best for crappie fishing?

Yours truly,

M. L., Michigan, U.S.A.

Ans.—The size Number 1 tandem spinners are excellent for winter fishing through the ice; the Hildebrandts in special being of note. There are others on the market. The minnow should be hooked so that the backbone is untouched. A lively minnow will last a long time this way, even after fish have been taken upon it. By drawing the line up and down in the water occasionally the spinners will twirl, thus attracting the fish. An ordinary bait casting silk line, tested to sixteen pounds has been my favorite in winter fishing, whenever I have cared to indulge in it. A tournament casting line of fine caliber is exceptionally good. Success has been best using this very fine line. I do not know, but I contend that the finer line is less easily seen in the water, thus will not alarm the fish.

R. P. L.



The Hunter's Soliloquy

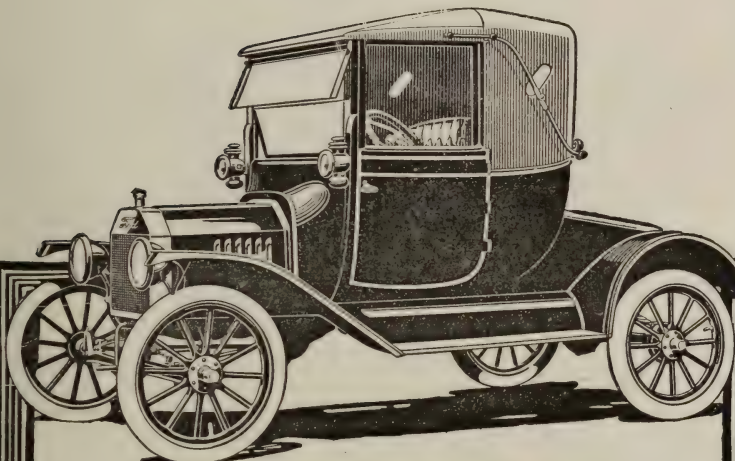
T. Wight

To hunt, or not to hunt, that is the question—
Whether it be wiser in the mind,
To seize our gun and tramp through swamp
And spongy marshes, wet to our knees
And shivering in the sleety blast,
Or buy our venison at nearest butcher stall
At one-tenth the cost to pocket and to limb
To hunt, and hunting to make good:—
Then swells our bosom high with pride
And boasts and whiskey fill the camp.
We stand a hero in our comrades' eyes;
Exulting at our wondrous skill
We tell how at a hundred yards our victim fell
Well knowing that our yard stick lacked in length;

But if, perchance, a shot we miss,
Excuses plenty are in store—
The sun or wind our eyes did blind,
Or something intervened between us and our

prey,—
Buck fever? No such thoughts our bosoms
ever feel.

Here in the camp our nerves are strong as steel
But inwardly, we must confess
A certain shaky feeling o'er us comes
At sight of the approaching prey.
With shaky hands and trembling knees
We think our aim should be so true
Our victim must directly fall;
But expectations vanish into air
At sight of lordly form with spreading horns,
Unharm'd, unwounded and secure
Beyond the reach of further shot.
But why conjecture thoughts like these?
Let us once more our trusty rifle seize
And to the woods we'll straightway hie,
Determined on the death of buck or doe,
If they across our runway chance to fly.



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As a winter car, with top up—as a summer car, with top down—this handsome two-passenger Ford is easily and instantly adaptable to all seasons. And it has all the good qualities of the more than million other Fords now in service.

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The Publishers of Rod and Gun Magazine invite readers of the magazine to contribute articles and letters to Mr. Geikie's department on matters pertaining to guns and ammunition, but do not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed therein by these contributors.

Sizing up the .280 Ross

E. C. Crossman

A LONG in 1909, the first Ross .280 rifle ever sent to the States, fell into my hands. This was just after it had made its bow through the various English shooting publications, and before the Yankee sport had ever heard of it. For testing purposes the Ross Co. lent to me a hybrid rifle, with sporting stock, but 30-inch heavy barrel, and with this arm I did a lot of shooting in getting acquainted with the Ross rifle.

Since that time I have owned various Ross rifles, have seen them made, have killed game with them, and had a little finger in the present sporting Mark 111, or 1910 model as they variously term it. I stood over their stock maker while he turned out the model stock for this rifle, full close pistol grip and all, from a model, friend Wundhammer and I had sent up to them, and this stock still stands as their regular issue. The grip is a bit too long and extends too far from the line of the stock, but still it is a good rifle stock, even if I, who should not, say so.

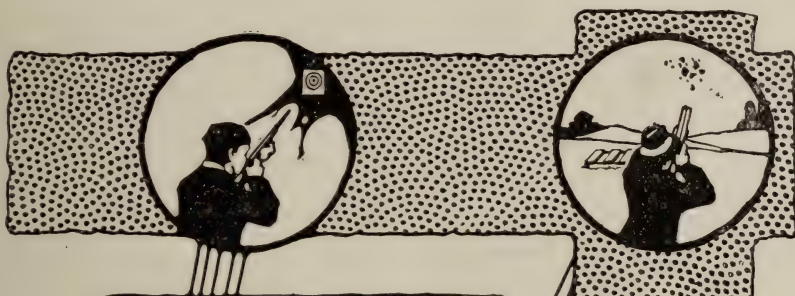
The first .280 Ross was nearly hand-made. The reader will remember the rifle the Ross Co. used to advertise spasmodically at \$70, and yclept the "deerstalker's model." They found after developing the .280 cartridge, worked out jointly by Ross, Jones the powder expert, and the Eley Co., that the regular .303 Mark 11 Ross, would not stand the back-thrust of the big .280 case. They had made it so large deliberately to keep the various makers using Mauser actions from appropriating the cartridges to their own use.

So the .280 action was evolved, with screw thread lugs instead of the old solid type, after the fashion of the breech of a cannon. This so distributed the thrust that the lugs did not set back from the pressure, and the rifle worked smoothly.

As the two models I had, demonstrated, the extraction was weak. The rifle worked splendidly while everything was all right, but when some soft cases got out, the rifle stuck up somewhat. This I told in print, after telling of the virtues of the rifle and the cartridge.

In 1911 the Canadian military people decided to get out a new rifle, one adapted to the new British .275 or .280 cartridge, then nearly ready, and so they got together with Ross, and worked out the Mark 111 rifle. This had the new screw-thread lugs, a new form of extractor on Mauser lines, a bolt stop a la Springfield, heavier lugs and bolt-head, and the lugs lay horizontally when the bolt slid back and forth, allowing the cartridge to rise from the magazine into the grasp of the extractor, as with the Mauser, without having to pass up clear across one bolt lug, as it would have had to do had the bolt been kept as of yore, with the lugs lying up and down when the bolt was open.

The magazine was changed over to the Mauser type instead of the old Harris. They put the unlocking stud for the magazine floor plate at the front end instead of the rear but in other respects, the rifle is much the Mauser in magazine.



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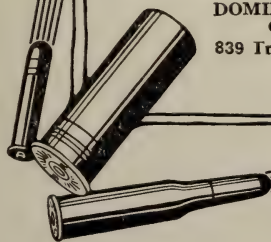
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The service rifle, now being built for the British and Canadians, has a protruding box magazine, to accommodate the rims of the .303 case. The .280 cartridge was not yet ready and the Canucks planned to rebarrel these .303 rifles for the .280, and alter the magazine for the new rimless shell, when it came out. As we know, it did not come out before the war broke out although the British had nearly 100,000 rifles for this cartridge, ready to issue to troops. This British .280 is of course not the Ross .280 but an inferior creation of the British War Office.

The sporting Ross, the .280, has a flush magazine like the Mauser, holding but four cartridges, due to the huge size of these cases. In most other respects it is the Mark 111, and is made by the same machinery.

The new rifle, is at once the strongest and lightest repeating magazine rifle in the world—and still open to improvement. You see I am disposed to tell the truth, as I have hitherto done about this gun.

The bolt head, as made, and the extractor, form the best breech closing arrangement yet

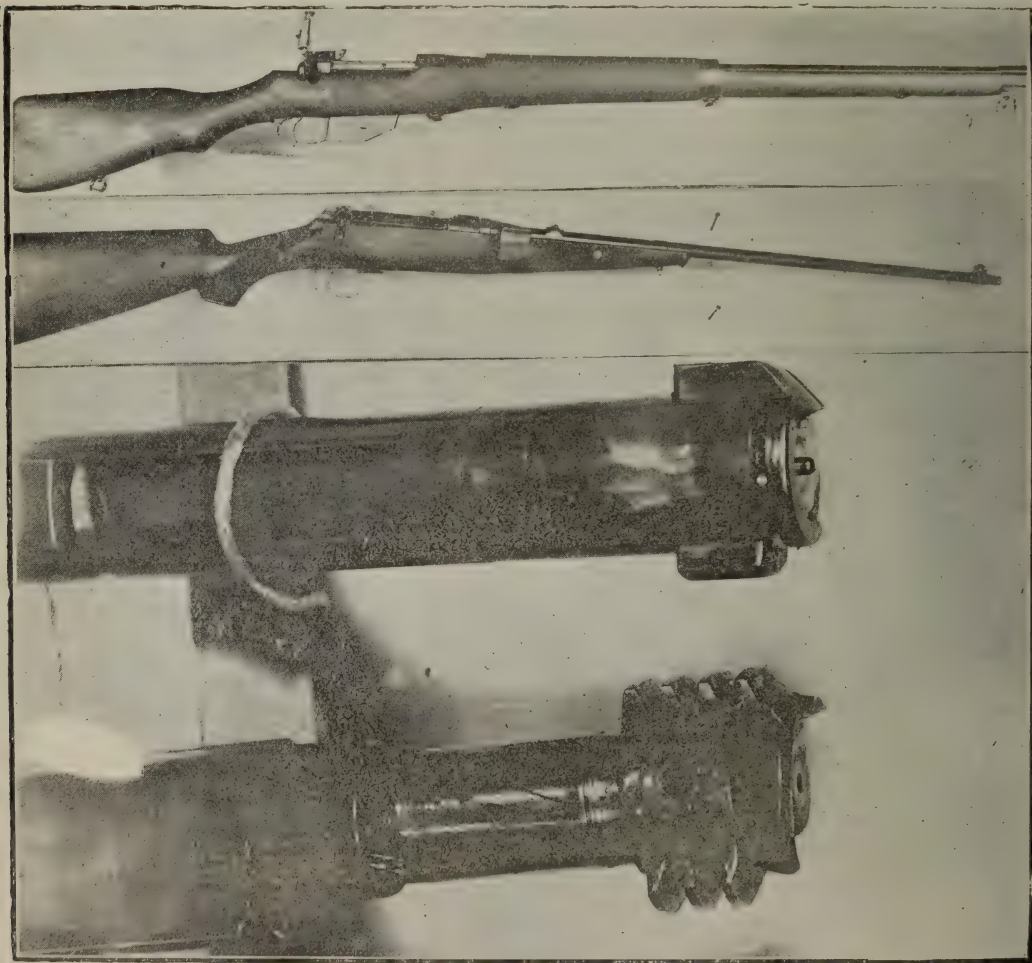
evolved for a high power rifle. It is light, and withal, stronger than the Mauser of any other magazine rifle.

The bolt stop is neater and far more workmanlike than that of the Springfield, and can be removed with the fingers alone. My particular criticism of the .280 Ross as a military rifle is the manner in which the bolt is put together.

The head of the firing pin, containing the sear notch, and the notches for the safety, is pinned to the firing pin by a key-shaped pin, which sometimes breaks, and either makes misfires, or else lets the rifle go off by allowing the firing pin to go forward. One example of each I have seen with my own eyes.

To take the bolt apart, you pry off the extractor claw and pull out the extractor, then, turning the bolt-head until the bolt snaps back into the sleeve, you draw back the firing pin, until this keg-shaped pin is exposed and this you must push out, a thing which is not easily done.

Then the bolt is turned and wiggled out of the sleeve. The safety can be removed only



1. The first Deerstalker Model of the Ross costing \$70 in Canada. dian troops with the new Ross M. 1910 action. This is a .303.

—Mauser and Ross—and the lugs that lock it against the explosion.

2. The Model III, the service model of the Cana-
3. Showing the bolt of two types of military rifles



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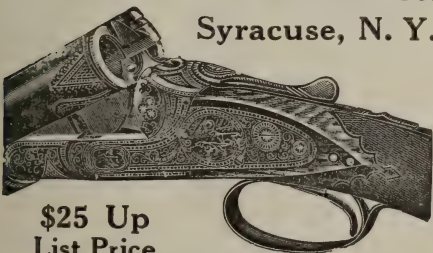
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by pushing out a plunger and its spring.

The firing pin can be taken from the bolt only by unscrewing the retainer plug from the bolt.

After that the bolt and firing pin must be fastened to that firing pin head with said keg-shaped pin.

The Ross, as now made, is scarcely a military rifle, for ease of dismounting is a characteristic of good military rifles.

The magazine floor plate catch is in a hole so small that the ordinary spitzer, such as the Springfield, won't enter. If you find something small enough, it takes a strong man to move that plate. They sure made no improvement on the Mauser when that magazine was evolved.

Also they do not seem to get a light trigger pull on the rifle. I prefer a $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb. pull, but I never saw a Ross with a pull that light. Also they do not realize the necessity for putting a tag on each rifle, telling how to adjust the bolt when it is taken out of the gun, and the bolt snaps into the sleeve as always happens.

The action is wonderfully fast and easy. It is as strong as it is easy. Not long ago I tried to blow open a Ross standard action with 180 gr. bullet, and 58 grains of Sharpshooter powder. A 50 grain load in a Springfield case, and 175 gr. bullet, blew up the Mauser.

The Ross stood the 45, and 50 and 55 and 58 gr. loads of this enormously strong and quick powder without doing more than blowing off the extractor. The action is still in the ring, and can be worked easily by hand, although of course the bolt-head is all pushed down out of shape by the frightful pressure. The pressure ran probably to 200,000 lbs. per square inch.

In working the rifle at the shoulder, there seems to be no difference between the action handling loaded cartridges, and the action empty. It is smooth and fast.

One of the chief triumphs of the designer was in getting rid of the superfluous hardware found on even the fine Mauser bolt, lightening the receiver, and yet cutting down no strength in essential details. So we have a sporting rifle, stronger by far than the Mauser, weighing but $7\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. with 28-inch barrel.

The Ross bolt, for example, in spite of having far more metal in the lugs, weighs $14\frac{1}{2}$ oz., the Mauser weighs $16\frac{1}{2}$. The receivers differ still more.

About ever so often, there bobs up our friend Wischiemer, first cousin to K. N. Owitall. He shows the crowd down at the store how the Ross can be "fired," with the action not closed.

And investigation shows that we can pull the trigger with the action not quite closed, just as we can with the Mauser and with the Mannlicher and with the Springfield.

The trouble is that we don't fire it with the action not close, because as the firing pin goes forward, it hits the sleeve, and until it pushes the sleeve shut it cannot hit the primer, and when it does push the sleeve home, it turns the lugs and locks the bolt. So much for "firing" the rifle with action open. If it fires, the action must close first, but usually all that happens is that all the blow of the mainspring is used up in closing the bolt, just as on the Mauser, and the gun does not fire. The quick, snap in operating the Ross bolt, rarely leaves the action anything but shut tight as a drum.

(To be concluded in next issue)

The .250-3000 Savage not a Rabbit Rifle

T. R. G.

WITH the exception of Mr. Crossman's introductory article and Mr. Chas. Askin's interesting experiences in recent numbers of Rod & Gun the .250-3000 Savage has been shrouded in mystery and no bona fide reports on the rifle have been forthcoming. This is regrettable as the arm is one around which intense interest is circulating just at present and prospective purchasers are but waiting for accounts through the sporting magazines as to the action of this rifle upon game to indulge in one of these wonderful little weapons. I am of the opinion that accounts of the gun's behavior in the game field will soon be coming in to the editor of the various gun and ammunition departments of the magazines and it is to be hoped that the Guns and Ammunition Department of this fine magazine will receive its full share of interesting communications on this subject—the verdict on the .250-3000 Savage.

Through temporary disablement the writer was prevented from joining the throng of deer

hunters who wended their way to the hunting fields of this province and a wrenched ankle absorbed all my painful attention. I have had the chance of trying this rifle out, not on one of Mr. Askin's 'jack-rabbits' of his Western plains but on an Ontario Molly Cottontail and with a result that taught me plainly that if one intends to use full charged loads in the gun for use on any small game one may come across when tramping the lonely Northern trails or Southern swamps, the arm had better be left at home and a .25-35 be taken along instead. Using the regular factory load the full charged cartridge is by far the best big game cartridge yet brought out by any gun factory. Newton's rifles would be ideal if they really act on cold targets as they act in printer's ink but as yet we know but little concerning them. Time alone can tell and we hope that we will soon know all that is to be known concerning these much-boasted guns of high-speed fame.

But to return to the subject upon which I

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National 18 yd. Championship won by Allen Heil, 97 x 100.

In addition to the above, **Parker Guns** figured prominently in the winning of many other high places.



SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

PARKER BROS., Meriden, Conn.

N. Y. Salesrooms, 32 Warren St.

was intending to write—the .250-3000 Savage as a rabbit rifle.

This fall, accompanied by my brother Archie, who was armed with a Parker 12-gauge shotgun, hammerless, followed by four of the finest rabbit dogs that ever ran a cottontail to death, and toting my brand new .250 Savage I beat it for the low swamps bordering along the banks of the river Shugenon near my farm in Northern Ontario.

We turned the dogs loose and not ten minutes had elapsed before there was a lively babel of tongue and we took our positions at suitable "openings" as they are known to rabbit-hunters, and in keen anticipation awaited the coming of the bobbing owner of the cottontail. I had my gun's safety off and my brother was prepared in the same manner. The chase grew fast and furious and the voices of the dogs grew louder and louder, nearer and nearer. Suddenly from an opening fifty yards from where I stood a loping form in brown was seen by the writer, bobbing gaily off at right angles. Without hesitation I centred the ivory tip of my Lyman front sight into the crotch of the buckhorn and holding slightly ahead, for the cottontail was going at a good gait notwithstanding his eccentric bobbings, PULLED.

As soon as my trigger-finger did its duty I

felt that I had connected and had actually planted a .25-calibre bullet in a moving rabbit's small body. I ran up and on the ground where I had blazed at my game and saw a sight for the gods indeed. To cut a long story short there was scarcely any portion of the cottontail remaining which could be gathered together for the table with the exception of the head which was unharmed. The body itself was simply scattered over twenty feet of landscape in a manner that was simply frightful. I had never seen anything like it in my life and when my brother came up he was equally surprised but nevertheless said certain things about foolish people who hunt rabbits with a high velocity devil of a rifle like the .250-3000.

My .250 is now reserved for deer, moose and some of the larger species of Ontario game and the rabbits are no longer mutilated by a big game bullet.

A 20-gauge shotgun or a .22-calibre repeater is both more profitable and more satisfactory in every way, as a cottontail still has some meat remaining on its bones when shot with either a shotgun or a small toy like a twenty-two rifle.

Once again let me repeat—the .250-3000 is not a rabbit rifle.

A Review of the various "Deer Rifles" at present manufactured by The Savage Arms Co., and a suggestion

J. H. Reed

IN the past fifteen years the writer has used the Model 99 Savage repeating rifle in every calibre worthy of serious consideration viz. 25-35, .30-30 and .303. I will not dwell upon the two high power, ultra-high velocity cartridges recently adapted to this excellent arm—the .22 Hi-Power and the .250-3000 Savage but will confine myself strictly to calibres of the .30-30 type so far as killing power is concerned.

I have found the .25-35 hardly what might be termed a "deer rifle"—this for the benefit of a recent inquirer in these columns—it lacks the necessary shocking power to anchor these animals though on several occasions my .25-35 has killed deer in a manner that at the time impressed me greatly. Since however, I have come to the conclusion that for this game something more powerful should be used. A deer is an animal exceedingly hard to kill regardless of what some .44-40 cranks have written on the subject and I have yet to see a big fellow that was killed too dead. Often with one of these light .25-35 bullets lodged in their chest cavities I have seen deer make their escape to be found next day with no great signs of having run up against a bullet at all, though when brought down with an arm of a heavier calibre the little 117-grain missile was found securely buried in their bodies. I want to impress upon the readers of this short article that the bullet of the .25-35 when fired

at a greater range than 150 yards invariably made a poor mushroom or in other words expanded but indifferently in the body of the animal. This is due to the comparatively low velocity of the light bullet and the consequent loss of energy. Deer shot at such ranges as fifty or seventy-five yards showed quite generous wounds usually.

The .30-30 Savage is in the same class as all other rifles of this calibre—a good deer rifle—and there is no doubt but that for game up to and including deer this calibre is amply sufficient especially when the shells are loaded with the fine new nitro-cellulose powders just put out by the progressive Du Pont people. The velocity of the .30-30 can by judicious loading be increased some 200 ft. secs. by aid of these new powders. If I draw upon the foreshoulder of a deer up to 200 yards with my .30-30 he is mine sure—provided nothing exceptional happens and I have not slept too little or too much the night previous and have shunned strong waters. The "crack" of the beautiful arm is followed by the usual start and slight jump of the buck and he rarely makes ten yards before succumbing to the fatal bullet. A moose is a somewhat different proposition but I have seen these big animals brought down with .30-30 carbines at what I would judge to be easily one hundred and fifty yards and the moose did not run one hundred yards either but was finally found about

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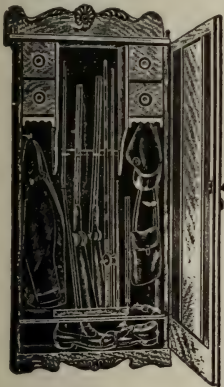


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fifty paces from where he had been shot. It is certainly the fact that no more powerful calibre for deer at least—mind I say nothing about moose—could be desired than a .30-30 Marlin, Savage, Winchester or Remington and in this bunch of artillery might almost be classed the .303 British which is after all but slightly more powerful—that is when loaded to give the same velocity as the factory-loaded .30-30. When speeded up with the “progressive” nitro-cellulose powders of the Du Pont’s the .303 British can be loaded so as to give a velocity of nearly 2600 ft. secs. and surely this should satisfy even a moose-hunter. Now comes my favorite calibre—the .303 Savage.

Without hesitation I pronounce this size and gun the most desirable combination for use on deer at present manufactured on this continent. This gun has the necessary “punch” to knock down and keep down the largest antlered monarch of the woods and even the moose hunter gets his moose in a

perfectly satisfactory manner with this arm. The heavy bullet of the .303 Savage retains its energy at a range which the .32-40 H. V. and such made-over-to-meet-latter-day-requirements makeshifts strike but a comparatively puny blow. This fact has, I am pleased to see, been noted in these columns by another writer in a back issue.

This article is not a treatise on rifles so much as a very brief review of the calibres offered to meet the requirements of the deer hunter by a rifle manufacturing concern which is generally conceded to be an up-to-date and progressive one.

Let us hope that some day the former firm will let us have rifles of the various calibres without the useless rear sight slot cut in the barrel. Most of us never use the regular rear sight and to fill in the slot with a blank piece such as are offered by the Lyman and Marble companies is a method of procedure not favored by most true riflemen.

In Defence of the .22 Special

Chas. Forsyth

IT appears that one, E. C. Crossman, has a few corns and has never experienced the sensation of having any one tramp on them, as he seems to be rather indignant and highly offended because anyone could have the nerve to contradict any of his statements. Well, I am awfully sorry that I said anything that would hurt his feelings, but he puts me in mind of a spoilt child, or a woman who has always been used to having her own way, then when they come in contact with someone who objects, or does not agree fully with them, they fly into a rage, and throw a fit or two.

Now if Mr. Crossman would cancel his subscription to Puck, and subscribe for Judge, and Life, I guarantee that he would find them as interesting and amusing as some of the articles in the Gun and Ammunition departments of various sportsman’s magazines. Taken all together they might tend to loosen up his grouch. I myself, read *all* of the above mentioned comic papers, also look at the comic sections of all the Sunday papers I can get hold of, but I as yet, have never been able to run across anything that has amused me, or caused me as many hearty laughs (or chortles) as did his article in the October number of Rod and Gun. I am tickled yet, and even my old dog had to smile. So has everyone else who has read it, and if any of you brother sportsmen missed the article, better run to the nearest news-stand and have them order you that number so that you may enjoy yourselves for awhile, as I am of the same opinion there as Mr. Crossman in that we ought to miss no laughs if we can help it.

Mistake No. 1:—I have a Remington Special repeater, but it sells for \$13.00 here with ordinary sights; *not* \$12.00, but I did not give \$12.00 or \$13.00 either for it. I

traded a *Long Rifle* Rem. repeater for it, giving \$5.00 difference, and consider it the best trade I ever made in my *whole life*. In fact it has given me so much better satisfaction and results since I have had it—which is about a year—over the *Long Rifle* that I would not trade back for twice the money. I have my Special equipped with Lyman rear peep sight, and the V. M. front sight, which I have found to be the best combination of sights I have ever used, and when I pull down on anything it is pretty near always my meat.

I am happy in the thought of knowing that Mr. Crossman could condescend to extend me the right and privilege to be pleased with my .22 Special rifle, but rifles are not the argument. Mistake No. 2 for Mr. Crossman. He is evidently laboring under a false impression like he is in regards to the cartridges. No! no! I have no argument on rifles. He stated the .22 W. R. F. and Rem. Special cartridge were “*not one whit better than the .22 cal. Long Rifle.*” A rather broad statement, don’t you think? I said they were, so keep it in mind that the argument is over cartridges, *not guns*.

He states that I am a young and ambitious beginner both in the rifle and magazine world. Ha! ha! another chortle. Am highly elated over the compliment; that of being ambitious. Ambition and stick-to-it-iveness are what win. I am not a “rut traveller,” or a “has-been,” nor am I following exactly in the footsteps of my forefathers, nor do I consider that everything that was good enough for them is good enough for me. What a dreary monotonous world we would have if there were no improvements. Neither am I a bit prejudiced on any one article, and when I see an improvement over some other article, I don’t say it isn’t.

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No doubt the Long Rifle cartridge is the accepted standard, highly accurate, and *cheap* (get this word *cheap*, as that is the foundation of his argument) ammunition for target practice, or to play with, but it is not unknown to "squirrel hunters". Neither are the B. B. caps or shot gun. I have seen people knock squirrels out of a tree with a rock.

Yes, *crack shots* usually learn by experience; in the way of the prone position, muzzle and elbow rests, arm slings, scope sights, etc., but that isn't the scientific art of shooting. Why not put the gun in a machine rest and be done with it. Harness up a .22 *Special* in the same way and see what it will do. I have known fellows that were reputed crack shots at targets, and small articles thrown in the air, go all to pieces when they ran onto live game and couldn't hit a flock of barns. Taking your time shooting on the range at cold unfeeling targets or white paper, and cautiously treading your way through the "tall and uncut," or down the slough, when you are going to run onto *live* targets at the least unexpected moment, are two different things. I have shot very little at the *cold unfeeling targets*, so that was why I did not class myself as a crack shot, although I have shot the ashes off a cigarette held in the mouth.

Mistake No. 3:—Now I am sure his brain is befuddled, as he has taken the wrong impression of my statement in regard to shooting at squirrels at a distance of 50 yds. with the Long Rifle. I had no intention of trying to make any one believe that a ball from a L. R. cartridge would not kill a squirrel at that distance, as anyone from the "Tall and Uncut" even, would know better than that, but I knew there was no use in shooting at them at that distance, as excepting an accident I would miss them, which I seldom do with the Rem. *Special*.

I am not so young and uninformed but that I know it would kill a squirrel if hit, at that distance, as I myself with my experience have shot clear through a 1-inch, hard seasoned native lumber walnut board at a distance of 200 yds. with the Long Rifle, and that surely ought to make a squirrel sit up and take notice.

It is immaterial to me when I go out after squirrels, whether it is a calm balmy day, or the wind blowing a gale. I get them just the same, and really do enjoy picking a squirrel off the top of the highest trees with my *Special*, while they are swaying back and forth in the breeze.

Right here I wish to express my most sincere thanks to Mr. Crossman for the secret formula containing such definite instructions on the art of killing squirrels at 50 yds. with the Long Rifle, but I can't for the life of me see how he came to devote so much of "his valuable time" to writing it out in detail. Having, in the past, had such confidence in his writings, and *being young and ambitious*, I thought if the formula were the dope for the Long Rifle, why wouldn't it work equally as well with the Rem. *Special*? So I made a few copies of the recipe, pasted one in my hat, another on the stock of my 'gun,' gave another to my dog, picked up my insignificant Rem. *Special*, called my dog and hid for the

"Tall and Uncut," determined to follow Mr. Crossman's advice to the letter.

It wasn't long before my dog had a foxy young squirrel up a tree, but he wasn't a very well behaved youngster and would not pose according to the instructions. Possibly he wasn't used to "being dictated to," and he got real fussy and made for his den in a hollow tree. Nothing daunted I tried for another that was not so "sot in his ways." I hadn't gone very far until I spied another basking on a limb on the sunny side of a tree, at what I judged to be about the right height according to the formula. I approached him gently, doffed my hat, notified him that I was out for the sole purpose of trying the pet formula on how to kill squirrels at 50 yds. with a Long Rifle cartridge, as per one Mr. E. C. Crossman of world-wide fame, and asked him if he had any objections in assisting me in the experiment. He asked me if I were going to use the aforesaid Long Rifle cartridge. When I informed him that in the absence of the Long Rifle I would have to use the *insignificant Special*, he flicked his tail, made a dive for his hole, and said, "Not on little Willie you don't, as I have heard tell of them *Specials*!"

By that time I was beginning to lose heart, when I spied a pleasant faced, good natured old dame dozing in another tree and decided to try it once more. I said nothing, but quietly measured off the 50 yds. to a good steady tree where I could get a muzzle rest, placed the rifle in position, threw off the safety, sighted the rifle very carefully and deliberately, took note that the front and rear sights were correctly related or juxtapositioned, arranged the geometrical center of the globe of the V. M. front sight just below the left ear, but here is where I fell down and discovered to my sorrow a flaw in the formula and that it was not practical. Mistake No. 4. As per directions I made a noise like a nut and the way that squirrel tore out of that tree and made for me would have made a grizzly bear "climb for the tall and uncut," and I actually believe that squirrel would have scratched me if it had not been for my faithful old dog who came to my defence, and he isn't a Long Rifle dog either.

Why the very idea. Who ever heard of such a thing as an up-to-date, well regulated, self educated squirrel remaining calmly on a limb while a noise like a nut was going on. Oh Mamma! Such ignorance is painful. Then to think that I was bone-headed enough to fall for it. I feel like hiring some one to help me hate myself. Ain't it awful Mabel?

After that I came to the conclusion that Mr. Crossman's instructions were not "one whit better" than his far famed, world renowned L. R. shells, so discarded them and started hunting in the good reliable way, with the result that I got 5 squirrels out of 5 shots, all through the head. Coming back I spied a good fat old Woodchuck sitting at the mouth of his den, 70 yards away. I pulled down on him without any adjustments of the sights, caught just behind the fore-leg, went over and found him stretched out at the bottom of his hole, deader than a salt mack-

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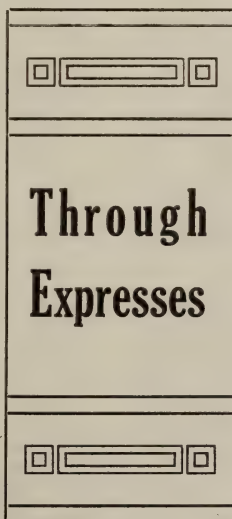
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erel. *And he did not die from "care" either.*

Possibly Mr. Crossman never shot at a cat at any distance, or anything else but the "cold unfeeling targets," and is therefore not in a position to make any statements regarding the killing power of the various sizes of cartridges. Possibly he is under the impression that simply because the Special ball does make a larger hole in the cold unfeeling targets than the Long Rifle, it is not any better because it costs a trifle more.

In regards to killing the cat at 180 yards with the .22 short, the party I had reference to stands pat by his statement, and tells me that he *hit it twice in succession*. His first shot struck it in the back and paralyzed it, and his second shot killed it dead. Both shots were fired from the same distance, and he is willing to go before a Notary Public and swear to the above statement.

Yes; Mr. Crossman is right for once when he says that you can tell the difference in the recoil between the L. R. and Special. The Special feels and sounds as though it had some energy behind it.

According to my catalog, and taking the figures for black powder; the .22 Long is loaded with 5 grains of black powder and a 30-grain ball. The .22 Long Rifle is loaded with 5 grains of black powder and a 40-grain ball. The heavier ball and same amount of powder gives the L. R. greater accuracy, more penetration, and triple the range of the Long. The Special is loaded with 7 grains of black powder, and a 45-grain ball. Now why in the name of sense, and under the canopy of Heaven will not more powder of the same quality and strength, give greater accuracy, range and killing power, also a flatter trajectory than less powder and a lighter ball? Why any mutt that knows the difference between a gun and a knot club ought to be able to figure that out.

I wish to state right here for the benefit of Mr. Crossman or any other theoretical writer in the magazine world, that *figures* are not always reliable. It is the practical demonstration that shows the utility and results of any article. You can't always tell from the looks of a frog how far he is going to jump, neither can you take a pencil and paper and figure it out.

We can apprehend very readily from the drift of Mr. Crossman's article, that he has never been presented with a *Special* gun by the manufacturers, consequently he becomes insulted, waxes very angry, works himself up into a rage and proceeds to endeavor to beguile the unsuspecting public—especially the "Born every minute Species"—that the Special, or W. R. F. cartridge is a fake, a worthless trifle to be let severely alone. It is to laugh. I wonder if he really does think he can work that sort of dope off on everybody. He might be able to pull that sort of stuff over on those that are not familiar with the Special, but it leaves the impression on those that have used the two different shells that anyone who would make that kind of a statement, is closely related to the Nutty family. All of the people can't be fooled *all* of the time.

The .22 calibre Long Rifle cartridge may

be the 'standard' all right, and we don't know anything about how much more of that ammunition is being sent to England than the .303 ammunition, but still that does not rank it ahead of the Special.

Have there ever been any world's accuracy tests made with the Special? I venture to say there have not, simply because the short and Long Rifle are the accepted sizes for target practice, and small boys to shoot birds with. I take it for granted that Mr. Crossman would have us believe that the short and Long Rifle cartridges are the most accurate of any made, regardless of size or distance.

He says the world's record group at 100 yards, a group of which all ten shots can be touched by a quarter, was made by a long Rifle, but he doesn't state a quarter of what. Perhaps it was a quarter of beef. No wonder that 180-yard cat *gets his goat*.

I note that he admits—through an oversight on his part probably, but then we can readily perceive that it was caused from worrying over the loss of so much of his valuable time that he was giving up trying to defend his favorite pea-shooter—that the Special gives a harder blow than the Long Rifle, but still he insists the Special is the inferior of the two. Most any one should know that the lighter blow is superior to the heavy one.

I see he occasionally tears himself away from the cold unfeeling targets, and takes a dose of nature's best remedy, that of going hunting after live game. When he does, he is careful to use the highly recommended Long Rifle cartridges with the Hollow Pointed bullet. Well of all things! The very idea of a reputed crack shot, and one that is capable of placing ten successive shots in a circle the size of a quarter at a distance of 100 yards, condescending to use a hollow pointed bullet when hunting. Well, now *wouldn't* that jar your knowledge box? Yes, a hollow point will get them all right, but I would just as soon have my game torn up with a shot gun. Evidently his teeth are poor and he has to have his food ground up for him.

According to my *Catalog* and the latest ballistics given on the two cartridges under argument, I find the following:

Wt. ball	Muzzle Velocity	Muzzle Energy	Shooting 100 yds.
grs.	Ft. Sec.	Ft. lbs.	Height 50 yds.
.22 L. R. Lesmok			
40	970	83	5.28"
.22 Special Lesmok			
45	1110	123	4.27"

Making a difference in favor of the *Special* of 5 grains heavier ball, 140 foot seconds more velocity, 40 foot-pounds more energy and 1.01 inches flatter trajectory. This is according to the latest reports from one of our largest ammunition manufacturers. But still, the *Special* is not one whit better. Can you beat that Sadie! Possibly the Special is not any better for target practice than the L. R. but when he makes the statement that *it is not one whit better*, he takes a long shot and includes everything. See!

He no doubt got his figures mixed, or else he has a different catalog than I have. Perhaps he was so rushed with business; and his



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conscience was hurting him so much by wasting his time replying to my article that it befuddled his mind. He may get over it all right, but I have my doubts as to whether he will ever look like anything afterwards or not.

As far as the nonsensical comments are concerned, can any of you see where Mr. Crossman has said anything in his article—for which he gave up so much of his valuable time to write. I, nor anyone else around here who has read it cannot see where he has said a word in regard to the superiority of the Long Rifle cartridge over the Special, and the only thing he has done is to make light of my article in the August issue. He has no argument, as there is no argument coming, as everyone who has ever used the two different cartridges knows that the Special is far the superior of the Long Rifle in every stage of the game.

To boil it down, the only defence Mr. Crossman has for the Long Rifle cartridge is, the recognized standard cartridge for target practice and low price, for target work only, but when it comes to getting the game, it is

cheaper to use the Special, as you will make more clean kills, use less ammunition and there will not be so many cripples to crawl away and die a lingering death like there is when using the Long Rifle.

I made this statement in my former article and I stand pat on it. The only *infallible* and *accurate* test is *range*, and you will have to give it to the cartridge that will carry up the farthest, conditions and elevation the same. By this I mean; place both the Long Rifle and Special guns at zero, elevate the rear sights exactly the same amount, fire both guns from the same position at the bull of the target placed at a given distance, and note which ball strikes the highest. You will soon see that the farther away you place your target, that you will have to elevate your rear sight on the Long Rifle considerably more than you do on the Special, in order to get it to carry up equally with the Special.

In regard to the superiority of one cartridge over the other, C. H. C. states the whole thing in a nut shell in one little paragraph, on page 494 of the October issue of Rod and Gun in Canada.

Heard in a Sportsman's Club Room

M. W. Guthrie

Four members of the Camptown Rifle Club were grouped together in a corner of their club room talking over old times and recounting some of their experiences. Their names are John, William, James, and Fred; what their surnames are does not matter to us as we are only interested in what they had to say.

"James," said William, after they had drawn their chairs together and got their pipes nicely going, "How do you like that new .250-3000 Savage?"

"Well," replied James, "I have not had it long enough to be very sure about it, you see I only got it this month and I haven't had a chance to try it out on real game yet, but as far as appearance, easy handling, and accuracy goes it is there with the goods, whether it has the punch to put a Moose out of business or not I don't know."

"I don't believe it has," said Fred, "the bullet is too light. It may be allright for deer but when it comes to Moose give me something heavier. I have seen a wounded Moose rushing about and he certainly was an ugly customer and needed some lead to stop him."

"Yes, that's true," said John, "but at the same time I think it is more often the hunter than the rifle that is to blame. I knew of a case down in New Brunswick where a Moose got clear away and was not found for several days after he had been shot with a .405 Winchester and at only about 100 yds. at that. He was standing facing away from the hunter when first seen and the hunter did not take time enough to get round for a fair shot, was

too afraid he would lose him, so tried for his shoulder at a sharp angle with the result that he missed the shoulder and caught him in the neck, where the bullet made a fearful wound but did not strike the bone or large blood vessels and the consequence was that the Moose was found some days after in a swamp, dead of course. It was found that he must have travelled nearly five miles after he was shot, yet no one could say the .405 was too light for any game in this country at 100 yds. certainly not if they had shot one a few times and nursed the resulting sore shoulder."

"I believe the .250 is there with the punch all right," said William, "but I cannot use a lever action on account of this stiff elbow of mine so the Automatic is what appeals to me and I like the Remington very much."

"Have you seen the Browning?" asked Fred.

"No!" replied William.

"I thought not," said Fred, "for I am sure no one, once they had seen and handled the Browning, would want a Remington. Why the Browning has it skinned every way, better finish, better stock, which by the way has a pistol grip and is beautifully checked, then it has a matted rib the whole length of the barrel, which adds to the appearance wonderfully and helps on quick shots. It is a little heavier rifle than the Remington and I believe sells at the same price."

"Sounds good the way you tell it," this from William, "but I shall stick to my Remington just the same, for I know what it will do and looks don't cut much figure with me if the shooting is all right. You just listen a minute



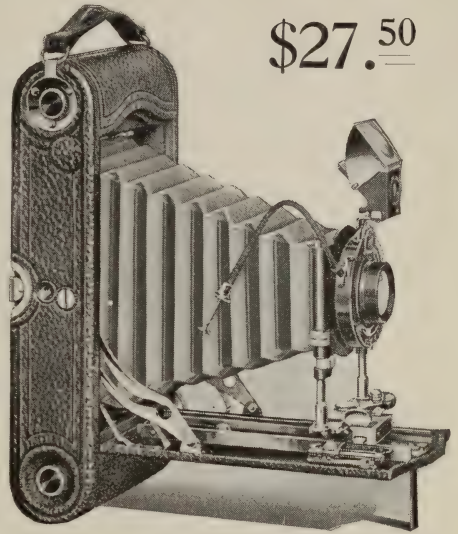
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and I will read you part of a letter I have from a friend of mine in New Brunswick, he says: 'Have had good satisfaction with the .35 Remington Automatic I purchased from you in 1913.'

"The first time I had it in the woods was on the morning of Sept. 16th, 1913. Dr. ——— and myself got to camp the previous night and succeeded in calling up two Moose. They met and would not come near enough for a shot. We made camp and they stayed around all night making the night hideous with their calls. You could have heard them for miles but by noon they were quiet. We went to the spot where we last heard them and put on a low, low grunt, they stepped out in the open, we both opened fire on them and succeeded in bringing down both, one 800 the other 600 lbs., thus ended the hunt for that year.

Last fall, 1914, on the morning of Oct. 16th, I asked the young man that works with me to drive me to the near-by woods. He left me on the edge of a big plain and returned to work. I was only in the woods an hour and a half when I heard a slight crack, and on looking ahead I noticed the hind legs of a Moose moving. To get the wind of me he had to pass through a small opening in the thicket. I took the safety off and got ready quickly, as the opening was not more than eight feet and I had to act quickly, which I did. I fired three shots, the first struck in the neck, too low to take effect, the second back of the shoulder, the third struck a tree as he had got through the open. The one back of the shoulder caused him to take a few quick steps, then he settled down. Up and away, he ran about 200 yards with the main arteries of the heart cut off. I came up to him in about five minutes stone dead." There is a man who swears by the .35 Remington Automatic, and he gets his Moose too, which is, after all, the real test."

"That's true," said Fred, "and is just one of the reasons why I like my .303 Ross, it 'brings home the bacon' and no mistake. I cannot understand why so many sportsmen in Canada neglect this splendid calibre, it almost seems as if it needed someone to draw their attention to the fact that it is probably the most desirable cartridge to be had in Canada today from a Canadian's point of view."

"Why do you say that?" queried John.

"Because," replied Fred, "the cartridge is accurate, a good killer with the soft nose bullet, and above all, if one joins any of the numerous government rifle associations, one can get the government ammunition very cheaply for practice and it is my opinion that if hunters in general would practice more with their high power rifles there would be less ammunition thrown away at game and fewer animals wounded to wander off and die somewhere where they do no one any good, not to speak of the torture they have to undergo before they die. Did you ever think of the fate of a deer with a broken leg in a place where wolves are fairly plentiful? It must be some *hell* all right, and I really believe that sort of thing would happen less often if sportsmen would practice more with their high power

rifle. For even the best of shots is not at his best with a rifle with which he is not perfectly familiar, but the high cost of most high power cartridges makes one hesitate about throwing away very many at a target. It is there that the .303 British shines if one lives in Canada where he can procure the government cartridges. One of the chief reasons why the .30 Springfield '06 is so popular in the United States is because they can procure the government ammunition so cheaply to practice with and not only that but those full metal jacketed bullets are all right for lots of game such as geese, wolves, foxes, etc."

"I agree with you," commented John, "as far as the cartridge goes but for a left handed sinner like myself the bolt action of the Ross is very slow. I prefer the Winchester, Model 95, chambered for the .303 British and believe as you do that it is a fine cartridge for Canadians on account of the ease of procuring the government ammunition and the low cost, by the way it may be that the war has had some effect on the supply so that it may not be so easy to get them now. I must find out as I will want a few in a week or so."

Marble's "Ideal"—a hunting knife put out by the Marble Co.

"Say! fellows," exploded William suddenly, "I have found the hunting knife, 'par excellence,' it is very much like the Marble's 'Ideal,' only a whole lot cheaper. I just dropped into the sporting goods store to-day and they showed it to me, as they had just got them in. It is made in England and is called the 'Invicta.' I brought one home and ground it up and tried it some and it seems all right."

"Yes," said Fred, "he was showing them to me and I thought they certainly looked good. Personally though, I never carry one. I have a heavy single blade knife of the ordinary pocket variety that I got in the West, which I have carried a goodly number of years and it has always filled the bill perfectly. It looks like the devil but it gets there every time."

"Oh! say Jim," said John, "what about that Stevens 'Off Hand' pistol you got a little while ago,—like it?"

"Sure I like it," replied James, "it is a dandy little gun all right. Sometimes I wish I had got an eight inch barrel instead of ten, but it certainly shoots and handles fine, and it came in very handy to pick off partridge when I was out deer hunting last month. I went back to the same place I went last year and took the pistol along as I remembered how tame the partridges were last year and how plentiful and I certainly had some fun, wouldn't be without the little gun now for a whole lot. Speaking of your .303 British cartridge it seems to me to lack velocity, how about it Fred?"

"Now look here Jim," responded Fred, "we all know you are a small-bore, high speed crank and to a certain extent we agree with you because there are some kinds of hunting where it wins out, but to the average hunter it is not of such vital importance as some fellows like you would have us think. Why the majority of the game shot in the Eastern



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provinces is shot under 100 yds. and the amount of game killed at over 150 yds. is small indeed. Now the chief argument as I see it in favor of the high-speed rifle is its flat trajectory but if you figure out this at 100 yds or even 150 you will find that the difference between your .250 Savage and my .303 British is not enough to worry over, and if there were sufficient demand (as there will be soon) for a soft nose pointed bullet of about 170 grains weight for the .303 British the ammunition companies would soon turn them out. Then the velocity of the .303 British would satisfy most of us even for long range. It would be a little higher than the Mark VII

service shell with pointed bullet, the velocity of which is 2450 foot seconds at the muzzle, and with the new powders which the Du Pont people have brought out recently we ought to get considerably more, so it is up to us to make the Remington, U. M. C. people turn us out a .303 British with an umbrella point, and they are the people who will do it too, you watch and see if they don't."

"Hope you are right," cried John, "but I see the clock says mid-night and the caretaker is beginning to tidy up which you know is a sign that 'time's up' so here is where we do the vanishing act."

Another reader likes the .35 Autoloader

E. G. H.

I was very much interested in the fine article by a recent contributor to this department upon the subject of the Remington autoloading rifle of .35-calibre and like him I consider this arm big enough for any game found in America to-day, though no doubt if I were going to Africa I would take along an arm of the .280 Ross, .30 Newton or .30 Adolph Express class when I would feel equal to the task of dealing with any of the Dark Continent's wild life with the exception, perhaps, of the elephant and rhino, which are animals most generously gifted with recuperative powers and capabilities for taking punishment. No, I have never set foot in either Africa or India but I have conversed with those who have not only been there but have killed the big game of those far-off lands.

I have used the Remington autoloader upon deer with the most satisfactory results and have taken it with me when upon the trail with the utmost confidence in its shooting powers, and it has never betrayed my confidence.

I have killed moose with this gun at a range of one hundred yards and the bullet penetrated clean through the body of the huge animal and the game required no second shot. While out in Western Canada and the States—Saskatchewan and Montana—I had an opportunity to use this short, vicious little weapon on the most hated and most persecuted of Western game—the coyote. I shot a fine fellow with the Remington at fifty yards and the bullet tore a hole two inches in diameter at point of exit. This terrible wound did not stop the coyote from running one hundred yards with great speed but a fusilade from the automatic stung him with three more soft nosed-bullets and he stayed down for keeps. All the bullets had hit and I was somewhat proud of my marksmanship. A coyote's body is a very small mark and is practically all hair. Wolves who have hunted on the plains for many years will agree with me in this and will always state that a sailing prairie chicken is an easier mark than one of these hybrid

wolves, even with the bird flying.

I saw a small timber wolf killed with one of these guns but of .32-calibre, in the hands of a rancher. The brute was dropped with one shot through the stomach at fifty yards and he did not crawl three paces but turned a somersault and dropped in his tracks. The same day I saw an Eastern friend, who had journeyed out with me to the Western wilds empty five shots from a .33 Winchester at a coyote at thirty yards and had it not been for the .45 Colt's of the ranch owner that coyote would have been going to this day, and we generally suppose the .33 Winchester a powerful gun. The bullets from my friend's Winchester all took effect in the body of the coyote and I am confident that had he been armed with my Remington the coyote would not have travelled as he did. Noting the effects of the different bullets on animal flesh is an interesting pursuit and if a hunter keeps a record of such happenings in his note book, at the end of twenty years' hunting he will certainly have some rare theories and fancies as to the game-getting powers of bullets of certain calibres and guns of certain makes and models.

My own records show that on January 5th, '89, "Hank" Marshall, a Western ranch owner shot a coyote at *two hundred measured yards* with a .22-calibre Colt's repeating rifle and the coyote in question needed no second shot. This may seem almost like a fairy tale but it must be remembered that the owner of the Colt's held it exactly right and pulled the trigger at the right instant or he would never have made such a wonderful shot. It must not be forgotten either that the possibilities of the .22-calibre rifle are as yet undreamed of and carloads of *big game* are annually killed with this diminutive arm and no magazines such as Rod and Gun, etc., ever perhaps, hear of such events. If such reports were to be sent in to outdoor magazines the shooting public would surely receive a shock to learn that a twenty-two Short fired at one hundred yards killed an immense buck deer or dropped a bob-cat by a shot in the head.

I started out, however, to give my views on the Remington autoloader in .35-calibre and I will close right here by saying that in my opinion—and I have followed the trails for twenty years—no more powerful arm could be desired for any of the big game of America from lynx up to and including grizzly. Would like to hear from other interested

sportsmen on this topic. I have given my contribution to Rod and Gun and am entitled to sit in the corner while the other fellow takes the stand and hands out his views. This portion of the magazine is of the greatest interest to the writer and the amount of instructive gun information contained in these pages is certainly vast.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

AN ADVOCATE OF THE .405 WINCHESTER

Editor Guns and Ammunition: In a previous issue of this good magazine I note the discussions in regard to the bolt and lever action rifles also the controversies as to the comparative killing power of rifles of the .30-30 class as against arms of a more powerful type.

It has been my experience that the lever is superior to the bolt action gun. It is quicker for the reason that the forefinger is always on the trigger, the remaining fingers being in the loop of the lever. When a cartridge is discharged a downward then upward motion of the hand and the forefinger is returned to its former position on the trigger and the rifle is ready for another shot. The bolt of a Mauser or other arm of this type is always catching in bushes or fences.

To load the bolt action rifle the grasp on the stock is released, the bolt of some arms of this style is pulled back then forwards, in other arms such as the Mauser the bolt has to be shoved up, then backwards, then forward and downward, all this before the finger can be returned to the trigger and the rifle is ready to be discharged.

As to the killing powers of rifles it is a well known fact that the best test of a rifle's killing power is the energy of the bullet in foot pounds, in which the .405 leads, striking as it does a blow of 3236 ft. lbs., the .30 U. S. Gov't. '06, 2517 ft. lbs., the .32 Special 1684 ft. lbs., and the .32-40 H. V. 1124 ft. lbs.

Then aside from these figures I think the .405 is an ideal big game rifle. It is light, short and very powerful. The statement has often been made that it has a heavy kick, also that it is inaccurate over 500 yards. It has been my pleasure to use a .405 for some time and while at the first few shots it certainly did kick still after I became accustomed to holding it there is never a jar and I have fired ten shots without cleaning and it did not show any signs of "kick." Further I have found it as accurate at more than 500 yards as at less than 500.

In closing would say that I have shot several moose, and deer without number and I find the .405 the most deadly rifle in my estimation. Yours sincerely, A Sport.

ANOTHER READER DISAGREES WITH MR. CROSSMAN REGARDING THE .22 "SPECIAL" OR .22 WINCHESTER RIM FIRE.

Editor Guns and Ammunition: I have just finished reading the October issue and while

I usually like Mr. Crossman's writings very much I don't quite agree with him in this one. I think the .22 W. R. F. cartridge is superior to the .22 Long Rifle in many respects, especially power. If Mr. Crossman had not been in such a hurry to get "back at" Mr. Forsyth, he would have looked more carefully in the Remington catalogue and might have seen that the velocity and energy he gave for the .22 Winchester Rim Fire were those of the .22 Winchester Automatic. The velocity of the .22 W. R. F. is 1,110 ft. secs., and the energy 123 ft. lbs., at the muzzle, which is better than the .22 Long Rifle. I hope Mr. Crossman will take another look. Pelham Manor, New York. C. H. P. Jr.

CHOICE OF A HUNTING RIFLE

Editor Guns and Ammunition: As I have been a news stand subscriber to Rod and Gun for some months past I am taking the liberty of writing you to ask advice.

Would you advise me as to the make of rifle I should purchase? I purpose using it principally on deer but may in the near future try my luck on moose and bear. Would you advise a Savage .303? Has this rifle enough punishing power for the larger game? What sights would you advise for use with it? Chatsworth, Ont. T. Hugh McC.

(For such game as deer the .303 Savage is largely used by experienced hunters and the chances are that you might find this arm as perfectly satisfactory for this purpose as a .303 British, .30-30, .32 Special or .33 Marlin, or a .35 Remington, the latter, either of the pump or autoloading type. This provided you are considering rifles of the .30-30 class only. If you are looking for something of a more powerful type, the .280 Ross is what would fill the bill but for use on deer, the opinion among many hunters is that this rifle is almost too powerful for this game and the .303-calibre arm of this make amply powerful. The decision in this matter however, can be left entirely to your own experiences and beliefs and you will notice much matter on the ".30-30 controversy" appearing from time to time in the Guns and Ammunition Department of this magazine.

As to sights we would recommend a Lyman or Marble's peep used in connection with a gold, ivory, metal, silver or bronze bead front sight, rather than the ordinary factory sights fitted to the stock American repeater. Also in case you may at some time wish to indulge in target shooting it might be advisable to

have an extra cup disc on hand to fit to the regular stem of your tang sight. In this connection, I might say, that a tang sight cannot be fitted to the Ross rifle, a sight of the "receiver" pattern being the only one adapted to this arm.

For game larger than deer, we would suggest such calibres as the .35 Rimless, .280 Ross, .33 W. C. F., .405, etc., etc., which are used to a great extent by experienced hunters throughout America.

We have known of big game hunters who have used the .303 Savage you mention on some of the biggest game on this continent with success, notwithstanding the fact that it is sometimes advisable to have a little surplus power in one's rifle when up against game which is capable of speaking for itself. I trust this information will be of some service to you and hope to hear from you further as to how your choice of a rifle panned out. (Editor.)

AS TO THE MANUFACTURER OF THE .30 ADOLPH EXPRESS.

Editor Guns and Ammunition: In the October issue of this magazine I see an article on the .30 Adolph Express rifle. Would you be so kind as to send me the address of the maker and the price of the rifle, also the name and address of the manufacturer of the Newton high-power rifle.

Galt, Ont.

J. F. M.

(In reply to your query would advise that the manufacturer of the .30 Adolph Express is Mr Fred Adolph, of Genoa, N. Y., while the Newton Arms Co., 506 Mutual Life Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y., manufacture the Newton rifles. The latter firm is advertising with this magazine each month and Mr. Adolph is a frequent contributor to these columns as is also Mr. Chas. Newton. The latter gentleman is President of the Newton Arms Co., and the cartridges adapted to his rifles bear his name, such as the ".256 Newton," ".30-calibre Newton," etc.

✱ We can give you no definite information as to the price of these rifles as they are offered in various grades and different models and calibres. We would suggest that you communicate with the manufacturers, who will doubtless be pleased to give you exhaustive

and exact information regarding their products. Editor.)

SOME ANCIENT WEAPONS

Editor Guns and Ammunition: I have noticed from time to time accounts from subscribers of old and obsolete arms and curiosities, which they have in their possession, and would like to take up a few lines in your valuable paper in describing a couple of curiosities which I have.

They are in the shape of walking sticks, straight, with a white bone cap on the end and jointed in the centre, the upper half being meant for a compressed air chamber and the lower half as a barrel, equipped with two sights, and bored for a round ball of about 35-calibre. The bore of the barrel is lined with brass, which is rifled very close and fine. The arm is cocked with a key similar to a clock key, and is discharged by pressing a small plunger on the side, which forces a small plunger against an air valve in the upper chamber, thus releasing a quantity of air against the ball, which is loaded into the arm by opening a small slide in the breach end of the barrel. One is apparently an improvement on the other, as the older one is the same in all particulars to the other, except that it is loaded from the muzzle, and looks much older. There is no date or maker's name on either, and the locks are in excellent condition. They are finished to represent a knotted stick, similar to a thorn cane.

I would be pleased to hear from other subscribers who might happen to know anything about them, as to their age, etc.

Coleman, Ont. W. J. Baldwin.

(We are interested in your communication and are pleased to publish same. We also trust that those of our readers who are in a position to hand out any facts regarding the age of the curious weapons described above will write us on the matter for the benefit of Mr. Baldwin

Walking canes containing a rifle barrel were common some forty or fifty years ago but with the passing of recent laws prohibiting both their manufacture and use they have disappeared and are now a somewhat scarce article in every day life, though they can still be had from Francis Bannerman, 501 Broadway, New York City. Editor.)

Reducing Ammunition Expenses

ARE you paying a higher price for your cartridges this season? The abnormal demand for metallic cartridges, resulting from the European conflict, has resulted in raising the cost of materials and labor in the production of arms and ammunition, considerably, and the result is increased cost to the individual shooter—if he uses only new factory loaded cartridges.

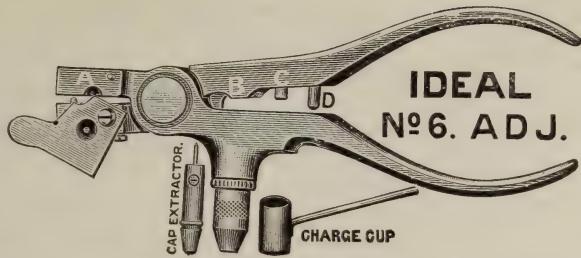
This brings up again the question "Is there any practical way to reduce the high cost of shooting", and the practical answer is found in the experience of many thousands of shoot-

ers who are reloading their center-fire cartridges for rifles, pistol and shotguns.

The modern metallic cartridge is a remarkably well-made article—made apparently without regard for expense. The material used is of the highest grade; the workmanship is remarkably uniform and accurate—and the shell is so strong, and so perfectly designed for the chambers in which it is used, that it is just as perfect and serviceable after the first discharge of the cartridge as when new.

Any good metallic shell can be reloaded

This set of Ideal Reloading Tools casts the standard lead bullet; expels the exploded primer; seats a new primer; measures the correct powder charge; seats the bullet in the shell; then crimps the shell on to the bullet, producing a cartridge in every way as satisfactory as the factory product.



from 10 to 30 times on the average—and by utilizing the empty fired shell in this way you are saving the cost of the one biggest item in the production of the cartridge.

Having the empty shell, it is a very simple matter to insert a new primer, insert the correct powder charge, place a bullet in the end of the shell and crimp the shell onto the bullet. This gives you a complete cartridge. The investment of a little spare time, with a moderate expense for primers, powders and bullets, has given you a new cartridge at about half the expense of the original factory load.

And it's mighty interesting work. In its simplest form you simply buy the bullets ready made, buy the primers and powder—and with a simple, inexpensive reloading tool you can reload 100 cartridges by hand in about half an hour.

No "crank" shooter, however, is satisfied with merely reloading to duplicate the factory cartridge. He finds that for a great many purposes some reduced load or special load is even better than the full factory loaded cartridges; some lighter or heavier bullet, or bullet of special shape can be utilized to better advantage than the regular factory bullet. He finds that factory ammunition is built to meet the average requirements of all makes and styles of rifles—and it does meet these general requirements mighty well indeed—but he finds that it is very easy and mighty interesting to develop loads which give in his particular rifle or shotgun better results than standard factory ammunition can produce.

He makes a habit of reloading his cart-

ridges, and thereby enjoys many pleasant hours in the preparation of his ammunition—he finds increased enjoyment in shooting cartridges at game or target where he knows the individual constituents of each particular cartridge intimately—and he can shoot about twice as much as he otherwise would shoot, on account of his reduced cost of ammunition.

Lieutenant Townsend Whelen has summed up the matter splendidly in the following extract from an article on the reloading of .30 caliber ammunition:

"By using a little care reloaded ammunition can be made to give considerably *more accurate results* than factory ammunition, because it can be fitted exactly to the particular rifle in which it is to be used. It is *very much cheaper*, often costing only about half what the factory cartridge costs, and you can obtain a great *variety of loads* to meet all conditions of target shooting and hunting. The *Ideal Hand Book*, published by The Marlin Firearms Co., is the standard work on reloading, and everyone who attempts to reload at all simply must have a copy."

The Ideal Hand Book, which tells all about the powders, primer, bullets, methods, and the inexpensive Ideal reloading tools used in reloading rifle, shotgun and pistol ammunition, is a book of 160 pages, which every real shooter should own. It is sent without charge or obligation by The Marlin Firearms Company to any shooter sufficiently interested in cutting down his ammunition expense to send 3 stamps postage to The Marlin Firearms Co., 67 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

ERRATA. The titles of illustrations 1 and 2 on page 818 should be transposed, the rifle at the top of the page being the Model III, the Service Model of the Canadian troops.





GRAND INTERNATIONAL SHOOT AT ST. THOMAS

Seldom, if ever, has there been such a gathering of trap shooting experts at any Canadian tournament as attended the Grand International Handicap held at St. Thomas, Ontario, from Nov. 29th to Dec. 3rd inclusive. The very liberal prizes offered by the St. Thomas Club brought out a large number of the top-notchers among the amateur ranks from both Canada and the United States. Sam Huntley of Chicago, who has an average of 97 per cent. of 6700 targets this season and who is regarded as the best amateur trap shooter in the United States, was among those whose shooting was watched with interest. F. S. Wright of Buffalo and C. D. Coburn of Mechanicsburg, Ohio, are other experts from across the border who fully sustained their reputation by keeping well up at the top in the various events during the tournament.

Prominent Canadian Trapsshooters.

Among the Canadians in attendance well known internationally among trapsshooters were J. E. Jennings of Toronto, Howard Bates of Ridgetown and S. G. Vance of Tillsonburg. The latter stood only fourth from the top in the regular events of the first three days, his average being 93½ per cent.

Professional Shooters.

There was also a good representation from the professional ranks. Among these R. O. Heikes, shooting for Peters Cartridge Co., broke 469 in 500. F. G. Bills shooting for Winchester was a close competitor with a score of 467, also J. R. Graham shooting for Hercules Powder Co. with 462. The other professionals were: E. S. Graham for Remington; U M C, John Boa and G. M. Dunk for Dominion Cartridge Co.; E. G. White for DuPont Powder Co.; W. S. Jones for Hercules Powder Co. and R. Day for Nobell's.

The weather throughout the tournament was anything but favorable for good scores. On the opening day a high wind swept across the traps and on the remaining days there was a fairly steady fall of wet snow accompanied by more or less wind making it difficult for the shooters to break their usual percentage. The tournament however, was a complete success and much credit is due to Mr. McCance and the other officers of the Club for their untiring efforts in making the necessary arrangements and for their thoughtful attention to those participating.

McCance Wins International.

The big event of the tournament, the Grand International Handicap at 100 targets, was won by W. J. McCance, manager of the St. Thomas Gun Club, who broke 96 at 17 yards. His closest competitor was S. G. Vance with a score of 93 at 20 yards. Mr. McCance was heartily congratulated on his win, as it is the first of the noteworthy honors that has fallen to his gun during his comparatively short career as a traps shooter. His portion of the purse was an even hundred, together with a beautiful gold watch.

White Flyer International Handicap.

The honor of winning the second biggest event of the tournament also went to a Canadian traps shooter, R. Coffey of St. Thomas. In the International Handicap he killed 19 of a possible 20. Dolson of Chatham was the nearest competitor among Canadian shooters with a score of 18. Three from across the border, Willey, Manly and Bruns, tied with Dolson for second place.

High Averages.

In the regular events of the opening day C. D. Coburn of Mechanicsburg, Ohio, was high amateur, breaking 94 of a possible 100. R. O. Heikes was high professional breaking 95. Coburn was also high amateur for the second day with a score of 194 out of 200. F. G. Bills was high professional with the same number of targets. For the third day, S. G. Vance of Tillsonburg and Howard Bates of Ridgetown tied for high guns, each breaking 98 of a possible 100. J. R. Graham, professional, also broke the same number. The high guns for the three days were: C. D. Coburn, 380 x 400, S. G. Vance 374, F. S. Wright 374, S. A. Huntley 370 and H. W. Bates 370. R. O. Heikes was high professional breaking 385 ex 400 with F. G. Bills next at 382.

Lady Shooters.

There were only two lady shooters participating. Mrs. O'Loane of St. Thomas shot through all the regular events breaking 255 ex 400. Mrs. F. Conover of Leamington won first prize, a handsome piece of cut glass, donated by Mayor Johnson. Her score out of 500 total for the three days was 351.

Trophy Winners.

J. R. Graham, high professional in the Grand International Handicap, was the winner of a beautiful cut glass trophy, donated by Hon. F. G. MacDiarmid, while F. G. Bills, second high professional in this event was the winner of a similar trophy donated by R. Coffey, St. Thomas. W. D. O'Loane, low gun in regular events, was the recipient of a handsome piece of cut glass, the gift of Dr. R. M. Lipsey of St. Thomas.

Merchandise Event.

A Miss and Out Event for which some sixty valuable prizes were offered, was a severe trial of the skill of many of the shooters. The longest run in this event was 13 by B. Ehrlich of Terre Haute, Ind. The next longest was 10 by S. A. Huntley and R. H. Bruns. S. Marlett and W. Dillon tied for third with a score of 7 each. Special prizes were also awarded for the high guns each day. W. G. Rupp was in charge of this event and he was kept busy receiving entries and recording scores.

Official Opening.

The tournament was formally opened with brief addresses by Hon. F. G. MacDiarmid, Minister of Public Works, Mayor M. B. Johnson of St. Thomas, and Major Guest, invalided home from Lemnos. These gentlemen fired the opening shots.

Following are the scores:—

Regular Events—First Three Days—400 Targets.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Daily Totals	Broke
R. O. Heikes, (pro.)	18	20	19	18	20						95	
Dayton, Ohio	18	20	20	20	20	20	18	18	19	20	193	
	18	20	20	20	19						97	385

F. G. Bills, (pro.) Chicago, Ill.	18	18	17	20	18															91	
C. D. Cobwin, Mechanicsburg, Ohio	20	19	19	18	19	20	20	19	20	20										194	382
S. G. Vance Tillsonburg, Ont.	19	19	18	20	19	20	20	19	19	19	19	19	19	186						94	
F. S. Wright, Buffalo, N. Y.	19	20	18	20	20	17	19	18	19	18	19	18	186							90	380
J. R. Graham, (pro.) Chicago, Ill.	20	19	18	20	20	20	19	18	19	19	19	19	188							98	374
S. A. Huntley Chicago, Ill.	17	19	16	18	18	20	19	19	19	19	19	19	193							93	347
H. W. Bates, Ridgetown, Ont.	19	18	17	15	19	20	19	18	19	19	19	19	88							98	373
R. H. Burns, Brockville, Ill.	18	20	18	17	19	20	19	18	19	19	19	19	187							90	
G. N. Fish, Buffalo, N. Y.	19	20	20	19	20	19	18	16	18	20	18	20	185							95	370
B. Ehrlich, Terre Haute, Ind.	18	19	16	15	19	17	18	15	19	17	18	20	87							87	
W. A. Smith, Kingsville, Ont.	20	19	19	18	19	17	18	19	17	18	20	19	185							98	370
J. S. Boa, (pro.) Montreal	20	19	20	19	18	15	19	18	19	19	19	19	88							94	369
M. Combs, Connorsville, Ind.	19	16	17	18	19	17	18	19	18	19	19	19	89							94	368
J. E. Jennings, Toronto.	20	18	18	20	18	18	19	17	16	18	18	19	185							85	368
J. McCausland, London, Ont.	14	20	19	18	15	17	18	19	18	19	19	19	187							92	364
A. C. Connor, Springfield, Ill.	19	16	15	18	17	17	18	19	17	18	19	19	85							85	
R. Day, (pro.), London, Ont.	18	19	20	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	185							94	364
N. Long, Hamilton, Ont.	18	16	13	18	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	84							95	363
W. Hart, Dresden, Ont.	18	19	17	19	20	18	19	19	19	19	19	19	86							86	
H. W. Benson Langsbury, Pa.	20	19	15	15	17	17	18	19	17	18	20	18	181							90	357
A. H. Willey, Danville, N. Y.	17	17	17	15	17	17	18	19	17	18	19	19	83							92	355
E. L. Harris, Hamilton, Ont.	17	20	16	18	18	16	18	19	18	19	20	20	180							92	355
O. C. Burk, Detroit, Mich.	17	19	19	18	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	81							81	
A. M. Wesner, Flint, Mich.	19	18	15	12	17	17	18	19	17	18	19	19	178							95	354
G. McIntosh, Detroit, Mich.	20	19	18	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	85							85	
J. Summerhayes, Toronto, Ont.	18	17	18	17	16	19	17	16	19	17	18	19	177							90	352
W. S. Jones, (pro.), Pittsburg, Pa.	19	19	19	18	15	18	19	17	18	19	19	19	88							88	
J. Ebberts, Buffalo, N. Y.	18	15	14	19	17	17	18	19	18	19	19	19	175							88	351
C. A. Crothers, Kenton, Ohio.	17	19	17	17	18	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	80							80	
E. S. Graham, Chicago, Ill.	19	17	18	17	15	16	19	17	15	16	18	19	173							97	350
H. Taylor, Ridgetown, Ont.	16	15	17	19	17	17	18	19	17	18	19	19	84							84	
J. W. Broderick, Niagara Falls.	17	16	18	18	18	18	19	18	18	17	17	18	174							92	350
E. G. White, (pro.), Ottawa, Ont.	18	18	18	17	14	19	17	17	18	19	19	19	86							86	
	17	18	17	14	20	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	72							89	347
	16	16	17	16	19	17	16	19	17	18	19	19	78							89	
	16	16	17	16	19	17	16	19	17	18	19	19	81							81	
	17	15	16	16	19	19	18	19	19	19	19	19	172							93	346
	17	20	17	20	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	80							80	
	16	17	17	17	13	16	19	17	16	16	16	16	171							94	345
	15	19	18	15	20	16	19	17	16	15	19	18	78							78	
	20	19	18	19	18	19	18	19	19	16	15	19	178							89	345
	16	16	18	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	77							77	
	15	13	18	17	14	17	14	17	14	17	15	19	178							89	344
	17	16	20	17	20	17	20	17	20	17	15	19	178							81	
	15	19	19	17	19	17	19	19	19	19	19	19	81							81	
	16	14	16	17	18	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	184							79	344
	16	16	13	15	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	78							78	
	15	16	16	11	20	16	15	14	18	15	19	19	174							91	343
	16	15	14	18	15	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	88							88	
	18	18	17	19	16	19	18	17	16	18	16	19	180							75	343
	19	18	17	16	18	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	77							77	
	14	17	12	18	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	173							91	341
	16	16	14	14	17	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	89							89	
	19	19	19	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	172							79	340
	18	20	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	79							79	
	19	16	17	19	18	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	168							90	337
	11	17	17	20	14	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	72							72	
	16	17	14	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	178							71	337
	17	17	19	19	18	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	83							83	
	16	15	15	15	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	171							92	334
	18	16	10	10	17	16	15	15	18	19	17	15	171							92	
	16	19	15	18	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	83							83	
	15	20	20	20	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	160							83	326
	18	17	14	14	20	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	83							83	

10 White Flyers—Second Day.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	15
Hart	2	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	0	1	5
Bruns	2	0	0	1	1	2	0	2	1	1	7
Vance	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	1	2	0	6
Coombs	1	2	0	2	0	0	2	2	0	0	5
Bates	1	2	0	2	0	2	0	2	0	2	6
Jennings	0	0	2	0	2	0	1	2	2	2	6
Summerhayes	2	2	1	1	2	2	2	2	0	2	9
Wood	0	0	0	0	2	1	2	2	0	2	5
McIntosh	0	2	0	1	2	2	0	1	0	0	6
Benson	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	2	1	2	4
Wolbrook	2	2	2	0	2	2	2	0	2	0	7
Broderick	2	2	1	0	1	0	1	1	0	0	6
Burk	2	0	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	9
Connor	2	2	2	2	1	2	1	1	2	1	10
Willey	2	2	2	2	0	2	2	2	2	0	7
Coffey	2	0	2	0	2	2	2	2	0	2	7
Kerr	0	1	2	1	0	0	1	1	2	2	7

Long	0	2	0	1	2	0	2	0	1	1	6
Emslie	0	0	2	1	2	0	2	1	0	1	6
Taylor	1	2	2	1	1	0	0	1	0	0	7
Webb	1	2	1	2	0	0	1	2	0	1	7
Kivitz	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	2	0	5
Shea	0	0	2	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	4
Ehrlich	2	2	2	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	6
Remy	0	1	2	2	2	1	0	1	1	2	7
Day	2	0	0	2	0	2	2	2	2	1	7
Conover	0	1	2	2	2	1	2	0	1	2	8
Balbernie	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	6
McCance	2	0	2	0	0	2	2	0	2	2	6
Smith	1	2	0	2	2	2	2	0	2	2	9
Dolsen	0	2	0	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	8
Dillon	0	1	0	1	0	2	0	2	2	2	6
O'Loane	0	2	0	2	0	0	2	2	0	0	4
Harris	0	2	1	0	1	0	2	0	0	2	5
Huntley	1	1	2	0	0	2	0	0	2	2	6

10 White Flyers—Handicap—Fourth Day.

	Yds.	H'cp.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	15
Ford	30	2	2	2	1	2	2	2	0	0	1	7	8
Burk	28	2	1	1	1	2	2	2	0	2	2	1	7
Maney	28	1	1	2	2	2	2	2	1	2	2	2	10
Huntley	32	1	1	2	2	2	2	0	1	1	2	1	9
Coburn	32	2	2	1	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	2	6
Shea	30	0	2	0	1	2	2	2	0	1	2	2	7
Ehrlich	30	2	2	2	2	2	1	1	1	2	2	2	9
Kivitz	30	2	2	0	1	2	0	1	2	1	2	2	8
Bruns	30	2	1	1	1	2	1	2	1	1	0	9	9
Summerhayes	30	0	1	2	2	1	1	2	1	2	1	9	9
Thomas	28	0	1	0	0	1	0	2	2	2	1	6	6
Benson	28	2	0	1	1	0	2	1	0	1	1	7	7
Combs	28	2	1	2	2	2	0	1	2	2	0	8	8
Bates	32	0	2	2	1	2	2	1	1	1	1	9	9
McCoig	28	2	1	0	0	2	2	0	2	0	2	6	6
Stroud	32	2	1	2	2	0	2	0	2	0	2	7	7
Kretschman	29	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	1	4	4
Beattie	30	2	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	8	8
Marlatt	26	2	0	1	0	1	2	1	1	2	1	8	8
Pick	26	0	0	0	1	2	1	0	0	1	1	5	5
Connor	32	2	1	2	2	1	1	2	2	1	2	10	10
Emslie	28	0	1	1	0	2	2	1	2	1	0	7	7
Tomlinson	28	2	0	1	2	0	0	1	0	0	1	5	5
Pendergast	29	2	1	1	2	1	0	2	1	2	0	8	8
Fish	31	0	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	1	8
Dr. Conover	28	2	2	0	0	1	1	2	2	2	0	7	7
Willey	30	2	2	2	1	1	1	2	2	2	2	10	10
Axford	28	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	2	1	5	5
McRitchie	30	2	2	0	1	1	2	0	0	2	2	7	7
H. Taylor	28	1	1	0	1	1	1	2	2	0	1	8	8
McIntosh	28	2	1	2	2	2	2	1	2	1	1	10	10
Wolbrook	28	0	2	2	0	1	2	0	2	2	0	5	5
Kerr	30	0	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	1	0	8
Jones	28	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	2	0	3	3
J. Vance	29	1	1	2	2	1	1	2	2	2	2	10	10
D. Smith	29	0	1	1	2	0	2	1	2	1	1	8	8
Graham	33	2	2	2	0	2	0	2	2	2	2	8	8
O'Loane	28	0	1	0	1	2	2	0	0	2	2	6	6

Ten White Flyers—Fifth Day

	H'cp.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	15
Coburn	31	2	1	1	2	1	2	0	1	0	2	8
Emslie	28	2	1	2	1	2	2	1	0	1	2	9
Ford	30	2	0	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	9
Maney	28	2	2	2	2	1	1	1	2	2	0	9
Wolbrook	28	2	2	2	2	0	1	2	1	2	2	9
McIntosh	28	1	1	1	1	2	1	1	1	0	2	9
Willey	31	1	0	0	1	0	1	2	2	1	2	7
Benson	28	2	2	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	10
Green	28	2	0	0	2	2	2	2	2	1	0	7
Marlatt	28	1	0	1	1	0	2	0	1	1	2	7
Summerhayes	28	1	2	0	0	1	2	2	2	1	1	8
McCull	28	2	2	2	0	0	0	1	1	1	2	7
Dey	28	2	2	2	2	0	2	0	1	2	2	8
Connor	32	2	2	2	2	1	2	2	2	2	2	10
Bruns	28	2	0	1	2	1	1	1	2	2	2	9
Combs	28	2	2	2	2	2	0	2	1	2	0	8
Bates	31	1	1	2	0	2	1	2	2	1	2	9
Webb	0	2	2	2	2	2	2	0	1	0	2	7
Kretschman	1	2	2	2	0	0	2	0	2	0	2	7
Kerr	0	2	2	2	2	1	1	2	2	1	2	9
Dolsen	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	0	2	2	9
Coffee	1	0	1	0	2	2	2	1	2	2	8	8
Payne	0	1	0	1	0	2	2	1	1	2	1	7
Vance	1	1	1	2	2	2	0	1	2	0	8	8
Benson	28	1	2	0	0	2	1	1	2	2	2	8
Bates	31	0	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	9
Connor	31	0	1	2	1	1	1	0	2	1	2	8
Willey	31	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	2	0	2	7
Ford	29	2	2	2	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	10
Maney	29	1	2	0	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	9
Dolsen	30	0	2	2	2	0	2	2	2	2	2	8
Emslie	28	0	2	1	2	1	2	1	1	1	1	9
Coffey	31	2	1	1	2	1	2	2	1	1	1	10
Bruns	31	0	1	2	1	2	2	1	1	1	1	9

Marlatt	26	0	2	0	2	0	0	0	1	1	1—5
Payne	26	1	2	1	2	2	1	1	0	0	1—8
McCoig	26	0	1	1	2	2	1	0	0	1	0—6
Davidson	26	0	1	2	2	0	1	0	1	0	1—6
Combs	29	2	2	1	2	6	1	2	2	1	2—9
Vance	30	1	1	0	1	2	1	2	2	0	0—7
Wolbrock	26	2	1	1	0	1	1	2	0	2	2—8
Kretschman	26	0	2	1	1	2	2	1	1	2	2—9
Stotts	29	2	2	2	0	1	2	2	2	2	2—10
Kerr	29	2	1	2	0	1	1	0	1	0	2—7
Greene	28	2	0	0	1	2	2	0	0	2	2—6
Beattie	30	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	1—10
Mrs. O'Loane	26	0	2	1	0	2	1	2	0	0	2—7
McCance	28	2	2	1	0	1	1	0	2	0	1—7
Summerhayes	29	2	2	2	2	2	1	1	1	2	0—9

TOURNAMENT NOTES.

C. D. Coburn, high amateur in regular events, shot a Francot single gun using Leader shells, 3 drs. Du Pont.

S. A. Huntley, the crack U. S. shooter, uses a Parker gun.

S. G. Vance, winner of the Grand Canadian Handicap in 1914, and a top-notch at this tournament, used a Greener single gun and Nitro Club shells.

F. S. Wright of Buffalo, N. Y., second high gun in regular events of the second day, used a Baker gun and Western shells.

Geo. R. Given of the Winchester Arms Co. and Rupert M. Watson of the Dominion Cartridge Co. had charge of the office.

J. Summerhayes had a good chance of being winner of the first white flyer event. He missed only one of ten and this was probably due to two birds being released at the same time through mistake. Only one shooter made a perfect score of ten.

Dr. Conover of Flint, Mich., a former Leamington boy, is one of the most enthusiastic trap shooters in the country. He is a real lover of the game and seldom misses an opportunity of taking in Western Ontario shoots.

NOTES.

A. Heikes, representing the Peters Cartridge Co., won the professional elimination contest in the Grand American Handicap held at Chicago this summer.

Of seventeen in the money in the Grand International Handicap on the third day, thirteen were Canadian shooters.

George Dunk of the Dominion Cartridge Co. was of great assistance as usual in helping the local officers to keep things running smoothly. Canadian trap shooting tournaments are not complete without the genial "George"

Howard Bates, acknowledged to be one of the best trap shooters in Canada, used a Parker gun and Dominion shells.

F. Kerr of Crediton, who stood well up in the averages, used a Marlin gun and Nitro Club shells.

A. H. Bruns, who broke over 92 per cent. in the regular events, used a Lefever double gun and Nitro Club shells with Du Pont powder.

T. Pendergast of Syracuse, who broke nearly 96 per cent. on last two days of regular events, used a Remington pump gun and Nitro Club shells.

W. A. Smith of Kingsville, well known among Canadian trap shooters, was in good form. In the handicap he broke 91 in 100 and in the regular events 364 in 400.

Lachine Gun Club Tourney.

A cold high wind prevented good scores being made at the regular weekly shoot of the above club on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 30th. Reid headed the list with 42 birds out of 50, with Knight and Howard tied for 2nd place and Wood 3rd.

	Practice Match, 10 birds.	Practice Match, 15 birds.	Sweepstakes, 15 birds.	Sweepstakes, 10 birds.	Total
Knight	7	13	12	7	39
Reid	8	13	12	9	42
Boucher	7	8	...	...	15
H. Lucas	6	7	10	...	30
Shoemaker	5	7	8	6	26
Wood	5	9	12	7	33
McLaurin	6	7	10	...	23
Howard	6	12	14	...	39
Clark	5	9	10	6	30
Wurtele	6	10	13	...	29
Hart	...	10	10	7	27
Woodward	...	11	13	8	32

Four events were shot off at the weekly meet of the Lachine Gun Club on Saturday, Nov. 27, Reid being the winner of three of these, which included a practice and two sweepstakes. The other practice was captured by Hadley. The attendance was the best of the season, but the high wind affected the scores somewhat. The results:

Practice Match, 15 birds—Reid 14, Shoemaker 13, Howard 13, Doremus 12, Johnson 12, Woodward 12, Tilder 11, Woods 11, Lucas 10, Clark 10, Knight 9, Wurtele 9, Wainwright 8, Weigand 8.

Sweepstakes, 15 birds—Reid 14, Howard 13, Doremus 12, Woodward 12, Shoemaker 12, Tilder 10, Knight 10, Weigand 10, Woods 10, Clark 9, Wurtele 9, Watson 9, Lucas 8, Johnson 8, Wainwright 7.

Sweepstakes, 15 birds—Reid 15, Johnson 14, Howard 14, Doremus 12, Watson 12, Shoemaker 11, Woodward 11, Knight 10, Clark 10, Hadley 10, Lucas 9, Wurtele 9, Woods 9, Turley 9, Tilden 8, Wainwright 8, Miner 8.

Practice match 15 birds—Hadley 14, Tilden 13, Doremus 11, Woods 11, Turley 11, Watson 8.

Balmy Beach Gun Club.

G. Burrows, a four-year-old member of the Balmy Beach Gun Club, won the spoon offered in Class "C," at the weekly Saturday shoot on Nov. 27, with 16 out of a possible 25 birds. During the afternoon he broke 32 out of a possible 45. The scores as a whole were good in spite of a cold high wind and the attendance was well up to the average. The scores were as follows:

	Shot at.	Broke.
C. Warwick	100	92
W. Joselin	90	75
T. D. McGaw	80	66
T. Hodgson	80	64
J. Murray	75	62
W. Lansing	65	47
G. Smith	60	51
C. Nicholls	55	43
Alf. Hewitt	50	42
E. Pitcher	45	38
G. Burrows	45	32
R. Harris	45	32
P. Boothe	45	39
J. Shaw	45	34
J. Thimble	35	28
W. Hodgson	30	18
R. Dale	30	22
H. Wase	30	20
G. Pike	25	18
A. Craig	20	16
A. Trimble	20	14

Officers Elected.

The following officers were elected at the annual meeting of the Balmy Beach Club held last week:

Hon. presidents—R. C. Harris and T. D. McGaw.
 President—P. J. Boothe.
 Vice-president—J. H. Trimble.
 Secretary-treasurer—T. F. Hodgson.
 Assistant secretary-treasurer—W. F. Hodgson.
 Captain—W. H. Joselin.
 Lieutenant—W. H. Cutter.
 Referees—W. H. Joselin, J. D. Shaw, T. D. McGaw, W. F. Hodgson, C. S. Nicholls.
 Scorers—W. H. Cutter, Geo. Pike, G. H. Catton, W. S. Lansing, C. N. Bernard.
 Handicappers—J. G. Shaw, W. H. Joselin, P. J. Boothe.
 Solicitor—J. G. Shaw.
 Entertaining committee—T. D. McGaw, H. Wase, A. M. Bond, R. C. Harris, C. S. Nicholls, A. E. Craig, Geo. Gooch.

Stanley Gun Club.

At the Stanley Gun Club weekly shoot on Saturday, Dec. 4, all the traps were tried out, with the following results:

	Shot at	Broke
Singles		
Marsh	75	60
Stevens	100	80
Blackstock	50	28
Keen	50	24
Schiebe	50	29
Salisbury	50	33
Rolf	50	27
Hughes	50	26
Mackenzie	45	38

	Pair.	Bro
Doubles		
Marsh	12	15
Stevens	24	27
Blackstock	12	6
Salisbury	22	19
Hughes	34	38
Mackenzie	34	32

Tower Trap—		
Marsh	25	9
Stevens	25	19
Black	15	5
Kean	20	9
Salisbury	20	12
Rolf	20	12
Hughes	5	2
Mackenzie	15	1

St. Hubert Gun Club.

The appearance of John Boa, the well known professional shot of the Dominion Cartridge Company at St. Hubert's Gun Club on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 20th, attracted a large number of shooters and spectators. The wind and sleet prevented many other members from shooting and of the majority of those who did shoot, the weather conditions made it impossible to do themselves justice.

Mr. Boa shot at 150 birds and succeeded in breaking 128 of them, and considering the light and wind, this was very good. His second last twenty-five birds was his best as he succeeded in breaking them all but one. He also had one 23, two of 22, one 20 and his lowest was 17.

Mr. George Easdale was also in good form and his score of 86 out of 100 was one of the best of the day.

J. B. Bunn and W. J. Corby were also in good form.

The scores were as follows:

Boa	23	22	20	22	24	17	—128
Easdale	20	22	22	22	...	...	—86
Bunn	19	19	21	19	17	...	—86
White	16	11	6	...	...	...	—33
Bethune	14	17	14	...	...	...	—45
Ring	17	11	...	...	...	...	—28
Corby	18	15	19	17	13	15	—97
Colins	5	7	6	6	...	...	—24
Shephard	16	15	17	15	...	...	—63

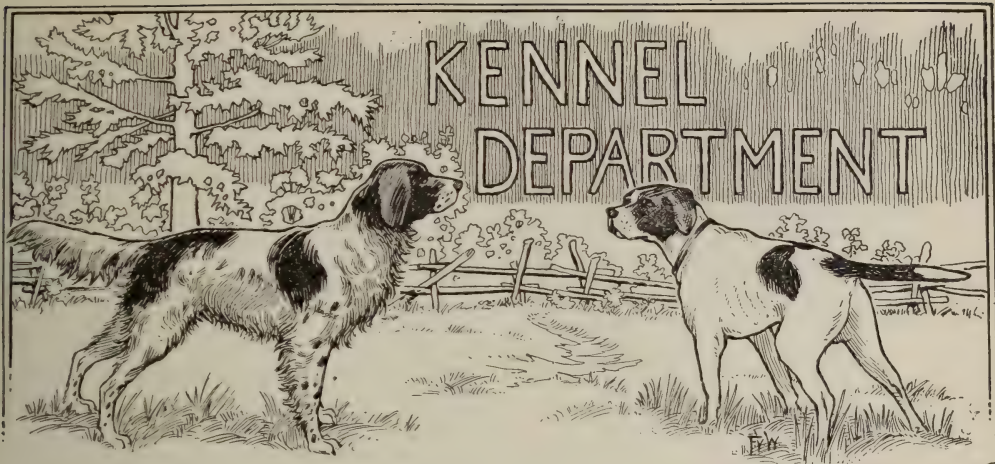
FISH SCRAPS AS FERTILIZER

Extensive Demand for Commercial Fertilizer—Financial Difficulties

Artificial fertilizers are meeting with an increasing demand in America. This, added to the sudden shutting off of the supply of German potash, has focused the attention of the governments of the United States and Canada upon their respective sources of commercial fertilizers. The three elements chiefly sought are phosphates, potash and nitrogen. These ingredients in varying proportions are used by farmers as fertilizers or "soil amendments."

One excellent source of potash and nitrogen and to a lesser extent of phosphates is fish scrap. This material is manufactured from the offal at canneries and other fish curing establishments. As yet but a comparatively small proportion of the waste in connection with the fisheries is utilized, owing chiefly to the economic problems of manufacturing. The fish reduction industry is carried on only for a few months each year and, as a result, the capital invested is unproductive for a considerable portion of the year. To overcome this, efforts have been made to couple

the industry with some other that would make it possible for the plants to be kept in operation for longer periods—possibly for the full year. In this connection, the work of the Federal government at Clark harbour, Nova Scotia, is worthy of note. For several years, the Department of Marine and Fisheries operated a fish reduction plant there chiefly to provide a market for the dog fish which infested the neighboring waters. During the past summer the plant was placed under the control of the Department of Agriculture and extensive experiments were undertaken to ascertain the possibility, commercially, of utilizing the extensive kelp beds found off the southern coast of western Nova Scotia. The investigations, while not complete as yet show much promise. These kelps, rich in potash and nitrogen, make excellent fertilizers. If, by combining the kelp industry with the fish scrap industry, the two can be placed on a commercial basis, a very serious waste will have been turned to excellent account.



CONDUCTED BY ARTHUR ELLISON.

The English Setter.

THE origin of this friend of the sportsman is of great antiquity inasmuch as we are told that Dudley, Duke of Northumberland trained a dog of this breed to work in the year 1555. In those days he was known as the "Land Spaniel" and it is generally conceded that the Setter and the Spaniel are sprung from the same source. Mr. Edward Laverack, in the early part of the eighteenth century, played a part in the making of this breed, the influence of which is strongly in evidence to this day and there are few successful Field Trial and Bench winners which are not descended from his strain. Mr. Llewellyn also left his mark on the breed, but as he had the benefit of Mr. Laverack's experience and the results of the latter gentleman's efforts, the credit accorded to him must be considerably less than that given to Mr. Laverack.

The terms "show type" and "field type" are used to show the difference between the Setter which is bred for its good looks and the dog which follows his calling in the hunting field. This difference is quite pronounced, as in the case of the Bench Show product we have an animal which is the result of breeding for appearance regardless of working qualities so that after generations of Show dogs have been bred, providing that the ancestors have not been worked as well as shown, we have left to us a "beautiful fool."

The Field Trial dog is, on the other hand, the outcome of breeding only from dogs which have proven their worth in the field, leaving quality to take care of itself. Thus we have a strong workmanlike animal, lacking in symmetry when compared to the Show dog. Breeders of either type would hardly consider for a moment the intermingling of the two types, yet they are the same breed. The only solution to this problem would be to render ineligible any dog for Show which has not made a good showing in a Field Trial. This has been the rule in Britain for some years and the results have been most satisfactory. It is probably hard on the poor man or the one who

cannot break a dog or pay a breaker but it results in a better dog in an all-round sense.

There is little doubt that the dog of the show type, were he broken and steadily worked, would soon respond to the sporting blood of his ancestors, as the two types are undoubtedly descended from a common stock. The Show dog, as a rule, does not make a very good showing in the field against a Field Trial winner, but it must be remembered that the latter is the result of selection for his working qualities and in that selection a considerable number of dogs bred on similar lines must be discarded as unfit for keen competition in the field.

Out of a number of photos that of "Destiny's Prince" has been selected as an illustration of a big Field Trial winner and a good specimen from a Bench Show standpoint, proving that it is possible to produce both quality and utility at one and the same time. Note the beautiful head with square muzzle, free from lippiness, the clear throat, the deep shoulders with perfect slope the whole outline, in fact, is that of an English Setter as he should be.

The English Setter is one of the handsomest of the canine species and usually excites comment wherever he is. His work is really that of a gun-dog, still he makes an excellent guard to person or property, whilst as a companion he is intelligent and most docile.

The English Setter Club's description is here given:—

Head—Should be long and lean, with a well defined stop. The skull oval from ear to ear, showing plenty of brain-room, and with a well-defined occipital protuberance. The muzzle moderately deep and square; from the stop to the point of the nose should be long, the nostrils wide and the jaws of nearly equal length, flews not to be pendulous; the colour of the nose should be black or dark, or light liver, according to the colour of the coat. The eyes should be bright, mild and intelligent, and of a dark hazel colour, the darker the better. The ears of moderate length, set on low and hanging in neat folds close to the cheek; the

tip should be velvety, the upper part clothed with fine silky hair.

Neck—Should be rather long, muscular and lean, slightly arched at the crest and clean cut where it joins the head; towards the shoulder it should be larger and very muscular, not throaty or any pendulosity below the throat, but elegant and blood-like in appearance.

Body—Should be of moderate length with shoulders well laid back, or oblique; back short and level, loins wide, slightly arched, strong and muscular. Chest deep in the brisket with good, round, widely sprung ribs, deep in the back ribs; that is, well ribbed up.

Legs and Feet—Stifles well bent and ragged, thighs long from hip to hock. The forearm big and very muscular, the elbow well let down. Pasterns short, muscular and straight. The feet very close and compact, and well protected with hair between the toes.

Tail—Should be set on almost in a line with the back; medium length not curly or ropy, to be slightly curved or scimitar-shaped, but with no tendency to curl upwards, the flag or feather hanging in long pendant flakes. The feather should not commence at the root, but slightly below, and increase in length to the middle, then gradually taper off towards the end; and the hair long, bright, soft and silky, wavy but not curly.

Coat and Feathering—The coat, from the back of the head in a line with the ears, should be slightly wavy, long and silky, which should be the case with the coat generally; the breeches and forelegs nearly down to the feet should be well feathered.



Destiny's Prince, winner of Derby, and handler, F. Jeffries.

Colour and Markings—The colour may be either Black and White, Lemon and White, Liver and White, or Tricolour, that is Black, White and Tan; Those without heavy patches of colour on the body, but flecked all over, preferred.

The death of Mr. Charles Lyndon.

In the death of "Charlie" Lyndon of Toronto we lose our best all-round judge of dogs. His reputation was that of a fearless and consistent judge with a large and varied experience he having judged from New York to San Francisco. His specialty was "terriers", preferably Fox and Irish, but there were few breeds that had not at some time or another, passed through his hands. He it was who led the one-time famous Norfolk kennel of Smooth Fox-terriers to victory. Mr. Gooderham appointed Charlie to the position of manager of his kennel with such results that in very short time, the Norfolk dogs were making such a pace that it required the bank-roll of a millionaire and some luck to touch the money at any show from Coast to Coast.

This state of things continued until Fox terriers were practically a "drug" on the market, as probable buyers of their stock always had to pay a high price and then take a beating as the astute Charlie always had a better one in hiding. The Fox-terrier game was too swift to last Mr. Gooderham finally selling out, so that Mr. Harley of San Francisco induced Charlie to take charge of his Wandee Kennel of Fox terriers. This kennel was dispersed soon after the famous earthquake when Charlie returned to Toronto where he commenced business in the liquor trade.

His presence will be greatly missed around Toronto as few shows were left unvisited by him, where his reminiscences of the old battles of ringcraft were always highly interesting.

Notes of interest.

We have received a folder from Mr. Walter Berwick of the Dufferin Airedale Kennels, Shelburne, Ont. Some highly interesting information is contained therein and we would advise all who are interested in Airedale terriers to write and secure one of these folders.

Having had several inquiries as to the manner of registering a dog, we would like to impress upon our readers that this magazine is not connected in any way with any governing body so far as the canine world is concerned. The Natural Live Stock Records Association, Government Buildings, Ottawa, has assumed the responsibility of registering all thoroughbred dogs and they will give the necessary particulars.

"All about Airedales"

Having just spent an evening in reading the above book, it would seem positively selfish not to let the hunting fraternity know about it. Mr. Palmer the author, is evidently not only a dog breeder from a monetary point of view, his whole being seems to be saturated with Airedale enthusiasm,—in short he idolizes the Airedale.

Unlike most monographs, this book does not dwell lovingly over the origin of the breed

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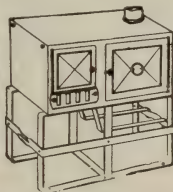
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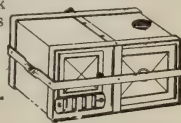
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J. S. FRASER, Mowat P.O., Ontario.

as so many do, and after wasting several useful words, dates and phrases, finally admit that neither they or any other person know anything about it. This book contains a description of the breed, its uses, feeding, breeding, treating for disease, showing and training and last, but by no means least, some wonderful anecdotes of Airedales, the whole making a really instructive and interesting book. The illustrations alone, all from actual photographs, put this work on the breed absolutely in a class by itself. The book can be obtained from Rod and Gun.

A new device which is calculated to provide for a modern and humane but nevertheless effective form of punishment for dogs, horses or "bad boys" is that known as the "Toggles Spanker" an advertisement of which appears on another page of this issue. The "Spanker" which is made of choice leather, and handsomely embossed, can be carried easily in the pocket and is designed to chastise without leaving a scar or blemish.

Kindly note that no letters will be answered by mail unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed with the query. Otherwise the letter will be answered through these columns.

Answers to Queries.

R. S., St. Kitts.—Glad to hear from you and to know that at least one person agrees with us. No letter is too lengthy on that subject.

W. B. S., Peterboro.—There is no such breed.



"Results Count"

Sixth Annual Report of the Commission of Conservation

EVEN casual reference to the annual report of the Commission of Conservation indicates the wide range of interests with which the Commission is concerned. In this respect, the Commission's Sixth Annual Report, which has just been issued, is no exception. Well-informed discussions are given concerning Canada's resources in forests, fields, mines and streams and important papers are included on technical education, agricultural instruction, providing sanctuaries for birds and last, but by no means least, an important place is given to housing and town planning.

The address of the chairman, Sir Clifford Sifton, is an excellent summary of the Commission's activities for the last fiscal year, and is, therefore, of value to the busy reader.

Although the war has hampered some aspects of the work of the Commission, steady progress has been made in the matter of town planning. The National City Planning Conference, held in Toronto in 1914, and for which the Commission acted as host, gave a marked impetus in Canada to this important economic and social question. Shortly after the holding of the Conference, the Commis-

sion secured the services of Mr. Thos. Adams, of London, England, an expert of international repute. Although in Canada less than a year, Mr. Adams' services are in requisition constantly in every province of the Dominion. His address at the Annual Meeting of the Commission outlines the present status of housing and town planning with both clearness and vigour.

In the conservation of forests steady progress has also been made. Inventories of Canadian forests are being compiled by the Commission for the first time, and much has been done during the past year to lessen the number of forest fires along railway lines. With but few exceptions, the Commission has had the hearty support of the railways in this work. As a result, great forest areas undoubtedly have been saved from the ravages of fire. These and other phases of Canadian forestry questions are considered in the report by such well known authorities as Dr. B. E. Fernow, Messrs. R. H. Campbell, H. R. MacMillan, G. C. Piche, and A. D. MacTier.

The report is splendidly illustrated, and a carefully prepared index makes it of unusual value for reference purposes.

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No. 112 Muskrat coat \$34.50.—No. 113 Muff to Match \$5.50.

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You will be astonished to see the beautiful Furs you can purchase from us for a little money, every one a gem in its class.

This season furs are lower in price than ever before, owing largely to most of the European markets being closed on account of the war, but the stock of Raw Furs in America now is so low, that prices are stiffening up, and it looks to us as if they will advance steadily from now on. You should buy your furs this season WITHOUT FAIL. Remember our Fur Style Book prices mean goods DELIVERED TO YOU, AS

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The furs illustrated here are taken from our Fur Style Book, and give you but a faint idea of the numerous bargains offered to you, which are shown in our Fur Style Book. Should the furs shown here meet with your approval, send us their price, and we will ship at once, delivery charges paid by us, and guaranteed to be satisfactory.

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ALONG THE TRAP LINE

EDITED BY GEORGE J. THIessen



What the War Has Done to Fox Farming

The war which is now being waged has dealt a severe blow to fox farming, especially those who raise the finer grades such as Silver and Black. Money is being hoarded and is not freely seeking the usual channels of investment. Again, even among the wealthy—and London is the best market in the world for the expensive furs—there is little demand for Silver and Black fox. The luxury of these are forsworn—and prices have naturally fallen. In other words, the supply is greater than the demand. As a result, the prices of breeding stock are on the decline and the fox farmers of Canada have suffered the most. Let us hope that conditions will change shortly.

Market Prospects For the Coming Season.

The fur market started with a boom. How it will end, there is no telling. Already some of the large houses which "lead the market" are wondering whether they are going to be able to sell at a profit or not. There has been an enormous catch this season, due to low prices last year which discouraged trapping. This, necessarily, gave the fur bearers a chance to multiply. High quotations in October sent out an army of pelt hunters.

With conditions such as they are now, dealers are wondering if it would not be policy to pay less for raw furs. Some of the widely advertised houses because of the lack of orders have been forced to lower their prices already. Therefore, I strongly advise all fur shippers who are holding their goods

for probable raises, not to make the mistake—and later—the way things seem—accept less than their pelts are worth now. *Get rid of your furs at once!*

Of course I cannot say positively that lower prices will prevail, but I have information from the principal fur markets of the world and everything seems to point the way I have indicated. However, the unexpected may happen—as it did the beginning of the season—and values may even go higher.

Prize Story Contest.

I am glad to see the interest which you have taken in our story contest. We received several letters, but these were not enough. Every one of you knows a good hunting or trapping story. Let us have it; get together around the camp fire and spin your yarn with the rest of the boys. We need your co-operation. You can make this department what you will. Let's pull together and boost "Rod and Gun." Already it has taken rapid strides as evinced by the number of fur advertisements we now carry. And while the editor thinks of it, those of you who have furs to sell or are interested in trapping, write the dealers who use this magazine, requesting their Price Lists and other information they issue. There are no firms more reliable than those which advertise in these columns. Their information about the fur market is absolutely reliable and up to the minute. Don't forget when writing advertisers to mention "Rod and Gun."

A Few Hints and Some Experiences

W. Bruce Johnson

IN giving these few hints and some experiences I expect they will be old to some of you. But there will be some who have never heard them before, especially the beginner. I suppose most of you will have had some trouble in killing skunks while in the trap so I will tell you the way I generally do it. I get a long pole, something that is strong and can be easily handled. On the end I tie a noose made of brass snare wire. I make the noose big enough to go over the skunk's head. The wire should be twisted

double to make it stronger. I go up to the skunk as cautiously as possible holding the pole in front and slip the noose over the skunk's head. I then lift the skunk off the ground and hang the pole over a stump or anything handy, that will take the weight off and keep the skunk off the ground. In a few minutes the skunk will be dead and it doesn't throw its scent at all. It is too much taken up with its neck. When I tell you that the operation isn't dangerous I mean it. I have seen the old trapper that I learned this from

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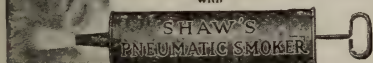
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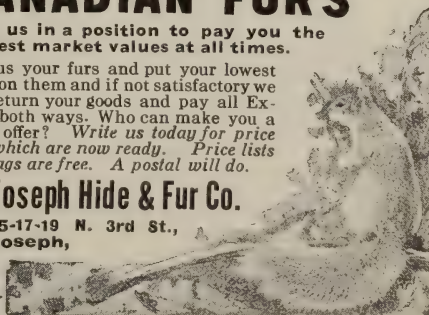
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go up and put on a noose that was slipping off. It is a very simple trick, try it with the next skunk you catch.

I'll never forget the first skunk I caught. It took the trap into the hole, so I pulled trap and skunk out. I then hit it over the head with a club. Then "Whew" (nuff sed). There was a young minister, (a student) ran over one with his bicycle and got his first shower or spray bath. When he got home he buried his clothes. A short time after he was telling some of his friends about it. He said the air was simply blue. (Gosh he must have used some awful strong language. I wonder what he said).

Did any of you ever try what is called "staking off" a creek for mink. It works best on the small spring creeks. Drive stakes perpendicularly right across the creek. Drive them close enough so that the mink won't be able to get through. Leave a space in the centre of the stakes to set your trap. If the water is too deep put a flat stone in the bottom and set your trap on it. If too deep for that cut four crotched sticks and drive them single end down, opposite each other on both sides of the opening. Then put the other two sticks across the opening, with each end of the stick resting in a crotch. (The crotched sticks and cross pieces must be well under water.) Then set your trap on the sticks. The trap will hold the sticks down. Be sure and set your trap under water. A jump trap is the best for this set. It takes up less space, lies flatter, and hasn't the same chance of being knocked off that the long spring trap has. Pile brush on both banks of the creek as far out as you feel like it. This will help to make the mink or muskrat take to the water where he will

have to go over your trap and nine times out of ten get caught. That is the best set I know for mink on small spring creeks. You can bait or not just as you think. I have just as much luck one way as the other. I use bait mostly in the early part of the season. The greatest trouble I have with bait is after the real cold weather sets in, the bait is always frozen stiff and fails to attract. I find that setting bait half in the water keeps it from freezing. I never tried any of the factory made baits, though I once tried an old trapper's recipe. He told me it was for foxes. He said cut a few slices off that hard wart that grows on a horse's leg between the knee and the ankle and fry it in pig's lard and put it around your trap. He said it would draw foxes a long way. Well I got it made all right. The next thing was to try it. I thought I would try it on mink and weasel. The first day I got three rabbits. I didn't think anything of this as I sometimes used to get one or two. But when I got five rabbits the next time I looked at my traps I wished that bait was far enough away.

I let my traps stay for a while. But it was the same story every time. Rabbits, rabbits, nothing but rabbits! So in a fit of rage I pulled up my traps and I haven't used that bait since. But if it works as good on fox as it does on rabbits it certainly is a dandy. To any one wishing to catch rabbits I can certainly recommend it. In setting my traps in the snow I always put a thin piece of white paper the size of the jaws, over the trap. This prevents snow from getting under the pan. I then get a small twig and brush the snow as evenly as possible over the trap making it look as natural as I can.

A CURIOUS CATCH

S. H. de Mar

SOMETHING had been prowling around the old shack for several nights; so we decided to set a trap for our noisy nocturnal visitor. After some discussion as to the size of trap to use, we decided to set a fairly good sized trap, as Jim argued that the animal made enough noise to be a pretty big one.

Perhaps you will wonder why we did not go out with a gun after the intruder? Well, it would have been useless, because the timber was so thick around the camp; our friend would have made good his escape, before we could locate him. Besides the weather wasn't of the kind to invite any one out after some uncertainty, which surely would have been more at home in the dark than either Jim or I.

THE STORY.

"Nuf wood in to keep us going in case she freezes up and blizzards during the night?"

"Say! Henry why don't you answer, asleep again I suppose?"

"Sure don't you hear me sleeping—there's plenty of wood Jim."

"Say, did you set that trap?"

"Well I guess yes."

"All right, let's get to sleep. It's getting late."

"Let's stick something in that hole near the stove."

"No, we need it for ventilation—Good night."

"I expect I was asleep before Jim finished speaking."

Somewhere, in the wee sma' hours, I was awakened by an emphatic dig in the ribs, administered by my "side-kicker."

"Say Henry, there's something in the cabin."

"Cabin your foot", I replied.

Just about that time down came the water bucket which had been on a stump near the stove.

"What the dickens is that?" inquired half-awake yours truly?

"Shut up, and reach over there and get that shot-gun," hissed Jim in my ear. Meanwhile reaching for the candle and proceeding to light it I leveled the gun in the direction of the noise and was prepared to give the author of it a load of buck-shot. You can imagine

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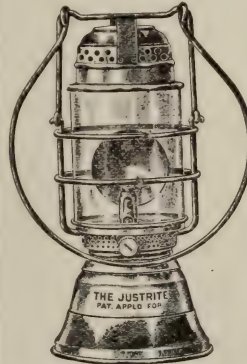
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my astonishment when after starting to cross the room, Jim shouted, "It's a skunk," and flicked the candle out.

"Why you Ape—do you want me to step on him," exclaimed the now thoroughly awakened writer.

"Stand perfectly still," was the retort.

After a few minutes of jumping around on the woodpile, Mr. Skunk made his exit through our neglected ventilator.

Jim, being a chap that gets almost every scalp of any quadruped he can lay his hands on, immediately jumped up, snatched the shot-gun from my hands, and nearly knocked me over in his wild flight for the door which he literally burst open. Out into the snow he dashed (barefooted at that,) and in the

direction of the skunk's retreat.

Suddenly I heard a yell which turned my hair skyward. I seized my Ross .280 from the wall and out into the snow in the direction of the sound, (also barefooted) I went. When I turned the corner of the shack, lo and behold there was a nice big *biped* in the trap in the form of my mutual friend Jim, and what he said about traps in general I need not mention. After a little prying I got his foot released, and outside of a swollen ankle and a little gash on the side, he was uninjured.

I'll bet the next time we go hunting and trapping, he won't chase skunks around the cabin for a midnight appetizer. I am of the opinion this will be another one on him when he reads this Along the Trap Line next month.

A Favorite Set for Muskrat

"Justice"

Well boys! the price of fur is sky high again, and everybody that follows trapping is hard at work, seeing how much fur he can get.

My favorite set for muskrat is to find a place where the water is not too deep, say two or three inches, then build a dam of stones right across the brook and leave a gap big enough for a No. 1 trap. These dams should be built in the summer and then left until the fur is good and prime. Next set your traps

and stake in deep water and every muskrat that passes is yours.

What is a good set for weasels? Som eway or other I could never make a success trapping them.

The weasel is not hard to trap. It is a great traveller. A tempting bait will lure it almost every time. Simple pen sets usually give good results. G. J. T.

THE GUERRILLAS OF DESTRUCTION

"Broncho"

IN warfare, a guerrilla, or bushwhacker, is an armed man who recognizes none of the rules of civilized warfare, and very often has no commander. In France he is called a "franc-tireur," or free shooter. The guerrilla goes out to live on the country, to skulk, to war on the weak, and never attack save from ambush, or when the odds clearly are on his side. His military status is barely one remove from that of the spy.

The meat-shooters who harry the game and other wild life in order to use it as a staple food supply; the Italians, negroes and others who shoot song-birds as food; the feather-hunters and hide-and-tusk hunters all over the world are the guerrillas of the Army of Destruction. Let us consider some of these grand divisions in detail.

Here is an inexorable law of Nature, to which there are no exceptions; no wild species of bird, mammal, reptile or fish can withstand exploitation for commercial purposes.

The men who pursue wild creatures for the money or other value there is in them, never give up. They work at slaughter when other men are enjoying life, or are asleep. If they are persistent, no species on which they fix the Evil Eye escapes extermination at their hands.

Does anyone question this statement? If so let him turn backward and look at the lists of dead and dying species.

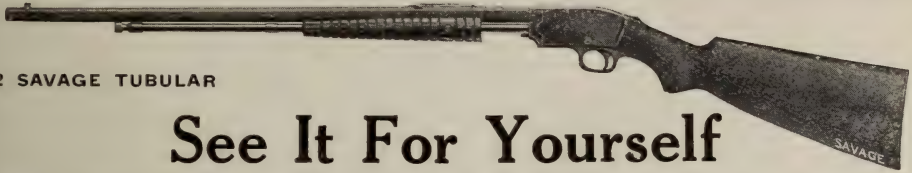
The division of meat-shooters contains all men who sordidly shoot for the frying-pan, to

save bacon and beef at the expense of the public, or for the markets. There are a few wilderness regions so remote and so difficult of access that the transportation of meat into them is a matter of much difficulty and expense. There are a very few men in Canada who are justified in "living off the country," for short periods. The genuine prospectors have always been counted in this class; but all miners who are fully located, all lumbermen and railway-builders certainly are not in the prospector's class. They are abundantly able to maintain continuous lines of communication for the transit of beef and mutton.

Of all the meat-shooters, the market-gunners who prey on wild fowl and ground game birds for the big-city markets are the most deadly to wild life. Enough geese, ducks, brant, quail, ruffed grouse, prairie chicken, heath hens and wild pigeons have been butchered by gunners and netters for "the market" to have stocked the whole world. No section containing a good supply of game has escaped.

The output of this systematic bird slaughter has supplied the greedy game markets of all the large Canadian cities. The history of this industry, its methods, its carnage, its profits and its losses would make a volume, but we can not enter upon it here. Beyond reasonable doubt, this awful traffic in dead game is responsible for at least three-fourths of the slaughter that has reduced our game

.22 SAVAGE TUBULAR



See It For Yourself

YOU have read what the experts have said about this rifle in their magazine articles—Mr. T. K. Lee ("Tack-Hole" Lee), Mr. John Patterson, Mr. C. L. Gilman, Mr. S. D. Barnes and the rest of them.

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tubular obeys the shooter's brain as naturally and unconsciously as the eye or the hand.

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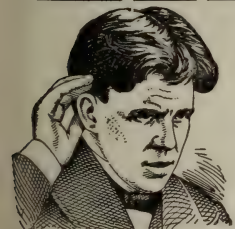
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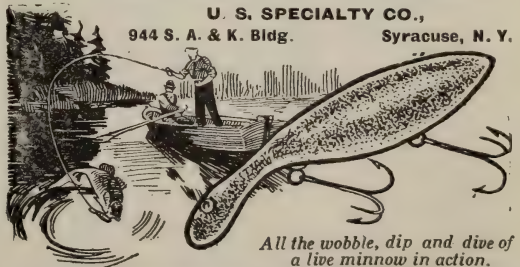
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birds to a mere remnant of their former abundance. There is no influence so deadly to wild life as that of the market-gunner who works six days a week, from long before sunrise until long after sunset, hunting down and killing every game bird that he can reach with a choke-bore gun.

The reason why market shooting is so deadly destructive to wild life are not obscure.

The true sportsman hunts during a very few days only each year. The market-gunners shoot early and late, six days a week, month after month. When game is abundant, the price is low, and a great quantity must be killed in order to make it pay well. When game is scarce, the market prices are high, and the shooter makes the utmost exertions to find the last of the game in order to secure the "big money."

When game is protected by law, thousands of people with money desire it for their tables, just the same, and are willing to pay fabulous prices for what they want, when they want it. Many a dealer or restaurateur is quite willing to run the risks of fines, because fines don't really hurt; they are only annoying. The dealer wishes to make the big profit, and retain his patrons; "and besides," he reasons, "if I don't supply them some one else will; so what is the difference?"

When game is scarce, prices high and the consumer's money ready there are a hundred tricks to which shooters and dealers willingly resort to ship and receive unlawful game without detection. It takes the very best kind of game wardens, genuine detectives, in fact, to ferret out these cunning illegal practices, and catch lawbreakers "with the goods on them,"

so that they can be punished. Mind you, convictions can not be secured at both ends of the line save by the most extraordinary good fortune, and usually the shooter and shipper escape, when the dealer is apprehended and fined.

The remedy for all this miserable game-stealing, law-breaking business is simple and easily obtained. Let every Province in Canada enact a similar law to the Bayne in the United States, absolutely prohibiting the sale of all wild game, and the thing is done. But nothing short of that will be really effective. It will not do at all to let Provincial laws rest with merely forbidding the sale of game "protected by the Province," for that law would be full of loop-holes. It does much good service, yes; but what earthly objection can there be in any Province to the enactment of a law that is sweepingly effective, and which can not be evaded, save through the criminal connivance of officers of the law?

The mental attitude of the men who shoot constitutes a deadly factor in the destruction of wild life and the extermination of species. Fully ninety-five per cent of the sportsmen, gunners and other men and boys who kill game, all over the world and in all nations, regard game birds and animals only as things to be killed and eaten, and not as creatures worth preserving for their beauty or their interest to mankind. This is precisely the viewpoint of the cave-man and the savage, and it has come down from the Man-with-a-Club to the Man-with-a-Gun absolutely unchanged, save for one thing; the latter sometimes is prompted to save to-day in order to slaughter to-morrow.



An American Subscriber's Bag.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

Having taken Rod and Gun for a good many years and enjoyed reading it very much I think it is about time I sent in a small contribution. I am an old fellow, over sixty-five years of age, but still get out and tramp the fields with the best of them. This fall I took my two weeks' vacation in October, as I generally do. Sometimes I go up to Canada but this year I decided I would take my gun and see what was to be had nearer home amongst the hills about 120 miles east of Buffalo. The pheasant season opened the 21st of October with us. I am sending you a picture of the game I shot while on my vacation. The most of it was shot from October 20th to 22nd as I found it necessary to leave on the 23rd. In the picture are three cock



Game bagged by Mr. W. C. Harrison of Buffalo, N.Y.

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The paintings are of generous proportions being 19 in. deep by 14 in. in width. The reproductions give a hint as to the coloring and quality of the work but no reproduction can of course compare with the original painting. The original of any one of the paintings which Mr. Williams has done for us as well as the original of the December and subsequent covers may be procured by you

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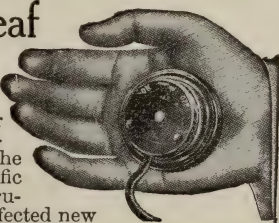
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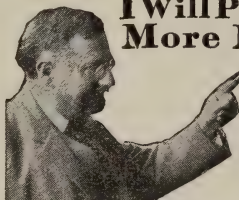
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pheasants, two woodcock, 1 cock partridge or grouse, two grey squirrels and one black which I skinned before going home. The rest are red squirrels which I also preserved and skins of which I stretched for the girls at home.

Twenty-three years ago or thereabouts I shot over the traps with "Dick Swiveller" who some months ago contributed to your magazine.

As to F. V. Williams, our artist, I have seen a good many in my time but none to compare with him. He is certainly great. Whether in the woods or on the water he has everything just right. I would like very much to meet him as well as many others who write for Rod and Gun.

Respectfully yours,
W. C. Harrison.

Buffalo, N. Y.

How may one re-proof Oilskin Clothing *Editor, ROD AND GUN:*—

Would some reader of your magazine tell the writer how to re-proof oilskin clothing that has become soft and sticky?

Yours truly,
Sixteen Island Lake. J. Greig.

Ducks on the Decrease

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

Please give space to the following in Rod and Gun. It may help to influence our game protection policy for 1916.

The majority of duck shooters in Ontario are waking up to the fact that ducks are actually becoming scarcer each year and that the marshes and tributaries are practically barren of marsh varieties, namely, grey and black mallards, pintail, gadwell, bald-pates, wood duck and teal.

The perpetual throng of gunners throughout the Province invading every nook and corner of the marshes daily, without cessation, from the 15th of September to the end of the open season has driven the ducks to the large areas of open water, where they are partially undisturbed until driven by hunger to hasten their early trip of migration to the south. It is evident the birds are being constantly driven and frightened from their natural food and haunts by the constant warfare directed against them. The ducks are actually avoiding their old grounds and migrating south speedily over the larger bodies of open water, that heretofore were playgrounds in October. Essex County sportsmen strongly favor the elimination of two days' shooting per week besides Sunday and no September killing of ducks.

Don't grumble at your poor luck, remember you to a certain extent are responsible by not informing your local representative of the conditions. Draw his notice to the fact or report the same directly to the Deputy Minister of Game and Fisheries, Government Building, Toronto, and you will receive a courteous reply. These gentlemen are always ready to hear of obstacles that retard the progress of any legitimate cause. If you are dissatisfied, make it known. The only remedy is to boost the movement. It all hinges on the ambition of sportsmen. I would urge every sportsman to make known the advisability

of more stringent laws. The State of Michigan has 29 new recommendations for 1916 restricting the excessive killing of game, with 55 game refuges set aside covering 24,000 acres.

Yours truly,
Leamington, Ont. Forest Conover

Rabbits Very Plentiful

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

Shortly after the opening of the season for cotton-tail rabbits, I took a trip a few miles north of Oakville, in Halton County, to have a crack at these well known quadrupeds. I also intended shooting some partridges but found out they are protected for a period of three years, which is also the case with black and grey squirrels.

I have not seen rabbits as thick as they were this year for a long time. We jumped on a lot of brush piles and two rabbits would jump out of nearly every pile. We shot about seven rabbits in a little over an hour. Anyone living in Toronto and wishing to have a good rabbit hunt would do well to take the train to Oakville and go a couple of miles north and he will get all he wants. We intend taking a trip up to Campbellville after hare in a few weeks, as we were up there last year but did not go quite far enough north and so did not meet with any luck.

Trusting this may be of interest to some one wishing a rabbit hunt, and that it may be published before the season closes.

Yours truly,
Toronto, Ont. C. T. Askin

A Successful Hunt Along the French River.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

The Rambler's Hunt Club, of Ingersoll, Ont., have just returned from their annual excursion to Parry Sound after deer. The members comprising this year's party were: Hube Sumner, Captain; Sid Sumner, Jas. Christie, Secy.; John Brebner, Will Ryan, Ashton Williamson, Job Smith, Archie Clark and Geo. Towle. They again secured their full complement, John Brebner, Captain Sumner and Ashton Williamson securing exceptionally fine heads. Their hunting grounds are located back of Satchel's Bay, on the French River, which is reached by boat via Sturgeon Falls. Although rather strenuous work was necessary to get some of the deer to camp, still all agreed that the hunt of 1915 was the most pleasant in the experience of the club.

G. W. S.

A Fox Hunt Near Huntsville.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:

I enclose you a snap-shot of a fox I secured recently. Some of the sports here have pronounced it a silver grey and others a silver black cross between the black and red. Its head neck, back shoulders and hips are grey, its belly and legs black, the tail very dark with a reddish tinge on the ribs. As it might be interesting to your readers I will give my experience in catching it.

I came to Huntsville about the first of June last and after roving through the bush for awhile during the summer decided on trying my luck in trapping furs, having had consider-

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S.H.B.

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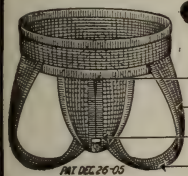
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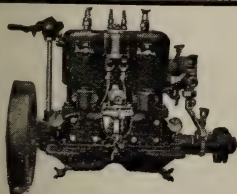
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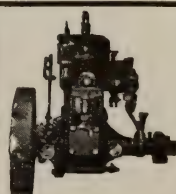
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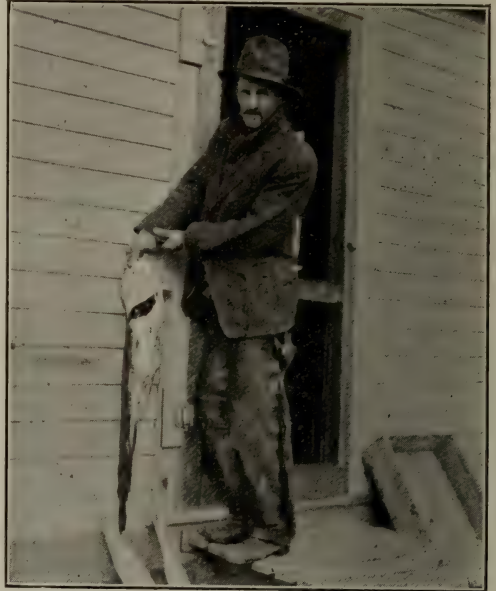
able experience in my younger days. About the 25th of October I bought a few traps and started out to try my fortune, but met with very little luck until November 5th, when on approaching one of my traps I saw something grey trying desperately to free itself. As I had just a little. 22 I got in good position at close range to shoot it sideways through the head. I did not think of trying to catch it alive. To my surprise it bounded upwards and out came the stake and away went the animal with it at lightning speed through the thick undergrowth. Its front leg was caught in the trap. I gave chase thinking the animal would probably get caught some place by the trap or chain. As it had rained the preceding night I found it easy to follow the trail by means of the upturned leaves, until finally it reached a grassy spot where there were not many leaves and I lost the trail. I then started for town to secure a hound but as it was deer hunting season all the good hounds were away north. Finally I was successful in locating a little rabbit hound and I started back and soon had him on the trail. The den was located away up amongst the rocks. I gave up the hunt for a hopeless case but fortunately it snowed that night and I was off early next morning to the den where I found that the animal had come out with the trap still attached to its foot and that it was heading back for the direction in which it had been caught. After returning for the hound I started on the final chase but the hound refused to stay with it. I then followed her up hunting as fast as my strength would allow for about three hours. Finally the hound stopped at the top of a cliff but refused to go down. After some time I located the fox down amongst some logs. I didn't take time

to try and secure it alive, thinking it might give me the slip, but shot it through the head. On inspecting the position it was in I decided however, that I would have had no trouble in securing it alive. A few days afterwards, I brought in a red fox in good condition alive.

Yours truly,

Huntsville.

R. Lennox.



A nice catfish taken before breakfast from the South Saskatchewan by Mr Jackson.

Letter from a Rancher.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

Enclosed please find my subscription of \$1.50.

Perhaps it might be of interest to mention that beavers are becoming more numerous on the banks of the S. Saskatchewan River. They are building a dam close to my ranch and actually had the impudence to cut down some cottonwoods to which my fence was fastened. Can't you imagine that beaver cussing after all its hard work to find that it couldn't drag the tree to the water on account of the wire? One day I cut a green willow rod to fish with and left it stuck in the bank, after baiting the line with a chub. Next morning I found the rod peeled and gnawed in two.

Fishing was very poor all during the summer of 1915 on account of the frequent floods, but in the fall with the river low very good sport was to be had. I made several good mixed bags of goldeyes, pike, pickerel and catfish.

Enclosed is a photo of myself with a nice catfish taken before breakfast a few days after the ice went out last spring. On opening it up I found two more catfish and two chubs besides the chub I had on for bait, and part of a pickerel.

My log shack is just a few rods from the river so I do quite a bit of fishing in my spare time. Antelope and deer may still be seen around here but are getting very scarce and wild. Coyotes are a regular curse to the



Mr. R. Lennox, Huntsville, and a fox he captured

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hen-roosts. They took all my hens one night while I was away to town (thirty miles).

"Jacks", cotton-tails and bush rabbits are fairly numerous at times and it is good fun hunting them moonlight nights in the snow.

Although I have been a constant reader of your magazine for several years I never see anything from this part of Saskatchewan. My town is Kindersley (C. N. R. from Saskatoon, and is thirty odd miles north from me).

Yours faithfully,
J. Wilfrid Jackson.

Kindersley, Sask.

NOTE.—We are glad to hear from Mr. Jackson's part of Saskatchewan and hope his letter will be followed by others.

Penetang Spikehorn Hunt Club's Successful Trip

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

We sometimes read of people who sing the praises of a trip to the far north or to the Alps of Switzerland, but give me a gun, a little ammunition and a nice hunting ground not too far from home and I am satisfied; and I am sure that many readers of Rod and Gun will agree with me.

On October 29th everything was ready for the annual hunt of the Penetang Spikehorn Hunt Club and leaving Penetang by boat we reached our camp grounds by 2 p.m. Going across the lake it was very rough and we lost one paddle and a couple of cushions. After the camp had been put in order, some wood cut and supper over, a six hand game of 58 was played, the young chaps putting it all over the older men, who until the breaking up of camp never saw an ace or king. We then chose sides for a pot hunt, so many points per bird or per animal as the case might be, for the next day and when supper time came had an abundance of pot mush. Our officers for 1915 were: Captain, H. E. Todd; Sec.-Treas., Doc Letherdale; Chaplain, D. J. McMillan; Magistrate, Geo. Forth; Tonsorial Artist, A. J. Richardson; Sniper, A. Braider; Dough Puncher, Bill Curwin; Mouth Organ Grinders, Fred Richardson and Boyd Hollister. Last but not least was the Chief Cook and Bottle Washer, Tom Hornsby.

As November 1st was the first day, Bill and Doc paddled up the river and put the dogs out at a place called The Three Rocks Portage. Shortly after the former's .30 Remington knocked down a fine big doe. In the afternoon the artist killed what looked to him to be a fine deer but which unfortunately turned out to be in very poor condition indeed.

Nearly a pail of liquid was taken from the stomach of this deer. Dan, the chaplain, shot a doe and then Sniper, who was sitting up in a tree, shot another one, making four the first day, though one of them was of no use whatever.

Tuesday Dan missed a deer at 30 feet and the following day we also failed to bring home the bacon, though the sound of rifles told us deer were in sight. George and Boyd fired several shots at long range from Monkey Mountain—so called because a monkey-faced man had been seen up there—and the author running to head the deer off by some mistake put a 38.55 shell in his magazine and when the deer was seen standing broadside the shell failed to work and in the meantime, before it could be got out, the deer walked away.

Thursday was a rainy day and George, being an old cook, made us a carrot pudding which was pronounced the best we had ever eaten.

The following day Monkey Mountain was bombarded again, some fifteen shots being fired. Fred at last hit a deer right on the bean and dropped it like a rag. Saturday Dan shot a nice deer near a lake and came pretty nearly knocking over a surveyor's instrument, which was standing on a rock nearby. On Sunday we lay around camp and rested up.

On Monday the following week Art shot a doe, drawing blood, which was tracked all morning but without getting the doe. He made up for this disappointment by shooting a deer the same afternoon. Doc got a great eared owl, but sad to say, did not make a kill all the time he was in camp and in fact did not even see a deer. The following day was a blank but on Wednesday, Mossom Boyd drew blood though making, perhaps, only a skin wound. George, however, got two deer that day, an excellent record for a man over seventy years of age.

Playing a melodious tune with his organ on Thursday the writer attracted a fine doe and at 275 yards got him with his .303 Savage.

Saturday Tom shot a nice buck and the strides he was making caused his short legs to get so twisted up that he fell, breaking his rifle. However, as he had got his deer he said he didn't mind.

On Sunday we left for home taking with us ten deer and feeling well satisfied with our outing. The writer is but a young hunter and this season was his fourth for being out with the boys. So far he has never failed to get his count.

Yours truly,

Penetang, Ont.

M. B. Hollister





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These axes are extraordinary bargains.

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STUDY THESE BARGAINS CAREFULLY.

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ROBT. HODGSON, Sporting Goods Dealer **Raglan, Ont.**

SAME ADDRESS SINCE 1904.

ROD and GUN *IN-CANADA*

FEBRUARY, 1916

FIFTEEN CENTS



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7' 6"	8' 0"	16' 6"	19.00	17.10
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The above style tent is one of the most compact, giving a maximum of shelter for yardage of Duck used. A perfect tent for pack and trail.

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Rod and Gun in Canada

Woodstock, Ontario, February 1916

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Published by W. J. TAYLOR, LTD., WOODSTOCK, ONT.

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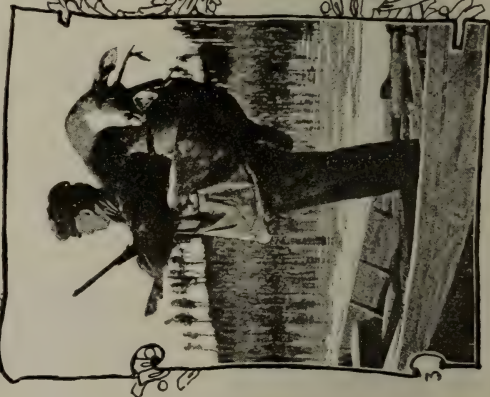
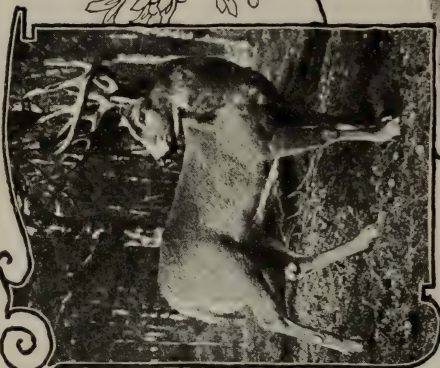
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DEER HUNTING in CANADA



1. In a New Brunswick Forest.
2. Got one and waiting for another.
3. Returning with the spoil.
4. A splendid haul.
5. Preparing Breakfast.



SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE WILD ANIMALS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

(PHOTOS BY HAROLD FLEMING)

Bonnycastle Dale

While wandering in the mighty forests that clothe the Pacific slope one seems utterly alone. A mile from the sea the giant firs rear their immense boles mile after mile, huge, standing upright trunks have they, clear of branches for a hundred feet and with an open, clean forest floor beneath them. On some of the slopes immense ferns grow, often to a height of from eight to ten feet, yes, even as high as sixteen feet on the Olympic Peninsula on the United States side of the Straits of Juan de Fuca. All these far reaching beds of fern are cut up and criss-crossed by the well trodden, if very narrow, trails of the wild animals, yet with all this evidence of the passing nightly of great numbers of the denizens of the woods, the solitary hunter or prospector or naturalist feels absolutely alone.

We were greatly impressed by these magnificent solitudes, so much so that at one lonely camp fire Fritz voiced this feeling when he asked:—"Are there no human beings on this Bella Coola?" Our little expedition was slowly and wearily returning south along that wildly magnificent stretch of sea-inlet-cut coast below the Chuckwalla. I had to translate to O'poots, our guide, (the lad said he guided food excellently well, but that he and I really guided the Nootkan, and as this was his first trip here

we only really relied on him for his Chinook dialect and knowledge of some Kwakiutl tongues), my answer. I am almost forced to think, while in these mighty forests, that if, unhappily, all the sons of men were killed in this cruel war, this old world would still swing along its path, sunrise would succeed sunset as regularly as to-day, the forests would spring up over the dwelling places of mankind, the wild animals would again inhabit all the continents and boastful selfish Man would have ceased forever to bother whether he was better than his neighbor or whether his clothes were a better fit or of a better texture. The weather pessimist with his "It looks like rain;" the exultant fisher with his "Oh! I caught a bigger one than that!" the blatant hunter with his Indian killed, money-bought deer, would all have passed into the shades, and that awful fellow who borrowed ten until "next Thursday" (he really meant "last Thursday") would be consigned forever to realms unknown. Yet with all our faults, who would willingly leave this wondrous world of ours?

The lad broke our reverie by the usual hair-raising question on a dark night—"What's that?" That was a pair of light green glittering eyes reflecting our campfire from the gloomy background. One flash of the electric



THE ELK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

torch showed a dog-like animal, without doubt a slinking old timber wolf attracted by the yellow mongrel O'poots triumphantly calls a dog. Fritz gave the Maori "Coo—e——", and the cowardly beast fled. In many years work we have never had more than a few fleeting glimpses of these overrated beasts. In one case I know of eight of them swiftly loping past a bicyclist, he was resting on his machine on a cross trail and they were hunting, nose to earth, and swiftly and silently sped after their prey. We often hear them after the campfire has died out to a mere flickering. The mournful dog-like wail of the bitch is very ear-piercing. - Cowards they must be, as several times we have found the dog-like pads loam-marked in the trail, showing how closely they crept to our sleeping forms, a side of pork or a hunch of venison always being the attraction.

The picture of the Big-horn Rocky Mountain Sheep bounding away beside the great shoulder of the mountain is very typical of this region, which is a perfect pasture land for this native sheep, who is at home on the highest crags of a fearsome range. He can go at full speed down some of the most treacherous "slides" and sheer slopes absolutely uninjured. Through the binoculars we have time

after time seen big rams and does silhouetted against the clear blue sky, summer heat nor winter's storm drives them from these ranges, although we do see them near tidewater on the far-inland reaches of the salt water "canals." One of the saddest sights we ever met in this violently upthrown Coast Range was a magnificent specimen of a Mountain Sheep at the end of a "blind trail." The big white and grey ram had nibbled mosses along the dizzy trail until he stood right over the creeping, swirling tide hundreds of feet beneath. Here the very narrow ledge ceased abruptly. There was no trace of a way ahead, above or below, and turn the nimble beast could not. How long he had been there no man knows, but two Chilcats, grizzly hunting on the flats below, had espied him and were only waiting for a turn of the tide to the "shore run-in," to drop him into the channel. We very carefully examined the sheep with the glasses. He was evidently leg weary by the way he frequently raised and lowered one of his legs. The poor beast was really resting by pressing against the mighty wall behind. After we had passed up the trail we heard the report that, we will hope, put the poor thing instantly out of his misery. This animal provides excellent flesh for the

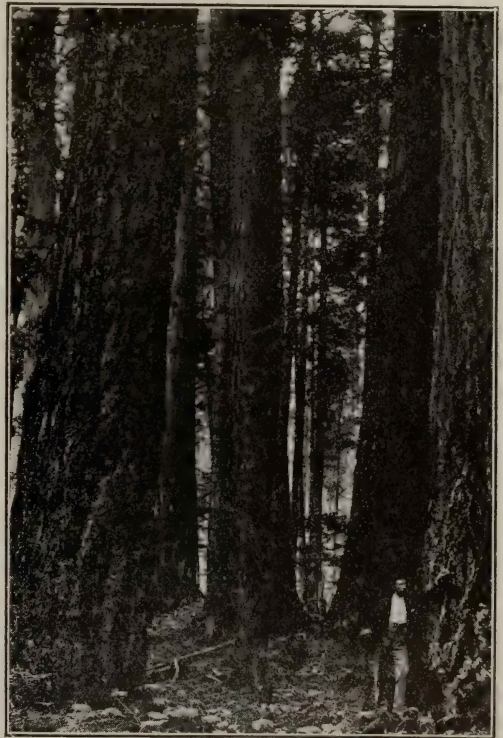
camp pot at all times, the lichens and mosses and grasses making really excellent mutton. The horns of this are the only animal with circling horns, are worthy of a place in all collections. Many of them are picked up, others taken from the newly slain, but man kills a very small percentage of the many small flocks which roam the three backbone ridges. Sometimes the eagle takes its toll, but this is while the ewe is absent and the lamb is still quite young. We have six species on this continent, the largest ram may go as high as 250 to 275 pounds weight and if you get a horn with a fifteen inch base and over forty-five inches on the great curve it is a good specimen. The females also have horns but they are very small, flat and straight, usually about six inches long. There is no doubt the slinking panther (*felix concolor*, the so called mountain lion, cougar, panther, or puma, an animal as deadly and dangerous to man as a cotton-tail rabbit) takes his toll, as his colour, intense secretiveness, nocturnal habits, sight, and excellent speed in the early part of the attack, make him a first-class mutton hunter. By the way, all the ranchmen may ask you, as you sit down to dinner, "Have a bit of swift mutton?"

Say "yes," and eat it as mountain sheep of the tame variety, it really is usually deer meat, killed out of season.

The Rocky Mountain goat was often seen on the more inaccessible parts of the range, a wise looking old chap he, through the glasses, but an awful fool nevertheless. His musky flesh and intensely dirty habits make him unworthy of the hunt, but the trophy appeals to many men and poor old "Billy" is potted, and the head preserved as an ornament. Even the skin is not valuable; the hair is long and coarse and there is another coat of very fine close wool underneath. Both coats are usually exceedingly dirty, so much so that they are stained yellow. Billy has a wise looking old face, but is really stupid, as he stares at you when you suddenly meet him on the trail and at last seems to think it is about time to go up the almost absolutely perpendicular side of the

trail, instead of speeding along the path as any animal of common sense would, and he can go up places, and across the face of sheer rocks, in a manner to elicit a "Well done, old fellow" from Fritz and me. If they could add his inner pad and outer knife-like circle of the foot to these amateur mountain climbers we meet, and also put a nice modest skirt over some of the startling "trousers" worn by the fair sex (Yes! I know they are esteemed essential) they would add much to the "safety first" idea, albeit detract greatly from the gaiety of the onlookers. (Alpine Club members are exempt from these remarks so do not write the Editor and empty the phials of your wrath on his devoted head.)

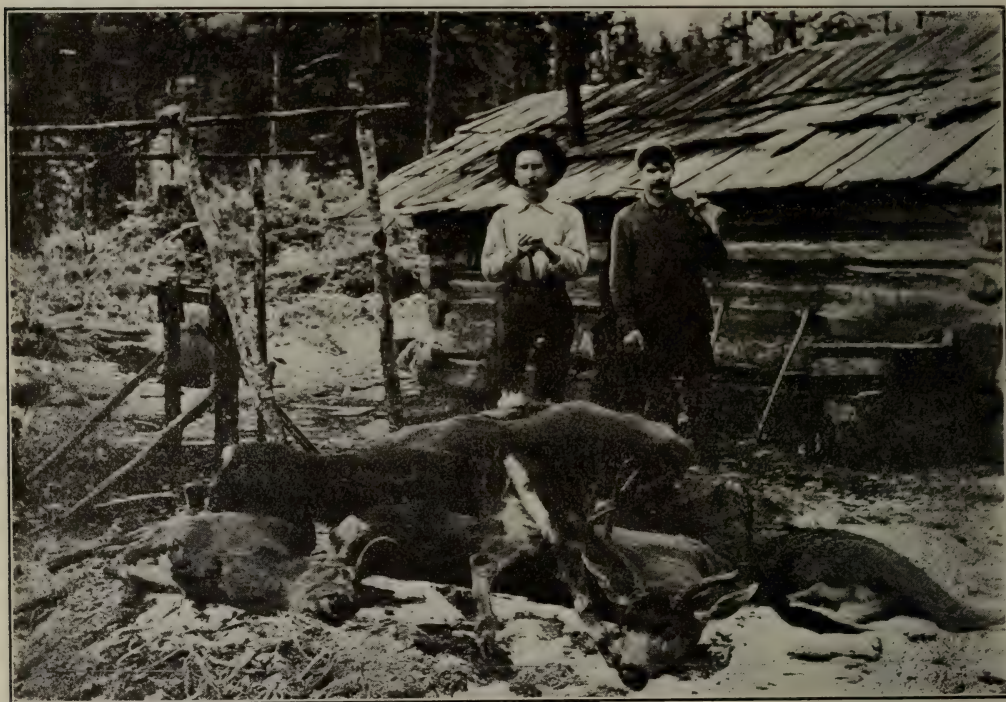
The trails of the deer and the countless arrowpads in the sands at the mouths of the creeks and rivers speak well for the multitude of elk and black-tail and white-tail. Especially on the West Coast did we see these trails and see the mighty animals in their chosen haunts. One scene will



GREAT DOUGLAS FIRS: A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE KWAKWAKWATZ COUNTRY

always stand out clear in memories of that blessed land. A solitary settler, a kindhearted chap, living alone on the upland slope behind a great curving sandbeach, had brought in, at much expense of time and money a bull and cow. At this time he had thirty-seven in the herd, but as he had no market, "the richer he became the poorer he got," as he used to grumble, adding, "if a chap could sell a quarter, or use one off a beast it would be all right, but it's a clear waste to slaughter a whole beast for a few feeds." One

sprang, intent on swimming out and heading off the alarmed milker. In his hurry he forgot to throw off his smock and boots. This, however, he did as soon as he found he could not gain on the swimming animal, which seemed outward bound for distant Asia. This intrepid man, all alone, no nearby neighbor to render aid, not a boat or a canoe on all that exposed stretch swam bravely on until he turned that struggling frantic beast and, in the great surf, safely herded it home to shore; where he lamented to us, on



A SEASON'S FOOD ASSURED: IT TAKES MANY ANIMALS TO KEEP LIFE IN THE BIG ANIMAL MAN

day this stouthearted rancher was astounded to see his whole herd dash madly down the shore, a mass of waving horns and twirling tails. Behind them three dog-like animals were in hot pursuit. Imagining they were wolves he seized an axe, the nearest weapon, and started in pursuit. By the time he got to the tide edge the beasts had forced one cow—his only milch one—apart from the herd and had driven it into the sea.

"I can't let that one drown," he cried out, as the wolves fled at his approach and into the high surf he

our arrival, the loss of his shoes. But the finale was the more interesting to us. The wolves, driven off from the herd by the black, upright figure of the running man (all animals fear us on account of our standing, belligerent attitude) sped along the smooth sands. At the big outer horn of the great sweep of the bay they espied a single lone blacktail buck, one with good long spikes the settler told us, and drove it back along the firm smooth beach almost to the herd of watchful, stamping cattle. Evidently the wolves thought the young buck belonged

to the herd, for they sat down like dogs, and watched it standing nearby before they attacked it from three quarters at once, but the nimble deer, "like a pea on a hot stove!" drove them off merely with swift downward and outward blows from his front hoofs, not using his sharp "spikers" in defence. Circling and swiftly striking the deer danced upon the sands all the while the man was struggling to shore with a good "tailhold" of the struggling cow. No sooner were they ashore, than the three cowardly beasts ran back into the lagoon for shelter, and the deer calmly joined the stamping herd.

"I could have shot the poor beast any time up till sunset but I thought it kind of deserved its life," said the rugged old settler.

It is a common occurrence to see deer in the water, driven there by wolf, man or dog. Several times we have been lucky enough to arrive in time to drive off the animals, or paddle out and buy off the man, as we think if a poor beast has to struggle with the tide, which often almost beats us, it has had enough trouble in all conscience. One bright day while

Fritz was paddling me down a swift little ocean going mountain torrent, where the salmon and the cut-throat trout leaped like flashes of silver light, we saw an extra heavy splash ahead. Then the head of a doe or a fawn was seen and, on the bank, a pack of wild Indian dogs or wolves. Dropping the camera and rod I seized a paddle and off we darted down that brawling rain swollen stream. The previous week's flood had borne a tree down and had lodged it from bank to bank; the falling waters had left a space sufficient for the deer to swim under but whether it was high enough for the canoe was another matter. As we were fairly rushed at the tree it was a plain case of pass beneath, leap upon it, or swirl sideways and upset, so down we flopped like two turtles into their shells; the canoe darted under, scraping off an avalanche of half dried mud and sand and weeds upon us. Up we leaped to our paddles again and off we went after the dogs. We could see them plainly now, standing in a rifle ahead, ready to pull down the deer as it struggled through the shallow rapids. On we rushed and I felt sure the mongrel pack would



THE DEAD PANTHER AND THE WEE DOG THAT TREED IT



TWO NATIVE HUNTERS AND BODY OF GRIZZLY

give, but they had been deserted since early summer when the tribe had gone up to the canneries and had supported themselves ever since. The deer and our long cedar-board Eastern-made canoe entered the riffle at the same instant. The poor affrighted thing was casting appealing glances back at our great threatening shell-like craft and then ahead at the leaping, snarling pack, perched on the exposed rock like so many howling snapping terrors. It evidently decided we were the most to be feared and perforce kept on. The tiny grey head and the big brown eyes were right under the bow as we

swept into the rocky channel. Fritz had all he could do to keep the canoe right side up, so the yellow curs fell to my share, and I never remember smashing a paddle all to smithereens with more glee than I did that one, and then a nice long push pole seemed to force its way into my hand for on the second rock perched a group of starved mongrels. It was really pleasant to shower blows right and left on these hated deer killers as we sped, all too swiftly by, and I nearly upset the craft by a too vigorous stroke at a big yellow brute perched just out of my reach, on a big wet rock. However I

only lost the push-pole and we retrieved it further down just above a nice twelve footfall that would have forever ended our National History camps had we passed over it. Fritz, boylike, told me after as we watched the tired deer wade slowly ashore, that he was proud of the way I had played "Duck-on-the-rock" with those dogs. He said he could not have ducked more than twice as many himself.



DEER PICTURED AT DRINKING POOL

ROUGHING IT DE LUXE

Judson Gaylord

EVERY millionaire has indigestion. It is almost as much a part of his business as making money. The only place where indigestion cannot exist is alongside of a hardwood fire over which some just caught trout are sizzling. It is not surprising, therefore, that about half-way between Montreal and Quebec, on the Canadian Northern Railway, a group of New York millionaires purchased from the Canadian Government the fishing and hunting rights on an enormous tract of land. Here they have built a magnificent club house, and keep the lakes and streams stocked so that even with the very latest in rods, reels, and landing nets, they are able to catch fish at any time of day.

It would hardly be etiquette for me to divulge the secret of the method by which I finally succeeded in invading this millionaire stronghold. If I did they would at once find in their very midst other miserable pikers like myself who insisted on referring to fishing poles instead of rods, and otherwise profaning the sanctity of their domain. However, on account of my sojourn this narrative will be entirely within the accepted code of propriety.

Before the train which took me north from New York had pulled into Montreal, I was surprised to see that the old familiar railroad crossing sign "Look out for the Cars" had disappeared and a strange foreigner had filled his place. The stranger's name was "Traverse du Chemin de fer." Of course, history had told me of the French influence in the early days in Canada, but I was hardly prepared to find that all public notices were printed sometimes in two languages, and if in only one, that one would be French. In fact if you are to be understood at all by a large percentage of the rural population of this section, you must speak French. This fact was emphasized when the Canadian North-

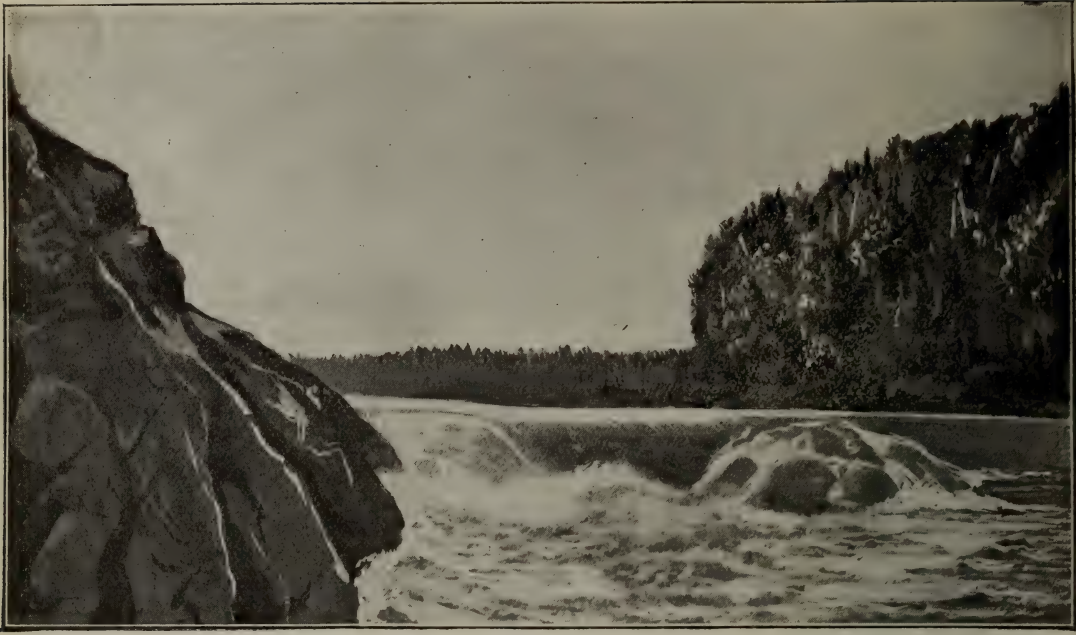
ern set me down at the little station from which I was to go into the millionaire camp. With the exception of the Englishman who had come from the Club to meet us, everybody was talking French. The Englishman spoke perfectly good United States.

He had come to meet us in a Ford. I found one last summer above the tree line on Long's Peak in Estes Park so I was not surprised at the Ford, but I was somewhat startled to think of the lengths to which a millionaire will go when he really decides to rough it.

As we stood pondering whether after all our tackle and outfit had been loaded on there would still be room left for ourselves, a man came by with two dogs hitched to a tiny cart. Not owning a horse, or even a Ford, he had made use of his favorite pets and was in the act of delivering some farm produce to the nearby village store. In the village ordinary houses are often not even white-washed. Occasionally when the owner is wealthy enough to afford a



GUIDE CALLING A MOOSE



LA TUQUE FALLS, P. Q.

little paint only the front is painted and the rest whitewashed. The sign, however, of real affluence and position in society is to have a sheet tin roof.

The influence of the Jesuit Fathers who first visited this country still remains. Every little village has a large and well-kept church, a striking evidence that religion plays a real part in their lives. Many houses out in the country have little shrines built in the front yard. At every crossing you will find a square place fenced off, and there you will find a wooden cross, on which are fastened a pair of plyers, a small spear, some huge iron nails, and other interesting instruments used at the Crucifixion. The particular cross which I photographed was erected in memory of two men who lost their lives in a snow storm. They had become confused in the deep drifts and although within a few yards of a house were too exhausted to reach it and had perished without the services of a priest.

In the meanwhile our stalwart little Ford had been plugging along. The farm houses became less frequent and even more discouraged in appearance. Finally we plunged

right into the woods and for miles rode on, coming down from one bump just in time to connect with the Ford coming up on the next. Suddenly we coasted down a hill, around a corner and the beautiful Lac La Peche lay before us. Rowboats were waiting to take us up the remaining four miles to the club house, for it would never do to drive up to a fishing club in a machine, even a Ford would be too effete. Behold then the main club house nestled on the shores of a beautiful lake, known only to the millionaires and their guides.

The camp consists of several buildings tucked away here and there among the beeches, pines, and spruce, and to carry out the idea of the primitive, they have built them of logs, chinked with cement. Very primitive they are from the outside, but the wildest dream of the eager hunter never pictured the interior—such a collection of Moose head, stuffed ducks, birds, and fish of all descriptions—everything from ptarmigan to tarpon is found in the big main sitting room. No one could sit in that room for more than two minutes without being infected with its atmosphere to such an extent that

he would at once vie with his neighbor in tales of the trail.

Like Ali Baba in the cave of the robbers, I stood in open-mouthed amazement envying the Commodore who presides over all this glory the year 'round, keeping off poachers and preserving its sanctity for his millionaires. The Commodore knows where the fish are rising, the fly to use, the condition of the portages, where to lie in wait for the next moose, and how to whip Germany. He can silence all opposition in the story line by producing witnesses to the facts he describes.

It is vouched for by at least two of his best guides that he caught a teal duck with a trout fly. It seems that one morning before breakfast he was practising casting from the dock when three ducks flew past. In a spirit of sport he whipped at them with his rod. The line fell across one of the birds and threw it into the water, entangling it long enough to enable him to capture it in a landing net.

In back of the club is a small vegetable garden, a cow and a poultry yard, thus assuring palates jaded with trout, bear and moose steak with a supply of fresh eggs, butter, milk and garden truck. Everything from soup to nuts is served upon the Commodore's table. After supper the conversation turned towards tackle, guns, boots, trails, flies, guides, and former years, before we retired to pack up our duffle for an early start

the next morning. We were going to make the round of the smaller camps, which are merely lesser imitations of the big one, situated more convenient to this, that or the other species of trout or big game.

Even in the woods the incentive to get up early from a good iron cot with an excellent mattress and spotless linen is not very great, especially when it has been announced the night before that breakfast is at eight. The sun was therefore high in heaven when my host and I dashed downstairs and out on the dock to take our morning tub in the unruffled lake. As we knew there were no women in the camp at the time, we had wrapped ourselves in spare blankets as bath robes and figured on nature for our bathing suits. The water of these northern lakes is always so cold that none of the natives know how to swim. The sight we afforded was something in the nature of a three ring circus. We had not figured on this, nor on the fact that some of the guides' wives and families assisted in caring for the club. It is an accepted fact that in order to get the fullest enjoyment from the circus, one must take the whole family, consequently our stay in Lac la Pêche was somewhat longer than the temperature or our own dispositions warranted. Nor did our unabashed audience retreat until we were again swathed in our blankets and enroute for our rooms, I was informed later that our swim was regarded as a mild and harmless kind of insanity.

Before we had finished breakfast the guides had put everything in our canoes and were patiently awaiting our pleasure. There were two guides for each canoe and an air cushion for the millionaire passenger. This was indeed a novelty for me, but I observed it was not good form to replace either of the guides, so I contented myself with enjoying the scenery to the fullest extent of my role of helplessness. Ere long we came to the first portage. Here, following



MOOSE SHOT IN THE LAKE EDWARD REGION



FISHING SCENE IN THE LAKE EDWARD DISTRICT, P. Q.

the example of those who had been there before, I removed my coat preparatory, I thought to helping with the duffle. But not at all! The guides carried my coat and all that I was supposed to be able to do was to get myself over the trail, and this usually well in the rear of the guides whose pace is reputed to be furious. In exceptional cases it is etiquette to carry your own camera and possibly your own rod, but to be strictly *en regle*, the trail must be "frightful," the mosquitoes "savage" and your appetite "tremendous."

Some violent exercise was in store for us, however. After one or two small carries we came to the lake we were to fish. Leaving one guide on shore, from my air cushion in the middle of the canoe I whipped up one shore and down the other, getting violent exercise in the right forearm and wrist; also getting the fish right in the middle of the day. In all justice I must say the fishing couldn't be improved. In an incredibly short time I had 18 or 20 trout weighing on an average of three-quarters of a pound apiece.

Having caught enough fish for luncheon, we returned to the other guides, who in the meanwhile had been busy getting things started. While we rested from our Herculean labors they prepared the rest of the luncheon. You know how meals in the woods taste—every one better than the last. As one member of the

party, who was making his first trip into the woods put it: "I am nearly 70 years old, and I have never known what living is until this noon. Hey, give me another trout!"

On the trails we saw tracks and signs of moose, caribou and bear. Quail and partridge were constantly stirring from under foot, to rise and light in the nearby trees. I could almost hit them with my rod. Beaver dams were quite frequent and at one time we scared up a fox.

That night we arrived at one of the branch camps, and found a fair-sized log cabin fitted up not quite so luxuriously as the main camp, but enjoying a cow, garden and poultry yard. The guardian here had a family of some six or seven, and for the benefit of these children certain members of the club had built a school-house and supplied a teacher, but as yet they understood very little English.

The guardian's eldest daughter was a very pretty girl of about 16 who waited on table, attending to our various needs and desires. One of the favorite dishes served at this camp was "Oeufs au Sucre"—eggs poached in maple syrup. It sounds bad, looks worse, but is really very delicious if you can get courage to taste it. Hank and I developed a passion for oeufs au sucre and capped off every meal with them.

Hank had a college education, so he had an alibi for not speaking French. As the guardian's daughter spoke no English the conversational duties fell upon my shoulders. Everything went well until Hank had a bigger oeufs au sucre appetite than mine, and I refused to order any more for him. "Well, tell me what to say," asked Hank. "I can order them myself." "All right, Hank, simply say: 'Edmondine, je vous aime'—you can say that, I guess."

Edmondine was called and Hank

explained his desire for eggs. Edmondine, je vous aime."

She turned crimson and stammered.

"Comment M'sieu?" and Hank repeated.

"Je vous aime." Edmondine turned and fled to the protection of the kitchen. A very indignant mother straightway appeared. Almost immediately she took in the situation and joined in the laughter which was shared by all but Hank and Edmondine. I don't think Hank ever did get those eggs.

Throughout my stay we followed our routine of roughing it De Luxe, which in spite of the fish, in spite of the game, the wonderful lakes and woods, seemed to lack that punch

which is found in "doing it on your own." I wonder if any of my millionaire friends have ever slept in the open, wrapped only in a blanket. The night is pretty chilly, and along about half-past two you wake. The fire is almost out. Cussing the luck you crawl out and put on another log and retreat once more with a shiver to your blanket. There you lie listening to the woods' noises, gazing at the stars; another shiver or two and you have dropped off to sleep. Why just this experience is worth almost a million dollars. Let the poor millionaires have their exclusive camps. Most of them have missed the big tent while looking at the side show.

HOW TO RAISE WILD DUCKS ON THE FARM

"Why not grow wild birds on the farm, both for pleasure and for profit?" inquires Fred L. Holmes in *Country Gentleman*, and proceeds to tell how, thusly:

"Prof. J. C. Halpin, of the Wisconsin Experiment Station has demonstrated that the wild mallard is readily domesticated and may easily be raised by farmers who have small ponds or streams. Professor Halpin, started about five years ago with a single pair. Although he sold many last year, he now has a flock of more than 200. The bird propagates so rapidly—from thirty to forty eggs a season—and shows the inherent ability to shift for itself at so early an age that the plan has evidences of being a good commercial proposition.

"The original stock was bagged by hunters. When turned over to Professor Halpin he clipped one wing of each bird to the first joint. The following spring the thirty-odd eggs laid were divided between the incubator and the mother. The little ones became so domesticated from handling after hatching that they were even greater pets than the domesticated ducks on the farm. Their rapid increase in numbers has not changed this condition.

"It is a sight worth seeing to behold these 200 mallards start on their exercise flights about four o'clock in the morning and just before sundown, sometimes in groups, then in an unbroken straight line. At times during the day they may take a spin, but when the weather is hot they prefer to lie in some shady place and quack family gossip. Sometimes they will go miles away or alight in pastures long distances from the yards that have been fenced off for them. A word to the farm dog with whom they have been raised and he is

after them. As if they understood the message they rise and circle to the yards.

"Occasionally one or more pairs of these mallards may leave, but this happens too seldom to be considered of importance. On the leg of each duck, a few weeks after hatching, is placed a registration seal. This gives an opportunity to keep an exact record of each bird as to laying and breeding qualities.

"Not unlike guineas, these domesticated mallards retain many of the instincts peculiar to their wild nature. When mother and baby ducks are out in the field, let a strange object approach and with one quack the little brown birds hide in the grass close to the earth. Moreover, these wild ducks are habitual imitators. Let one mallard start limping and in ten minutes, unless there is something to attract attention elsewhere, a majority will be limping. A strange noise, the appearance of the dog, and all will again be walking naturally.

"Little feed is given these mallards because they fatten quickly and become logy. The 200 are given fourteen quarts of cracked grains each morning. Without any feeding, five mallards that were hatched on October 12, 1914, weighed three pounds apiece on Thanksgiving Day. At four to five pounds the birds give up their regular flights.

"No special houses are demanded for them, even in winter. A shed is provided where they can get grain and drink, but during the daytime they sit on the snowbanks with their feet tucked in their feathers.

"On the market these birds sell for twenty to twenty-five cents each more than the domestic ducks."

WILHELM THE HAWK

A Tragedy of the Prairies

James S. Jones

OUT to the wide green stretches of the Foot-Hill country in Southern Alberta, there appeared on a certain spring morning a large specimen of Swainson's hawk.

This particular hawk was known to some by the name of "Wilhelm".—The name was suggested by Jake, the Badger, at a special meeting of the "Prairie Ground-Folks' Association, shortly after Wilhelm had put in his first appearance.

Those present at the meeting besides Jake were,—Tony the Coyote, Meg the Porcupine, Jack Rabbit, Collins the Red Fox, Chips the Gopher, Slim the Weasel and Mat the Skunk.

Jake's suggestion as to the name was unopposed; it seemed a suitable one, and in any case, none of Jake's suggestions were ever opposed, unless one desired to break up a gathering with disorder and casualties.

Once Jake got an idea under his thick skull, there was no dislodging it. He simply "badgered" others until they gave in to his way of thinking,—and whether Jake got his name from this bad habit, or whether he had the name first, and we came to use it in describing a person who acted like Jake, we have personally never been able to find out.

Now Wilhelm was an exceptionally fine specimen, this could not be denied. He was not yet a year old; having chipped his shell, the previous spring at the family nest, jammed in the crotch of a cotton-wood tree along the upper reaches of the Highwood River.

He was the first of the family to climb out of the nest and take his stand on a limb, and at meal times, by reason of his greater strength and agility he always got the largest share.

His appetite was ferocious, and on occasions when his stomach had not been filled to his complete satisfaction, there would come a look in his eye that frightened his brothers, as he honed his bill and glared at them in cold selfishness. He appeared to blame them for his hunger, he begrudged them what it took to keep them alive. Wilhelm was one who thought he had a mission, and therefore that others should deny themselves and contribute; that he might deliver his message with style and grace.

From his bearing, one must assume that he was in accord with a higher being, and was, as such, required to adopt a highly dignified and patient look of forbearance on other forms of life. His attitude towards his parents was of a like nature. Their duty consisted in his eyes, of bringing him freshly killed meat; his future deeds would repay them amply for any services that they might at present render him," and with it all Wilhelm was stubborn, all the dangers that he might have learned of by listening to the lore and history of his cousins and parents he disregarded entirely.

Strong in the knowledge of his own strength, he flew well at his first attempt, while the other members of the family, flopped clumsily to the ground, or went plunging through leafy branches in a frightened scramble for another toe-hold. When Wilhelm left his nest, he said, "I will do it for good and all", and he did. By Autumn, one would not have known him for a fledgling. His plumage was without defect. His mastery of flight unequalled, and he had learned to kill with a nicety and precision that demanded praise from all. Many of the ground folk regarded him as a personage, while Chips, who lived in mortal fear, even of Wilhelm's shadow, credited him with unlimited knowledge, and led himself and his relations to believe, that Wilhelm obtained information from unnatural sources.

But Slim, the Weasel did not hold these views, in fact he remarked to his wife at a mid-night supper of freshly killed young rabbit, that "It was a common error to suppose that Wilhelm had even a general knowledge".

Wilhelm did not know for instance that there was a higher power called the Government, which had issued orders for the protection of Swainson's Hawk, in fact he would probably have "bit the dust" in his first summer, if it had not been for this wise Government's protection.

On the occasion to which we allude, Wilhelm had gorged himself on a fat gopher, and then planing in majesty to what he deemed in his inexperience, a splendid point of vantage, he plumed himself carefully and settled down in the sun-shine to sleep it off.

Now this point of vantage, was a telephone post, carrying a line through Farmer Brown's pasture, and at that very moment, Farmer Brown and his son Bobbie were out with the .22 on a gopher hunting expedition. Bobby urged his Father to "Knock him off'n the post", as he had seen the hired man do to other live creatures that offered such a target, but Mr. Brown was a business man and therefore knew, that while he and others spent considerable time and money each seeding season in killing, and laying out poison for gophers, this bird and his kind made war on them continually.

So Wilhelm was spared, not through any care, or goodness in himself, but as a general utility, and it would have taken considerable conceit out of him had he known this as he perched there, with the contented mind that is the daughter of a full stomach. It was written that he was to meet his end in this very field at no great distant period, and it would perhaps have been better, at least, less humiliating to his family and friends, if Bobby's father had pierced him with a bullet then and there, than to have made the dis-

graceful mistake he did, which we hasten to chronicle.

With Wilhelm's migratory journey South we will not deal, suffice it to say that it was a glorious experience. He went by easy stages through state after state, following at times the great Mississippi, until he arrived at Florida, where he settled, and took up family duties, until a time when something told him to go back to his birth place, and hunting ground-of-plenty. Competition for food was more keen in the Southern land, but Wilhelm did not lack, he arrived back a strong and active creature, full of virility and zest for living.

A disadvantage to him lay in the fact of his never having had a fight, other than an attack by a number of skittlers; whose frantic and noisy efforts to oppose him, he beat off with his great strong pinions. Wilhelm was growing to be too "cock-sure" he had commenced to judge other adversaries' ability to out-do him by the harmless attack of the poor brave little skittlers, and felt a too perfect confidence in his ability to handle anything that was at all likely to attack him. Wilhelm overlooked something, something that was too unimportant for him even to give a moment's thought to, as we shall shortly see.

Now in order to set down the details of Wilhelm's end, it is necessary to describe his favorite method of killing his gopher meat. He had many schemes for appearing suddenly on his victims, but the spectacular appealed to him; it was his keenest pleasure to mount to a great height, then wheel in graceful circles towards the sun, in order that his shadow fell far behind. On perceiving a gopher, he would appear preoccupied, and presently slant away, as if engaged with something in the direction, but, opposite. Suddenly turning to bring some object, a post, anything,—between him and his quarry, he would dive at terrific speed until this object was reached, then avoiding it with unexampled precision, speed close to the ground, and with a snap of that strong bill, a toss that is too quick to be seen, the trick is turned, the victim with his spine broken lies on his back, kicking his last. Wilhelm then curves on with the momentum for 100 feet or so and brings up in a turn with one or two vigorous flaps then proceeding casually back he drops those sharp feathered talons, grasps the warm limp form and strikes out for a favorable spot to make his meal.

And now reader that we have introduced Wilhelm, and spoken of his characteristics, let us view the scenery that he is accustomed to look down upon as his very own.

While he soars far above us, all unsuspecting that the curtain in the final act of his life drama will shortly be rung down,—let us observe the setting.—Presently the actors will be in their places, and the play will have commenced.—Let us look at the stage detail, before the spot-light of interest is thrown on the action of the piece.

The sun is well up and shining as he only shines in Alberta, the atmosphere clear as crystal. Thirty miles to the west lie the ponderous Rockies, their cold outlines and shadows piled against a pale blue sky.

Except for odd strips of ploughing, the great undulating fields and hills are green with grass and new grain, as far as eye can see.—In hollows here and there are small lakes of water from the recent rain, so clear and cool looking that one is thirsty to drink them.

From a distance one hears the flute like call of a curlew, and in answer a killdeer pipes. Larks whistle their clearest music, and skim from point to point as though all things depended on their activities.

And look reader;—that spout of new back earth you see. It causes you to wonder. That is Jake digging a brand new hole. He is not in need of it. He digs out of pure ecstasy.

While you or I would put in time at some unimportant occupation Jake employs his leisure moments digging wonderful round holes, straight down in the earth, plenty big and deep enough to break a horse's leg.

Look at that continuous stream of clawed earth spuming up there like a fountain and tell me if you could perform such a feat even with tools. No, you say, it reminds one more of chaff pouring from the flue of a wind-stacker.

And lying behind that shriveled piece of buck-bush, his color scheme of grayish-yellow and black points, blending so perfectly with the foreground is "Tony" the Coyote. You will recognize him now by the long pointed ears.

Early yesterday morning, he and a number of his pals, herded off one of Brown's young pigs into a coulee, where they killed and ate it all. He does not look the sneaking murderer he is, as he lies there basking peacefully.

Those neat buildings half a mile to the south near the grove of poplars, are Brown's. Those cattle dotting the big hill, they are Browns' too. Farmer Brown has lived there a good many years; the home that looks so cozy and prosperous with its white and green paint, those large roomy stables and spacious corrals were not always there. Jasper Brown and his family worked hard and suffered discomforts before those came. The story of his prosperity is already edging out to the great world, and one day Brown will have many neighbors to emulate his success.

And above this peaceful home, above these great green distances of hills and valleys; far to the east and well up out of the danger zone is Wilhelm, sweeping in great even circles as though suspended by an invisible wire.

Now kindly focus your attention on the small bare knoll, just to the right of the telephone post. There are a number of small burrows there, and see; from one of the burrows there cautiously appears a pale wedge-shaped face, with a pair of beady eyes set very closely to the sharp snout, and the ears, they are so far back as to appear almost on the snakey neck. It is our friend "Slim", just out from a cozy sleep. What Slim's business has been that is his own affair; it is enough to say, that to one familiar with the knoll, a conspicuous absence of gophers is noticeable.

Slim now draws his thin yellow body from the burrow, sniffs into a flowing air current,

gets himself into a position that would excite envy in the breast of a professional contortionist, and scratches his back vigorously in several places with a hind foot, then catching sight of Wilhelm, he fastens his eyes on him in a steady stare.

Now none of Wilhelm's relations had attacked a weasel for a number of generations and Wilhelm should have known this.

It was Slim's greatest wish that it would occur again. He had no fear of Wilhelm, in fact, was he winged, or could he climb, he would have before now hunted Wilhelm until he killed him, so set was he in purposes of this nature.

Wilhelm excited his animosity in no small degree, and this increased as he watched the casual regard he had for things, other than his own self. Suddenly,—Wilhelm's flight slowed,—just perceptibly,—in the middle of a circle,—He had looked; and at that moment Tony raised on his haunches, while as though connected by an electric current, Jake scuffled out on his dirt pile and stood there.

Slim turned his head for a moment to make sure who was there, and when he peered again,—Wilhelm was not to be seen.

Slim's body stiffened. His head only turned towards the post again, when Whizz,—
—SNAP,—

More quickly than eye can follow, Wilhelm has crossed the distance, struck, and missed. The weasel family's record for not being caught napping is still good. His movement to avoid is perfect in its poise; nothing hurried or frightened about it, just a sure crouch, with his body held tensely to one side, and without your seeing anything but a little whirl of dried grass from Wilhelm's vortex, Slim has turned to face.

Wilhelm confused at his miss, checks up

quickly. His expression in one of amused anger, as his great spread, overshadows his small adversary. Slim leaps with the full strength of those short legs and a bunch of feathers fly from close to Wilhelm's throat. Slim has fallen on his back, but leaps again before Wilhelm's feet touch the ground, and this time he has hold.

The sharp claws grasp for and cut his lithe body, but his eyes are shut, he feels nothing, and meanwhile those needle like fangs are piercing through the throat and windpipe of poor Wilhelm, who beats the air and snaps helplessly at nothing.

Wilhelm now thinks he has made a miscalculation somewhere, and that he will rise again and look things over. Too late Wilhelm, Too late. With every ounce of wing power exerted, he rises to a height of fifty yards, but Slim goes with him, his long body dangling from Wilhelm's throat reminding one of a lamprey eel fastened to a pike.

There remains little to tell, a frenzied flapping, a hurtling fall, a resounding thud, and shortly Wilhelm's talons are clutched for the last time.

There he lies on his back, the film over his eyes, with his small and insignificant enemy standing over him calmly cleaning his chops of blood and feather fluff.

No sympathy went out to him. Those who witnessed his end spread it far and wide on the prairies that night, before the moon came up; and as though to keep it green in their memories as an example, Bobby Brown discovered the body next day, pulled out the tail and spiked the carcass on the spine of a barbed wire fence. There the bedraggled remains may be seen to this day swinging aimlessly in the winds he was once so strong, and free to ride upon.

JIM MARSHALL: A Character Sketch

J. N. JARVIS

The train puffed westward through the muskeg to the granite beyond the Nipigon, where Jim Marshall lives,—not James, mind you, but just plain Jim Marshall, a man with the eyes of a dreamer, the heart of a woman, and the spirit of the great white North. Shall I tell you about him—plain kind-hearted Jim?

Born in sunny Texas about sixty years ago, he first punched cattle on the Panhandle, and then prospected in the Yaqui country of Old Mexico, where he had the restless spirit drilled into him by a hostile bullet, and since, he has searched, searched, for hidden gold. Many years ago he drifted to the country north and West of Port Arthur, and in this trackless wild he made his home. He knew the district before the engineers had run a trail line through it. He knew its rivers and its lakes, its granite ridges and the muskegs between. He knew the moose, the caribou, the fur carriers; and Indians were his friends—he loved them all because Jim Marshall was in tune. The whip was never used to rush his dogs. The Indian found welcome at his shack, and many a chilled marrow was thawed by hot tea, at the side of the box stove.

I had arranged for Jim to be my guide, and when I arrived at his cabin, I found an old squaw sick in his bunk, with her worthless husband and more worthless daughter billeted on Jim's kindness. He had found her sick with pleurisy and had taken the family in. There was nothing else to do, he said. The old soul couldn't be left to die with only a tent to shelter her from the November storms. He took her in—he took them all in—and she is well to-day.

Jim has a fur farm with pens of foxes, mink and fisher. Two years ago he caught a beautiful silver fox in a trap. She was good stock and the fox ranchers of Prince Edwards would have paid him thousands of dollars for her; he needed the money, but he saw that she had a family somewhere in a den, and that her babies needed her, so Jim just let her go, and hiked off home whistling Casey Jones—for Jim you see was in tune.

Your heart is right Jim, so when your time comes, sleep warm, Jim Marshall, sleep warm, under a thick blanket of snow, for God's angel will be there to dig you out, Jim, when Gabriel blows his trumpet in the morning.

THE HOME TRAIL

R. J. Fraser

WE were novices, we were "green"—had it been otherwise this tale would not be worth the telling. Also, we were strangers in the land and, contrary to our fond expectations and preconceived impressions of the great corporation whose old Scotch hospitality and assistance to wayfarers have become traditional, we were taken in. Later dealings with the "Company" and a closer intimacy with many of its officers have formed everlasting comradeships sufficient to banish all raised by that first trying experience. The six "greenhorns" shall always esteem the officers of the Hudson Bay Company, bar those responsible for that torture-ridden trail to Oxford House. To the "Company" this explanation is due for throughout my experiences in the Hudson Bay country, I personally encountered but this one instance of "raw-dealing."

We were "tenderfeet" when, on that dreary August morning, we left our good old ship and watched it disappear into the snowstorm, homeward bound through the ice-laden waters of the Bay. Yes, we were tenderfeet when we landed in the "Company's" land. But we were cripples all when we had fought our way out of it. I trust that readers will accept this,—my apology for the prelude.

The home trail! None but the exile or he whom duty or necessity has sent into the faraway places can fully sound to its depths the joy in the word "home." Nearly a thousand miles of snow wastes lay ahead of us,—from the icebound shores of the Hudson Bay to the end of steel near Winnipeg. The way for us stretched over frozen muskegs and frost-stilled winding streams, broad billowy-drifted lakes whose farther shores were dim,—a single, shallow rut haunted by the gaunt gray wolf and trod by few other than the brown-skinned lords of the wilderness, winding across miles and miles and miles of snow. But for us it was the home trail!

To forty-eight below zero did the mercury drop when on a February morning we left the time-worn buildings of historic Fort York and set forth on the first leg of our journey—three hundred miles to Oxford House. This was the dreaded stretch that had no house between and the veteran trippers cursed it and called it the toughest trail in the Nelson River country. Dogs we had, three teams of them, and long-legged, lanky drivers, full-blooded hunters of the Swampy Crees. The head guide was a French half-breed, Geordie Gibeault from the Churchill River, a gray-haired driver of many teams. A crooked-legged Indian by the name of Wastiss picked the trail and showed, when we least wanted it, a wonderful capacity for endurance and speed. Of the fifteen dogs ten were lame from the start. One team had just returned from a southern trip to Fort Severn and had been starving for six days on the way. The husky has marvellous recuperative powers. Team number two had already been to

Oxford House and back with the mail packet, three weeks on the road, and the dogs had broken a new trail through virgin snow. During the five days in which they rested up at York the huskies were employed in hauling firewood for the post. The third team was in better condition but would accompany us to Oxford only, where they belonged. Their crippled mates were destined to make the four hundred mile "mush" straight through to Norway House, at the head of Lake Winnipeg, the first post at which we expected to obtain relays.

There were six of us and three were sailors. Bates, the cook, before he took this trail, had snowshoes on his feet but once. George Oleson, a Canadian Swede, nicknamed "Quiet George," was the only one with any experience in winter travelling in the northern wilderness. To his magnificent finish the successful ending of the Lonesome Trail is due.

The snowshoes and the moccasins supplied us by the "Company's" factor were warranted to cripple all who wore them, veteran or "greenhorn", and to them we attributed the most of our suffering.

Footgear and clothing which we had ordered in the fall were sold over our heads, and when the time came for our departure none of these necessary articles were forthcoming. Instead, the culls, rejected by even the poorest Indians about the post, were offered us and we had no choice but to take them. We were in the factor's hands and in the "Company's" land.

The factor himself stood by and watched us trail out from the post, smiling scornfully at the inexperienced Bate's efforts to adjust the snowshoe thongs. He laughed in derision as we bade farewell. "In three days you'll be riding on the loads," he said, "In five you'll be on the back trail to York."

The factor's predictions of disaster were true in part only. In three days' time some of us were on the toboggans, but there never was even a word of turning back.

Ten days' rations were carried for ourselves and eight only for the dogs who for the last two or three days must travel with empty bellies for the loads were already overweight. Tents, on account of their weight and bulk, were prohibitive and comfort must be sacrificed for speed. We made open camps all the way. Barricades of felled trees held back the piercing north wind and spruce brush gave us beds. Over head was the hard winter sky whose myriad scintillating stars were dimmed at times by the fitful splashes of the Northern Lights. When it snowed we buried our heads in the bags and slept the warmer for the deep, white mantle, that falling overnight, completely covered men and dogs. When wood was plentiful—which times were rare—a huge fire was built to leeward. It burned for an hour or two. Then, supper eaten and clothing partially dried, we pulled on all our extra wraps and crawled feet first

into the bags. Sleep was fitful at the best and after a night of alternate naps and shiverings we welcomed the sharp exercise of the early morning start.

At half past three, six hours before sunrise, we were aroused by the sound of the guides' axe biting into the iron-like frozen spruce. It was rising time.

"All up, boys, all up. It's thirty miles or bust to-day."

But not until the crackling fire had begun to throw the sparks and cinders over bag and blanket did we stir. It took some courage to crawl out of the warm eiderdowns; the spruce "feathers" were now nicely smoothed out and "sleep after toil was sweet." Facing the frosty air of the early morning was always a trial and getting onto one's feet a painful exertion, the overtaxed muscles and cold-tautened cords bitterly complaining. But, once erect and in front of the blaze, the heat had an easing effect and cramped limbs soon supplanted.

The teapail was on the fire and after we had each drunk a mugful of the scalding beverage and hastily devoured a bannock, we turned to help the natives with the dogs.

"You watch your fingers, sir," advised Old Geordie. "Dis harness will freeze them on you afore you know it."

True enough was Geordie! Most unpleasantly true! Lashing or unloading the toboggans was a painfully disagreeable task. The hard, rough rawhide was kinked and stubborn with the frost. Knots refused to answer to benumbed fingers which were nipped with shooting pains as one after another the tightened nerves were shocked by every little contact with the frozen thongs. Handling lashings and snowshoe strings—or, even dunnage bags and blankets—froze and blistered the finger tips with a sensation and affect akin to burning. Each day they were thus nipped; each morning the Guardian of the Snow Trails greeted us with his cruel, freezing hand clasp.

The Indians whose winters since childhood had been spent at such tasks seemed no more hardened to the exposure than we "green-horns" were, though they endured in silence. They knew that each morning and evening this painful hour must come.

When two of the toboggans had been loaded and lashed we returned to the dying fire for a last warm up of fingers and toes.

"You best take Wastiss and go on ahead" advised Old Geordie. "We'll soon catch up to you with the dogs. He can take you over the trail in the dark allright."

Nothing loth to get into action once more we told Wastiss to pick the trail, back through the stubborn willows onto the river from whence we had dragged our leaden feet the evening before. The crooked-legged guide slipped his feet into the lashings. Twisting his axe into the folds of his many colored sash and shouldering his gun, he stepped over the barricade of trees. Then the seven of us, muffled to the eyes, left the feeble glare of the gray fire and in close file plunged into the perfectly dead stillness of the winter's morn, an hour before dawn.

The guide turned to the westward and the

never-to-be-forgotten trail was once more resumed.

With no light but that from the dimming stars overhead, we plodded on. All we could see on either hand was the hazy silhouette of the straight spruce woods against the slowly, very slowly lightening of the winter sky; all that was to be heard was the regular 'swish, swish, swish,' of the snowshoes as they sank, rose and glided through the feathery snow. The sense of feel was most in demand, the shoes falling into the invisible, packed impression of those before. The strength of other senses were merged into this one, until gradually the eye began to pierce the heavy gloom.

Fifteen minutes tramping and the rapid pace had warmed us through and through. With the hot blood again in throbbing circulation our spirits were rekindled. We loosened up neck wrappings, and rolled up the face and ear coverings of our woollen caps, the better to rid them of the frozen moisture from our breath that was slowly freezing to the skin.

Slowly the gloom began to lighten and we straightened up to see again and take notice of each other. We were a row of hoar-covered, ghostly figures silently plodding ahead under a canopy of starry-studded blue. Our now uncovered ears could distinguish far behind the tinkle of bells, a hoarse muffled command, accompanied by a medley of howls. Uniting all was the frosty glide of heavily laden toboggans. The sleigh dogs were on our trail and the whole caravan was again in motion. Thoughts of companionship loosened tongues and again our spirits rose. After all we were not quite alone in this vast wilderness of snow. It was in moments such as these that we forgot aching limbs and tortured feet, and the long grim trail ahead of us.

Another hour and the sun burst forth, a golden red and yellow, through the scraggy tops of the avenue of spruces. A snowbird twittered a welcome. A fall of powdery snow close by told of a shaken bough and with a "whirr" of awakened wings, a jay flew by and ahead to arouse his sleepy mates. The herald of breakfast we called him and knew that our feathered friends would be on hand. Unconsciously each man quickened his pace. It was during this short hour before the winter dawn that we were truly glad,—glad that we were living, glad that we had red blood in our veins.

The breakfast fire was roaring breast high when the steaming dogs and hoar-covered drivers bore in sight and halted beside the trail. Scant ceremony and but little time was given to this morning meal. In less than an hour we were on our way again and the steady grind continued. Lunch was merely a repetition of the other meals, eaten in haste and silence.

In February north of fifty-three the traveller sees less than seven hours of daylight and some days when the snow fell deep on lake and river the progress was painfully slow. In the great spruce woods it was deeper and the tired, panting dogs struggled belly-deep until several of us plunged ahead and broke

a better trail. "Keep ahead of the dogs" was ever our aim but it was easier, oh so much easier to fall behind and tread in the cleaner path made by those before. Some days the tally showed but twelve to fifteen miles—thirty must be our average. But the short days were often far too long and the long ones fiendish torture. Several hours after dark the weaker travellers would stagger into the radius of the fire-lit circle, stumble over the windbreak and fall exhausted on the boughs. Again, on the broad stretches of the open muskegs, where naught but stunted juniper grew, the guides would strike a heart-breaking pace and add mile after mile to the day's run till, shelter and fuel had been reached.

We were three days out when Bates and Jamieson quit and we had to lash them on the loads. The terrible snowshoe trouble—the "mal de raquette"—had taken them in its deadly grip and they could do little but curse and groan. The unaccustomed exercise had brought it on. Starting with the toes the sharp pains crept up through muscles and sinew until reaching the groins they stabbed with the viciousness of knife thrusts. Two days on the sleds brought them relief and partial recovery and then it was Percy's turn. An hour and a half after dark he staggered in amongst us. What little energy he had left was being expended in fruitless cursing—the snowshoes, the country, and the "Company" being impartially served. His right leg was so swollen that the trouser had to be slit to give the sailor relief. This, the seventh night on the trail was the coldest we experienced and there was little sleep for us under the soughing pines. The fearful grind was telling.

An hour after sunrise we came to and crossed the Deer River. The climb down and up the banks was a painful struggle for the cripples and the sleepless night had already wrought havoc with the party. All that day progress was painfully slow and that night in camp with but twelve miles to our credit we gloomily discussed the situation.

With pain racked bodies stretched before the blaze we reviewed the progress of the four eventful days. Eager and expectant, exultant in the thought that at last we were leaving that ice-bound waste, we had started on our way. Confidence in our ability to win out was not lacking—though we knew there was a full month's tramping ahead.

"You'll have four solid weeks of mushing," said the experienced men at the post.

"What of it?" we had retorted, "At this game the time will pass very quickly."

"Nearly a thousand miles of snow to cross before you reach the railway. And you're green, every one of you," Big Alec had added. We recalled the conversation at the post the day before we left. The bitter thoughts that now rose with the remembrance of the man who had so cruelly outfitted us banished for the time our pains and aches. Our futile curses were hushed by Oleson, heretofore the quietest member of the party, by his terrible threats of punishment. Then, exhausted in mind and body we fell into restless sleep.

The next two days were repetitions of the preceeding ones except in that we made fair progress. We were now but thirty miles from Oxford House, the present goal of our aims. Our ultimate haven was still a three weeks journey away but Oxford House offered a place of rest and recuperation. The thought of its comparative nearness aroused us little as in our sorry state we could not hope to cover the remaining distance in less than two days' time. For a day past the trail had been well defined and even hard in places where it had been travelled by the Oxford Indians.

"On the other side" said Old Geordie, at the breakfast fire, "we'll have a fine, hard trail. Factor McNab leaves for Norway House on the twentieth, with four light teams to get a load of freight. He'll be travelling just a day or two ahead of us."

"Light teams, did you say?" exclaimed Jamieson, and an eager light crept into his tired eyes.

"Uh, huh. Just their grub and blankets and two day's dog food. Plenty houses and fish between Oxford and Norway House."

"To-morrow is the twentieth" said Bates, "and we must sleep again this side of Oxford." His keen disappointment was echoed by his fellows.

Jamieson spoke again, after a moment's deep consideration. "It's dead certain not one of us six can make the post tonight," he said, "but an Indian, Wastiss for example could do it easily and hold McNab's dogs till we got in."

"Yes, can't one of you get there to-night, Geordie?" we eagerly asked of the guide.

"May be. But they'll no try. Factor Alec did not say to meet Mr. McNab. I ask them."

In low tones the Indians discussed our sudden proposal whilst we impatiently awaited the outcome. All we obtained was an exhibition of the stubborn independence of the Company Indian. No inducements offered could make them depart from the regular routine of travel planned at the start and threats only brought forth surly retorts. The situation was brought to a climax by Oleson, "The Quiet," who again astounded us with speech.

"I'll go!" he exclaimed, rising abruptly and tossing his mug across the fire. "The trail is plain now and I think I can get to the post before morning. There'll be a moon to-night, and if I can finish on my hands and knees, well—I'll ride to-morrow."

Too eager to have him succeed we did not stop to consider what risks our comrade might run. As we limped about, busied with preparations for a quick start in pursuit, the Swede, without more ado, disappeared among the towering spruces.

Big, huskie Oleson was without doubt the fittest of the six to undertake the extra striving. The reserve strength which he now found at his command was surprising to himself. The hot blood surged to his brain as for a moment or two he balances his chances of a win. He could not fully realize the great call that would be made upon his staying powers before the day was through—he only knew at

all costs he must win. So he stretched himself. The rush, with which in his first enthusiasm he had started off, gradually settled to a more rational gait. He swung along easily but with a power that belittled the effort and carried him forward at an even pace with the relentless precision of a machine. After five miles through the bush the trail led onto a narrow stream and he followed its intricate windings until the sun was overhead.

Gradually the two lines of trees began to diverge—the river was widening and soon he would be on Oxford Lake. When, an hour later, he reached the mouth of the stream gray clouds had begun to scurry across the leaden sky. Snowflakes fell and quickly increased in volume. A heavy squall was approaching from the northward.

"I've got to face it" muttered Oleson, half aloud, as the cruel white cloud bore swiftly down upon him. It snarled in his ears and the hard sharp flakes bit into his tired eyes. But he bent his head and bore into the storm. It buffeted him relentlessly. Sight was denied the man and only by the feel of his showshoes on the harder ridge of snow could he keep to the beaten track. Again and again he was hurled aside and plunged into the softer depths. But as often his circlings brought him back to that narrow, frozen pathway. Weakness and hunger—for in his haste he had neglected to put food into his pocket—were fast making a madman of him. The wilderness trail was bringing the primitive fighting instinct uppermost and he knew now that he would struggle till he dropped. Now and again, as the dread thoughts of failure pierced his tiring brain, he would gasp forth a savage oath. The next moment his teeth shut on a stifled groan caused by an added twinge to his tortured muscles. "I've got to make it" he muttered, over and over again. "I've got to make it. God knows I'm trying. But, if I fail, those skulking Indians behind will never go back to tell it."

When the storm broke it left him breathless and half stunned and a heavy toll had been exacted of his strength. During the battle with the squall little headway had been made and the gathering gloom of approaching night was fast blotting out the landmarks of the farther shore.

The twilight hours were well gone when the first outlying buildings of the post rose dark

and silently before his anxious gaze. The trail was harder now and met his staggering footsteps with a painful jar. He stopped, and swayed to keep his balance and failed to suppress a groan as his stiffening feet were wrenched from the cruel lashings. He had not the strength to kick the snowshoes from his path but stumbled over them, cursing them afresh. The stumbling trot into which he broke did not increase his speed. That was beyond his power now. The first shack he came to was dark and empty but he beat feebly upon the door till the sleigh dogs, scenting a stranger, raised their wolfish howl. Then a few yards distant from him a door swung wide with a frosty creak and a heavy beam of light shot forth across the path, blinding him with its sudden brilliance. With a cry that was half a sob the big man covered his burning eyes with his mitts and stumbled across the step. There Factor McNab caught him and closed the door on the wolf howls, and the cold and blackness of the winter night.

The story of how the others covered those thirty torture-ridden miles is overshadowed by George Olesons' achievement. We camped again at the mouth of the river where the Swede had encountered the storm. Crossing the lake most of us discarded our snowshoes and stumbled along in the wake of the sleds. One minute we were on firm footing, the next floundering in the untrodden snow. That afternoon the last man trailed into the post exhausted by pain and fatigue—almost on the point of collapse.

Factor McNab's kind hospitality can never be forgotten and his generous accommodation and the solicitude for our welfare did much to lighten the rest of the journey. He went so far as to delay the departure of his dogs whilst we recovered strength and spirits. Then to Oleson was given the pick of the teams.

The most dreaded stretch of that lonesome trail was over and the the rest of the journey, first to Norway House, and thence down the hard, wind-packed surface of Lake Winnipeg to Gimli, was comparatively uneventful. At the latter place we forsook snowshoes and dogs and bade farewell to the Indians and their snow trails.

Without a backward glance we boarded an "accommodation" and were quickly carried over twin trails of steel to the restful homeland in the south.





F. V. Williams

“O-oooooooo-wow-ow-ow!”
 The big bull moose standing in a thicket of alders heard it and came to attention at once, his big ears flapping nervously as he turned his head in the direction of the sound. The wind was wrong, it was drawing directly toward the owner of that long wailing howl, and silently, for an animal of his bulk, he moved out of his shelter and headed for a big knoll a quarter of a mile away. Half way there, and that Ooooooooo-wow-ow-ow! wailed through the timber and across the open places, it seemed to carry some dread warning to this monarch of the North country for he quickened his stride and shambled along at a half gallop for the big open knoll. Arriving at the top he plunged into a bunch of scrub firs and wheeling round looked from his hiding place back over the way he had come. A splendid lookout this! Back in the near distance was the big alder swamp where he had passed the night. The swamp extended in a long irregular line amid firs, spruce, and hemlock, bordering a small stream that was completely frozen over. Here and there among the trees were open patches of ground, and these he scanned carefully. Presently his quick eye caught sight of a bit of brush that swayed violently, and suddenly parting, a buck and two does leaped into the opening. In these open places the wind had swept the snow off until it made fairly good travelling for the heavier animals but there were places where it had drifted two or three, and even four feet deep, and this had crusted over since the rain of two days before until the crust would hold a dog or wolf, but a jumping deer or moose would go through at every leap or stride.

“Ooooooooo-wow-ow-ow!” sounded the howl and “Ooooooooo-wow-ow-ow!” came the wailing answer from away over on the left, and—of a sudden the big bull’s sharp little eyes snapped and his heavy mane bristled as a great grey wolf swung into the opening, covering the ground at an easy lope that spoke of tremendous reserve power. Scarcely had the first disappeared on the opposite side of the clearing when two other big grey brutes drifted past; but something closer at hand drew his attention. At the foot of the knoll he had chosen for a lookout was a small frozen swamp that encircled this rise of ground for one entire side. On this place the snow had drifted to the depth of about three feet and the disturbance that had attracted the big fellow was the smallest of the does who had dashed out of a thicket onto the treacherous crust only to go through to her belly at every jump, three leaps she made, when like a flash a great wolf came out of the thicket on her right and another on the left. There was a terrible rush, the snap of a powerful pair of jaws and the little doe, struggling to get a foothold, suddenly fell side-ways on the snow and as the wolf leapt back a spurt of crimson from an awful wound half way across her throat sprayed everything about her. The moose waited to see no more—this was not the first time he had seen or had dealings with these bandits of the wild. Away in the North where he had spent the first five years of his life he had seen them and learned his lesson of avoiding them, and now if his leaving the alder patch had been noiseless this get-away was like the passing of a spirit. Hugely built and heavy as he was, he simply ‘faded’ off the top of that hill, and as this was his particular domain he knew every clump of timber, swamp, and thicket this side of the little river.

Across the river was a wonderful tract of country but inhabited by those strange animals that walk upright, and to his sorrow he remembered how three years ago after answering the call of his lady love in careless fashion he, being in no mood for intruders, had upon rushing from a thicket discovered one of these strange creatures facing him in a little open glade. A subtle sense of danger had then made him furious at being thus balked in his love making and he had attempt-

ed to charge this creature who stood pointing a short stick at him. This charge, however, was cut short by a stab of flame from the stick, and a terrible numbing sensation in one of his shoulders drove all the passion from him so that he had turned and crashed away before the astonished hunter could shoot again. Miles he had travelled, and had eventually arrived at his present "stamping" grounds, but it had taken months for the pain and misery to leave that torn shoulder and the lesson had been stamped heavily into his brain that the man animal was to be avoided above all others, with one exception, and that one was across the small river before mentioned. In that country he had passed the summer for two seasons, and in his feeding in a certain small lake on the succulent lily roots and water plants, he had been surprised one day by one of the man creatures in a curious shaped log, or something very like one. On this particular day he had been a long way out on an extra good bar where the roots were delicious, he had been feeding with his head submerged half the time when suddenly on raising his head a slight breeze gave him the man smell and there not twenty-five yards away sat this awful creature in his "log." For the space of perhaps five seconds he had gazed at the apparition and then dashed madly for the shore expecting every moment to hear the "crash", of one of those fire spitting sticks and feel that terrible shock again, but nothing happened, and after gaining the shelter of the woods he looked back curiously to see why something had *not* happened. The man still sat there and as he watched he saw him move in a peculiar manner and the "log" drifted away down the lake. Afterward he had watched this same man approach within seventy-five or one hundred yards of deer and smaller moose than himself without their taking alarm and he had finally decided that this was a particularly harmless variety of the man species, and after many misgivings had stood his ground on his dearly loved mud bar among the lily pads while the "log" passed quite close. Once, too, in the second summer there were three of these strange creatures, and they stopped opposite him with the sun at their backs shining full in his face and one of them had pointed a peculiar looking affair in his direction and he heard a sharp click, and then another,—but that was too much and as he started slowly for the shore the "log" moved away and he heard strange sounds that interpreted were:

"Well Miss Wilson, you must have got a good picture that time for sure. That's my particular friend; he was mighty shy at first but he will 'stand' with the best of them now, although he does not permit any undue familiarity—as you can see."

Passing these things over in his mind, he chose the best travelling there was to be had and put a long distance between himself and the scene of the "deer killing." He had worked around to leeward of the wolf pack and although the scent made him bristle with rage and fear he kept to leeward until too far away for a scent to travel and then swinging back in a huge circle he headed for the one place where he knew from experience he could ford

the little river and get back into his last summer's refuge. The river was bordered by much mud, and many swamps, and the nearest place to ford was a huge pile of boulders surmounted by a few large fir trees a long distance from his present position. Some instinct seemed to tell him that across there these dreaded Northern raiders would not dare to follow, but in making his detour to avoid the pack he had gone many miles away from his objective—the ford.—And that night he selected a hiding place in a dense fir thicket and although he heard the hungry hunting cry in the night it did not come near enough to seem dangerous. However, just before daylight he heard the long dismal howl away beyond to the North, and his goal lay to the South. Snatching a hasty breakfast of edible sprouts from the nearby trees, he started slowly on his journey. There was no need to hurry as he might need all his reserve strength later, and the constant reminder in the last twenty-four hours of the wolf-pack had begun to make the big fellow apprehensive of every shadow that he could not account for. It was now quite light and from all indications the weather would be exceptionally fine for the day. The inky black tops of the spruces stood out in sharp contrast against the brightening sky, throwing long black shadows that shortened gradually as the day advanced, and over everything the great stillness of a Northern forest brooded, occasionally broken only in the thickets or around some evergreen tree, by the chick-a-dee-dee-dee, of the little black capped chick-a-dees. Once a crow called away in the distance and a belated rabbit scurried across an open spot in the brush stopping under an overhanging branch to glance over his back track to see if any of his enemies were on his track. All these things the big moose noted as he stood and surveyed every open piece of ground before crossing to the far side and right about this time a hardwood ridge just ahead took his attention. Climbing to the top, he browsed on the tender twigs and moss, then lay down and had a long siesta. He was about four miles from the ford and would make that easily by the afternoon and he had almost forgotten the wolf pack, when with the suddenness of a thunderbolt came the blood chilling, wailing, hunger cry again:

"Oooooooo-wow-wow-ow!"

Straight back on his trail, not half a mile away, came the answer, and after an interval of a few seconds up from the direction of the river came another answer. An electric shock could not have startled the animal into action any more quickly. There was no need for caution now,—that cry and the two answers from the right and left told the hunted moose that he must move and move quickly if he was to gain the ford. One or two wolves he would have taken a chance with, but there was a "pack" and a hungry one at that. From the very reason of their hunting in broad day he knew they were desperate, and he shot ahead like an express train. With the river on his right and the heavier timber on his left he skirted the swamps along the river bank, avoiding the open places as much as possible as he knew his pursuers would re-

double their efforts upon catching sight of him.

At this moment a perfect bedlam of howls broke out and he knew by their exultant ring that the brutes were rapidly gaining on him. And now he was at the edge of the big bog, frozen over to be sure, but there were two feet of snow here with the treacherous crust to travel on. He had no time to turn aside, but went straight across to the opposite side, breaking through the crust that at first merely bruised, but later cut the skin on his legs as he struggled forward. The distance was a good half mile and he was already two-thirds of the way across when he was aware of the rush of an animal beside and a little to the rear of him. Without turning his head he rolled his eye backward, and saw a monster wolf—who had evidently had the lead of his fellows for some distance—gathering himself for a spring as he ran. The moose's clumsy gallop however, foiled him in this and he raced alongside his big victim, crossed over in front of him, leaped sideways under his very nose, and tried in a dozen ways to slacken the moose's speed or turn him from his stride—anything to give his followers a chance to arrive and finish this tired monster. Here was a feed for the whole pack and the big wolf knew it, but so did the moose and he never slackened his pace or wavered a foot from the course he was pursuing.

Right here the big wolf made a mistake. It does not pay to make mistakes in the wild. They often lead to fatalities. The pursued and his tormenter had swiftly approached the higher ground and the moose got better footing. The wolf, his hunger making him more reckless than he would otherwise have been, thought he saw a chance and made a leap and vicious snap at the bull's neck. At the same moment the stride of the moose brought his feet down—not in through the crust but on solid footing and he turned as on a pivot catching the wolf in his leap with a swing of the great antlers that sent him sprawling, and the pack running silently on their blood-thirsty business intent, saw an infuriated moose crash down on their leader with his forefeet before he turned and fled into the brush—and now it was but a few hundred yards to the ford. Turning inland to avoid the huge mass of rocks to the right of the ford he tore through the woods at a frantic gallop. He turned toward the river and hope rose high as he saw the open water with the shallow ice along the far shore. There was a haven. No wolf could get through that ice even if he dared the ford. Even as he looked and with the water not fifty yards distant, three great wolves bounded from the rocks in front of him and headed him off, while a fourth hurled himself out of the brush within twenty feet of his flank. He had just time to swing his big tired body back against the rocks when the whole pack were snarling and circling in front of him. They had just had a sample of the big fellows' fighting ability and his position with his back to the high rocks was a difficult one to dislodge him from. The larger wolves in front made a feint—a rush and stop, just out of striking distance, then a quick side leap that was always just a little short. They would not close in,—not just

yet. Some of the smaller and more cowardly wolves climbed the rocks in back of the moose. Their strategy was to hamstring the larger animal while the leaders kept him busy from the front, but the leap to get down there behind their victim was a trifle more than they cared to risk and they compromised by getting as nearly over the moose as possible and endeavoring to drive him from his strong hold by short yelps and much rushing back and forth. The largest wolf of the pack climbed to the top of a boulder a few feet to the left and about on a level with his victim's head and shoulders, preparing to spring the next time the big fellow's attention was distracted. Meanwhile the moose, his little eyes bloodshot, his mane standing and his head held low watched his enemies and awaited their rush. One to ten (there had been eleven) he stood there at bay and all in a slaver from his long run, bloody from the cut of the crust though he was, he looked every inch a monarch.

Arthur Dixon, ranger and guide at the Canadian Government Game preserve, had taken his leave of absence in the form of a trip to the very Northern limits of the preserve just to get the "lay of the land" for the following summer and also to seek possible chances of new fishing spots along the little fished river. On this particular morning he had left his snug cabin and gone down to the swamp to look at some rabbit snares and in the hope of seeing a lynx or similar game had taken his rifle along. When the wolves started their daylight hunt, and the first terrible cry had gone searching through the woods he had stopped in his tracks astonished to hear the hunting cry of the great grey wolves in broad daylight, and as he listened he realized that they were heading down toward the ford. Owing to a sharp bend in the river at this point he had only a short quarter mile to arrive at the ford on his side of the stream. Watching through an opening in the trees he had seen the big moose in his wild race from death and not doubting for a minute that this must be the big moose of the previous summer and the little lake, he started on the run for the ford, stumbling over half buried logs and pushing his way through tuckers. Once he went headlong into a big drift and stopped just long enough to blow the snow out of his rifle barrel and then he was away again. Arriving at the trail he threw his pack, axe, and mackinaw jacket aside in a pile of brush that he might run the better, and arrived at the river five minutes ahead of the chase.

At any other time either the moose or wolves would have spied the figure in the red sweater across the stream on the instant, but in this fight to the death it was on neither side dreamed that a man animal was within one hundred miles of them. Have you ever seen a man—an experienced hunter, handle a repeater in an emergency? If you haven't, old son, you've missed something. If you have perhaps you'll not be interested in the remainder of this story. One wolf ran in and attempted a feint at catching the moose by the nose. The moose then swung up and sideways with his antlers and sent him flying but at the same time the leader sprang for

his neck and shoulders. Right at this juncture there was a spurt of flame from across the narrow river and the big wolf midway in his leap stiffened out, and with a horrible snarl fell backward and away from the moose. Up on the rocks above the main pack another wolf raised on his hind legs, spun around in the air and went sliding backward down toward his companions at the foot of the rocks.

As the flame burst a second time from across the river, again there came that sharp crack, and a sound that can only be described as "phtt" as a soft nosed bullet hit another wolf and sent him in a crumpled heap into the snow. And now the echoes took it up. Crack! Crack! Crack! Bang! Bang! Bang! The fight was over, and as the King of the big preserve stood trembling and astonished he gazed stupidly at a great grey wolf who with glazing eyes and gasping breath glared at him from his huddled, crumpled position on the trampled snow. Slowly the moose turned toward the river. The wind, a light breeze, had shifted and blew directly toward him from the opposite shore. His big nostrils dilated and told him everything. Yes, there was a man there, but the wolves were gone, he was safe, and more, he knew this man. He walked to the water's edge and

took a long, long drink, and lifting his dripping muzzle turned toward the figure in the red sweater and omitted a long guttural grunt, then deliberately waded the river landing fifty yards away from Dixon, where he turned and took another long look and then walked on into the woods, and say! don't laugh if Dixon tells you that old fellow said "thank you" in the moose language, for you might get in bad. Take your camera next summer and go up there and try and get Dixon to help you get a photo of the big fellow at his lily pond. If you succeed you'll have 'some' picture. If you don't—well the trip will do you good anyhow.

"Snick, pull back, and snap," went the action of Dixon's rifle as he ejected the last empty cartridge and replaced a fresh one in the chamber and gazed across at the three bunches of grey fur which half an hour before had been ferocious grey wolves.

"Guess they're harmless enough now and my old friend is safe, but that's going to be 'some job' to throw poles enough down here to cross over to get those pelts. However it's early yet and I've got the little old axe back there, guess we can make it!"

And he did.



Reuben Harris, of Upper Clyde, in Shelburne County, Nova Scotia, had an unusual experience last month when he was treed by a cow moose and held a prisoner for some time. He went into the woods to hunt up some young cattle which, as young cattle will do, had gone astray. When a young man in that section of Nova Scotia goes in the woods it is second nature for him to take a gun with him, and this time was no exception. After he had been hunting for some time he saw what he supposed was a bull moose. He took a shot at him but he made no move, and Mr. Harris fired three more bullets in quick succession. After the fourth one the moose started off and thinking he had wounded it Mr. Harris started to follow it up. Before he had got very far he came upon a cow moose with two calves. Instead of taking

fright and moving away the cow started towards Mr. Harris slowly. Mr. Harris gave way before it and the animal at once broke into a run, going straight for him. An interesting foot race then ensued the man making for the nearest tree and the moose making for the man. After they had been running some distance the man saw that the moose was gaining, but he succeeded in reaching the only tree in sight large enough to hold him—a small tamarack—and he got up it pretty lively. The tree bent beneath his weight and almost dropped him within reach of the infuriated animal. After keeping Mr. Harris a prisoner for about half an hour she moved away and went to rejoin her calves. Mr. Harris says he could see no signs of a wound on her and fully believes yet that it was a bull moose he fired at in the first place.

NORTHERN CAMPING TRAILS

C. H. Lockwood

(PART 3)

IT was mid-summer. The cooling waters dashed melodiously through the drowsy July air, larger streams flowed transcendent through leafy, wooded lanes; wilderness lakes lay mirrored in the bright sunlight, and moose and deer stalked into the lake waters to escape the stinging bites of flies. Here, where the trout fisher daubed himself with patent dopes to keep away the mosquitoes; here in a great solitude of rocky hills, where bright wood hollows graced the glades, the scribe and party were encamped at Connor's cabin on the north branch of the whitefish, near Silver Mountain.

The days which we had passed at this cabin had been filled with joys allotted only to those who go in search of the primitive life. But on the morning of which I write, the occupants of the cabin were early astir and soon, four campers strode out into the early morning. The cabin door was carefully closed behind them (there were no locks in this country) and two women and two men started down a forest trail. Our happy days were over. It was with feelings of deep regret that we left the little shack, but it was imperative in order to complete our time limit that we move onward.

A mere jack rabbit trail leads through pines along the river bank, thence to an old logging road where the going was easier and along this road the women campers somewhat delayed the outfit by their inclination to stop and pick wild raspberries. By noon we were within sight of the mountains beyond the railroad, and about this time we heard a train whistle. The train had stopped at Silver Mountain station, one mile down the tracks, and hurrying along we reached a crossing a mile from town where we succeeded in flagging the train and got a ride to our next stop at Whitefish lake.

Whitefish lake is forty-six miles out of Port Arthur on the P. D. road. Its residents number two fishermen, and their families. An ice-house and a dock are the main features at this stopping point; and fishing nets and fishing outfits are the only industries in evidence. If one notices closely however he will see a big derrick down near the water edge, where a spur track leads up to it. This is where the T. & M. lumber company, located some two miles up the lake, loads its logs on flat cars after they have been rafted to this point. There were also the camps which we intended to visit; but our first night at Whitefish lake we decided to camp out, on a high bluff overlooking the lake. We have always found it advantageous to steer away from anything that looks like a logging camp, when it comes to seeking sleeping quarters; no matter how welcome one may be. For dinner that night we had some fresh whitefish, which we got from the fishermen; and they were certainly excellent.

The net fishing at this lake is under the control of the two fishermen mentioned, who have a permit from the government and they claimed an estimated average of twelve hundred pounds daily. Only white fish are netted; although the lake abounds with pike, pickerel and perch. As for hunting, this lake is a favorite one with Port Arthur and Fort William sportsmen. One end of the lake is thick with wild rice and here in the fall the duck hunter has rare sport. The wooded shores on the far side from the railroad are well tenanted with deer and moose; and speaking of deer reminds me of a time I visited this lake, when the weather was not so warm.

It was on a bleak day in mid-winter, when the thermometer registered in the neighborhood of forty below zero, that I started from a logging camp where I had been staying and trudged down the railroad tracks three miles to Whitefish lake. In my pocket was an artificial spearing minnow and in my hand was a spear. The boys at the camp had been telling of the wonderfully large wall-eyed pike in this lake, which they claimed weighed up to thirty pounds and over. I determined to investigate; so I went out and chopped a hole in the ice on the far side of the lake, near an island; and started to fish. Several fish decoyed and I speared one to take back. It was what we had always known in Minnesota as a pickerel, the small slim species, being commonly spoken of as grass pickerel. The Canadians thought this was a huge joke. After showing them the fish they all claimed it was a wall-eyed pike. Thus, do we call a pike a pickerel and a pickerel a pike.

But it was of the deer at Whitefish lake, that I wish to speak. The same day on which I went out to spear fish, I found out something about deer. I was busy fishing when happening to look down along the lake I saw a black speck in the distance. The speck seemed to be moving and, I paused in my fishing to watch the animal, for such it evidently was. The creature appeared to be the size of a fox, but seemed to be jet black in color and in imagination I saw myself carrying a fine black fox skin to market,—as a matter of fact I had neglected to bring a gun. As the animal drew nearer I could see that his nose was close to the ground and that he was following a trail; imagine my surprise when a white wood-rabbit came hopping along with tail between his legs right toward where I was fishing. The rabbit passed within twenty feet of where I was located on the open lake and made straight for the island which was perhaps forty rods from the shore. I soon saw the reason for the rabbit's peculiar actions for his pursuer by this ruse had been thrown off the trail. I now made out that the animal following the rabbit was a fisher, and not a fox.

The fisher, black-cat, or penant's martin is about the size of a fox, built on the weasel type and good pelts of it are generally almost pure black. Like the weasel and mink they are fond of rabbits. Now the rabbit following the lake, blended his white coat so well with the color of the snow that any animal would have a hard time following him, by sight. The weasel and fisher however have keen smellers, and their method is to keep doggedly on the trail until the rabbit allows them to get close enough to make a dash at him, or to sneak upon him unexpectedly. The rabbit's movement in side-stepping and taking to the open lake, plainly fooled his pursuer for the time being; but he soon went back and picked up the trail and first thing the fisherman knew the fisher was within a few feet of the spot where the rabbit had been when he approached within twenty feet of the fisherman. About this time the only weapon at hand, an axe, went flying through the air and barely missed said fisher, who after taking a good look at the fisherman retreated toward the shore now being the pursued rather than the pursuing. The deep snow which was somewhat crusted on the lake hindered to some extent the progress of the fisherman so that by the time the shoreline was reached the fisher had outdistanced him and had disappeared.

But as I said before, it was the deer to which I intended to refer, the rabbit and the fisher however were important factors in the story for without the incident here recorded I would never have been drawn to the shore line and consequently, I would not at this writing be telling about the deer near Whitefish lake. As stated I followed the fisher to the shore and started trailing him through the woods, so mad was I because of him trying to kill that poor rabbit; but I had not progressed very far into the woods before I forgot all about the fisher for the fisherman was soon busy investigating a deeryard.

Yes! the weather was hot the day we pitched our tent on the wooded shore of Whitefish lake but the very contrast of things reminded me of that other day in mid-winter, when I had roamed in the forest, which we could plainly see from where we had our camp on the bluff, and where I had seen my first deeryard. I had been visiting an old friend of mine who had a trapping camp some six miles north of Silver Mountain. There we had seen moose innumerable and had followed caribou trails through the woods for hours at a time; but I had somehow got an impression that the country around this locality was rather thinly populated with white-tail deer. My trapping partner had told me that he knew where there were a couple of deer yards and the day I accidentally walked into the yard on the east shore of Whitefish lake I believed that he knew what he had been talking about.

I speak of this deer-yard, because, first it is indicative of the amount of game in the vicinity of which I write; and secondly because there are a great many good deer hunters who have never seen a real deer-yard. Deer do not yard up unless the snow is very deep and the day I followed the fisher to the

shore and went a short distance into the woods I found the snow to be softer beneath the trees and sank in almost to my waistline. It was hard going I tell you and I did not go far, being busy fishing, as before mentioned; but I did go far enough to notice a few things about a deer-yard. There was a sort of a ridge running along the lake shore and down back of the ridge was a thicket of cedars, ground hemlock, young spruce etc. When first I entered this thicket I came upon some well travelled deer trails, while a little further on I came to a few sets of long jump marks, where a big buck had lit out having evidently been alarmed at my uncautious approach. Soon I saw where other deer had run and I fully decided that I stood in the network of a real deer-yard. In this deer yard the deer were not all cooped up in a bunch, as some writers have led people to believe; but were strung along through separate trails and beds and the whole bunch of them I later found out covered a stretch of woods some two miles in diameter. It was impossible, on our later investigation to tell anywhere near the number of deer in that yard, but I know there were a great many and I know a certain logging camp that appreciated their presence, at least so it was rumored.

It was at this same Whitefish lake that we ran onto the trail of the well known writer—J. Oliver Curwood, who had been staying with a taxidermist named Brown. Brown lives down the track a mile or so beyond Whitefish station and I saw a picture of his shack published in one of Mr. Curwood's articles. Mr. Curwood we understood had been in this region particularly for hunting bear, and he had been down the "Sand River-Arrow lake route." Sportsmen wishing to hunt in this locality will do well to write Taxidermist Brown, Whitefish Lake, New Ont., although the author is not positive that he is still in this locality. From what I have heard, if he can be procured, he would make an excellent guide. There are also scattered Finlander settlers living along the tracks, who love to hunt and who can be hired as guides at a small wage, say not to exceed two dollars a day. The hunter who wishes to hunt in this region should go with a light, compact outfit; so that his packers can move him from place to place if he desires. No real hunter ever hunts along a railroad and back away from the railroad there are no shacks. I think I have said enough to reveal the possibilities for game around the vicinity of this lake; I might add that in the Whitefish river, the main branch I mean, which approaches to within a short walking distance of Whitefish lake, the author and guide caught enough speckled trout in two hours, averaging about a pound weight each, to furnish an excellent dinner to a crew of some twenty hungry lumberjacks at T. & M. camps; besides reserving a good mess for our private use.

Again I noticed how wonderfully fast news travels in the bush country. When we had finished a hearty meal with those white-fish as the main feature, the sun had begun to dip behind a range of wooded hills and the long shadows of the pines crept over the lake. Our tents had been pitched and as we finished

making snug for the night, far down the lake we heard the call of a loon; then the stars began to come out, the fishermen ceased their labors and once the sun had set, darkness came quickly. The lone cry of a wolf, was heard, followed by another and yet another. Soon the woods echoed with unearthly sounds, and to say that the women folks of our little party were thoroughly scared, is putting it mildly. My wife and I were down at the lake shore sitting on an old pier at the time the howling started and at the first sound I tried to explain to her that the sounds were unnatural, that they did not sound exactly real to my ears. In fact I told her there must be some mistake but I might as well have saved my breath as far as quieting her nerves while the wolf howling continued. I will give her credit, however for the fact that she stuck by me, instead of running up to the camp-fire; while the wolves closed in on us and at last our old friend Jim

T. stepped out of the brush, followed by his brother Dick and trapper Grant. They had heard of our coming and the wolf howls are only one of the little tricks by which the lumber jacks and woodsmen make life interesting for the adventurer who visits them, in the summer time, when they have little to do and find time for fun and frolic.

The next day Jim T. the boss of the lumber-camp came with a sailboat and took us for a cruise around the lake. I am not going to bore the reader with descriptions or further notes of our adventures at this place, but will merely mention that we were delightfully entertained by the lumbermen, and given full use of everything on hand. The hospitality of those Canadian people in the vicinity of Whitefish lake and Silver Mountain, we will always remember with gratitude and feelings of true friendship.

Physical Exercise and the Outdoor Life

Frank Hyde Woodcock

IT is generally conceded that the man who follows the outdoors regularly, as a profession, or as an incident to the daily routine, practises the most ideal system of physical culture known. Health and strength are his from the very nature of his calling.

But the man, and he is no solitary individual, who of necessity, must confine himself for fifty weeks of sedentary occupation in office or factory is the one to whom physical exercise is of great importance.

For two weeks, more or less, the call of the woods can be answered, and eagerly the day has been sought, when cares go and with rod and gun, boat and canoe, pack and tent, the game is on:

But what of the cost? During leisure hours a programme has been arranged, tackle overhauled, and everything down to the last buckle is in order, all except the body which for some period has been inactive and allowed to soften, and is in no condition for pulling the oar, paddling a canoe, or carrying a pack.

Still the spirit is willing and the programme, must be carried out, with the result that instead of improved health, lots of energy and strength we find our man back at the office, tired, worn out and usually with the conviction that "the life" is a great imposter.

Thus to enjoy the outdoor vacation to its fullest extent there must be some measure of physical fitness. To obtain this fitness there is nothing better than that old natural exercise of walking, and lots of it. This with say ten minutes per diem of physical exercise, following the movements apprehended, will serve to keep either young or old in prime physical condition, and not only will that vacation be a joy forever, but the daily routine will be more serviceable, consequently more profitable.

Exercise 1.

Stand with feet about 18 inches apart; clasp hands behind head; bend as far as possible toward right foot, keep knees stiff, return and bend toward left. Repeat six times.

Exercise 2.

Position as in exercise 1, with arms folded; turn body to right as far as possible, keeping legs still, return and repeat to left. Repeat six times.

Exercise 3.

Stand erect, feet together; rise on toes; dip with body until sitting on heels. Return and repeat ten times; hand may be rested on chair to maintain balance.

Exercise 4.

Stand erect, hands on hips; raise right leg outward and upward as far as possible, return and repeat six times.

Exercise 5.

Lie on back, arms folded across chest, feet under some heavy article of furniture; raise to sitting position; return and repeat six times.

Exercise 6.

Lie face downwards, hands on floor under shoulders; keep body and legs rigid; straighten arms. Return and repeat ten times.

Exercise 7.

Stand erect, arms folded; bend body backward as far as possible keeping stomach in, and legs rigid. Repeat six times.

Exercise 8.

Stand erect, hands on head, fingers interlaced; pull with arms and raise hands as high as possible above head, keeping hands locked. Repeat six times.

These exercises should be practised on rising in the morning, and followed by the morning tub, or sponge down, finishing up with a brisk rubbing with a rough towel.

Let the breathing, during movements, be regular and deep.



The following article is contributed by Conrad Kain, official guide to the Alpine Club of Canada, who during the season in which the climb described was made was engaged by the New Zealand Government to do high climbing and instruct the younger guides in the finer points of this work. Mr. H. O. Frind, Conrad's "gentleman" is a life member of the Alpine Club of Canada, also a member of the English Alpine Club, F.R.G.S., and a member as well of the Swiss Alpine Club. Mr. Frind is now a Lieutenant in the 36th Battalion.

THE ASCENT OF MT. COOK

Conrad Kain

Mt. Cook (12,349 ft.) is the highest, among the many peaks of New Zealand, but, under favorable circumstances, by no means the most difficult, that is to say by the ordinary route of the Linda Glacier.

As mountaineering in that far-off southern corner of the world cannot yet boast of such development as in European parts, so one is recognized in New Zealand as a true mountaineer only when one has been on the top of Mt. Cook. It is the same here as it was twenty years ago in Europe. If in Switzerland, he had not been on the Matterhorn, or in the Dolomites, on the Kleine Zinne, the tourist attracted no attention, no matter how many other mountains he might have climbed, which, though perhaps 1,000 or 2,000 ft. lower, were twice as difficult. Thus it is in New Zealand with Mt. Cook. It is the King of the mountains, the peak which places the feather in the mountaineer's cap. I will proceed therefore, to describe briefly our ascent of this mountain and the experiences which we underwent during the expedition.

On February 20, 1914, two parties left the Hermitage in beautiful weather. Mr. Sydney L. King, of London, with guides D. Thomson and J. Richmond, for the Bell Hut on the Tasman Glacier, and Mr. Frind, (my gentleman), Bill Brass, (Hermitage guide) and I for the Hooker Hut.

The programme was that we should meet on the summit, and that King's party should descend by our ascending route to our former bivouac and that we should descend by their ascending route to their former bivouac. We parted with the words, "Au revoir, on the Summit."

We spent a very pleasant evening in the Hooker Hut with the Messrs Malcher brothers from Baden, near Vienna, and Mr. Ranft, of Munich. On the 21st of February we took leave of our friends. The alarm had gone off at 3 a.m., and we all felt our eyes heavy after last night's merriment, but we set off at about a quarter to five. It was a clear autumn morning. In the valley lay the mist, which is a good weather sign also in this part of the world.

We followed the path over the moraine, which leads to the Hooker Icefall; here the crevasses began. We made slow progress through them, and after an hour had recourse to the rocks below the West Arch of the lower peak of Mt. Cook. We used as a bridge a block of ice which had sunk into the Bergschrund, and then we had a short rest under the rocks. A few hundred yards to the right was the Empress Icefalls, with the gigantic Seracs. I let Bill go first over the rocks in order to see what he could do. For a few rope lengths the climbing was not at all easy, with our heavy rucksacks. Considering that the guides here, with the exception of Graham and Thomson, do not have much opportunity to make difficult climbs, Bill did not do badly. After the rocks there came an unpleasant slope, after which we had breakfast. It was an ideal spot; the view into the deep valley, which was filled with mist, was charming. Opposite the Baker Saddle was the Moorehouse Range, with one or two unclimbed peaks, and to the right of the Baker Saddle, Mt. La Perouse, over 10,000 ft., with its terrace, like hanging glaciers on the Hooker side, making a charming Alpine picture.

Those are indeed solemn moments in which one has such wondrous works of Nature before the eyes, the thunder of the avalanches strike the ear, and the autumn mist drives through the valley. Scenes in the Tyrol, in Switzerland and in the Dauphine, memories of various experiences in the mountains passed through my mind. Byron, in "Childe Harold," voices the feelings aroused at these times, when he says: "I live not in myself, but I become Portion of that around me; and to me High Mountains are a feeling."

It was indeed beautiful from this spot, even more beautiful than from a high peak, but it was not the goal. We descended onto the glacier, and from that point there was good going for several hours, with difficulties only at intervals. We often stopped to rest, for our rucksacks became heavier and the sun became hotter. On these occasions we saw several avalanches plunging into the valley from the Empress Glacier, and from Mt. La Perouse came avalanches of small stones. The crossing of the Hooker Glacier on such a warm, sunny day, is by no means devoid of danger. On the upper part of the glacier we again had difficulty with big crevasses. At last we were at the bivouac, eight hours from the Hooker Hut. The Harper Saddle closes in the end of the valley and is the birthplace of the eight mile long Hooker Glacier, which takes with it five side-glaciers, and descends to as low a level as 3,287 ft.

After the luncheon hour we set out again to cut steps for the next day. For the first few steps we had to take care to keep our balance on the snow-slope, without the accustomed heavy rucksacks. A gigantic crevasse which stretched across the glacier gave us some difficulty, otherwise all went well till we reached the much-feared Bergschrund, which, however, we found to be in good con-

dition. Mr. Frind and Bill remained behind here and occupied their time with photography, while I made about 20 steps down the Schrund and on the steep snow slope. Avalanches swept down incessantly from Mt. Cook. It was a strange spectacle, and a joy to behold from a safely sheltered spot.

On the descent to the bivouac we witnessed a fairylike display of colour in the West. I made the following note in my diary: "To everyone whose heart and mind are in sympathy with Nature, such moments are sacred."

The words, however, give to the reader no idea of the brilliant colours which would, perhaps, have puzzled many an artist. It grieves me deeply that I am not able to find words, that is, suitable words, for these revelations of Nature's colour schemes. It is impossible for me to make any comparison between the many sunsets which, in the course of my travels, I have seen in different lands, among different mountain ranges and on voyages, for every sunset, with its play of colour, and every beauty of Nature has its own special characteristic charm. I only know that my mood is always the same at such moments. My heart beats faster, a feeling of melancholy comes over me, and I think of my many faithful mountaineering friends. I would like to have them all around me, to look into their eyes, for there I could read if they were happy, and if they all rejoiced with me in this wondrous Nature-drama. When the many colours have one by one vanished, and only the grey sky is to be seen, and night descends upon all Nature I feel contented on all points but one. This, however, I feel to be a chief point—it is education. I will, in a few words, describe this discontent. I regret that I, being the son of a simple "Stona Klopfer" (stone-quarryman), did not have the good fortune



MT. COOK FROM TASMAN GLACIER.

X DISASTER.

to attend better schools, in which I could have developed intellectually, and thereby been able to express in words these, to me, indescribable beauties of Nature.

At 9 p.m., we crept in to our sleeping sacks, the night was warm, and we slept well, which is not always the case in a bivouac. Indeed we slept too well. The watch showed 5 o'clock, at which hour I wanted to have been over the Bergschrund.

February 22. We broke camp at 6.15 a.m. and it was a good thing that we had the steps cut to the Bergschrund. At 7.10 we were at the Bergschrund, where we roped. After the snowslope and some easy rock, we came to the great rockridge, which descends directly from the very summit to the level of 9,200 ft. The air was sultry and heavy. We had a glorious view of the broken Empress Glacier. Bill now led. There was mixed climbing—rock, ice and snow. The snow was frozen hard, so that we had to cut steps. The snowslopes became steeper, and the rock more difficult, so that after a few hours I became convinced that the trip would require more time than we had anticipated. We changed about in leading. I went first over a long snow-slope leading to a steeply terraced wall, where we found a moist chimney. We had difficulty crossing over to the rock, but on the rock itself was fairly good climbing for a few rope lengths up to an overhang.

Bill again took the lead over a steep slope to a couloir, which showed distinct traces of avalanches and rockslides. Bill hacked steps in the smooth ice and made a traverse to a rough cleft in the rock, where he turned sharp, and climbed straight up. Here we took a short rest, at an elevation of 10,200 ft. It was about 11 o'clock.

I went first again, and at the very first pull a great stone came loose. If Mr. Frind had not been so close behind me the consequences might have been serious, as we discovered later, the stone severed one of the strands of the rope, and as a precaution, I knotted the weak part.

From this rockface onwards, every advance upwards had to be gained by means of a step, for the rocks were covered with a sheet of ice. At last I stood on the overhang. A snow-slope of 500 to 600 ft., was before us, and we hoped to make quick progress on it. Unfortunately we had a disappointment. The snow was only about an inch deep, so that here again we had to make steps. Crampons would have been very serviceable at this spot. Halfway up the slope Bill relieved me. The sun surmounted the summit, and its fierce rays, which shone almost perpendicularly down on our heads, began to set in motion the south side of Mt. Cook, on which side we were. A fall of rocks and several small avalanches became audible and visible. Our snowslope ended in a knife-edge snowridge about 10 to 12 yards long, and behind the ridge were small deserts.

We halted on a great rock for our midday-rest. To our astonishment the watch showed ten minutes past twelve. It was not a comfortable resting place, for to the right we could hear uninterruptedly small avalanches. We set out at 1 o'clock, and I went first. To

the left was a great couloir, and my plan was to cross it, as on the other side good, that is, easy, climbing might be expected. I was quite near to the couloir when suddenly, several blocks of ice came down it, stones flew whistling through the air, and the plan for easy climbing on the other side of the cleft came to nothing.

I remained on the rock; some places were very difficult, and in addition to this, there was the exciting whistling and singing of the stones to the left, and the roar and thunder of the avalanches on the right. All who have been in such a situation can easily picture it to themselves, but it is very difficult to describe it to others who have had no experience in the mountains. A few hundred yards up again I tried to cross the couloir, but this attempt nearly had a very disastrous ending. I was just in the act of drawing myself up over an overhang when a small avalanche of stones hurtled over me. Luckily I had a good foothold, and escaped with a blow on my head and a crushed finger. Mr Frind and Bill were in a sheltered place and were not touched by the avalanche. Here we discussed turning back, which, however, would have been just as dangerous, if not more so. I bent rather to the right till I reached a steep cliff, at the foot of which there was a rock to which I told the others to come, as there was some shelter there. A difficult bit was before me, and as I considered the matter, I saw the danger.

There was only one way, and it led under an overhanging ice-pillar to a couloir, or rather, a narrow chimney, on the left of which was rock and on the right an icewall from which hung threatening ice masses. I warned Mr. Frind and Bill to be on the lookout every second for a pull on the rope. It was a comparatively short piece, but the ice was in bad condition, and I was rather tired; in addition to which, my crushed finger was beginning to hurt. As I could touch the rock I spent no more time in cutting steps, but worked myself up by means of bracing my back and legs against the opposite sides of the chimney. I breathed more freely when I stood on the top and had a good drink of water. This place was the most difficult in the whole trip. We rested for a few moments, and from now on it was somewhat easier. A few outstanding rocks saved me cutting many steps. At last we were at the top of the couloir, and near the peak. We had left the danger behind us. I traversed to the left in order to come onto easier ground, and after about 170 steps we reached it. It was a real joy to climb without making steps. About 150 feet below the summit we came upon the tracks of our friends, who, after long waiting, had probably given up all hope of our coming, and had gone down by the same route by which they had ascended.

At about 5.15 we stood on the highest point of New Zealand—12,349 ft. high. According to the old custom we shook hands. The view was glorious; a sea of mountains round about, and in the west the ocean itself was visible. The most beautiful peak seen from the summit was Mt. Tasman, which was climbed in 1895 for the first time by the world-renowned

guide, M. Zurbruggen, and until now the ascent has been repeated only twice. Unfortunately our rest on the summit was only a short one. At 5.40 we left the top, and followed the tracks of the other party down the northeastern slope. What a strange feeling it is when one is on such a high mountain, and has only two hours of daylight before one.

By 7 o'clock we had descended both the cliffs known as the Summit Rocks. From here onwards we traversed to the left under these rocks, on which threatening glaciers hung. At last we came to the Linda Glacier, about 400 to 500 feet below Green's Saddle, and had good going until we came to a plateau on which lay an enormous ice-avalanche which had descended in a northerly direction from Mt. Dampier. Here the tracks of our friends disappeared. It was clear that the avalanche had descended that afternoon. The going

were able without danger to reach better ground.

Here we lighted the lanterns, and I relieved Bill. The descent took us across an old avalanche bed. For some few steps we went without sinking in, and then there was a tug on the rope and the second man was up to his hips in snow. After many and various exclamations concerning the route, came the words "All right", and a minute later I myself fell in—my lantern went out—my iceaxe lay a few yards below, and the rope was twisted into a net. Strong words in German, Italian and English broke the almost uncanny silence of Nature. Here I can testify that the English language is, above all other languages, the best on such occasions. It has so many words, and one which stands for so much! At last we again came upon tracks, and we went carefully through the network of



THE HERMITAGE WITH MT. COOK

over this avalanche, which was certainly more than half a mile wide, was very bad, and, in addition, we knew something more might fall at any moment. The sun had left us long ago, and we had only about fifteen or twenty minutes of daylight left. We saw that the lower part of the Linda Glacier was frightfully crevassed—no inviting place for a night march. At the end of the Glacier, we saw tracks again, but lost them on account of the oncoming darkness.

Night is night! The clefts doubled in number; we traversed to the left, and, mounting a little, Bill leading, came to a fearfully steep slope. I had no hope that we should find a descent here, for I feared a great Bergschrund. But Bill tried his luck! The Bergschrund was there, but, luckily for us, it was at one point filled with avalanche snow, so we

crevasses in order not to lose them again. It would take too long if I were to describe these crevasses. There were between ten and twenty of them, under high walls of ice and snow, which were adorned with icicles and glistened in the light of the lanterns like the Christmas tree of the fairy story. This uncanny quiet, or peace, was now and again interrupted by the thunder of avalanches which sounded like the report of a cannon. We came to another avalanche which had fallen from the slopes of the Silver Horn, but it was not as large as the first one. At last we were on the long wished for Grand Plateau!

Here we rested, and lit our spirit cooking-lamp, which proved to be a very slow process. I had almost lost my temper, and wished that we had forgotten the machine, for we were wet through, and I had no longer any feeling

in my feet. I was afraid that both were frozen. I need hardly mention, however, that after seventeen hours a warm drink was welcome.

There was scarcely any danger over the great plateau, and it was a pleasure to be able to go forward without having to consider every step. We next had to ascend to the dome of the glacier, but also without danger. We stood on the dome and knew that we must descend 1,900 ft. to the bivouac. There we shall meet our friends, who will bid us welcome! There we shall find food and drink, and there are warm coverings in which we shall wrap our wet and weary limbs! With these reflections we revived our drooping spirits. The descent began with a much broken cliff, then came a dizzy snow-bridge over the Bergschlund to a steep slope, down which we went slowly, but safely. Here I must say a word of thanks to my comrade, Bill. Bill had been here a week before, and remembered each step of the way, and led us safely over the complicated route to camp. I feel convinced that, without Bill, I should have bivouacked at the foot of the cliff, for it would have been too dangerous under such circumstances to have undertaken the descent. There is a great difference between ascending and descending unknown ground at night!

As we approached the bivouac we heard voices,—it seemed as though a stone were lifted from our hearts, and we all three said at once, "They are in the bivouac," meaning King's party.

After a few more steps we saw the illuminated tent. We shouted "Hulloa! Our 'Hulloa!' was returned by an unfamiliar voice, which also asked "Are you King's party." "No, Frind's." "Where is King?" We entered the bivouac and recognized Mr. Dennistoun and Mr. Turner. King's party had not returned. What was the matter? Where could they be? After much discussion we decided that the party had descended by another route to the Ball hut.

The hands of the clock pointed to 2.15 a.m. That made twenty hours of ice and rock, out of which time we had rested perhaps one and a half hours. Mr. Dennistoun and Mr. Turner set out at 3 o'clock to ascend Mt. Cook and we crept into the tent. We had not been deceived—we had heard voices, seen a light, met mountaineering friends,—but not King, not Darby, not Jock. "Where are they?" With this question I fell asleep, "Where are they?"

I got up at 7 o'clock. It was a glorious morning. We left the bivouac at 9 o'clock and reached the Ball hut at 1 o'clock. The first thing to do was to look at the book in the hut. There was no entry. To me it was now clear where they were—under the great avalanche. There was only one hope left, namely that all three had forgotten to make an entry in the hut book, and that we should find them safe and well at the Hermitage.

Tired and excited we arrived at 7 o'clock at the Old Hermitage. Not a soul was there, but we heard through the telephone, to our sorrow, that the party had not returned. Oh! what a sorrowful feeling came over me. I would have loved, above all, to hear that they

had slept at the New Hermitage. Of course we knew that everyone would question us about the party. We had been on Mt. Cook on the same day, had made use of the tracks and the steps of the party in the descent, and did not see them on the summit. That pointed to a sad occurrence. It all happened as I expected—everyone asked, "Where are the others?" One asked after Mr. King, another after Darby, someone else after Richmond. I had to answer the questions evasively. Peter Graham, the chief guide, was in the Hooker hut. Alf and Frank set out at once with a letter to the Hooker hut. I watched them both go out into the stormy night. Yes, it was indeed a stormy night, and the two splendid fellows set off without any hesitation, a sign of true comradeship.

In order to avoid further questions I went to my room. As I was opening the door, I heard my name called, and beside me stood a girl, with tears in her eyes. She asked me about Richmond. I comforted her by telling her that probably the party was in the Maltor Burn hut, but that did not satisfy her. She begged me to organize a rescue party. I promised her that we would all set out early the next morning, and that I would undertake the leadership myself. The poor girl thanked me warmly. I saw the tears streaming down her cheeks. I have often looked death in the face and remained as cold as ice, but these tears on the rosy cheeks of the girl moved me deeply. The thought that, under similar circumstances, for me, too, tears would flow, melted my heart as never before.

Scarcely was I in bed, when someone knocked at the door. It was Mr. Cook, the manager of the Hermitage, a thoroughly kind, warm-hearted fellow. He brought me a glass of brandy. I told him my conviction that there was no hope that the three were still alive.

About 3 o'clock in the morning, Graham and Frank came into my room. When I told Graham about the great avalanche, he turned pale and became agitated, for he could see that there was no hope, and that his best friend, Darby, with whom he had spent so many hours of joy, sorrow and danger on the mountains, was no more.

At 5.30 a.m. on Feb. 24, we four guides set out on the search, Graham, Brass, Frank and I. The thought of that start in order to find out what had happened to our comrades will always call up a sad picture in my memory. On the way to the Ball hut we met Mr. Dennistoun and Mr. Turner who were returning, without success and without further news, from Mt. Cook. Both turned back, ready to do their best and their utmost. Mr. Dennistoun rode to the Hermitage and came back again to the bivouac in the evening. On that day we could not do more than go to the bivouac, only Graham and I cut steps up to the dome in order to save time the next day.

On Dec. 25, at 5 a.m. we left the bivouac, taking a shovel and blankets with us. Bill and I explained the various tracks. There was no doubt that on Feb. 21, the day before their climb, the party had cut steps to some considerable height, in order to save time the next day. There were the following tracks,

without counting ours. One going up, three coming down—if the party had not been buried under the avalanche there ought to have been six tracks coming down. On the avalanche we could clearly distinguish the six descending tracks.

For our part, we climbed over the avalanche searching as we went, but without success, and in the descent we again scattered.

I have already said that the avalanche was the largest I have ever seen, and so it was like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay. Near the edge of the glacier, Peter Graham came upon a body, and exclaimed, "Here is one of them! It is Richmond".

The head and the feet were visible, the body was disfigured. The rope was broken. We searched in all directions for the others, but without success. We cut the corpse out of the ice and wrapped it in the blankets. Before we carried it away from the spot, the others said the Lord's Prayer for the departed. As my religion does not allow of prayers and ceremonies, I remained silent. Did I really remain silent? No, I said in my heart the following words of sympathy for my three unfortunate comrades. "Beautiful and indescribable are the beauties of Nature, seen from the heights! Grand and noble is the man who loves Nature, and who with heart-felt longing climbs to these heights over rock and ice, in storm and wind, in rain and sunshine, braving danger. Grand and noble were you three, friends of Nature! My heart shall ever preserve a faithful memory of you, in the name of Nature."

I do not think it necessary to give any further account of the work of removing the corpse but I cannot resist writing a few lines on the love and self sacrifice displayed by mountaineers on such occasions. I had often felt convinced that the friendship and comradeship of mountaineers had a firmer foundation than any other, but it was a surprise to me when Mr Cook laid before me a number of telegrams, saying as he did so, "That is a sign of good fellowship among the boys." There were over a hundred telegrams, and the contents of all were more or less the same—in all help was offered. I am proud to say that, as a wanderer in the mountains, one meets everywhere with good fellows, without any distinction of nationality, and that the friendships of mountaineers in every part of the world, are made on the same last.

I will briefly describe the three unfortunate comrades. Mr. Sydney L. King was a tip-top English gentleman, and was recognised in the English Alpine Club as a skilled mountaineer. I had the pleasure of making one short rock climb with him, and, besides that, we had passed many hours together in the Hermitage. Mr. King always spoke well of his Swiss guides, two of whom I know personally, and I am sure that they all will preserve a faithful memory of him as a real gentleman. He was in his thirty-sixth year, still young, but I count him as one of the "Old Timers" among tourists, for he was one of those who regarded as friends the guides and companions of his trips. Mr. King had climbed over one hundred mountains, most of the peaks being in Switzerland. I need hardly mention that

he was a lover of Nature.

Darby Thomson was a New Zealander. His home was Ross, on the west coast. Darby was much beloved by tourists and by his colleagues and was always known as Darby. One did not often hear his second name. He had been at the Hermitage for eight summers, and had begun as a porter. In the winter he was occupied with lumber on the west coast, and, as he himself told me, made just as much money in that way as in being guide. It is quite certain that Darby did not return every spring to the Hermitage just for the sake of the pay. No, it was not only money that brought him back to the dangerous profession, it was love for the mountains, "The Call of the Wild," which always haled him back again. Once I was talking with him about Alpine Literature. He said that he liked best the books of the older mountaineers, and that the new ones, with the exception of those of Jack London, were not much to his taste. Later on, I found out something which perhaps contributed to his lack of esteem for the newer writers. (See the Alpine Club Journal, Vol. XXXII. No. 199.) "The traverse of Mt. Cook from West to East." On this trip Darby was one of the party, but his name is not mentioned. The account runs thus: "Miss —, with Peter Graham and a porter, 'etc.'" It is not my intention to criticise this account. It was perhaps a printer's error. Darby made many first ascents, and was an excellent guide on ice and snow.

Jock Richmond was a grand guide, and a very capable fellow. His home was at Fairlie, where he is now buried. Jock had been for three years on the staff of the Hermitage guides. He was the third best guide, and, in a few years' time, with more experience, he would have had as good a standing as Graham and Thomson. I had the pleasure of meeting Jock's sister and brother-in-law, and both said to me, "Oh, Jock was in love with mountaineering." He was once asked if he were not afraid of its many dangers. His answer was accompanied by a beaming smile, "I am not afraid. Dangers often have a special charm." And thus in Jock, as in Darby, we find the same characteristic love of the mountains. "The Call of the Wild", brought him there where, with his "gentleman" and his comrade, he found his death.

In Jock and in Darby, New Zealand has lost two good sons of the mountains.

My gentleman, Mr. Frind and I made seventeen ascents, and several new traverses. In the beginning of April, I had to leave the Hermitage which had become so dear to me. Pressing my friends' hands, I turned to Mt. Cook with the words, "Auf Wiedersehen." The motor started, once again I heard their farewell shouts, and then we were gone. Yes, friendship which has been sown and nurtured in the mountains is friendship which one learns to value. Minds attuned alike, deepfelt love for the sacredness of Nature, the overcoming together of difficulties and dangers,—all these help to form genuine, unalloyed friendships, and for this, also we have to thank the mountains. He who does not falter then is a true man—let us choose him as our friend.

ALPINE CLUB NOTES

IT has been stated in many papers that Professor Holway and Dr. Gilmour climbed Mt. Geikie this summer. This is an error, the mountain climbed was Mt. Fitzhugh, sometimes, but wrongly called Giekie. Professor Holway hopes to climb the true Geikie next season.

After climbing Fitzhugh, some time was spent in the fascinating Robson region and then Professor Holway says in his letter:—"We went up Horse Creek to the end of the south branch. At the head of the north fork are some high peaks, about 10,500 feet, with a very large glacier between. We expected to cross over at the head of the south fork but came out on a 1500 ft. precipice. We looked down into a large valley, a branch of the Beaver about seven miles long, flowing nearly west. This region is quite different from the map. We retraced our route for a mile or two and camped. Climbed and explored for a few days and found that we could cross over a glacier on the south side of the valley and get into the Small River region; our packer was game and we made it all right by letting him and his pack down with the rope. Here was one of the most beautiful places I have seen; great meadows, waterfalls and magnificent views of the Longstaff range and glaciers. We followed this branch of Small River about seven miles and up the east fork and camped under cliffs 3000 feet high over which a great glacier discharged and down which poured many falls. We could not be sure of Longstaff at first and climbed the two peaks next south first. Then we went after Longstaff reached the northwest arete and found that the rocks could not be climbed but that a narrow ridge of ice led up; this was the hardest kind and so steep that when standing in one step the next one had to be cut opposite my face. We should have backed out at once and gone down the glacier and tried to get up on the great glacier covering Longstaff from top to bottom on the south, but we kept cutting until nearly night and were within some 150 feet of the top, but there was no possibility of making it. As it was we reached camp at 10.30. We expected to go back the next day, but found that there was not grub enough to reach the Fraser on, and had to go out.

"The finest country to explore is no doubt the Cariboo range. I saw the peaks from various mountains and they are certainly good with many big glaciers. It is a most interesting region but difficult of access. East of the Yellowhead the going is not bad, but west it is much like the Selkirks. There are trails, so called, for a few miles up some of the valleys but horses can seldom be taken. In all the region near the Fraser River are Devil's Club, Alders, and Willows and, worse than all, dense swamps where the beavers have built dams. When the upper valleys are reached there are meadows, lakes, falls and wonderful camps."

To the list of the names of those who graduated at the Ptarmigan Lake Camp of 1915

which appears in the December number of Rod and Gun should be added: Rev. A. L. Harkness, Tomahawk, Alta.; Rev. A. W. MacMichael, Westlock, Alta.; Rev. G. D. Whitaker, Edmonton; Miss H. D. Banks, Miss M. Jamieson and C. W. Noble, all of Toronto.

As far as is known the following members of the Alpine Club of Canada have volunteered for Active Service. The Secretary-Treasurer would be greatly obliged at receiving further names and particulars concerning members who are serving their country.

- L. S. Amery, Interpreter.
- W. A. Aldritt (Sergt., Prisoner), 90th Regiment.
- Dr. H. Anderson (Capt.), R. A. M. C.
- Mrs. H. Anderson, Nurse.
- Rev. W. R. Ball, 49th Battalion
- Dr. F. G. Bell (Capt., Wounded), R. A. M. C.
- E. W. Bickle (Capt.), 48th Highlanders.
- M. Bright (Lieut.), R. Engineers.
- W. C. Bruce, Canadian Engineers.
- K. C. Campbell (Capt.), 43rd Battalion.
- R. J. Casement, Sappers and Miners.
- C. G. Chinneck, 13th Mtd. Rifles.
- Capt. R. P. Clark.
- G. Darling (Corp.), 1st C. M. R.
- Miss M. Cowell, Nurse.
- A. Eastham.
- J. E. C. Eaton, Artist's Rifles.
- Dr. C. E. Fortin, Lord Strathcona Horse.
- H. W. A. Foster (Lieut.), 20th Battalion.
- W. W. Foster (Capt. Grenade Officer), C. M. R.
- Lieut. H. O. Frind, 36th Battalion.
- Rev. A. Gillies-Wilken, C. M. R.
- Rev. A. Gordon, 5th Royal Highlanders.
- C. W. Gray (Wounded), Head Quarters Staff, France.
- W. F. Guild, (Lieut.) 52nd Battalion.
- Dr. J. A. Gunn (Lt. Col.), 3rd Field Ambulance.
- Dr. J. N. Gunn (Capt.), R. A. M. C.
- G. L. Haggan.
- C. J. Heaney.
- J. A. Hesketh (Major, D. S. O.), Strathcona Horse.
- G. E. Howard, Artist's Rifles.
- J. R. N. Irwen (wounded), Rifle Brigade.
- Dr. A. C. C. Johnston, C. M. R.
- S. L. Jones (Capt.), Princess Patricia.
- Mrs. S. L. Jones, Nurse.
- F. V. Longstaff (Major), 5th Battalion E. Surrey Regt. (Retd.).
- Dr. T. G. Longstaff (Lieut.), 7th Battalion Hampshire Regt.
- A. J. B. Milborne, 3rd Field Ambulance.
- C. H. Mitchell (Lt. Col.), General Staff Officer.
- Miss M. J. Monk, Nurse.
- J. C. McHutcheon, Cycle Corps.
- W. C. McNaught, O. T. C.
- Jas. G. McDougall.
- J. C. Oxborough, 12th Mounted Infantry.
- Wm. Oxborough, 12th Mounted Infantry.
- R. E. Patterson (Lieut.), 13th Regt.

W. M. Pearce (Lieut. wounded) 1st Montreal Regiment.

R. F. Pilkington (Lieut.).

J. M. Poucher, 51st Battalion.

C. B. Reynolds, 9th C. M. R.

Rev. G. S. Provis, Remount Depot.

A. E. Robertson (Capt.), 5th G. A.

F. A. Robertson (Capt.), 49th Battalion.

Miss J. T. Scott, Nurse.

G. M. Smith, (Capt.) University Corps.

R. H. Smith, 4th Field Ambulance.

G. R. Street, R. A. M. C.

E. L. Taylor (Lieut.), R. Garrison Artillery.

J. N. Taylor, King Edward's Horse.

T. J. Taylor, Staff Signalling Section.

J. E. Tilleard.

F. Trant (wounded), 14th Battalion.

H. Watts.

Dr. A. W. Wakefield.

Miss K. Walker, Nurse.

A. F. Wedgwood (Lieut.), 5th Battalion N. Staffordshire.

O. Q. Warren, C. M. R.

H. Westmorland (Lieut.), C. P. A. S.

E. O. Wheeler (Lieut. R. E.), King George's Own Sappers and Miners.

E. N. White (Lieut.), 1st Battalion Middlesex Regt.

K. H. White, Motor Transport Service.

Rev. R. B. Winsor.

J. R. Young, Belgian Red Cross.

P. M. Humme, Royal Artillery.

DEER HUNTING IN CANADA

Empty Cartridge

WHERE did we get the eight deer?" This is the only answer I will give to the oft repeated question. While fishing for big muskey or Maskenozay, to give the fish the correct Ojibway Indian name, in the French River District, Ontario, my Indian guide told me of the good moose and deer hunting that was to be had in that district and in another district, a little further away that he knew well. We went into this country the day before the season opened, transportation matters having been made easy for us by the C.P.R. agents. We had nothing to complain about in that respect. The sleeping and catering arrangements were perfect.

We were afraid of dry weather and crackling leaves and twigs that would scare our quarry, but a welcome fall of wet snow, the "squaw's winter," preceding the Indian Summer, gave us ideal conditions of moisture to deaden our footsteps. The hunters left for their stands in the morning full of hope and faith that good results would be attained before night. Before noon the snow had partly melted, leaving everything noiseless under foot. We were in a good moose country and we thought that calling the moose would bring immediate results, but we were disappointed. All moose tracks were old, but fresh deer tracks abounded. It was not long before the dogs had rounded up their game and put us on the alert, as we heard them approaching the lake shore. Three deer took to the water near our men, two were shot without taking to the canoes; one boy was still in such good wind and courage when we reached the water edge that he started out at a rattling clip for the further shore, and as no man was near him, he nearly reached the woods on the other side before one of our men, after a hard paddle in his canoe, overhauled him enough to give him his quietus. I confess that I would not have felt very sorry if he had got away. He was landed at the run-way in time to give his captor another chance that day before darkness came on.

Flurries of snow came on in the afternoon and our men who had something to drag home found the snow a great help. I had leather moccasins on without soles and slipped

backward at every step I made and had some bad stumbles. A happy thought came to me that I carried out in action. The larder contained a small burlap bag full of apricots which I emptied into dishes in the permanent camp; I then cut the bag in two, and tied one-half neatly to each foot. It gave a splendid amount of friction and not a member in the party was more surefooted during the entire day, notwithstanding the hob-nailed shoes. Take a note of this for some day's predicament.

We had almost too good luck because, when we had shot one deer per license, we had not yet put in as many days as we had intended. We supplied our table with partridges by shooting their heads off with our rifles. The 30 x 30 Winchester seemed to be the best weapon for that kind of sport.

When we looked at our eight carcasses hanging on the balsam pole, the bunch enjoyed the full amount of satisfaction that is characteristic of a hunting party. It was my first hunt with dogs, and personally I must confess to a slight feeling of disgust with myself at not having given the deer more of a chance. Dogs do not seem to suit the Canadian woods.

Deer thrive wonderfully in Ontario, owing to the invigorating climate and abundance of suitable food. Some of the famous deer hunting resorts in Ontario are: Mattawa, Sturgeon Falls, Desbarats, Parry Sound and French River. In Quebec: Kipawa, Waltham, Maniwaki, Chaudiere, Lake Megantic, and the Laurentians. In British Columbia: Lillooet, Chilcoten, East Kootenay. Columbian or Coast deer are found all along the west of British Columbia as far east as the Cascade Range, and all through the Crow's Nest Pass. The best heads are obtained on the Fraser River and at the end of the Jervis Inlet. British Columbia has an increasing number of Mule deer. The world's record head was obtained in this Province. These deer are found over practically the whole of the interior of the Province but they are most plentiful in the Lillooet District. White tailed deer are found in great numbers all through East Kootenay.—

A HUNT IN THE LAURENTIANS

L. W. S.

NORTHWEST of Montreal is an extensive mountainous district, picturesque and full of attraction for those who love nature, who love sport, and who seek health. Through this wilderness, for it is little better, the C.P.R. have built a railway, which terminates at Mount Laurier, a small town 158 miles from Montreal and 1400 feet above sea level. To reach this small lumbering village the rails wind in and out between the mountains, at places almost doubling back on themselves. Two-thirds of the distance from Montreal summer cottages and comfortable hotels become few and far between and after passing Nominig the country is still largely in the hands of the lumberman, explorer and miner. From this land of lakes, mountains and swamps the Quebec government derives considerable revenue, not only from selling lumber but from leasing tracts of land to fishers and hunters. Spring and fall see parties journeying to their respective preserves, and no doubt they derive as much benefit from the outing as do the legislature and railway in a monetary sense. The season to hunt for deer, moose, and caribou opens on October 1st, but to hunt with dogs is forbidden except between the 12th of October and the 1st of November. The days preceding these dates see many boxes, trunks, and dogs being loaded at Place Viger station, for the hunter must carry his provisions with him, and either drive, pack, or float his load to camp, which usually is situated near the centre of his allotted district and on the side of a lake or stream. The lakes are beautiful, being surrounded by mountains, but to a certain extent the beauty of the forest has been scarred by fires which periodically sweep the country. The majority of the club houses are small frame or log buildings, while here and there you find a spacious structure which seems out of place in so wild a district, where its few inhabitants and visitors are glad to accept accommodation more primitive. A tract of this district is leased by the Huntingdon Fish and Game Club. The club have two buildings, one on Lake Clair, six miles from Labelle, and one on Lake Macaza; the latter is the headquarters of the hunters. Lake Macaza is two and a half miles long and at places a third of a mile wide. Along its northern shore runs a road close to the water. The camp is almost inaccessible without a boat. A hunt at this camp we will describe.

A week before the hunt the boys round up the dogs, who seem to have a knowing look, and when the train pulls in they are eager to climb aboard. The older dogs are quiet and easy to manage, but the pups kick up a continual row and on landing in Montreal are frantic, and hard to manage. To lead them down Craig Street would clear the walk and in all probability swing you round a telegraph pole, so a cab is hailed and the pups tumbled aboard. At once heads are out at the windows to see the sights and to release a chain

means a leap into mid-air and a pup to be chastised. A howl goes up when they are left alone in a cage at Place Viger station. Provisions are secured and loaded on the same train. All aboard, the train moves, and the time is usually spent playing cards until Macaza is reached, which consists of a tiny station and freight shed, hotel and four small houses. You are royally received by the guides, while the cook is on hand to see that there are sufficient boxes.

"Ba gosh, hello Mr. Phelip! Dat you Mr.



SOME OF THE TROPHIES

O'Rourke? Where Mr. Thompson? I shu am glad to see you," so the old guide hails us; while all assure you they have rigs, wagons and boats to take you to camp. Camp is reached and you find the cook has, in some mysterious way, already arrived, and has supper about ready. Supper and then to bed, for the first hunt is tomorrow, and all are tired. Immediately after breakfast a meeting was called and one of the party was appointed captain of the hunt, whose duty it is to decide where the hunts will be and how they are to be managed. He is the boss and the guides must take orders from no one else. A hat is



CAMP ON LAKE MACAZA

passed and each man draws a tag, which denotes the position he will occupy that day. As a rule the guides take the dogs to the top of a mountain bordering on a lake, which is watched from points on the opposite shore, as are also the runways at the head and foot of the lake. Soon the dogs are heard, they have started a deer, and, to avoid them, the buck or doe takes to the lake, either swimming it or coasting along the shore and re-entering the woods at another point. On lake Macaza the shots are long and to give the hunter a better chance each is supplied with a boat with which to chase the game. A chase is exciting, for a buck can swim as fast as a man can row. If the lake is rough shooting is difficult and often the hunter returns empty handed. The hunt is usually over by two o'clock, when dinner is enjoyed. The afternoon is spent with the shot-gun, looking for rabbits or partridge, or a tramp through the woods. Evening finds all around the fire or indulging in a friendly game of cards. All are to bed before eight. Two meals a day, but such meals! The fresh air of the mountains is better than medicine for the city man. Big men forget their troubles and are boys once more, the feeling of good friendship is theirs; the business strain is relaxed and they live but for today. A small gasoline engine tows the row boats up and down the lake and is a curiosity to the natives. One of the party who is 6 ft. 1 in., and boasts a weight of 237 lbs., attempted to take the tiny boat up a small river, which had many sharp curves. Seated in the stern of the boat his 237 pounds plus the weight of the engine, again proved that water will find its level. A shout as from a wild Indian, and suddenly there is a mad scramble for terra firma, as the little ship begins to settle. Such little troubles draw the members of the party closer, and each day increases their pleasure. The first week of the hunt was not very exciting. The different members rowing or being towed to their respective posts, waited patiently where stationed, listening and hoping for a shot. During this period four deer were shot and we

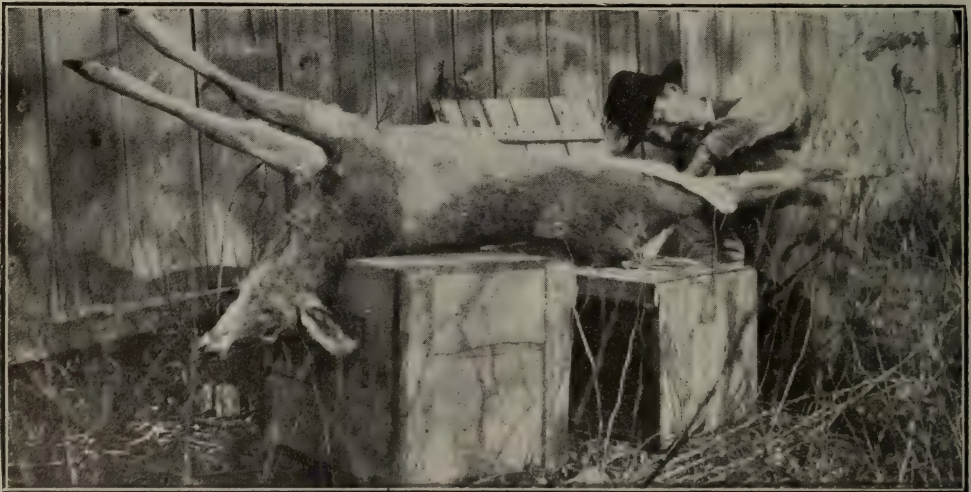
were becoming accustomed to the life. The second week proved more strenuous. Before daylight the cook was up preparing breakfast. "Hooch, hooch, Come on, you dead heads," is the order from Capt. Phillips, who already is up, for he declares if the camp is to sustain its reputation we must be up with the first streak of dawn to secure the big bucks. Yes, it is cold, there is ice on the edge of the lake, but extra clothing makes up for it. Splash, a big buck is in the lake between Lourey and Phillips. The cap. pulls off his coat and throws himself flat on the road, where he expects the buck will land. The buck comes proudly on, and not a sound is to be heard. Suddenly he swerves in his course. There is a rush for the boat to find Lourey is already out and in mad pursuit which is an error in strategy. Soon the guns begin to spit, 24 shots fired and Mr. Buck is safe and away. It is the joke of the camp and the neighborhood. The hunters at fault are quick to reproach one another and themselves, and are the butt of much ridicule, for both were crack shots and had on previous occasions demonstrated their ability. Another day a buck was sighted coasting. Two boats put out and by good manoeuvring forced him to swim the lake, enabling the hunters to come within range; four shots are fired and he is towed to shore by a couple of kids who do not forget to rub it into those who failed. Six deer were secured in this manner at about the same spot on the lake.

On one occasion the writer drew a tag which entitled him to follow a guide. Knowing he would likely set a good pace, I was prepared and travelled light, and was glad of it. The guide was a man in his 74th year, who could sleep in the open. He told me of his life in the hills, how he had left Montreal 38 years ago, purchasing 72 acres of land for \$18, clearing and cultivating it. He had reared a large family, worked and hunted in the woods and, before the railway came, had tramped to Montreal on snowshoes. When we got back to camp the guide, though old in years, was quite fresh, while I was weary and footsore.

As the days for hunting with dogs became fewer the hunt became more strenuous, and we were up earlier and had longer hours. The last day each of the party subscribed 50c, the total to be presented to the hunter who bagged the biggest game that day. Till then the dogs had been running in twos and threes, using four to six of them a day. This morning all were taken, it was to be the grand finale. The district chosen is known as Cold Creek, the little waterway, perhaps 25 to 30 feet wide, being so very crooked that it forms two sides of a square. Into this corner it was proposed to drive the deer, posting the hunters on elevations overlooking the water, except several who were to accompany the dogs and try to catch any deer that might double back. One would imagine the deer had little chance to escape, but considering he can cross the water in two or three jumps and seldom chooses a place that is watched, his chances were better than might be imagined. A shot was fired, signalling that those on the creek are ready. Fifteen minutes later dogs are heard approaching, coats come off, an extra shell is shoved into rifle barrels, down you go flat on the grass or behind a fallen log or stump. Suddenly on the opposite side of a mountain pandemonium reigns. A buck has turned and is fighting the dogs, which bark and howl, and the deer snorts, making a terrible melee. You don't know whether you should rush to the scene of conflict or sit tight, waiting for him to turn and cross the river. Suddenly five shots ring out in quick succession, Phillips and Cluff, who were in the hills, had hastened to the scene of the rumpus, only to have Mr. Buck rush so close between them that they are afraid to shoot for fear of hitting one another. Shots follow him but he is gone. An hour later the dogs are again heard and their rush is followed by a splash and then silence, apparently a buck has jumped into the creek (a doe would slip in) and the dogs cannot follow and return to the guide. Shots are heard in the hills at intervals but no killing is report-

ed. The hunt ended at 12 o'clock, when several left their posts to wander in the woods, for some of the dogs were still running, and there was still a chance of a shot. One of the hunters went in search of the fighting buck who had entered the creek, and spied him sunning himself in some alders, only his horns showing above the slash. Guessing where his head was, he fired and then rushed to the spot to find he had bagged an animal that would be hard to beat. The buck was not killed, and showed fight, so a second shot was necessary. The shooting of two more followed shortly in the hills, the hunt bringing in a fine doe, a small buck, and a large buck.

A walk through this district is of much interest to the city man. The mountains are steep and not heavily wooded, while the valleys are thick in brush and hard to walk in. A beaver meadow attracted much attention. The world's first engineers had been at work, and trees had been felled, skidded, or dragged into the water and floated into position, not a branch being left. The dam was 5½ feet high and about 60 feet wide. A fair sized tree in the centre had been used as a key to build from, branches were woven and interwoven between the logs, and then the whole structure was packed with mud, grass and leaves. Supports and braces were placed behind the dam to relieve the strain of the weight of water above, and the tiny stream was effectively held. You could carry all the water that leaked from the dam in a pail. The lake formed by the dam was about half a mile long and perhaps 200 yards wide. In its centre could be seen the dome of the beaver house, securely protected by fallen trees. To reach it would have been impossible without destroying the dam, and the guide told us any slight damage to it is at once repaired by these wonderful builders. Two of the hunters came across a bear trap, a large steel trap attached to a stick and surrounded in such a way that Bruin, to secure the desired bait, had to pass over it. When caught he carried the



PREPARING FOR THE HUNGRY BOYS

trap away, but sooner or later the trailing stick caught and he was held. Our hunt netted 13 deer, and was declared one of the most enjoyable the club has had. Those who attended were—James A. Phillips, T. A.

O'Rourke, and Walter Thompson from New York, Frank Tait from Springfield, Mass.; James Lourey, Montreal; G. C. Stark, James Cluff, Cecil Murray, and Less Sellar, Huntingdon.

The Story of Two Moose Hunts on the Hunting Grounds of the Madawaska Fish and Game Club

H. G. Kidd

AS I am a reader of a number of sporting magazines and enjoy reading accounts of successful sportsmen in all parts of the United States and Canada I thought perhaps it might interest some of Rod and Gun's readers to hear from a guide who for many years has followed the business of guiding, trapping and trying to protect large game during the big game season, which latter thing is by no means an easy task in a country where every one thinks it is one of the meanest things a man can do to give information that will lead to the conviction of anyone killing an animal during the close season. I am sure that every hunting trip I have taken is as clear in my head to-day as the day following the hunt. Whether I can make it clear and of interest to my readers is another matter. However, if the editor does decide, upon reading my manuscript, to consign it to the waste paper basket I do not suppose any reader will cancel his subscription. I can handle a paddle or a rifle with much greater ease than I can a pen. I think this must be due partially to the difference in weight of these articles. If my pen weighed eight or nine pounds I think I would feel more at home with it.

At present I am employed by the Madawaska Fish and Game Club, guiding and looking after the preserve. This country is one of the best tracts of hunting ground in the Dominion and a guide that cannot get a moose here cannot be expected to get one anywhere else. He is either unlucky or he is no good. I have sometimes been unlucky—or no good—myself, when I have blamed my ill luck on the wind, or the weather, but I have never blamed the country for there are always signs of game everywhere. I may have disappointed some whom I have taken out in search of big game and made them think that hunting was hard work or expensive fun, but I have never yet disappointed them as regards trout fishing for I always know where the trout are. They cannot get out of the water and take to new feeding grounds as can some of my four footed friends. Throw a fly most anywhere in the lakes and it does not take many minutes until the trout will hunt it up. Then we are sure to have fun as our trout are fighters and always in the pink of condition.

It has always seemed to me that luck is a great factor in hunting. Some men will get game without any trouble while others will hunt and hunt without success. It would almost seem that the moose had been warned to avoid the places where these hunters were, and counselled to pay no attention if a cow called.

On a hunting trip in 1913 I had the pleasure of guiding Mr. D. C. Bell of North Hatley, P. Q. In the fall of 1909 Mr. Bell came down on his first trip after big game. I heard much of Mr. Bell, after he had joined the club, from Dr. McRea and Mr. Taylor, the former being president of the club and the latter secretary-treasurer. They told me that when he came down I would find him a sport from the soles of his moccasins up, a crack shot, a good canoeist, and one who would never confess that he was tired. Finally I got a letter from Dr. McRea asking me to meet him and three of his friends, Mr. Turner, Mr. LeBaron and last, but not least, the famous Mr. Bell. Mr. Bell turned out to be a man five feet six in height, weighing about 130 pounds, and with only one hand. The right hand he had had the misfortune to lose about two inches below the elbow a few years previously. After the arrival of the party we had eleven miles to go, of which seven miles was on the river, with about a mile of rapids, before dark. It was then nearly four o'clock. Mr. Bell took a paddle and stepped into the canoe with the other guide saying that he would help him paddle, that it would keep him from being lonesome after the darkness came on. There was a look on the guide's face which seemed to say that he could probably get along as well without such assistance as Mr. Bell could give, but if he thought this at the outset I am sure he changed his mind long before he got up the river. I never was more surprised in my life than I was to see the way that man could paddle with his one hand and a little piece of the other arm.

When we got up to Eagle Lake we had a little fun with a bull moose that was in the water but as it was on the other club's limit we did nothing more than give him a job of looking for a cow that had only two legs, and if he had met her the hair on his back would have stood up for an hour. We kept him walking the shore and grunting till about

10 o'clock that night. We then left him and went on to camp. Supper was ready in a few minutes and everyone was ready for it. I think there is nothing a guide can do to make a sportsman feel so much at home as to give him a good supper the first night. The next morning we were up in good time and ready for business. Dr. McRea announced that he must have a moose with a spread greater than fifty-three inches, or none at all. The one he had got the preceding season had had a spread of fifty-three inches, and he determined he would kill nothing smaller. The rest of the party were not so particular. It was finally decided that Mr. Bell and Mr. LeBaron were to hunt with me and Dr. McRea and Mr. Turner with Paul Therriault, the other guide. I will say nothing further about the other party but relate my own experiences.

I called every time there was no wind, we watched the lakes when we could not call, and when it rained we walked around but it was of no avail. Every time I got a moose started something turned to stop him. On one occasion I had to have some things from Eagle Lake and the man I had working for me was going after them. We went out in that direction to a nice open maple ridge which the trail crossed. I called for an hour but there was no answer. I then gave it up and started for another place and the man went to bring the stuff from Eagle Lake. He had only gone a few hundred yards when he met Mr. Moose coming up the trail as if he had been sent for. Of course he changed his mind and left for parts unknown. After that every time I could get an answer there would be a cow with him and she would coax him back. The days were passing too quickly and no moose came our way. The wind blew almost all the time for a week. In the evening we would fish a little while to get trout for the next day. One evening when we were fishing I was handling the boat and calling every few minutes. Suddenly I heard an answer on the other side of the lake. We headed for shore and I had just time to say that one was coming when he was out on the shore. There we were about one hundred yards from shore in plain view, with Mr. Moose looking at us about five hundred yards off. I thought that our only chance was to try him at that distance, so the fun began. The .30-55 would not carry across with sights elevated to the top notch, every shot struck the water in line with the moose, and another shot or two would have sent Mr. Moose to the happy hunting grounds but he seemed to have no desire to go, judging by the way he got out of there. You can imagine how I felt to get caught that way and the names I called myself would not look well in Rod and Gun. I made up my mind that calling moose and fishing do not go well together. It then started and rained all the remainder of the time Mr. Bell was in camp. Many sportsmen think that a guide does not care whether he gets a moose or not, but such is not the case as far as I am concerned at any rate, and I know of other guides that feel the same. I do not believe I ever saw a party go home without a head that I did not feel as

disappointed as the sportsman himself. Some will say, "but look at the money you get out of the trip." Nevertheless to a real sportsman, which many guides are, failure to get a head is always a disappointment, and the realization that the man he has been guiding, who has perhaps been planning a trip for a whole year, has not succeeded in obtaining the head for which he had hoped is a matter which every real guide will deplore. Some men try to make you believe they were not particular as to the head, that they just wanted to get into the woods for a couple of weeks. Others admit their disappointment, and nearly every one blames their own bad luck. One sure thing if everyone who goes after it got a moose the sport would soon die out. It is after all the uncertainty of the game that gives to it its charm, but almost any one will admit that to stand beside one of the kings of the forest that one has killed with his own rifle, is worth a dozen trips that were unsuccessful. A great many will not agree with me when I say that two or three moose are enough for any sportsman to kill.

On leaving Mr. Bell said to me: "Well if I had a rifle that would carry a little farther I would have had a pretty good moose head to take out with me but if all is well I will try my luck again next fall. My experience this fall has interested me in Moose hunting. I think a man who shoots a moose has something of which to be proud and if I come next fall I will stay till I get one if it should take all winter. A couple of weeks after his return I had a letter from Dr. McRea saying that Mr. Bell was preparing for a moose hunt the following fall and had bought a .405 Winchester and if the rifle did not kick him to pieces and he ever got his eye on a moose that I would not have much of a job dressing him off. I got a letter from Mr. Bell about the 10th of October saying he was coming in on the 20th. I sent him a telegram to come at once and I would guarantee him a moose, that if he waited until the 20th the calling would be over and then we would need snow before we could do anything. However he had made arrangements to go with a party duck shooting for a week and could not act on my suggestion.

On the 20th Mr. Bell landed bag and baggage and on the way to camp I asked him how long he was going to stay, to which he replied that he was going to stay until he got a moose. For the first few days we did not attempt to hunt moose. I took him over the limit showing him what I had done and we made plans for some additional improvements. He also visited a lake which none of the members had ever been to, shot partridges and had a fine time generally. He was not going to hunt for moose until snow came, and did not care to run into one by chance, unless of course he proved to be an extra big fellow. Sometimes he would shoot the head off a partridge with the .405. It would do your heart good to hear that rifle speak. How the echoes would roll from hill to hill. I'll bet that more than one king of the forest bristled up his hair and wondered what right anything had to come into those silent, peaceful woods and make such a noise; or

perhaps he shook his magnificent head and said: "Come on and try a rub with these horns."

At last the snow came and the work began. Trees were loaded for days. Many a branch broke under the weight of snow that covered it but the moose would not move. We hunted everywhere, even going into the swamps, but it is scarcely possible for a man to get through these with no snow on the bushes and even more impossible when every bit of brush is loaded down with snow. For days the sun did not shine and we could not travel in a straight line; and still it snowed. We decided to move to another part of the limit. When we got there we found lots of old tracks, most of them travelling in the direction from which we had come. It looked as if the moose were having a little fun at our expense. We had been travelling hard all the time and it did not take many days before I could see the stuff of which Mr. Bell was made. He never became discouraged, never said he was tired, never thought that he was going to be "skunked." I think if I had remarked that there was a pretty good ridge for moose near the north pole he would have answered "Let us go and try it." One day we followed a caribou until about 3.30, and the country he took us through was "fierce." I never followed an animal that was good at finding all the bad places. When we gave it up and started for camp Mr. Bell made the remark that he was not after caribou, that a moose head was all he cared for this trip. I asked him if he thought he was going to get one. "Oh yes," was his reply, "I think we shall get him to-morrow."

There are two things that all sportsmen seem to enjoy talking about, one being the size of my moccasins, the other the size of my appetite. I must admit that both are built on a large scale and the things I had to listen to from Mr. Bell must have made even my old moccasins blush. However after about a week in camp it was noticeable that he stopped talking about the amount I ate. I knew the reason but said nothing. A few days more and he remarked that I did not eat much for a man of my size. In another day he acknowledged that for a big man I was a very small eater. One night after this last remark I had finished supper and drawing up to the stove was drying my trousers, Mr. Bell was still chewing away. "Don't you think it's time for a smoke?" I asked. There was no response. About five minutes elapsed and again I suggested that we have our smoke. Mr. Bell indicated his willingness by a grunt of approval but still he continued chewing. A third time I made the suggestion that we have a smoke and go to bed.

"Yes," agreed the man at the table, but I cannot get this supper to come out even. When my tea is done I have a piece of bread left and when the bread is done I have some tea and preserves left. I guess I had better give it up and have a smoke with you.

We had come back to the main camp and it was still snowing a little. The snow was then about eighteen inches deep. We went to bed with the thought that had been in

our minds for days, would we get a moose tomorrow? The next morning we started again. It was cloudy then and looked like more snow. "No sun again" was the remark we made as we entered the thick woods. Everything was silent. Not even a squirrel seemed to be moving but on a nice maple ridge about two miles away was a battle scarred veteran moving along with not a thought that before the sun set that night all would be over with him. In silence we moved along on the lookout all the time for a track but not even a deer track did we see which seemed strange for deer tracks had been as plentiful over on the ridges as were the rabbits' in the swamps. When about two miles from camp we struck the veteran's track, which was a big one. We could easily follow it as he had shaken all the snow off the bushes in passing as though desiring to make everything as pleasant for us as possible. Slowly and silently we moved along over ridges where we could see two hundred yards in all directions, and through little thickets where we could see only a few feet. Mile after mile we moved along, going all the time away from our camp. I watched my man pretty closely to see if there were any signs of buck fever but none appeared. At last we saw our moose and the hunt was over for the .405 sang the same tune that it had done to the partridges and a bullet back of the shoulder did the work. The spread was fifty-five inches. We did not have time to dress him off that night so went back to camp. It was just getting dark when we arrived there. We had supper and then the easiest, and I think the pleasantest part of the hunt, the smoke. That night we slept the sleep of the justified. The hunt was over and all was well. The days of weary travelling through snow up to our knees were over and all that had to be done was to dress the animal and get out the head. In two days the head was at Eagle Lake and Mr. Bell was starting home. The lake was frozen along the shore for a short way so we loaded the canoe on to a hand sleigh and started. After going for about half a mile we struck open water and launched the canoe. We went for about a mile before we struck ice again when we had to load up the sleigh once more. All went well till we came to the foot of the lake when we saw a canoe half full of water and frozen in the ice. When quite close we saw a man's hat close by. We knew that some one had lost his life in trying to break through with a canoe. Going out to the canoe we found a man clinging to the side of the craft. I broke the ice around the face and recognized a friend of mine who had many a time shared my blanket. It was a sad ending to one of the finest hunts I have ever had. Mr. Bell was detained for the inquest which was held the next day.

The fine moose head secured by Mr. Bell now adorns a prominent corner of his place of business and no doubt brings back to memory the hard and oftentimes discouraging tramps through swamps and over hills that preceded its capture, and the homeward trip over partly frozen lakes and rivers.

THE LAST STRAW

Geo. J. Thiessen

IN the first place, I never did like Ezra Steel. He was one of those meddling pests who was all the time suggesting something for your own good, which was entirely against your better judgment. And talk! He always hung around reading the exchanges and making comments upon them just at the time when I was busiest setting up an obituary notice or some other important piece of news. Why he was that cantankerous that he used to come into the office and try to convert me into running a Republican campaign notice in the "Argus", free of charge. Yes Siree! Try to corrupt my loyalty to the great and glorious party that—

But wait. That ain't all. Just after we had run off last week's edition in he came, looking critically about and wearing a satisfied smile upon his face. "Hiram," says he, casting an eye upon a cob-web which swung pendulum-like from the ceiling, "Hiram, what you need is some good, fresh air. Why man, you ain't living at all. Just think! The voice of the brook—"

I laid down "The Commoner" which I had been looking over, and glanced in Ezra's direction. At first I thought he had taken too much at the Drug Store on the corner, but so far as I could see he was all right. Swinging my feet from the desk I took several whiffs from my pipe, and inquired, kind of mad like: "What in all Jehosephat are you talking about? Here I am a respectable married man, with three square meals a day, money for a skuttle of beer occasionally and a game of Kelley. Now here you come wanting to make me dissatisfied with what the Lord—"

"Shucks!"

He came forward, grasped me by the arm and marched me to the window. "Look there," he commanded, pointing out. "That is the greatest invention ever made for the poor man." And before I could stop him he had started upon a long spiel about the beauties of nature and the advantages of getting enjoyment from them.

Against the board walk in front of the office leaned a gray thing on two wheels. I had seen the tourists come through on them, but I never hankered after owning one of my own. "Surely," I began, "you don't mean to tell me you've been foolish enough to buy that—a motorcycle? Why—"

"I sure mean that I got it," he replied, in a dogged tone of voice. "And what is more, if you don't agree with me that it is the best sport you ever tackled I'll make you a present—"

"Me ride that? Not on your life."

"Sure."

I'll admit that Steel is some talker. He argued and coaxed and pleaded for nearly an hour. By that time we had gotten as far as the walk, and Ezra was explaining the way the thing worked. "All you have to do,"

he said, "is to sit on the back seat and leave the rest to me. We'll coast over the road as smooth as you please."

After a considerable spell, I kind of got it into my head to take a ride. First, however, we steadied our nerves with some liquid refreshments. Ezra promised not to go fast. Accordingly, he pumped the thing, adjusted a little screw, and then pumped it some more. After a while he got it going. The next instant we went zigzagging down the street, followed by a yellow dog which kept at my side barking and waiting for an opportunity to nip my shins. Once or twice I was tempted to kick at it, but hesitated knowing that only a circus rider could keep his seat after such a manoeuvre. "Never mind the cur," Steel shouted back—"We'll soon be out of his way."

And we were. With scarcely a jerk that little one-cylinder affair yanked us along with angry snorts, until we were miles away from town. Then, turning, we loafed leisurely back.

Now the funny part was that nothing happened. Ezra drove like a veteran and the trip was enjoyable. At supper that night I ate more than I usually did. Best of all, I felt fine. The fresh air had done me good. After I had lighted my pipe for an evening smoke, I secretly wondered if I could learn to run a machine.

The next day, Steel was back again. This time he had a fishing rod. Ten miles away was a place where the perch were biting good, he said. Would I go along?

Would I! Grabbing a short jointed pole which stood in the corner of the office, I started for the door, even forgetting my coat in the excitement.

Now if there is anything I like to do it is to fish. Luck was with us that morning and we soon had a good string. About an hour before noon, we started the gray thing toward Melowville again. Dinner was ready when I reached home.

"My," I said to my wife, "a motorcycle is a fine thing. I have a notion—"

"Now, Hiram," she expostulated. "Don't you go buying no such contraption as that. Get an automobile, if you can afford it, but not a two wheeled chugger so that I can't go riding too."

"You can. There are two seats—"

"Huh! I'd look nice on that, wouldn't I? What would the people say if they saw me whizzing around behind you!"

Ezra and I made several trips that week. Then he suggested what times we could have if I had a machine too. He said they were easy to ride, and as proof insisted that I take the front seat. After a few instructions, I learned to drive it almost as well as he.

"Why don't you buy a motorcycle?" he asked, at the conclusion of the trials.

"I would only my wife—"

"Fiddlesticks. Mandy was the same way. Why man, when I first got it she raised

thunderation. But one little ride and the trouble was all over."

"But—"

"And besides, I think I know a man who has one just like this that he will sell. It is only up to Cedar Rapids and you could ride it home. I'll write and ask him what he wants for it."

Two days later I got the information. The price was a hundred and eighty-five dollars. I decided to invest, so by collecting some back subscriptions on the "Argus" that had been due me for a long time, I raised the money. Ezra was to accompany me, but decided it would be best for him to go up Friday and me to follow on the next day.

Saturday came. I could hardly wait until the morning train reached my destination. When I alighted on the platform, there was Ezra and a young fellow whom he introduced to me as Mr. Wicks. He was the owner of the motorcycle I had come to buy.

We wasted no time, but went directly to the shed where the machine was kept. Yes, it was just like Steel's. It even had a bent peddle on the left side. I noticed that particularly, for Ezra's had too. I bought the motorcycle, cranked up, started for home.

The ride was enjoyable. That little engine snorted and chugged, but it carried me over the roads even faster than I should have gone. I knew my wife would not be pleased when she learned of my purchase, but I thought I could win her over. A ride—and it was easy. With these thoughts in my mind, I rode up to the house and stopped.

Sarah was sure sore. She raved and

stormed. The promise of a new dress, however, abated her anger somewhat. But she flatly refused to ride with me. "All right," said I. "When you change your mind let me know."

The strange thing was that she did change her mind the very next day. What made her I do not know. Anyway, when I came home to dinner she announced she was ready to go. Accordingly, she mounted back of me on the machine, and by going the back streets we were soon out of town. Few of the neighbors had seen us.

Along the road we went. I opened the throttle wider. My wife, scared at the speed, clutched my arm. I glanced back—and both of us landed in the ditch. Fortunately, neither was hurt. The motorcycle was as good as new except the front wheel which was smashed. As we picked ourselves up, we heard the horn of an automobile. It was seven miles to town and we meant to hail the machine.

A minute more and a brand new touring car hove in sight. Ezra and his wife occupied the front seat. They stopped. We loaded the motorcycle and got in ourselves.

"Seems to me you're kind of foxy," I remarked to Steel, "owning a car and a motorcycle too. Your rich uncle must—"

"Not exactly," he grinned. "You see I had a chance to sell mine at a profit, so I bought something I could take my wife—"

"He has some sense," Sarah interrupted, with a look at me which was dark.

"Yes," Mandy answered. "You see—"

I closed my ears, unwilling to hear more.

THE COTTON TAIL

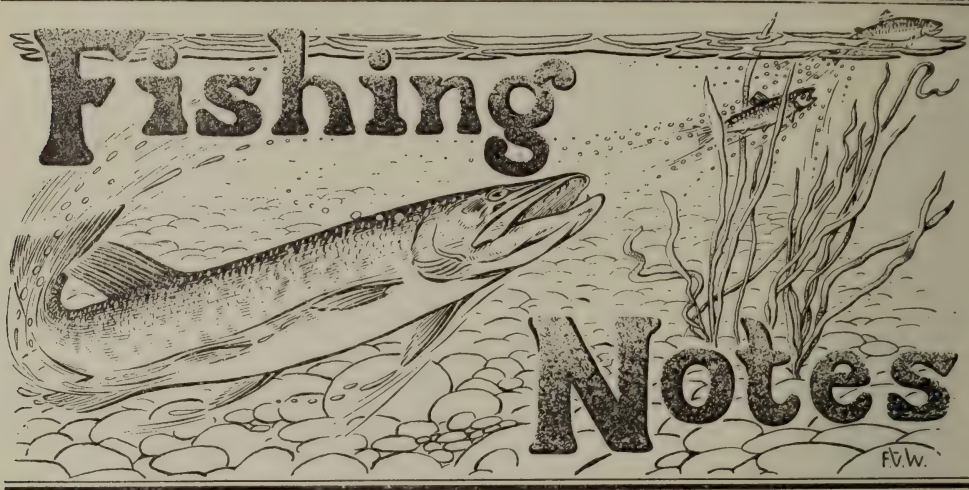
Nell Gwynne

CONSIDERING what a menace it is to orchards the increase in the cotton-tail rabbit in Southern Ontario within the last two years has been alarming.

The fierce warfare necessarily waged against the rabbit in Australia ought to be a warning to those in a position to check its inroads. Brer Rabbit is seldom seen during the day but he must be a rare nocturnal wanderer as his tracks always embroider the snow in winter in every direction. He is hunted by boys big and little in fine weather, and falls a prey to many a pitfall in the shape of traps. Once this prolific creature gets a headway here, such means of destruction would be but small detriment to him. Some children in a certain Ontario neighborhood set a number of traps in the orchard and about the fences last winter, and in the early mornings their signal shouts could be heard announcing

their success in securing the game. During a wintry thaw I saw a rabbit stuck in a snow bank by the wayside. A man passing in a sleigh extricated it from its perilous position and then sent it to kingdom come by knocking its head against the sleigh. He drove off with an elated air, doubtless in prospect of rabbit pie for dinner. A boy with a gun shot another unfortunate bunny as it skipped across the road. A little further on a wounded one trailed itself through the snow and ran to the end of the chapter, or the end of the road. In the woods rabbits are scuttling in every direction, being more noticeable in winter than in summer owing to the lack of cover. The cotton-tail is much smaller than its relative the rabbit, or true hare of the northern hunting grounds. In the fall they feed upon a coarse blue green ground moss which grows in large beds in low woods.





THE LURE OF THE DRY FLY

Robert Page Lincoln

AMONG the experiences that an angler most treasures are those experiences of early days wherein he caught some nice trout by means of that most poetic method of capture—fly fishing. He will recall how he played the fish among the snags and obstructions that obtruded and how with well gauged finesse he kept it away from those snags and in due course brought it into a pool below where he netted it, finding to his elation that it tipped the scales at six pounds. Six pounds for a brook trout was a very good weight indeed. Those he has taken since have rarely weighed more than three pounds. For this reason it may be he will ever after treasure the memory of this lucky capture. Or perchance the memory may be of the fish that got away and our angler will recall how he raved and expostulated and generally performed after the manner of a maniac, and the world of anglers, being human, will have pardoned him. Such experiences as these go to make up every angler's book of life. To the great majority, however, the loss of a fish is not so much a cause for sorrow as an impetus to redoubled efforts in the future. First experiences in angling, as in anything, are not apt to be paved with glory.

The first use of the dry fly by the angler is indeed an epoch making event. The very fact that the dry-fly was known in the mother country and used there as far back as 1860 or earlier on the chalk streams in the southern counties, does not imply that we in this country knew very much about it until quite recently.

Now, with the dry-fly movement getting a practical hold upon the world of fishermen, and the elite in particular, there is every reason to believe that this little winged creation will drift itself steadily into popular

favor. Some wet-fly enthusiasts who are favorably and prejudicially inclined toward this submerged creation look upon the dry-fly as an ignominious intruder. Wet-fly men in this country persistently aver that the dry-fly, and its use revolves upon a fancy—that it is first, last and all the time a fad, and those who use it are eccentric faddists. The fact of the matter is that the dry fly is a deadly artificial device and with it one can capture a wily trout when all other systems completely fail. The dry-fly may be fished in waters where the trout are inordinately wily and alert and where the wet-fly is of little use. The dry-fly purports to be an *exact imitation of the living insect* in so far as this is possible; specimens of the dry-fly are carefully matched either in purchased or tied form with the living insect, native to a stream, and by a skillful floating of same on the water, *with wings cocked*, it aims to deceive the fish into rising for it.

It took me a long time to become enamoured of the dry-fly. At first I looked upon it merely as a concoction made to sell with no exceptional killing points to its credit. I held that the wet-fly embraced all the salient features demanded and that by careful fishing with the wet-fly, equally as good success could be had as with any artificial production.

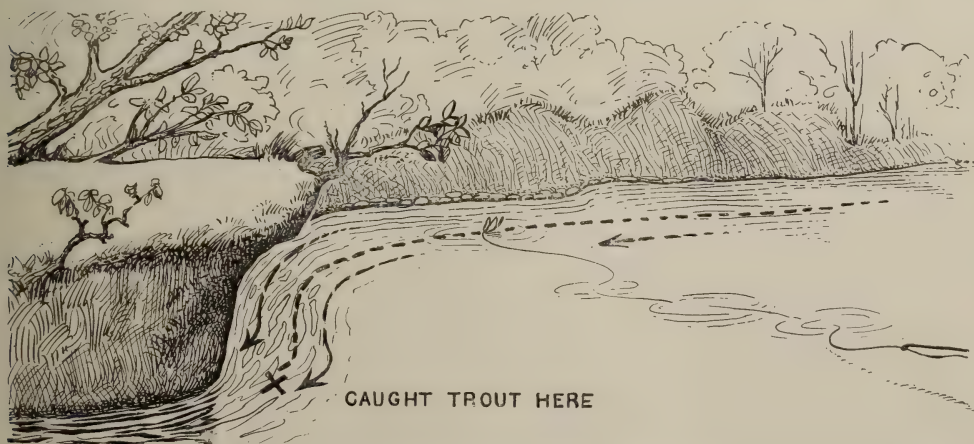
Nevertheless I possessed the desire to try out the little winged sprites and test them to the full extent of their ability, and in this was for a time only prevented by lack of means to purchase same for I belong to the class of average anglers who know that it takes years of infinite care and judicious selection as well as considerable outlay to complete one's outfit. It took time therefore before I was able to lay in a good stock of dry-flies and much it grieved me to think of

the good coin I had expended on their purchase. But the pain was but for the moment, what followed made up for the money I had spent on them. After considerable thought and a conning over of books by Halford, Dewar and Emlyn M. Gill I decided upon certain flies. Out of the Halford collection I selected the Green May-fly, the Pale Watery Dun, the Pale Watery Spinner, the Iron-blue Spinner, the Spent Gnat, the Sherry Spinner, the Red Olive Spinner, the Medium Sedge and the Cinnamon Sedge and many others. I stocked well on these for while I was doubtful as to their use I knew that I should stand a good chance of matching them at least fairly well with those on the stream I meant to fish. Out of the Emlyn Gill collection I chose the following flies: the Whirling Dun, Wickham's Fancy, the Jenny Spinner, the Orange Fish Hawk, the Coachman, the White Miller, the Black Gnat, Red Ant, Hares' Ear, March Brown and Greenwell's Glory. Here I thought, I have a collection that will fit me out for any stream. I knew what exacting patience would be required before I could coax to my fold the capricious success for which I yearned, and yet looking at my collection I felt that out of them I could match something suitable in imitation of insects that fell to the waters of my stream and so deceive the trout. It was with extreme trepidation that I went to the stream, which held within its jurisdiction a wealth of unconceived delights. Could I with skill place a fly *just so* without blunder, and gain the desired results.

Dry flies it will be remembered come in the eyed-fly style and but one fly is used upon the leader. Nature is carefully imitated. One notes the insects along the stream and chooses artificials to accord with their shape and coloration. In this country the dry-fly is fished ordinarily—that is to say, we of this country "fish the stream," meaning that we fish wherever we think a trout happens to be unconsented. In England those who fish the stream are called purists. The acme of all dry-fly fishing is the "fishing of the rise" which is explained thus: A trout is watched rising for flies. The angler knowing just

about what insect that particular trout is rising for will rig himself out with an artificial to conform with it, and will cast above the fish, allowing the fly to float down over the spot where the trout rose. The idea is that the trout will be deceived so that he will rise and take the skilfully constructed imitation, believing it to be the real thing. Such fishing as this gives to the fishermen practising it the name of ultra-purists. That fishing the rise is productive of good results anyone who has tried it out will know.

The stream of my ardent fancy on that early summer day was more or less suitable for the use of the dry-fly. I will not say that it compared favorably with the still-flowing, placid streams that flow through the meadowlands and countryside environments of bonny England; for all along the stream, at intervals, there were rapids and swift waters, though at times, too, there were some excellent still-waters that were exactly fitted for the purpose in view. Many northern streams are like this and provide a good means for allowing one to manipulate with good hope of success the little winged sprites. It was morning when I reached my fishing grounds. At once I began my study of the stream in an endeavor to locate some insect which I knew and which I could match with my artificials. The first one I happened to see was that prime favourite of the trout's—the inimitable, succulent March Brown, which is seen along the streams throughout the month of May. Now the March Brown, during its stay along the stream (before it is replaced by other winged sprites such as the duns, drakes, spinners and shad-flies) is the object of great attention on the part of the trout. When the warm weather has finally arrived to stay and the trout have left their winter quarters in the mud, and have come into the bright water and the shallows, and have begun to take on a lighter coloration than the subdued tone of spring, then they will be voracious—and the March Brown will win then when others fail. As luck would have it I had my March Brown and with the greatest of delight bent it on the leader, nine feet of superfine undrawn gut. I had been



WHERE I CAUGHT A TROUT AT THE BANK

tempted to use the very fine, diamond-drawn gut for my leader, but remembering the fact that there were rainbow trout and German brown trout scattered promiscuously among the speckled beauties, I thought twice and allowed myself to choose from the superfine, undrawn variety. I found the stream just as tranquil as ever, flowing along silently under the over-canopying branches; selecting a position I prepared to cast. No rising fish were in view and there was, therefore, but one system to follow—that of fishing the stream, choosing the best spots. I saw at once a vantage point. It was up along an overhanging bank. I made up my mind that along beside that bank lay my fish. With as much care as experience would allow I lengthened my line in several false casts and cast above the spot in question. It was excellently done, though I am not going to endeavor to pose as a wonderful angler—for I am nothing more or less than an amateur. However, that fly fell well. It set to floating and the wash of the water curved it in almost under

water such as comes in May; those hours of tranquil contemplation—of Nature at her very best, with the sun sloping steadily westward. This part of the day is the most likeable to the dry-fly fisherman, for then the insects are hovering often in clouds over the stream, dipping now and then to water and as often never rising again. I was still using the March Brown. One will find that it is unnecessary to use more than one good fly, which is well represented by the natural ones on the water—and I had found the March Brown exceptionally good. I was now watching for the most desirable rise, and after a careful survey of the stream, walking slowly along its course, I finally noted the circle of ripples that inevitably denotes the rise of a fish after an insect. I was of course unable to know what variety of insect the fish had risen for, but I knew that the March Brown was quite numerous all along the course. With what hurry I made for the spot in question those of my readers, who have enjoyed the spirit of the sport can easily understand.



WHERE TWO TROUT WERE CAPTURED AT THE STONE

the bank. Ere I knew it, or expected it there was a swirl in the water, a dip, and I had him. There followed a setting of the hook and as the tension grew, up rose a rainbow out of that murky depth and made a heavenward curve. This was indeed more than I had expected. What skill I could muster I put forth, following his every move and fancy and in time I had him so that I could slip the net under him. I had caught my first trout upon the dry-fly, at the very first cast. The god of Luck had surely been present at my initial performance; but I remembered also the good selection, the knowledge of knowing, seemingly instinctively the best place to cast, and the delivery of the fly—all these points I had mastered.

However, that same day I fished diligently enough in some very likely places but without luck. I made a day of it notwithstanding, and had the luck to fish under conditions that were assuredly of the best—I tried out that other system—that of “fishing the rise,” after the method of the ultra-purists. There was an almost absolute calmness over the

The ripples had not quite been blotted out in silent nothingness when I was ready, near at hand, with the fly. A stone lay in the stream, beside which the fish had risen and I judged that the finny denizen was lying in that pocket. I lengthened the line as skillfully as possible and made the cast above the nook, in such a manner that the sweep of the water would take it past the rock in question. A slight indrawing of the rod caused the fly to dip with the leader to the water and drawing line I succeeded in keeping both leader and line from “bellying” in water as it passed the rock. But though my cast was good, as good on the average, as could be expected, still the fish would not rise. I let the line float by, and when it had reached its termination I picked it up and proceeded to dry the fly with the “false casts” in the air, preparatory to the second cast. It was then that I noted just the suspicion of a rise a trifle above the stone, and judged therefrom that a trout had risen for a dead insect, since practically two-thirds of the insects trout feed upon are dead ones. I now made a cast above that

point and slightly in shore. The fly floated, wings cocked, and as it passed by the spot in question there was a savage rise and I had a brook trout on. This was a catch that did credit to the speckled family, for the fight was a good one. The fish was large. Nor was that all. As I led the fish away from the cosy nook by the rock, I instinctively felt that there was another one there. I cast above as before but this time allowed the fly to curve in well toward the stone. As it actually brushed against the stone and was swept out up rose the second one and the fly was taken. This fish I lost. I set the hook at just the wrong moment and but a thread of skin lay on the hook—it snapped off and the fish was gone. I had had enough for that day and made my way homeward. My first attempts with the dry-fly had been crowned with success.

Since then I have carefully studied the reasons for my success, and have come to think that it was because I had so carefully chosen my fly, the March Brown, then so numerous on the stream in a living state—and because of this I caught my fish. Study your flies, the natural flies first, and then try to be as careful as possible; match them with the artificial reproductions and your success will certainly be worth noting. In fact I may say that this is the keynote to success in this method of fishing. Unmatched dry-flies will bring little or no success. A trout must be very hungry indeed to pick up a fly that occurs in the month of August on a stream in May, when such an imitation is used. By careful selection one is well rewarded and he will know that dry-fly fishing is a deadly and accurate system of circumventing the most wily of the trout family!

One of the hardest things, in this branch of angling for the writer to master was the regulation drying of the fly. By zealous determination and experimentation I had (before I actually tackled the stream for my initial try-out) endeavored to learn the system. According to the old rules and regulations there exists but one system of drying the fly, that being by means of the *three false casts through the air*. But, unhappily, in some cases we have little more than elbow-room wherein to cast, and it therefore follows that the fly must be dried in some other manner. It was not till I read of a brother angler's new method that I adopted this new way, following his acknowledged leadership, and I find that it is equally as good as the three false casts in the air, and the fly dries as well by the use of this forceful instead of gentle application. This writer, Walter McGuckin, says as follows:

"Let the fly float down to within about six feet of you, then lift it off the water with a quick, snappy switch cast, and cast forward into the air about eight feet above the water. Then with another quick snap make the back cast up into the air, back over head, and then with your eye on the spot where the fly is to be placed, the forward cast is made, the rod held with a tight grasp and the line is extended with your arm stretched out straight from, and on a level with the shoulder. At the final extension of the arm the line is made too short through the air by a downward snap of the

wrist and pressure of the thumb on the rod. The rod is now a straight extension of the arm, with the thumb on top and the end of the butt close up against and underneath the angler's wrist—the now fully extended arm and the rod being approximately on the same level above the water. The wrist and thumb action exerted at the end of the forward cast throws the action from the rod into the line, and consequently the line shoots forward on about the same level as the rod and arm are on, then straightens out with the fly at the extreme end, the line, rod and arm being now on a level of three or four feet above the water.

The line being now fully straightened out over the water, the forceful action derived from the rod disappears and the fly drops as quietly on the water as does a feather. The snappy motion used in lifting the fly from off the water, in the switch cast, causes all the water to leave the fly, so that when it is placed on the water in the final forward cast the fly is perfectly dry and consequently cocked. Hence this style of casting obviates the necessity of the many forward casts and back casts, which are made through the air in order to dry the fly. And besides, this quick, snappy method of casting the light line, virtually on a level directly over the water's surface, in windy weather, gives the angler much better control over his line than can be had with a heavy line being cast to and fro, well up in the air. And then again when the wind is heavy this snappy method may be used in the same manner in an underhand cast, which will have the line extended on a level still nearer the surface of the water and consequently easier to manage. The underhand cast may also be used when the angler wishes the fly placed directly to his right or left side, which can thus be done without his changing his position, and consequently making no movement in the water, for when a trout is discovered the angler should remain motionless, if possible, so far as disturbing the water is concerned at least. The three casts, the switch, the back and the forward cast are all that it is necessary to make, because the fly is then perfectly dry. After the forward cast has been made the line is extended its full length in a straight line over the water, and all the action having gone out when the line was fully extended, then the line, being a light one, does not pull the fly at all towards the angler but permits the fly to drop upon the water before it does itself. This is accomplished by dropping the tip at the finish of the forward cast just a trifle lower than is the angler's extended arm, so that the line, while almost on a level with the surface of the water shoots slightly downward during its extension and when it is finally fully extended the fly is about a foot nearer the water than is the tip of the rod, and consequently the fly drops down quietly on the water sooner than does the line, hence the shadow of the floating line is not seen by the trout until after the fly has been noticed by him. After continued use of this quick, snappy method the mode of casting becomes automatic and permits the angler's mind and eye both to be concentrated on the floating fly, and the consequent possibility of a rise,

which features are the soul of this attractive pastime, for it is mainly this concentration of thought without severe physical exertion which makes the use of the dry-fly attractive to the angler in the capture of the trout."

At first I doubted the efficiency of this method, and tried it out under various conditions, only to find that I was forced to a conclusion similar to that of the writer I have quoted from. It is, singularly enough, not

hard to master in comparison with the delicate and elaborate three false casts in the air, which serve more than ever to bring into use *the whole arm*. By the switch, back and forward cast here outlined, wrist work has the dominating trend; wrist work and the pressure of the thumb in collaboration. I certainly would suggest that the amateur study this form of casting, though a knowledge of making false casts will not be amiss.

FLY TYING FOR THE TYRO

Robert Page Lincoln

BEFORE I penetrate into the depths of this article and get lost in the mad swirl of winding tinsel, harl and thread let me pause here to mention again the virtues of the nondescript fly. Presuming now that you are following a trout stream and you note flies that you cannot for the life of you match with those in your fly book; what to do. As a matter of fact the demand is that you obtain an imitation, that you make one and place it before the trout, to see whether or no it will not work, since those in your fly book have registered no kill. You therefore capture various of these winged sprites, now spending a short existence on wing ere they drop to surface and are lost—and you tie flies like them, matching your material carefully from the large supply that you should always have on hand. What will the result be. Will it not be success for the fly tied in imitation, and should it not have more virtues than the regulation fly, which is not tied after the living fly, and is often so widely different from it in coloration that it would seem a trout could never get himself to believe that it was an actual insect. Your Silver Doctors, Grizzly Kings, Scarlet Ibises and all those other highly colored creations are, what one might say, "nondescript flies tied in the standard regulation form."

Yet nondescript flies tied away from the standard regulation form would have other virtues in that they would be tied in the well-known and appreciated subdued coloration in which, for trout flies, the browns, greys, etc., predominate. Nondescript flies may be just experimentations, with a selection in material, of whatever comes to hand. However, the body, wings and hackle should always be represented in the fly, despite the form of it. If there is a good rise on the streams you should easily be able to imitate the natural with your hand-tied creations. And if they do not work then surely it is your fishing of these imitations that is at fault.

Tying the Brown Hackle

This is one of the valuable forms of the insect tied to hook for use on the trout stream, and is very easily tied, all things taken into consideration. The body of the brown hackle is peacock herl; the hackle is brown and is

bunched more or less at the head. In the brown hackle the body is bare. In the palmer fly the hackle is noticed throughout. There are about ten kinds of hackle flies on the market, all purporting to be the brown hackle, and perhaps if they are well tied they will all fill the bill, and that goes to show that you do not have to tie by rote. Tie to suit your eye, but use your experience. The hackle is really simply made. With your tying silk well waxed with cobbler's wax to make it lie well you start near the eye of the hook and wrap the beginning of a body, ending up at the termination of the body, forward; see illustration No. 1. You then take up your peacock herls and catch them in as seen in the illustration; it should be added here that for a small hook one herl is sufficient; if a larger hook then three herls may be used. I may note here however, the fact that I often use three herls, thus making a very compact body. Having caught in and tied the herls well, you start to wind them toward the eye of the hook, backward; see illustration No. 2.

It should be remembered that the winding silk is wound along with the herls; every twist around the hook shank should be followed by a sharp twist of the thread, which holds it firmly in place. You finish up as seen in No. 3, tying well with two half hitches. When done your hackle body should show up as well as the purchased fly. With a bit of space between the backward termination of the body and the eye of the hook you now catch in your selected brown hackle as seen in illustration No. 4. Tie well, and then begin your winding of the fiber around at the head of the fly, remembering that in the hackle fly the hackle is mostly gathered at the head. As you twist the fiber, smooth the feather filaments toward the front (meaning toward the vise). Finally hold the hackle fiber tight, catch the winding silk around it, and lastly wind good and tight. Then touch the windings with the varnish, which will harden and more than ever preserve the head. This, briefly, is the hackle, and is easily made by anyone. Careful work is the demand, however, and in the case of the hackle, when the tying is finished, with a sharpened match pick out from under the threads, or windings, any filaments that may

have gotten under. This, when finished should leave a fly like No. 5.

Tying the Soldier Palmer

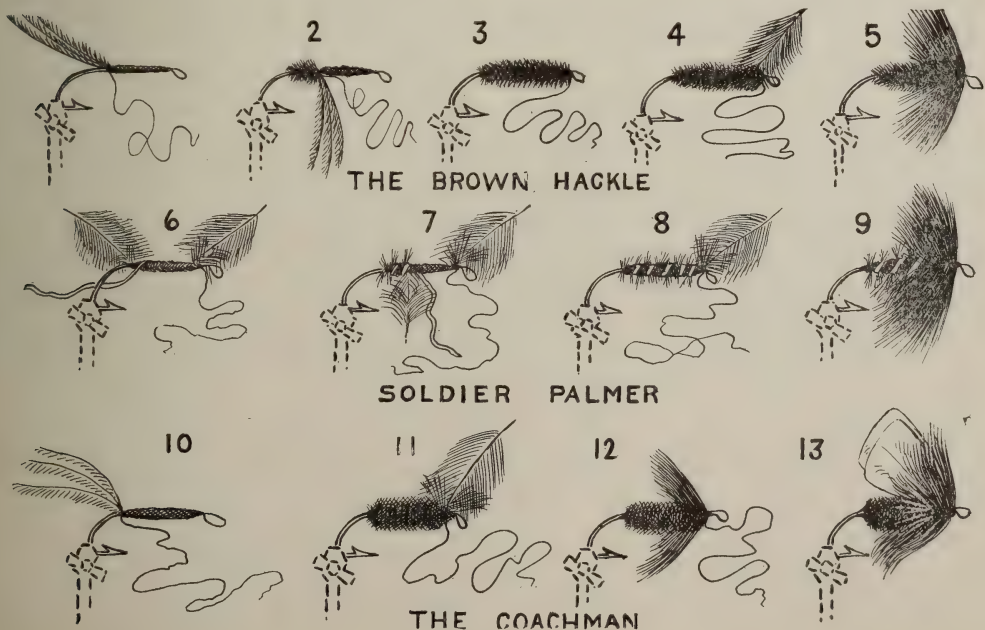
Here we have a fly that is at times about as valuable an addition to the fly book as can be found. I would consider an angler pretty poorly supplied if he did not have in his possession some good ones of this sort. The palmer fly (though it is not a fly at all) is tied to represent a form of the caterpillar; that is the reason for the hairs, along the whole body, and therein it differs greatly from the common hackle fly, in that the hackle's body is bare with the filaments at the head only. It is hard to say when the palmer first was used, and yet Walton says of it as follows: "It is needless to tell you what the curious searchers into nature's productions have observed of the worms and flies; but I shall tell you what one *Topsel* says of the canker, palmer-worm, or caterpillar; that, whereas the others content themselves to feed on particular herbs or leaves, yet, he observes, that this is called a pilgrim, or palmer-worm for his very wandering life and various foods; not contenting himself with (as others do) any certain place for his abode and any certain kind of herb or flower for his feeding; but will boldly and disorderly wander up and down, and not endure to be kept to a diet, or fixed to a particular place." The palmer-worm fly is still in use, needless to say. There are several ways of making the palmer. Some use both hackles and peacock herl; though for my part I think it as well to have but the hackles. Two feathers, or hackles are used as seen in No. 6. The body is started. The largest hackle is tied in at the head; the smallest hackle at the tail. At the same time that the tail hackle is tied in when the body is being first made, a length of tinsel of gold is whipped in and bound tight with the

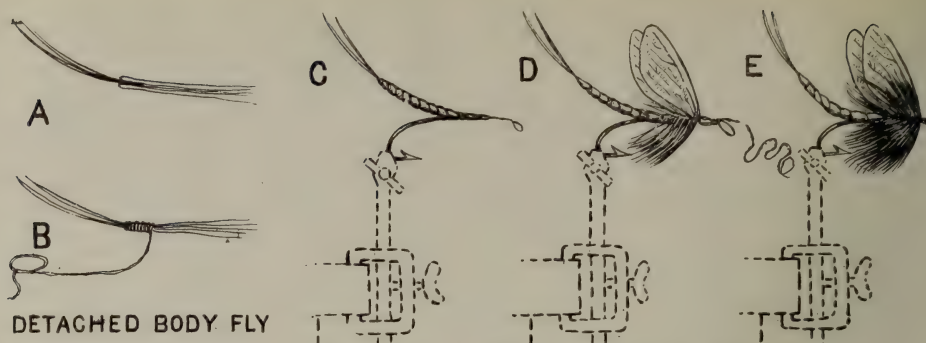
winding silk. Remember this when tying in tinsel and tails, in the construction of any fly where this is demanded.

Now when your selected hackles are tied in begin to wrap your tailward hackle (the large hackle at the head remains stationary and is not wound till last). Wind your hackle and the tinsel to bind it as seen in illustration No. 7. Take your time about it, and make everything lie well, and the filaments stand out. Do not be hasty. Hastiness spells poor work and in fly-tying, delicate work is what makes for perfection. When you have wound the entire body the affair should look like No. 8; when you have reached the head wrap the winding silk around it, binding tight. This done, start with your larger head hackle and gradually make the head as seen in No. 9. Finally tie your winding silk around the head well, and paint with the varnish. This, when done, should have larger hackles at the head and small, stubby ones along the body; the ribbing of gold tinsel should show up plainly. If the tinsel is of the untarnishable sort it should last a long time. The tinsel ribbing can readily be left out though I believe it adds glitter and attraction to the lure. The palmer creation is tagged at the tailward termination with a few turns of gold tinsel. In the case where it is desired to use both peacock herl and hackle in making the stubby portion of the body, select a good herl and when you tie in your small hackle, and tinsel in the beginning, also insert the herl. Wind the silk thread, hackle and herl all together. As a rule I dispense with using the peacock herl. Do your work well. The body should not be clumsy; but should be laid on well and lifelike.

Tying the Coachman

In the Coachman we have a winged fly that is considered by persevering anglers as





A. Five strands of horse hair, two strands of ibis, the tail. B. Wrapping the floss. C. Laying on the body. D. Body made. E. The finished fly.

the acme of excellent selection, and as a fly in the artificial, is about as deadly as any, for any water at that. The Coachman is composed of a body of peacock herl, brown hackle, and two white wings that lie close together. Place your hook in the vise and having waxed your thread well wind on a partial body, bringing up at the tail. Here catch in your three strands of peacock herl and after fastening them with care, so that after they are tied in they will not come out—begin to wind them, along with the silk thread toward the head, or the eye of the hook. No. 11 shows the herls finished and tied well with the silk. Now, as in No. 11 catch in a well selected red-brown hackle, with a soft and windable fiber. Wind tightly, and brush the filaments vise-ward, so that none will come under the thread or the fiber. When finished this should look like No. 12. The wings are white and can either be from chicken or swan. What is desired is a soft feather with a small fiber running out to the end. Never select the tip of a feather for a wing that has a hard fiber. The fibers should be soft and have an easy give, and yet the filaments adhering to the fiber should be firm enough and old enough (from a mature fowl) to keep the wings more or less erect. In the drawing, No. 13, is shown a form of tying in wings as better illustrated in the January Number of Rod and Gun. The tips of the feathers are used and the fibers, stripped point out backward. The thread is well and firmly bound around the two fibers, then they are pressed forward and in turn the thread is well bound over this. Then the ends showing are cut close to the thread windings, and the whole is painted with varnish. Major care should be taken with winding the herls right. If a bad job is done it will be clumsy looking enough. I should add here that the Coachman may be made in the reversed wing form, and you can select between the two. I would suggest that you try out both forms. The mere tying of the feathers, the wings, as shown in No. 13, is not sufficient. They will come out. The ends must be laid forward and tied on top of the other firmly. In this manner the wings will not pull out.

Tying the Professor

The Professor is one of those flies that I would not think of being without. It is a

fly, that, like the Coachman, always proves its merits and is easily matched with insects that fall to water along the stream—the natural food of the trout. The beginner should by all means try and tie some of the Professors. Now that the snow is on the ground and the northern gales are tossing pellets at the windows of the shack, get out your material and make up two or three dozen at your leisure. There is nothing like having enough of the supply and the Professor can be depended upon. O. Warren Smith speaks of the origin of this fly as follows: "It seems that Professor John Wilson, better known to the angling fraternity by the pen name, *Christopher North*, while upon one of his fishing excursions was so unfortunate as to run short of flies, and being without fly-tying materials cast about for something to take their place. Spying some buttercups close to the water's brink he used their bright petals to form the body, added thereto some bits of dead grass for wings, and lo, he found that he possessed a marvellously successful fly. Be that as it may, the "Professor," so named in honor of Christopher who created it, is one of the most popular flies found in the book of the fisherman to-day."

The body of the Professor is yellow silk, wound neatly with gold tinsel; hackled with brown; the wings are of grey mallard, from a pintailed breast; three strands of red ibis make the tail, and at the termination of the body there is a winding or so of gold tinsel, which forms the tag.

If your hook is eyeless, or of the tapered sort, which is to be snelled, wax your thread well, lay on first the fine gut and bind it tight to the shank; wind toward the vise, or the bend in the hook and catch in your floss, also your tinsel. Having bound the tinsel and floss tight, wind the body a trifle, then return to the head of the hook with the thread. This may be made either a reversed wing fly or the common tip-end feather fly as last explained. Make this a reversed wing fly then. Lay your mallard feather with the wing part pointing out beyond the head of the hook toward the gut snell. This will remain there till you have tied the body and the hackle, when it is bent forward, the bend forming a riser, around which the thread is tightly bound. Having tied in the feather begin with your floss and tinsel to wrap toward the head,

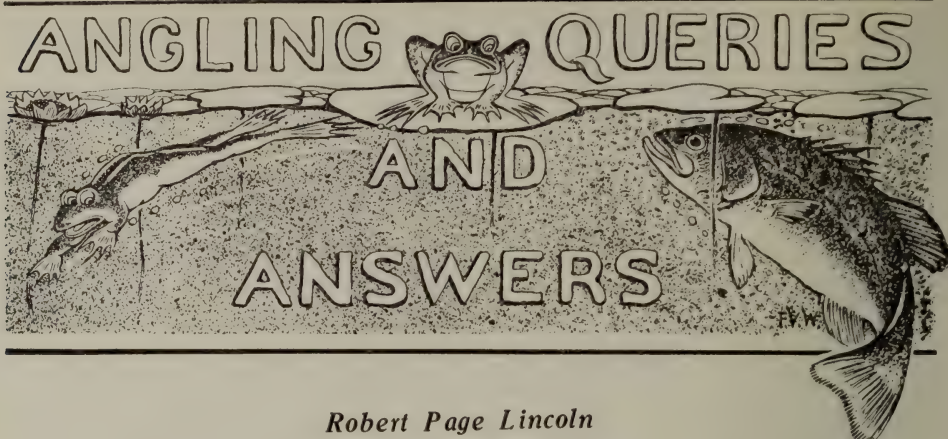
wrapping upon a body that has first been built up with the thread suitable to it. Do careful work, and be sure that each thread lies well in place so that when the fly is done it will be an artistic creation. Strive to make as finished work of your home-made flies as is shown in the standard, expert tied specimens. Now wind your floss well and rib with the tinsel to the end. Tie this stoutly here and you are ready for the hackle. This done begin to wrap the fiber around, and tie here and there occasionally, if on a sufficiently large fly. As you proceed with the winding, with your sharpened stick pick out all of the filaments that come under the fiber. When neatly done tie the end of the fiber with a couple of half hitches. Now bend forward the mallard wing feather, and tie firmly and well, and particularly see that it stands up naturally and not sideways. If it inclines to go sideways, this may be remedied by passing the thread a couple of times in front of it ere it is firmly bound in place. When finished the head is painted with varnish and your fly is ready to dry. In regard to the head it may be noted that this is as small as possible, especially on the expert tied flies. Contrary to this, however, I make flies that have a rather good head, striving to imitate nature to a certain extent, which is most true in the case of my large bass flies; in the smaller flies, with winding room scarce, and the head really minute, the small knot is the right thing of course, but on large bass flies, I have gone so far as to build a neck and head as well.

There remains now one variety of fly upon which I would like to dwell before closing this article; and the illustrations that go with this latter form should surely make it clear to the veriest amateur. I speak of the particular detached body form of fly. As an imitation of the living insect I doubt whether anything could be more true to form and I especially suggest that fishermen who read this and are interested tie from this, for they will find, as I have found, that it is a killing specimen, without a doubt, and in no matter what sort of water it is fished, I have found that this form of fly, when it has the gauze wings, can be fished where trout are exceptionally wise and reluctant to be wooed into the net; in fact the famous gauze-wing fly is the best imitation of the natural insect that there is extant. Ordinarily, however, the wings, and hackle of this fly may be the same as any other fly, only the body is added. The body may be constructed of one of three things, namely, horse hair, boar's bristle, or the fine quill of a chicken feather. For my part I vastly prefer the horse hair, as with this I can add or subtract as many hairs as I like

till I get the right number. Five strands or so of horse hair are assembled as in illustration A. Two strands of red ibis are added, which will make the tail. Then as in B, the floss is started and is wound tight around the hair and the tail strands. When finished the body should be smooth; the floss should lie well, especially if it is of the good sort. With cheap floss you can hardly expect to construct a smooth body, for I have tried it out to my satisfaction many a time. Now then, having made the body proper the next thing to do is to build it onto the hook shaft, and the illustration number C. shows the beginning of this. However, the beginning of the body may already be made by building up with well-waxed thread, then the hairs may be laid on and the floss wound over all, after the hairs have first been tied in well with the waxed thread. When thus tied in the body is held firmly in place and cannot be removed. This fly is readily made, and entails practically no more work than any other fly, save that one must use care and patience in getting everything ship-shape and more or less perfect.

It is my suggestion to amateurs that before fly-tying be gone into to any great extent, that a wide range of material be procured; thus, for instance, the materials that go into each fly of the kind you wish to tie you should have on hand so that you may go right ahead with it when you sit down. If you are given to gathering feathers wherever you go as I do, then you must sort those feathers and keep them in drawers, or boxes, labeled, so that your wants can be located without delving through mixtures and assortments, thus wasting valuable time. I would suggest that a great number of flies of both the large, small and medium be tied so that you will have many to select from when the time comes. Also it is well to see to it that you have both the snelled and the eyed-flies in your possession. Some are partial to eyed-flies; others cannot be made to use them, preferring the snelled hooks. This gut material may be purchased from the well-known supply houses, in hanks of one hundred strands to the hank. It goes without the saying that for small hooks fine gut should be used. If the strands are of too white a color to suit you, they should be dipped in black ink for a moment, then wiped dry. This gives them a mist, or tea-color that is eminently desirable in snells and leaders. It need not be mentioned here that a good grade of gut should be purchased; this is understood. Some gut of the cheap sort is so cheap that often, when twisted, it breaks clean off. See to it that you have good gut material.

ANGLING QUERIES AND ANSWERS



Robert Page Lincoln

No. 48.—Can you give me any information on how to make horsehair fishing lines. I have tried many times to construct a specimen that I could use with success but have failed through one thing or another.

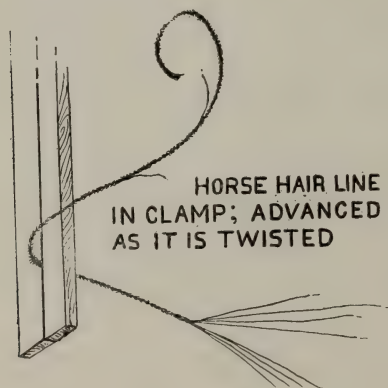
H. A. Drummond.

Wisconsin, U. S. A.

Ans.—Hair lines are the oldest form of lines known. Comparatively few such lines are now in use, though in out-of-the-way places in Canada, such specimens are yet found. In Europe, however, they are found, quite extensively. Hair lines possess the virtue of great strength, a notable elasticity and remarkable durability; they rarely rot or fray, no matter where they are thrown or what elements they face. Horsehair is used mainly in their construction and if an especially worthy line be desired the hairs are well selected, the best ones only finding preference. Short hairs are of little use and are more

common manner of twisting. As each section is finished, or nearly finished the line is advanced up in and over the clamp to hold it while the other strands are twisted. The individual hairs that make up each strand should be of various lengths. When one hair is exhausted another is lapped on and is woven into the twist. Rather nimble work is demanded in getting these parts together, but if care is taken no trouble should be experienced. When an appreciable length, of, say, ten feet has been twisted it is hung up, a weight is tied to the other end and the finishing twist is given it by setting the weight a-turning. It should be well twisted, and if so twisted the finished line should look like a thread, all connecting points being unnoticeable. The small ends where the strands were worked in here and there along the length are now closely clipped. When through twisting keep the weight in its final position and let the line remain so for a day or so. When taken down it will not untwist but will hold its place. Remember to twist it stoutly and well, and in particular remember to take care in working in the individual hairs that make up the strands. A horsehair line can, of course, be used only in common fishing—never in bait casting—but as a still fishing line I doubt if you can duplicate it, for strength and durability on the market.

R. P. L.

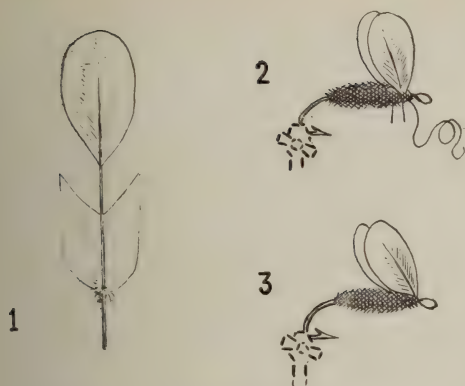


bothersome in the twisting process than the long hairs which allow one more elbow room, and do not run out so soon. As shown in the illustration accompanying this, a piece of split wood is used as a clamp to receive the line as it is twisted. To begin with the line, select eight long hairs—four hairs to a strand. Fix these in the clamp and begin to twist them,—four around the four and so on in the

No. 49.—Can you tell me how the erect wing dry-flies are made. I should like to make a collection of various flies this winter but do not know the various moves required for making the original dry-flies—the wings of which seem to stand straight up. If you would offer me this information I would be very thankful to you.

Victor Maye,
Flanders, P. Q.

Ans.—As shown in the accompanying illustration the wings are taken from the ends or tips of the feathers used and are set up against the body of the fly as shown. The winding thread binds the two fibres in place. The thread is passed alternately to the front



1. THE TIP OF THE FEATHER USED AS WING
2. WING TIED IN
3. THE FINISHED FLY

of the wings, and then to the back of them to keep them erect. When securely in place, so that they will hold their erect position the fibre ends are brought up alongside the body and covered. The wings should not lie too close together, but should be an appreciable distance apart, for it is the wings that float the fly and naturally close lying wings have the tendency to tip the fly, whereas, prepared as suggested more of a balance is assured, and the fly floats up, given the regulation ablution of a good grade of dry-fly oil. The construction of the dry fly is simple indeed and is easily mastered by the amateur hand if the few recognized rules are followed; the principal thing being to see to it that the wings are erect and well bound in place. Many of the winged "wet" flies are readily converted into dry flies, though they slope forward and are not erect. The genuine dry-fly has erect wings, purporting to be a live winged insect riding momentarily on the water, ere it shall be snapped up by a waiting fish.

R. P. L.

No. 50.—I am thinking of investing both in a baiting-casting and a fly-casting outfit this spring and feel that I will be able to invest thirty-five dollars in both of them. However, before making my purchase I should like to ask your opinion about this proposition. Can I get these two outfits at this price as a starter and will this material be worth while? Any suggestions you may be able to give me will be appreciated. Thanking you in advance, I beg to remain,

Truly yours,

Martin S. Williams,
Manchester, N. H.

Ans.—The purchase of the two outfits you call attention to can readily be made at the price you name, or at least very close to it. There are certain highly necessary things in both outfits that must be durable, and trustworthy, and efficient. While the rod for bait casting may be secondary in importance, the bait casting reel on the other hand must be a good one. On the contrary, in the trouting outfit the rod should be a good one, but the reel is not of such great importance.

I have gone over both outfits and have decided that for thirty-five dollars and fifty cents, the main features of both can be purchased. A good steel, bait casting rod should cost about five dollars. Such a rod has many of the excellent points of the twelve dollar rod, such as a tip with a merging, yet springy give to it, though having imitation, not genuine guides to its credit. I doubt if I would care to go under five dollars for such a rod. There are many low-priced reels on the market at five dollars that you can select from, or by adding a trifle more, a better reel yet may be had. I would rather pay less for the rod for bait casting and add another dollar to the purchase of a better reel than *vice versa*. A smooth running, German Silver reel will give service; a cheap nickle reel is but a trifle better than nothing. For two dollars you should be able to pick up four or five well-known surface, underwater and wobbler baits. A glancing over of my past articles on the subject should aid you in making very likely purchases.

A pair of good weedless hooks, such as those put out by the South Bend Bait Co., are very likely additions to the outfit, though for thirty cents a couple of good hooks are procurable. A last item, the tackle box, can be procured for one dollar. The total expenditure need not be over fifteen dollars. If you do not care to use artificial baits, being a live bait enthusiast, of course you can cut out the artificials.

In the trout outfit a good rod is an absolute necessity and I would especially and particularly suggest the purchase of a handmade, split bamboo rod. Such a rod, at the lowest will cost you ten dollars; this rod has high degrees of efficiency to its credit—as, for instance, pliancy and resiliency—values not to be second. This rod may be purchased from reputable makers (advertising in this magazine) and will last you for years, and if given a rehauling now and then—such as re-varnishing and rewinding, will be the same as new.

An enamelled line, of fair quality will cost two dollars. Such a line will make a good starter, but it is not comparable with a four or five dollar Perry D. Frazer, special vacuum prepared line. However, as the initial purchase a two dollar line is perfectly satisfactory.

A reel is rather important, and balance must be considered. A nickle and rubber reel, of single action is to be had in nearly any reputable store at one dollar and a half. I would not suggest using the bait casting reel on the fly-rod. This is a poor combination indeed.

Good leaders cost thirty cents apiece. Leaders should be selected with care. If you have followed my articles carefully you will know how to tie gut leaders from the strands that are purchased in hanks.

Flies, of standard make, ranging in price from sixty cents to one dollar a dozen are open to purchase and a five dollar bill should get you the starters. If you can tie your own flies (and you should be able to after having read my various articles on fly-tying) you will save a great deal.

In closing I should say that both outfits are readily procurable at thirty-five or thirty-six dollars.

R. P. L.

Letter:

"I have been reading your 'Angling Queries and Answers' in the November issue, and regret that I cannot come in with valuable information. There was a time some twenty years ago when I thought I knew considerable about fish and game. But I have learned so much since then that I am not sure I know anything worth talking about, and I am looking for information right now.

"Mr. Henry Ainloss asks a few questions about white fish, and like him I want to know. In the lakes of the Highlands of Ontario there is a small white fish that I think is much like a fresh water herring. It is about ten inches long, with the shape of the herring. From the time the ice breaks up until the latter part of October this fish, so far as I know, cannot be found. But during the last ten days of October, and first ten days of November, it may be seen at the surface of the water in thousands. It will not take bait or fly, but may be caught in small gill net. It is much better eating than any trout at that season, and seems to be the favourite food of the grey trout.

"What is this fish, and where does he hang out during the summer months?

"There is another white fish that I have seen in one place only, and that is in the waste

water from the waterworks aqueduct in the City of Ottawa.

"This fish is the most beautiful silver white I have ever seen. It is ten to twelve inches long, and as deep in the body as a bass. You cannot see it in twenty inches of clear water over stone bottom, and it will take bait, but you must handle it with great care or the hook will tear out of its delicate mouth.

"The above is the only place in the Ottawa River waters where I have seen this fish, though I expect he has been found in other swift water. But can you say what it is?"—E. J. McVeigh, Montreal, P.Q.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Frankly we are rather in a puzzle about the identification of the two specimens of fish life above referred to, and we would be greatly pleased if some of our many readers will offer some light on the subject, as to the identity of the fish, their specie, distribution, etc.

We have also received a letter asking for information on how to grow dew-worms for fishing. Dew-worms are used in bass fishing and they make a very successful bait for this purpose when the bass are taking well, but the present editor does not know how to grow them. If any reader can offer the information it will be much appreciated.

Law and Sentiment as Factors in Preservation

"Broncho"

THERE is grave danger that through ignorance of the true character of about eighty percent of the men and boys who shoot wild creatures, a great wrong will be done the latter. Let us not make a fatal mistake.

After quite a period of observation among all kinds of sportsmen, hunters and gunners, I am convinced that it is utterly futile and deadly dangerous to rely on humane, high-class sentiment to diminish the slaughter of wild things by game-hogs and pot-hunters.

In some respects, the term "game-hog" is a rude rough word; but it is needed in the English language, and it has come to stay. It is a disagreeable term, but it was brought into use to apply to a class of very disagreeable persons.

A "game-hog" is a hunter of game who knows no such thing as sentiment or conscience in the killing of game, so long as he keeps within the law. Regardless of the scarcity of game, or of its hard struggle for existence, he will kill right up to the bag limit every day that he goes out, provided it is possible to do so. He uses the "law" as a salve for the spot where his conscience should be. He will shoot with any machine gun, or gun of big calibre, in every way that the law allows, and he knows no such thing as giving the game a square deal. He brags of his big bags of game, and he loves to be photographed with a wagon-load of dead birds as a background. He believes in pump guns, early and late shooting, longer open seasons and "more game." He is quite content to shoot half

tame ducks in a preserve or a private corner as they fly between coop and pond, whenever he secures an opportunity. He will gladly sell his game whenever he can do so without being found out, and sometimes when he is.

Often a true sportsman drifts without realizing it into some one way of the confirmed game-hog; but the moment he is made to realize his position, he changes his course and his standing. The game-hog is impervious to argument. You can shame a horse away from his oats more easily than you can shame him from doing "what the law allows."

There are thousands of gentlemen who never once come in touch with real cloven-footed game-hogs, who do not understand the species at all, and do not recognize the ear-marks. Thousands of such persons will tell you; "In my opinion, the best way to save the wild life is to educate the people." I have heard that, many, many times.

For right-hearted people, a little law is quite sufficient, and the best people need none at all; but the game-hogs are different. For such as these who operate at the foot of Rondeau Bay and elsewhere, after planting over one hundred bushels of wheat, and occupying an oil-stove-heated blind large enough to accommodate three or four hunters and over a dozen pump-guns, the strict letter of the law, backed up by a strong-arm squad, is the only controlling influence that they recognize. To them it is necessary to say; "You shall;" and "You shall not."



The Publishers of Rod and Gun Magazine invite readers of the magazine to contribute articles and letters to Mr. Geikie's department on matters pertaining to guns and ammunition, but do not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed therein by these contributors.

SIZING UP THE .280 ROSS

E. C. Crossman

SOME of the rifles made by this company for the American market have the bolt handles turned down flush with the stock of the rifle, very close up. "Them as likes 'em, this way, can have them." Personally I want my bolt handle sticking out as on the military rifle, so if necessity arises, I can get hold of it, and the cold or damp hand won't slip off. I'll kick beauty in the ribs any day, for the sake of utility. Also the fore side of the bolt handle should be checked, guarding against any slip.

It is rather a homely rifle, particularly with the firing pin forward. While graceful in outline, this square cut, little bench back of the bolt is not beautiful and I dislike the looks of it.

The working parts, friction parts of bolt, sear, etc., are nicely polished, and the rifle is well finished in this respect. The magazine is plain stuff, and surely not much of a job.

The rifle is splendidly balanced, and handles with a "live" feeling, that is lacking in the short, clumsy, clubby automatics.

The recoil is merely that of the Springfield of the same weight. I have never been able to tell the difference, and others agree with me, including Lieut. Whelen who has done much shooting with both rifles.

The magazine, to the man who has stuffed cartridges into the clumsy Savage or 1895 Winchester magazines, is a pleasure to load. Merely roll a shell over the lip of the receiver until the follower grasps it, then it is there. You can slip four shells into it with more ease and certainty than you can load one into the rifles before mentioned.

The standard equipment is a white metal front sight, and a folding leaf rear, with "V" cut in it. It is invariably sighted too high for the average man, the idea being to draw the bead nearly out of sight into the V to hit 200, and full in sight for 500 or 400. The result is that most men use the bead in sight, as they should, and shoot over the moon. The trajectory is flat, but even then if the bullet is a foot high at 200, it is plenty high enough to miss.

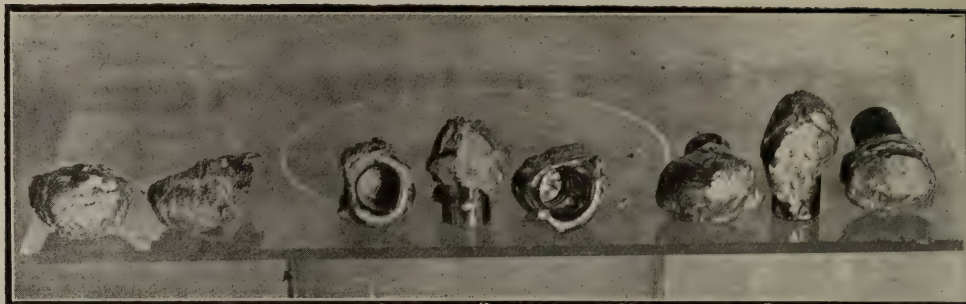
There is a folding peep sight for the bridge, sold by the Ross Co., and made for them by the Lyman Co., but it gives no elevation changes and it is not satisfactory. By doping around with different front sights, one can get the elevation one needs with this fixed peep, but this is a confounded nuisance.

The rifle is checked in grip and forestock, the pull is usually about 5½ lbs and clean if heavy, and the rifle is quite ready to use without further doping than good sights.

It is noteworthy that there are no slots or cuts in the barrel—these remain for the cheap American rifles the makers of which find it too much trouble to put the sights and forestock and magazine fasteners on in workmanlike manner.

So much for the rifle. With its faults, perhaps never noticed by the ordinary sportsman, it leads them all in strength, quickness of action, and light weight.

The cartridge is ballistically the best one so far produced. With its velocity of 3100 ft. secs.—using 142 gr. copper tube bullet—it leads any other cartridge on the market out-



FORMS ASSUMED BY "DUM-DUM" OR SOFT NOSE BULLETS AFTER BEING FIRED INTO FLESH

side of these fly-by-night alleged "Specials" for which any velocity on earth may be claimed.

The copper tube bullet is at once the best shaped to overcome air resistance with its long sharp point, and the most deadly of any small arms missile.

The point is sharper than any other spitzer, and its clean lines give it an enormous power to overcome the terrific resistance of the air. As a matter of comparison, the Ross 142 gr. bullet overcomes air resistance, compared to the Springfield 150 gr., as 50 is to 40. So when it starts out with 3100 ft. secs., it hangs on to more of its speed than any other spitzer of the same weight proportion to diameter.

The result is that at 500 yards, it has a punch left of 1680 ft. lbs. or more than that of the 30-30 at the muzzle, and at 1000 yards, it has a punch of 800 ft. lbs. which is more than the 30-30 has at 300 yards. Over game ranges and over the extreme ranges, the Ross .280 has more power than any cartridge sold in the American and Canadian markets, outside the .333 Jeffrey, which performs as its makers tell us it performs—on paper, but not in tests.

On game this copper tube is most deadly, fairly carrying out the boast of its makers that it "anchors" the game it hits. Like every rifle it sometimes fails, but its proportion of failures are mighty small compared with those of other rifles.

The high velocity of the bullet, and the soft copper tube, combine to make the bullet blow up on impact. The enormous energy in the missile ensures that there is no lack of punch of penetration of the bullet in spite of the breakup, and so the biggest animals collapse under its blow.

I should say that it is the most certain of any small arms bullet with the possible exception of the big capped Westley Richard's bullets like the .425, at short range. Even then the Ross beats if the range is much over 200, and the Ross does not kick 56 ft. lbs, nor weigh 9½ lbs.

So far I have killed with the Ross copper tube seven caribou, a bear and three bucks, besides various goats shot for experiment over on Catalina.

The results prove thoroughly that it is a *certain* bullet, knocking out the game if it is hit fairly anywhere in the body—with the minor and freak exceptions that sometimes occur even with the biggest and most powerful rifles. This not because it is a copper tube bullet or fired from the Ross, but because it breaks up through its high velocity and it gets out with ample velocity due to the fine shape of the bullet's point.

The only cartridges I know of that are in the Ross class, although not the equal of the Ross, are the Springfield, with 172 gr. spitzer, full metal patched bullet, or with soft point spitzer, the .250 Savage—doing the same sort of damage on much smaller scale—and the .318 Westley Richards.

The .333 Jeffrey is too inaccurate, and too uncertain in bullet behavior to merit our consideration.

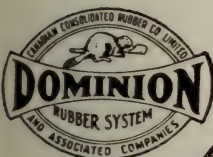
The .318 Westley Richards is a high speed rifle but using a very heavy bullet. With its 250 gr. capped bullet, it has 2500 ft. secs. velocity, and owing to the weight of the bullet, it holds its velocity nearly as well as does the Ross with sharper point. The capped bullet breaks up well, and the weight ensures penetration, where even the Ross .142 gr. would fail. This means of course only on the hugest of big game, not anything found on the American continent.

Needless to say, the Ross trajectory is as flat as a floor. Over 300 yards the bullet rises but 3½ inches, and over 500, but 13 inches. It is hardly 2 inches high at 200—in fact it hardly gets an inch above the line of sights, because they are in turn set an inch higher than the bore.

The objections to the cartridge are; its high and absurdly uncalled for cost, 8c, against 5c for the 1906 and 3c for the .250 Savage,—and its metal fouling proclivities.



THE .280 ROSS



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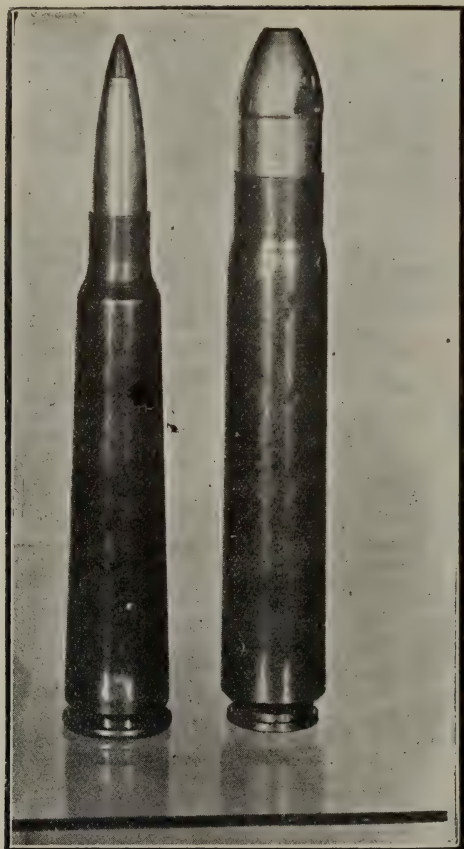
NOBBY TREAD CHAIN TREAD PLAIN TREAD

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the slipperiest pavements — Saves 90% of punctures.

CHAIN TREAD

An attractive, effective anti-skid
tire at a moderate price—the best
for the money.



Spitzer and blunt nose bullets. A modern high-velocity cartridge, and a large bore of the type used prior to 1890. Left, .280, velocity 3,000 ft. sec., much like the German Mauser 8 m.m.

At the present time I do not own a Ross rifle, merely because when they try to make one for me they just naturally fall all over themselves. I get weary after a while. The chief objection I have to the rifle is its metal fouling habits, that with some rifles are most serious, and the 8c stunt, due to the idea of the Ross Co. in loading the stuff themselves, and paying duty to this country on it.

Also the Ross varies hugely in its accuracy with the 142 gr. bullet although it is high with the 180 gr. match. Six rifles tried out, and taken from stock here gave me an average of about 8 inches for 10 shot groups at 200. This is good enough for game, but not as accurate as the rifle should be for target and the finest work on game.

The cartridge is loaded with 58 grains of pyrocellulose powder, the same as used in the 1906, but cut of coarse grain for the reduced bore and proportionately heavier bullet. The cases are made by the U. S. Cartridge Co. and are of fine quality, and the primers are non-mercuric brass, of the same make. The bullets heretofore have been made by the Remington, U. M. C. Co. for the Ross people.

The high quality of the cartridges, hand-weighted powder charges, beautifully made and uniform bullets, and the best of our powder, makes the comparative inaccuracy of the rifle hard to understand. Sure it is that the trouble does not lie in the ammunition, or the beautiful barrels put on the rifles.

Despite this lack of gilt-edged accuracy, I would choose the Ross as my big game rifle if they could ever make one that had the trigger pull as ordered, and with the details attended to in half-way satisfactory manner. This is of course merely the troubles of the crank, not those of the average sportsman.

THE .303 FOR DEER

H. A. Preston

I note in the November issue that a subscriber wishes to know if the .303 British is powerful enough for deer. Well I just want to say that my advice to him is to purchase a .303 Ross or Winchester 1895 adapted to the same ammunition. Let him take it out and try it on moose and deer and if it is not a peach of a gun with which to kill them dead I will buy it from him for cash. Yes the .303 is the gun for moose and deer and personally I have killed several with this caliber. I caled one moose with 63-inch spread and he stood watching me scarcely fifteen yards away. In this case the .303 did the business.

If those .30-30 cranks would use a .303 British there would be far fewer deer get simply wounded and escape to die. Several .32 Special and .30-30 lovers have taken my advice and they thanked me too and now

would not use anything else but a .303 simply because it seems to clean up everything everytime. I have never had a deer escape yet that was hit in the body and it won't tear them up.

There is a farmer near here named Withers whom I advised to buy a .303 Ross. I told him that it might be possible for him to run across a bear four or five hundred yards away on the hills across his farm during the spring and I would guarantee the Ross to fetch him down. Sure enough he did 'run across' a bear and with the aid of the .303 secured it.

Now if the enquirer wants to know the names of about thirty-six hunters here who use the .303 Ross, and Winchester '95 .303 carbine I will gladly furnish their names and addresses. I often wonder why there are not more questions asked about the .303. I can

Prize Fish

1. Three prize "Muskie's", 8 lb., 10 lb. and 12 lb., caught on a "BRISTOL" Rod, French River, Ontario, by Chas. F. Henry, Marietta, Ohio.
- 2 and 3. 64 lb. Square Tail Trout caught in Moosehead Lake, Me., on "BRISTOL" Rod by R. Gordon Baldwin, of Bristol, Conn.
4. 15 lb. Salmon from Royal River, Oregon. Caught by O. F. Smith, Kingfisher, Okla.
5. 4 lb. 10 oz. and 3 lb. 10 oz. Small mouth Bass caught by W. Moles, Sr., Wilmerding, Pa.
6. Another prize "Muskie" caught at Rut Iron, Connecticut River by S. A. Harris, Hartford, Conn.
7. Large Mouth Bass caught at Lake Weir, Florida, by Grace B. Willard.
8. Gar Fish. Weight 117 lb. Length 7 feet, 3 1/4 inches. One of ten big "Gars" caught in Red River at Alexandria, La., by Pat O'Shea.

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We offer prizes for the best Fishing Pictures—Send in your Fishing Photos.

promise that it is the best all-around cartridge for game in Northern Ontario where I have lived for twelve years. I own a Winchester model 1895 Carbine chambered for the .303 British cartridge and while it is my favorite deer gun I generally use .280 Ross for moose as these animals are sometimes sighted a long way off and this is where the .280 comes in handy as the bullet travels

faster and the arm is more powerful. However for travelling through the bush or swamp the .303 carbine is the boy. The .280 is excellent if you happen to see any wolves on a lake a long way off.

I intend to have one of Charles Newton's .30 caliber rifles when they come on the market.

THAT .30-30 AGAIN

T. H. G.

I HAVE been much interested in the discussion carried on through the medium of this gun department as to the value of such rifles as the .25-35, .30-30, and others of this class, for deer shooting.

I have made careful tests on this subject for some four years and it seems to me that these rifles leave nothing to be desired for the purpose. Contrary to many statements made in these columns and in similar departments in other outdoor magazines, the deer is a comparatively easily killed animal. I have seen them killed with a .22 W. R. F. and on one occasion actually was in company with a man who shot one dead at twenty paces with a common Winchester rifle chambered for the well known .22 Long rim fire cartridge loaded with black powder. Of course this does not prove that the .22 Long is an ideal deer rifle or that the .22 W. R. F. is any better, but it does indicate that but little more power is required to kill deer quickly and thoroughly.

I have used the .30-30 Winchester for five years and have killed six deer with it to date. Not one got away and none 'dropped in their tracks' like we read of in the books. In one instance the deer ran fifty yards with a .30-30 bullet through his lungs, but he went no further and I didn't fire again either. Another deer ran about half this distance and stood with his head swaying from side to side. I fired again and struck him in the heart and he was down for keeps. I found that the first bullet had gone clean through the hips of the deer and seemingly had anchored him for the time being. The last and finishing shot took effect in the shoulder and raked the heart in going through.

In answer to Mr. Holsinger's query as to the .25-35 for a deer gun I want to say that

this is a very good caliber and I have seen deer killed with this rifle at very long range and they didn't run one hundred yards like a deer I saw shot with a .303 Savage four years ago. This last named deer was shot by a fellow hunter up in Northern Ontario at a range of about fifty yards. At the shot the deer jumped and made for the timber. We trailed that deer by the blood marks the better part of that day and when we finally came across him he had considerable fight left in him. He was pretty near all in, however and a shot through the heart put an end to what was a pretty hard chase, or rather trail. A wounded deer that has been brought to bay and can go no farther will often put up a wicked fight and in this case there is no doubt that if we had been venturesome enough to risk a close encounter with the animal he would have brought his hoofs into play with vicious effect. We ascertained, upon cutting the animal up that the first .303 Savage bullet had entered through the foreshoulder but had swerved seemingly, and making a wound, while not immediately fatal, would in time have allowed the deer to bleed to death. I do not lay this case up against the Savage though, for perhaps under similar conditions a .30-40 would have done no better. I want to say also that the good old .30-40 is powerful enough for the biggest of American game. Even those who took part in the .30-30 Vs Big Bore controversy in the columns of other magazines some time ago, on the side of the larger bore arms, admitted that the .30-40 would take care of the American hunter's needs perfectly. The bullet of this caliber makes an ideal mushroom and there is no half-hearted mushroom either. Me for the .25-35, .30-30 and .30-40.



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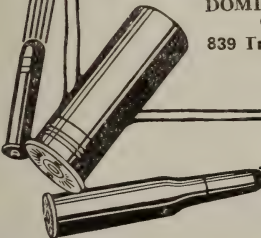
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SOME INTERESTING SINGLE SHOT TARGET RIFLES

A. L. King

THE accompanying illustrations show four specimens of single shot target rifles which, will no doubt recall to many of the readers visions of boyhood days, ground-hog shooting and turkey matches. In spite of recent improvements in firearms and ammunition this type of rifle along with the cartridges used, stands easily first in the estimation of a large number of the residents of older Ontario. Personally if I ever should be unfortunate enough to see the day when the lady of the house would allow me to have one rifle only, without hesitation my vote would be cast in favor of a single shot.

True, the cartridges adapted to these rifles do not break any speed ordinances and a woodchuck when struck by the bullet is not necessarily picked up with a piece of blotting-paper but what of that? Mr. Woodchuck is hit just the same, and presents something tangible to pick up. Cartridges have been developed in recent times which for long range shooting hopelessly outclass all the older types of ammunition, yet at the short and mid-ranges they would needs be at their very best to even hold their own with the old reliable loads so well known to all. Troubles without end are attendant on the use of the ultra-high velocity ammunition. The high cost of ammunition, short life of shells, burnt-out barrels, fouling troubles and the difficulty

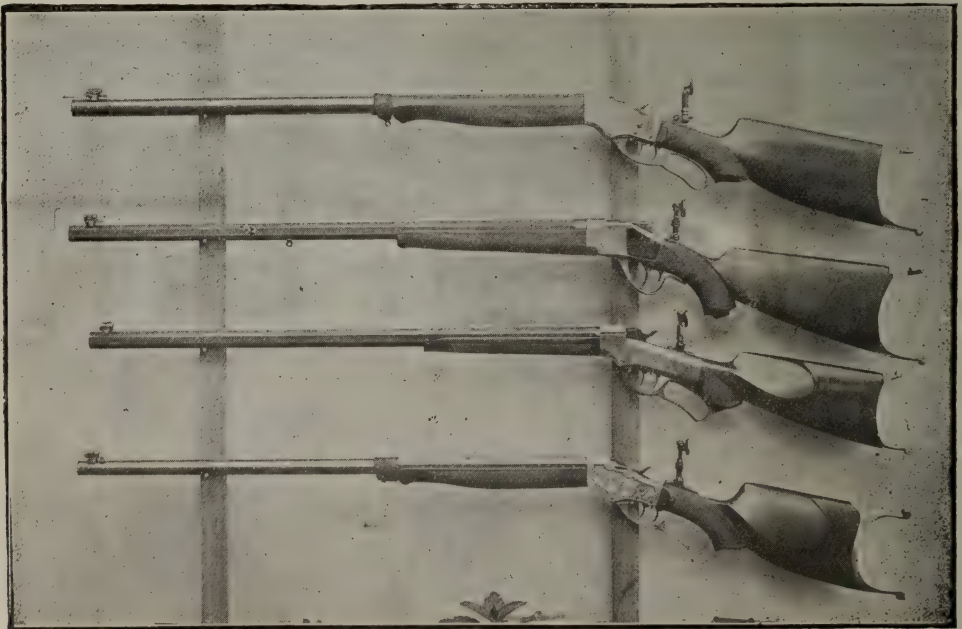
of re-loading this speedy class of ammunition all tend to warm my heart towards the easily loaded cartridges used in the single shot rifles. I am just old fashioned enough to think that the .45-70, .38-55, .32.40 and the various .25 calibers are classics as far as accuracy within their range is concerned.

Single shot rifles stand for accuracy. Almost invariably the user of one of these rifles is a rifle-shot to the full extent of his native ability. He is deliberate, hangs on and holds close, fires his first shot when, and only *when*, he is good and ready, and takes pride in his work.

The rifles illustrated herewith are interesting from the fact that they differ in almost every detail, and particularly as they include two specimens daily becoming more and more scarce—the Sharp's and the Ballard.

The upper rifle is a No. 47 Stevens with a 30-inch No. 3 half-octagon barrel, checked grip and fore-end, Swiss butt-plate, double set triggers. The rear sight is a new Lyman Micrometer. A peculiar feature of the front sight is that the pin head is *oval* like an egg broadside on, yet, owing to a defect in the owner's eyesight, it appears perfectly round to him.

The second rifle from the top is a splendid specimen of the "Old Reliable," Sharp's hammerless. This gun is fitted with a 30-inch



From top to bottom is shown Stevens No. 47, Sharp's Hammerless known as "The Old Reliable," Ballard, Stevens No. 52.



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full octagon barrel made by the Stevens Co. and is No. 3 weight. The tang sight is a Stevens Pope Armory. The owner of this arm being left-handed removed the cheek-piece and was then guilty of defacing one of the finest stocks I have ever seen. The pistol grip is a masterpiece, the most real thing in the shape of a grip to be found on any rifle of this kind. The butt-plate is extra full and gives lots of shoulder room. It is attached by one ordinary screw and a long screw, the head of the latter being nicely turned and forming the heel portion of the plate. Although operated in the same manner as a set trigger, the rear trigger is really an automatic safety.

The next lower rifle is a Ballard. Yes sir! A genuine sure-enough Ballard. It is fit to stand up on its hind legs along with that other real rifle, the Sharp's.

As originally obtained from a nutmeg-selling gentleman in Vermont it had a barrel 34 inches in length and about one and one-half inches in diameter at the muzzle. The breech end projected past the receiver all around leaving no possible place for a fore-end. It surely was a young cannon. A pair of wheels would have been a great convenience.

This barrel was replaced by a 30-inch No. 3 .32-40 full octagon barrel built by Mr. Schoyen



SAME RIFLES, ACTIONS OPEN

The forward trigger is adjusted to a very fine pull. All features of this rifle show individuality and superiority, but none more so than the action.

It drops clear down out of sight when open, leaving no hammer sticking up in the way like the proverbial sore thumb. It is reliable and fits tightly when closed—just how tight you will realize when I say that it will shear off the primers if they are not seated properly. A test accidentally undergone by this arm will serve to illustrate the great strength of the action.

The owner was engaged in a "kidding match" while loading, and inadvertently seated a second bullet in the breech. The old rifle notified him of his absent-minded work by registering a kick like a mule and *two hits* on the target—of the latter, one hit was a six and the other a five. It was well for him that he was using an action that would stand it.

of Denver, Colo. who rifled it with seven lands and throated it for the Hudson bullet, chambering it very tight. Mr. Schoyen is a maker of real barrels that will bear comparison with any other. A fore-end belonging to a plain .38-55 Ballard was fitted and checked by a gunsmith of the very ordinary variety. This artist also made several screws and straightened the forward trigger to give more 'finger room.' The original set trigger being a make-shift affair he made a new one and managed to break it in two places, brazing it and making a most beautiful job. He surely is a past master in the art of brazing, due no doubt to the wealth of experience he has had in fixing up his own botch work.

The action of this old rifle is really good. The repairs done to it were all made necessary by downright abuse and with ordinary care it will last to be handed down from one generation to another. In spite of its age the action is so tight that it opens almost like drawing a cork out of a bottle.

30 Year Record

"The gun that you built for me about thirty years ago seems to work as well and shoot as well as it did the day it left your factory, while other guns here of other makes that have only been in use for from three to ten years look badly worn and some of them not fit to use. The mechanism of my gun shows no wear, the joints fit perfectly and every piece is in its proper place except the short wide-headed screw that holds the front end of the trigger guard as indicated by arrow shown in cut enclosed. Can you supply a screw to fit this place? If so, please forward me one by first mail enclosing bill for the same, and I will remit just as soon as I can learn the price of the screw. My gun is a twelve gauge F Grade."

Respectfully,

Dr. S. P. Nash.

Decatur, Texas, Dec. 3, 1915.

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FIRING THE STEVENS NO. 52 FROM THE SITTING POSITION

When open, as you may see in the cut, the whole action,—hammer, breech-block and triggers—drop clear down out of the way thus making it a real pleasure to load, or clean the bore. The stock, while lacking the splendid lines and generous proportions of the Sharp's, has a cheek-piece, a Swiss butt-plate and was also given almost the identical drop at comb and heel of the other stock. The front sight is hooded and fitted with a set of Martin's discs. The rear sight is an old original Lyman non-locking tang sight fitted by the Lyman people with their No. 47 stem giving lateral adjustment. This again, was sent to Mr. Martin to be fitted with his famous peep cup and with shading disc and set of apertures.

The owner has taken considerable pains to have the old Ballard brought up to date both for the sake of having a real gun to shoot with and for the sake of the old rifle itself. Among old timers 'Sharp's' and 'Ballard' are names to conjure with.

The rifle shown at the bottom of the photo is one of the Stevens Company's best models—the No. 52. It has a .32-40 caliber 30-inch half octagon No. 2 barrel, selected walnut stock and heavy Schuetzen butt-plate which, along with the receiver, lever, etc., is silvered finish. In appearance this rifle is a beauty and its shooting qualities may be judged from the fact that on three occasions it has won the club championship.

Another rifle much in favor among shooters—the single shot Winchester—is not included because it was not convenient to obtain one at the time the pictures were taken, which I regret. The Winchester action, while a doubtful improvement on the old Sharp's is without doubt the finest action made on any of our present day hair-trigger single shot rifles. Of their barrels I have not so high an opinion. On the other hand the Stevens barrel will "bunch 'em" closely, holding their own in accuracy with all others. 'Tis a pity

to have such a good barrel attached to a pot-metal action.

You will perhaps wonder why none of the rifles shown are fitted with palm-rests or 'scopes. While there is an Offhand Rifle Association the members of which indulge in off-hand shooting at 200 yards using palm rests and telescopes, none of the clubs in this locality are members and we have therefore no occasion to use either of the accessories mentioned. What off-hand shooting we do is usually in the 'finger-tips' position.

The 'sitting' position illustrated is one that is little used, yet is very steady, almost as much so as the prone position and often permits a hunter to fire a carefully delivered shot when the formation of the ground does not admit of shooting prone and the wind is too heavy for off-hand work. I find it to be fine business for woodchuck shooting.

Most of our shooting is done from a body rest with the wrist and rifle clear of everything. At turkey matches the custom is to use a muzzle or fore-end rest. Here is where the trouble commences. The 'flip', vibration or whatever you wish to term it is so much affected by resting the barrel on a support that the shooter is cussing away to himself half the time. At every match a different sort of rest is used with the result that the contestants get considerable experience at so much per shot. In my opinion more satisfactory results may be obtained by keeping the rifle clear of everything. A good holder, shooting prone, would make some of the muzzle-rest scores hustle.

'Scopes we do not use in our matches. Their use would likely discourage shooters who could not afford them. Our rear sights comprise most of the tang sights on the market. The Stevens Pope Armory sight shown on two of the rifles is well made, locks absolutely tight and is capable of very fine adjustment. On the other hand it is adjusted by means of a pin which is liable to be lost, it is slow to

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Third, Amateur Average — — — Allen Heil with 485 x 500

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Third in Double Championship — — — Allen Heil, 84 x 50 pairs

Sousa Trophy—Won by Woolfolk Henderson, with 100 straight.
Shanley Trophy—Won by Allen Heil with 99 x 100 and 19 on the shoot-off.

Tied Westy Hogans Trophy—Allen Heil, with 100 straight.
National 18 yd. Championship won by Allen Heil, 97 x 100.

In addition to the above, **Parker Guns** figured prominently in the winning of many other high places.



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adjust and confusing to read. Quick changes from one range to another are hopelessly out of the question when using this sight. The various forms of Vernier sights are very good, especially as manufactured by the B. S. A. Co. The Lyman IA with a No. 47 stem makes a very satisfactory sight both for hunting and target work. Any one can convert his hunting tang sight into a very satisfactory target sight by using this special stem. The best sight however in my opinion is the new Lyman Micrometer tang sight which was mentioned before in Rod and Gun. This sight when fitted with Martin's peep cup and used in conjunction with his front sight discs gives clearer definition, quicker accurate adjustment than any other I have had the opportunity to use. The optical principles involved in the design of Martin's discs are apparently correct as eye-strain is eliminated to a very great extent.

This is as it should be. A four-inch bull is commonly used at 100 yards and experience shows that this size is too small. No man has any eye-sight to spare and no reason exists for putting his eyes to any unnecessary strain.

My idea of a good target is to use the ring system and allow the shooter to use any old size of black he likes best. On the ring target, a hit one-half inch closer in, means 'points' on the score and the actual value of the score is more correctly indicated than by our present system. On the targets in use the hits may be splashed all over the bull and still count as 'possibles'. This idea could be carried out in all shooting from 25 yards to 1000 yards.

The loading outfit shown in connection with this article is fairly complete. It consists of several Ideal tools, a Universal Powder Measure, sizing and lubricating press, armory mould, re and de-capper, bullet seater,

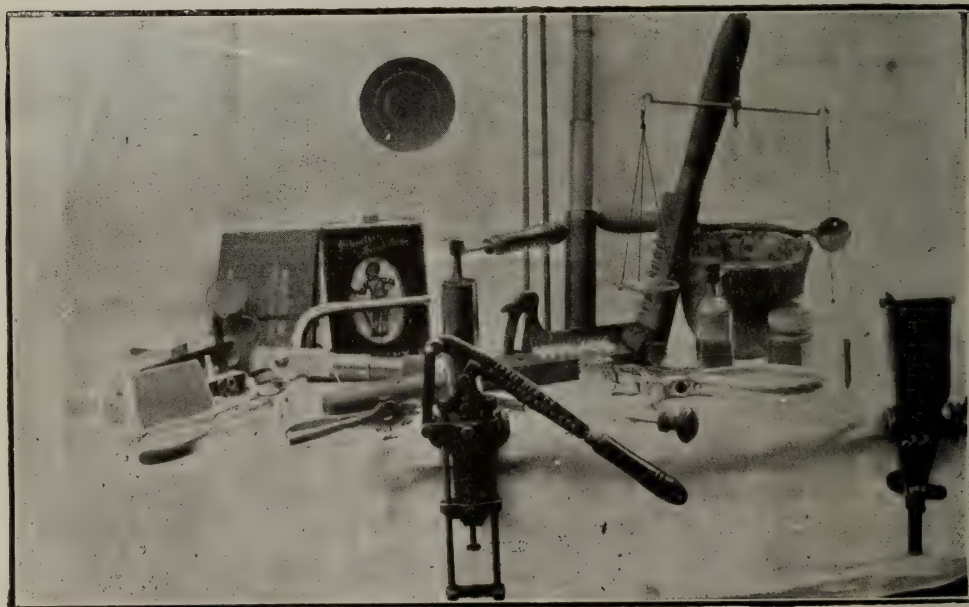
melting pot and dipper, apothecaries' scales, micrometer, can of "Schuetzen" powder, cleaning rods, cleaning 'dope', score books, glasses and numerous other little articles dear to the heart of a rifle-bug.

Half the fun in shooting is found in re-loading and experimenting with various combinations. If those who do not re-load would secure an Ideal Handbook and a tool and go to it, their knowledge of cartridges would soon be materially increased. Another advantage of re-loading is that it lessens the cost of ammunition. This same cost is a great item if much shooting be done.

As stated before, this experimenting business is some fun. To illustrate—most of our members use the .32-40 caliber with 185-gr. Ideal bullet No. 319289, cast in the armory mould and shell full of black powder with a blotting paper wad on top. The bullet is seated in the breech by means of a bullet seater.

One 'bug' is not satisfied with the way the armory mould performs. In cutting off, it slightly distorts the base of the bullet. Not having another 185-gr. mould he is using a 165-grain mould casting bullet No. 319247 with 38 grains of "Schuetzen" and seats the bullet half-way in the shell, which is very slightly crimped in an adjustable chamber to prevent the bullet falling out. This method is certainly more pleasant to use in the snow or cold and even in fine weather it cuts out a lot of work at the firing point. This use of "Schuetzen" saves the trouble of washing shells after firing them and with a light bullet gives a speedy load, placing the hit about one inch higher than with the 185-gr. bullet when using the same sighting.

Another 'nut' has a .25-21 Stevens which has not been giving the results demanded of it. Being a mechanic of the first water he is



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doing considerable work on it in order to prove that his theories will work out in practice. The use of a test-plug disclosed the fact that the barrel was not absolutely true. 'Lapping out' was then resorted to until the bore showed by tests that it was in a perfect state. This necessitated the use of a larger bullet so an old-fashioned mould with plunger was made casting a bullet of the desired dimensions for use with a paper patch, having a "dirt catching" and "target punching" shoulder at the spring line, but no bands of course.

The rifle being one of the older types of Stevens, with lots of lost motion in the lever and block mechanism, allowed the use of a bullet seater somewhat out of the ordinary.

A .25-25 shell considerably longer than the .25-21 was reamed out at the neck to allow the insertion of the patch and bullet and was fitted with a shouldered plunger. To load, the bullet on which the patch is waxed, is placed in the seater, the whole is inserted in the chamber and the action closed thus forcing the bullet into the rifling.

Throwing the action open extracts the seater and the balance of the operation is performed in the usual manner. He proposes to use Schuetzen powder and an 84-gr. bullet. We differ on the question of whether or not the gas from smokeless powder will get past the bullets thus burning out the patch. Also we are in doubt as to whether the bullets as mis-

made by the armory mould have time to be expanded true to fit the bore before they get going on their way.

This gentleman has a work-shop fitted up in his attic. It contains a screw-cutting lathe and the most complete outfit of very fine tools I have ever seen. Some of them are handed down from his father who also had his own ideas about rifles and was equal to the task of proving them right or wrong. This is all solely as a means of riding his hobby—guns, ammunition and sights.

In this holy of holies a few chosen 'fans' are in the custom of gathering and there are few subjects in connection with shooting that are not threshed out to the satisfaction—or otherwise—of all who are so fortunate as to be in on it. The fur will certainly fly when the exponents of the various ideas get to going together.

Some day when dreams come true I will get me a rifle, Sharp's, Ballard or Winchester action, Pope, Schoyen or Stevens barrel to be 30-inch No. 3 full octagon, .38-55 caliber chambered very tight and throated for the Hudson bullet which must be poured from the nose. This rifle of my dreams will have a palm rest, selected stock with cheek piece in London oil finish, and heavy Swiss butt-plate. The finish of the action will be blue. Micrometer sights there will be, also Martin's discs and a 'scope.

FOR A MAN'S SIZE RIFLE

F. T. G.

ARE we becoming a nation of effeminate? It certainly looks like it judging from the modern rifles that are being put on the market. In my day we used a gun (a muzzle loader) weighing anywhere from ten to twelve or even fourteen pounds and thought nothing of its weight. Times seem to change and hunters who have tiny little light-weight hunting rifles within their reach weighing scarcely six pounds still howl for lighter and still lighter rifles.

Accuracy does not go hand in hand with lightness. A thin, short light barrel fitted to a rifle adapted to modern high power smokeless ammunition 'throws up' unbearably. The .22 high power Savage is an example of this. True this gun had not a great recoil but it has the nasty flip at the muzzle that I dislike so much. I would certainly jump at the rifle if they would put it out with a 30-inch heavy

barrel and with a man size stock with a good heavy wood. At present the wood of the stock is so hollowed out that but a little bang against a tree will occasionally crack it across. This is not as it should be and I look forward to the day when American rifle manufacturers realize that there are some hunters on this green earth (hardly true at this period) who want rifles built "man size" not according to the measurements of a twelve-year boy.

A decent "featherweight" rifle for those that desire them is another matter. What I dislike so much is the practice of American armors putting out repeating rifles supposedly full weight arms but weighing a scant seven pounds. The .22 high power Savage is only obtainable in "feather-weight" style and this is unfortunate for those who desire the same gun in a more substantial model. I am one of the latter.

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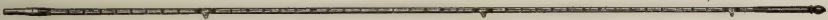
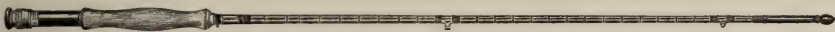
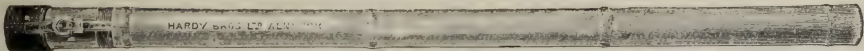


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AN IDEAL FRONT SIGHT FOR TARGET AND HUNTING PURPOSES

J. A. Brough

I HAVE used a repeating rifle for some fifteen years and have come to believe firmly in the oft-repeated statements to the effect that "sights are half the rifle" or "sights are the eyes of the rifle" and it is only after many set-backs that I have finally come to find what constitutes the correct sighting combination for the target range, the gallery and the field.

I own at present three rifles and all these arms are fitted with the old standard Lyman front sight (catalogued as No. 3) ivory bead. This is the perfect front sight I am positive and it will show up white and clear in the darkest timber or in the subdued glare of the electric-lighted gallery. It is of the correct shape, is strongly supported by the steel base and will stand the hardest usage to which a front sight is subjected.

The principle upon which the Lyman ivory bead front sight is founded is that the face of a "bead" front sight should be practically flat and should not be irregular, hemispherical or cone like. The sides should be straight, tapering from the edge of the face towards the muzzle and the reason for this being that in a normal light all points of an unshaded small flat surface are equally illuminated. Should the bead be hemispherical or conoidal, unless the light strikes squarely on its face or comes directly back of its centre, one or the other of the sides, or else the top and bottom, will be in the shade and the opposite half in the light.

The above paragraph is quoted from the manufacturer's statement and shows clearly the requirements of a perfect front sight of the bead pattern, and this without useless repetition.

In a recent number of *Outer's Book*, there appeared the statement from the pen of one supposedly well versed in things pertaining to guns and rifle equipment, that the ivory bead front sight is easily chipped and damaged, or words to that effect. Now I hate seeing statements like that in print. This party could not have given the matter much thought or he would not have said what he did. The truth of the matter is that there is no bead front sight made that will stand such a great amount of hard usage as the old standard ivory bead. I would advise the gentleman making the statement to the contrary to give the subject a test before breaking out in print in such a manner and giving the readers a wrong im-

pression. The same writer went on to give another form of front sight a general over-hauling through the coals—a gold bead front sight this time—and this sight in the hands of a colored gun-bearer in African wilds had been banged into a rock with natural damage resulting to the "gold" bead. No sights will stand this treatment. No, not even the sight this gentleman goes on to laud up to the skies as being all that is proper and strong will stand being bumped into a rock and they who allow their fine rifles to be carried by ignorant and careless darkies deserve to get their guns, as well as their sights broken.

As regards a rear sight nothing is better than the tang or receiver sight. I use the Lyman as well as the Marble. Two of my rifles are fitted with Marble tang peep sight and my .22 Hi-Power is fitted with a Lyman combination rear sight No. 30½.

The gun department of *ROD & GUN* is by far the best of any outdoor magazine published on the continent with one or two possible exceptions and at that price it is an even break which is the best anyway.

Give us lots of .22-caliber rifle talk, the accuracy to be expected from rifles of the target class in this caliber, as well as some more of the .30-30 Vs. .405 discussion. It makes good reading all right even though we can't all agree on what every enthusiast has to say.

For example to say that a .30-30 won't kill a deer, or a .44-40 is a deer rifle. One of these statements is as absurd as the other.

I have used a .30-30 for many years and have never yet seen one of these rifles that was unsuitable for such game as deer but I have never been convinced that a .44-40 was a reliable deer killer though this gun will kill these animals under favorable conditions.

If the readers do not like seeing their pet deer rifles trailed in the dust it is up to them to come forth and champion them. I have never yet been afraid to say what I thought was right in such discussions and trust the time will never come when I will be. I consider Lt. Whelen the most reliable of all the contributors with Mr. Crossman (generally) a close second. The former gives facts in a much more soft-spoken way and gives the reader the impression that he is dealing with a man who is a gentleman through and through. And after all what's the use of talking at all if we can't do it in gentlemanly language?



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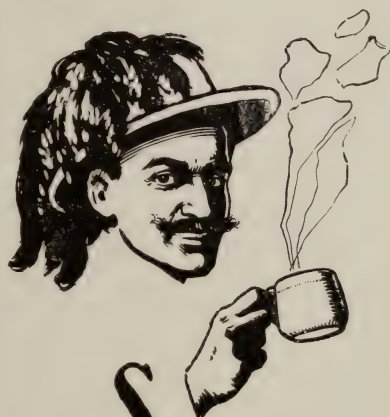
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THE .380 SAVAGE AUTOMATIC PISTOL

H. T. G.

I BELIEVE it would be of interest to the readers of ROD & GUN if I were to tell some of my experiences with the above named pistol which I have owned for a little over a year. It surely is a "big little" pistol and as a means of defence and offense leaves nothing wanting.

The gun itself is comparatively short, of medium weight and moderately powerful—hard shooting enough for all our needs I am sure. The pistol is of absolutely faultless finish and my gun is fitted with the new spur cocking lever but recently fitted to these arms.

I had occasion to shoot a vicious dog for a friend last spring and when I say that I shot the brute at a full thirty yards, catching the snapper through the chest and finishing him off right there and then, you will have an idea of the pistol's stopping power other than on white paper. The dog in question was a big fellow, a collie four years old and as he had grown so cross to all the household there was no other way open to the owner except to dispatch the dog.

I will admit that I felt something like a murderer when I faced the collie, intent on doing him to death and I was glad to see that the pistol did its work quickly and mercifully. The bullet did not go clean through, but contrary to the statements of a writer in a magazine recently (not ROD & GUN) *the bullet showed good explosive effect*. It therefore seems as though intensely high velocity were not absolutely a necessity to obtain a perfectly "deadened" dog.

I had also the good luck to shoot a big woodchuck with this pistol by dint of careful stalk-

ing like an Apache Indian. I got within twenty feet of the woodchuck and after a careful aim pressed the trigger. The woodchuck which had been sitting straight up like a picket dropped down and I immediately thought I had lost him. However upon running over I saw the big fat fellow holding himself rigidly upright in the mouth of his den and in his last struggles. He was seemingly paralyzed and the strange part of it was the way he was holding himself from slipping altogether into the hole by means of extended arms. This bullet had struck the woodchuck in the head and there was a nasty wound.

This completes the list of notches I have already made on the butt and the only remarks I can make further upon this beautiful little pistol will be confined to paper bulls-eyes, empty tin cans, and old stumps.

Up to forty and fifty yards I found the Savage .380 fully as accurate as a .38 caliber Colt or Smith & Wesson revolver and the smashing effect in wood considerably greater. It is in all respects a man's gun, not a Fourth of July noise-maker for the kids. It is a good auxiliary weapon for the single action .44 Colt and will keep the camp stew pot well supplied with meat if you but hold steady and true on a rabbit's or grouse's head. Crack! a flinted shell is noiselessly thrown from the chamber and you are again ready for action.

It is the best little pistol of its type in the world and its absolutely faultless finish is a credit to American ingenuity and craft. I would like to hear from other users of this pistol through these columns.

THE STEEL CLEANING ROD

M. R. H.

IT seems to the writer that the steel cleaning rod recommended to users of high power rifles by Lt. Townsend Whelen and spoken of recently by contributors to this magazine, has at least one serious disadvantage. A steel rod will rust whereas a brass rod will not. It is a well known fact that a rusted rod drawn through a rifle barrel has a very bad action on the latter. A brass rod it is true will become discolored from the use of ammonia, but it will not become corroded as these writers would have us believe. The discoloration seen on the brass after being moistened with the ammonia is simply due to the chemical action of the cleaning fluid mentioned and this stain on the rod can be easily removed by means of a piece of cloth and thorough rubbing. If allowed to evaporate on the brass rod it will produce a kind of stain very

difficult to remove but it is not ordinary corrosion.

It is with rifles of the Savage, Winchester and Marlin solid frame type and which by necessity have to be cleaned from the muzzle that a rusted steel rod produces the most undesirable results. The rough rusted portion of the rod scraping over the delicate muzzle is a prominent factor in muzzle wear and the consequent falling-off in accuracy.

To sum up—if your rifle is of the type which has to be cleaned from the muzzle, if you use the ammonia cleaning agent, and also if you are not careful to see that the steel rod does not take on rust spots, by all means use a brass cleaning rod as it is the rod least liable to injure the interior of the bore at the muzzle.

On the other hand, if your rifle is of the 1899 take-down Savage type and you always clean



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the arm from the breech and are always careful to see that the steel rod is not put away without a careful wipe from an oiled rag, a Marble steel jointed rod of either the "Pocket" or ordinary jointed style will work no harm whatsoever on the sensitive bore of your rifle.

Some of the other makes of rifles which can be readily cleaned from the breech might be

mentioned as follows—the Springfield Model 1903, Sauer-Mauser, take-down Winchester, Marlin, Savage and Remington, single shot Winchester and Stevens.

The articles appearing in these columns are of the greatest help to the beginner and tyro, I have not a doubt. Personally I have used a high power rifle for many years.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

THE CHOICE OF A RIFLE.

Editor Guns and Ammunition: Will you please give me some advice as to what kind of a rifle to purchase? I wish to buy a rifle for outdoor rifle practice—one that is accurate up to two hundred and fifty or even three hundred yards as the latter range is the distance at which most of the big game is killed. The cartridges should cost not more than one and one-quarter or one and one-half cents each. Also I would like it to be a large caliber so that I could learn to shoot the large calibers accurately. I refer to such calibers as the .32 Special. The trouble is to get a rifle adapted to ammunition, using bullets which are heavy and accurate and the cartridges cheap. I would like the rifle to use smokeless powder. It does not matter about the price of the rifle itself.

A few of the rifles I have in mind are as follows:—

Marlin .32 Long Rifle repeater Model 1892.

Marlin .44, .38, .32-20 or .25-20 Model 1894.

Marlin .22 Long Rifle repeater Model 1892.

Marlin .22 Long Rifle Model 1897.

Winchester .44, .38, .32 or .25-20 Model 1892.

Winchester .22 Long Rifle Musket.

Stevens .25-25 or .25-21.

What rifle would you advise me to buy? There are many other points to be considered in choosing an arm for my purpose which I have failed to mention. However you know them and considering everything what rifle would you name as good for second choice? Also please give the best combination of sights to use on the guns you recommend? It does not matter in the least about the cost of the sights.

What about the following:—

- (a) Marble's Flexible Rear Sight, and adjustable Leaf as a middle sight and Marble's Improved or Reversible or a Sheard "gold bead" front sight.
- (b) Marble Flexible Rear with Sheard adjustable three-leaf middle sight and Sheard gold bead front sight.
- (c) Lyman Combination Rear sight with Lyman Leaf sight, and Lyman ivory bead front sight.

Of course I do not expect a lengthy answer to this but just a short bit of advice would be greatly appreciated.

Hardin, Mo., U. S. A.

B. H. S.

(In reply to your recent favor would advise that no modern ammunition can be obtained at the low figure you have set though the class of ammunition such as the .44-40, .32-20 and

.25-20 you have mentioned comes within the figure you have in mind. Moreover the cost of ammunition can be materially reduced by judicious re-loading by the aid of Ideal Tools manufactured by the Marlin Firearms Co., of New Haven, Conn. and by paying strict attention to the suggestions contained in the Ideal Handbook issued by that firm.

I would suggest that you purchase as a beginning a .25-35 Savage or Remington, or a .25-36 Marlin, or perhaps a .303 Ross would fill the bill as well. The accuracy of the .25-35 is equal to practically all of the .30-30 class of rifles and while we would not recommend this caliber for such game as deer under all conditions still there are many hunters who habitually use the .25-35 for such work. We have had much matter in these columns of late on this subject and these articles are bound to be of great help in forming the opinions of those who are "groping in the dark."

As to sights my advice would be to cut out the open sights altogether if possible. They are not designed for target work—at any rate this remark may be safely applied to some of the sight productions regularly furnished on some of the standard American sporting rifles—a Lyman or Marble peep used in connection with a small or medium sized ivory or gold bead front sight is what we would recommend. The choice between ivory or "gold" bead is largely a matter of personal preference and only after using both types can you safely come to a conclusion.

For three-hundred yard work as outlined in your letter we would hardly recommend a .22-caliber Winder musket, excellent as these arms are for fifty-yard gallery work. As stated above a .25-35 is what we would suggest or a .303 Ross though in this case from the .25-35 to the .303 British is rather a large jump—the .303 cartridge adapted to the Ross being the service cartridge of the British Army and possessing considerably greater energy—at both ends.

The Ross rifle is not adapted to a tang sight of the Lyman or Marble pattern the only sight which can be suitably fitted to this arm being the Lyman described by Mr. Crossman in this issue.

We trust that this advice will be of service and will be pleased to hear from you further as to how your choice of a rifle worked out. (Editor.)

The .22-Caliber Take-Down Repeater.

Editor Guns and Ammunition: In the November issue of the gun department there



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appeared two articles—one by Lieut. Townsend Whelen, the other by Mr. Chas. Newton. I believe that they contain the answer to what has long puzzled me. My present .303 Savage is a take-down and my first was a solid frame. Now though my present rifle was ordered direct from the Savage Arms Co. and is a handsome weapon, it has never been the equal of the first in accuracy, particularly with the so-called "Miniature" cartridges. I wrote the manufacturers and they blamed the powder I was using. They advised me to use Sharpshooter and I did but there was no improvement whatever.

The trouble was that even at 20 yards with No. 4 and 6 Miniature cartridge the rifle shot low and to the left. Of course I could correct the error but to do so I had to put the sights out of adjustment entirely for the full load.

In both the articles I referred to the writers claim that such trouble is due to the take-down feature and my experience leads me to fully concur with their statements. Mr. Newton's article describes my experience exactly.

I am about to purchase a .22-caliber repeater and I want to know if the take-down feature will effect its accuracy in a like manner?

The only .22 repeater I find advertised with a solid frame is the Marlin model 1892. I have no objection to the Marlin as I have used these rifles and have found them A1. The take-down feature is desirable as is also a hammerless rifle, but I do not wish to sacrifice accuracy.

With apologies for trespassing on your kindness,

Sincerely yours,

Arnprior, Ont.

A. W. Mac. G.

(I have your letter of December 10th and have fully noted contents. It is a fact that generally speaking, target shooters prefer rifles of the solid frame type rather than those of the "take-down" style for the reasons that are so clearly set down by Lieut. Whelen and Mr. Newton that they need no repetition.

With reference to your contemplated purchase of a .22-caliber rifle—it is pretty generally conceded that the rules bearing on the take-down principle of the high power rifle apply in a proportionate degree to even the diminutive .22 and it is a fact that crack gallery shooters who shoot at ranges varying from 25 to 50 yards almost invariably use the heavy, solid frame, light triggered single shot rifle equipped with target sights in preference to the light short-barrelled, take-down repeater as the former type of rifle is without doubt capable of better results at this style of shooting.

On the other hand, for aerial shooting such as the fancy shooters indulge in—shooting at oranges or blue rocks tossed in the air (eggs are rather expensive targets these days) the light take-down repeater with its rather short, and decidedly light barrel excels and if you intend to cultivate the art of smashing blue rocks or other targets thrown in the air, the 24-inch barrel, take-down repeater is the arm for you and this without a doubt. You have doubtless observed the fancy shooters at the circus who are capable of hitting three marbles

tossed into the air by their partners. These crack shots almost without exception use the pump action repeater weighing in the neighborhood of five pounds, rather than the unwieldy (for this type of shooting) single shot solid frame rifle. It must not be understood that the take-down .22 repeater makes good in aerial shooting *by virtue of its take-down feature*. Let us rather say that it enjoys such popularity *notwithstanding*.

One of our foremost American authorities has expressed his opinion forcibly on the subject of shooting running small game with a .22 and condemns the practice absolutely. We heartily concur with this verdict and not one man in ten thousand ever possesses the ability to make head shots on small running game such as squirrel and rabbits. To hit these little animals elsewhere means a painful wound and probably a cruel lingering death with an ultimate meal for varmints.

Let us confine our snap shooting to the unfeeling blue rock or the proverbial lemon. (Editor.)

The .351 Winchester and The .303 and .250-3000 Savage.

Editor Guns and Ammunition: Would you please tell me which of the following calibers is the best on moose—the .351 Winchester, the .303 Savage or the .250-3000?

Yours truly,

Tramping Lake, Sask.

Owen Wilson.

(In reply to your question would advise that the energies of the various calibers described by you, are according to the figures of Mr. Newton, as follows)

	.351 Winchester	.303 Savage	.250-3000 Savage
At muzzle	1385 ft. lbs	1658 ft. lbs	1740 ft. lbs
" 100 yds	927 " "	1285 " "	1375 " "
" 200 "	630 " "	987 " "	1061 " "
" 300 "	468 " "	762 " "	783 " "
" 500 "	324 " "	509 " "	435 " "
" 1000 "	144 " "	294 " "	165 " "
" 1500 "	54 " "	176 " "	95 " "

However, energy figures are not always a true indication of any rifle's actual killing power. For example the .22 Hi-Power Savage does not loom up large in actual "ft. pounds," but it has proven itself far more effective on animal flesh than many of its more pretentious brothers. The .250-3000 Savage promises to be one of the most popular big game arms on the market but as to its effectiveness on moose, like Mr. Crossman "we reserve our opinion" until we have more facts to work upon. We do not consider the .351 Winchester a desirable big game gun under any circumstances. Our choice would waver between the .250 and the .303 Savage for the purpose you mention. We feel sure in our own mind however that the .250-3000 will make good on elk, moose or any of the American big game, as the shocking and lacerating effect produced by the light spitzer soft nose bullet travelling at high velocity is something terrific. We expect very shortly to publish an account of the action of the .250-3000 on big game and we believe that the article will be of great interest and value.

We trust that this bit of information will be of service. (Editor.)

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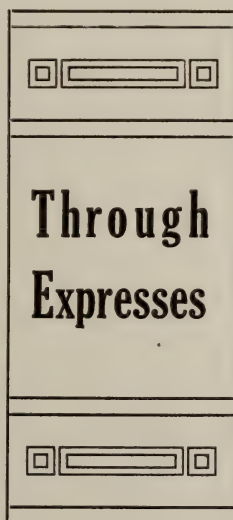
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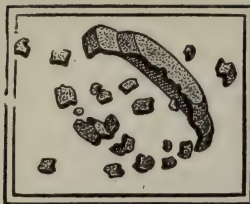
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Port Stanley Gun Club.

The Port Stanley Gun Club held a shoot for silverware prizes on December 24th, and also presented their vice-president, Mr. Arthur Glover, with a handsome companion set, the address accompanying same being read by Mr. C. A. Cromwell, while Mr. C. Hough made the presentation. The scores at the fifty target event under a silent handicap for silverware prizes were as follows:

50 Targets.	
C. A. Cromwell.....	36
E. Carey.....	44
H. Moore.....	44
W. Stanton.....	38
H. Dunn.....	30
A. Glover.....	45
C. Hough.....	33
W. Hindley.....	43
F. Young.....	43
J. R. Moore.....	45
T. Brown.....	35
R. Brook.....	34
M. Blake.....	31

25 Targets	
H. Parker.....	12
D. Smith.....	9
W. Mackle.....	9
H. Dunn.....	14
E. Cary.....	21
F. Young.....	20
J. R. Moore.....	18
W. Kindley.....	22
C. Hough.....	19
R. Newman.....	10
A. Glover.....	25
H. Moore.....	20
W. Stanton.....	15
H. Parker.....	15
W. Mackle.....	12
H. Dunn.....	16
W. Goodhur.....	16
S. Rink.....	17
L. Gibbs.....	18

Although there was a hard wind blowing the scores were fair. Prizes were won as follows: 1st prize by Arthur Glover; 2nd, J. R. Moore; 3rd, H. Moore; 4th, E. Carey and low prize, H. Dunn.

Gun Club Championship Event Proved Close Right Up to the End.

The club championship event of 25 birds over the Fulford traps at the Hamilton Gun club on Saturday, December 18th, aroused a lot of interest, with the result that there was a large attendance of enthusiasts of the shotgun who were well rewarded with a keenly contested match. There was a delay in starting due to a mishap, and in order to finish up the contest in the afternoon it was necessary to enforce a rule that as soon as a contestant lost three birds he dropped out. There were 22 entries and up to the tenth bird only a couple had dropped out. At the fifteenth bird the contest started to narrow down, as George Beattie and D. Konkle were the only ones with straight scores, while H. Kretchman was one down and B. Smyth, C. Graham and J. Hunter were two down. At the twentieth bird the standing was the same except that Kretchman dropped another and Hunter had gone out on the nineteenth bird. Konkle and Beattie were putting up a fine exhibition and it looked like a tie, but Beattie lost his last two birds on the finish, which gave him second place, while Konkle finished with a perfect score of 25, winning the gold medal. The winner used good judgment throughout and was well congratulated on the result. C. Graham and B. Smyth were runners-up with 22, the latter, who won the title last year, having got off to a bad start by missing his first bird.

The scores were:

	Shot at.	Broke.
Nelson Long.....	8	5
W. Dillon.....	6	3
W. Marshall.....	12	9
E. Sturt.....	16	9
M. Carr.....	16	13
George Beattie.....	25	23
B. Smyth.....	25	22
D. Reid.....	9	6
M. Goodale.....	15	12
C. Graham.....	25	22
H. Dynes.....	11	8
E. Harris.....	10	7
D. Konkle.....	25	25
H. Kretchman.....	21	18
C. Syer.....	8	5
A. Hunter.....	19	16
A. Parmenter.....	9	6
J. Gomph.....	13	10
G. Kuntz.....	11	8
Dr. Groves.....	10	7
A. James.....	11	8
J. Stroud.....	14	11

Balmy Beach Gun Club Shoot.

The attendance at Saturday's shoot held Dec. 11th, was very pleasing to the officers and committee, as there was quite a good turnout of members and spectators. J. S. Shaw was successful in winning the spoon in "A" class, after a hard struggle.

	Shot at.	Broke.
W. Hutt.....	75	68
F. Foster.....	50	34
W. Francis.....	50	43
F. Matthews.....	30	26
G. Gooch.....	80	72
G. H. Catton.....	45	38
A. V. Trimble.....	30	19
R. Black.....	45	35
H. C. Bedwill.....	45	35
J. H. Trimble.....	45	37
A. E. Craig.....	70	61
A. Hewitt.....	30	16
P. J. Boothe.....	80	56
E. R. Glover.....	30	21
C. C. Keele.....	30	22
W. H. Cutler.....	70	50
A. Tomlin.....	50	43
J. G. Shaw.....	70	66
C. S. Nicholis.....	50	43
E. Moore.....	20	16
T. F. Hodgson.....	35	27
G. Barrows.....	40	28
C. M. Bernard.....	70	56
W. S. Lansing.....	55	43
T. D. McGaw.....	70	62
W. H. Joselin.....	75	69

Stanley Gun Club Shoot.

Quite a few members and friends were present at the Stanley Gun Club Shoot on Dec. 11th afternoon. The weather was ideal, and some good scores were made. W. Stevens was high man in the regular events with a score of 83 out of 100. The following are the names of those who took part in the shooting with their scores:—

	Shot at.	Broke
Stevens.....	100	83
Marsh.....	85	61
Tomlin.....	80	60
Burnham.....	80	53
Parker.....	65	49
Hobbs.....	60	43
Hughes.....	55	38
Hulme.....	55	37
Fowler.....	50	44
Black.....	50	33
Widmer.....	40	32
Robt.....	40	30
Salisbury.....	40	25



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Doubles.	Pairs.
Stevens.....	20 26
Marsh.....	12 14
Hulme.....	15 15
Widmer.....	5 3
Tomlin.....	10 12
Burnham.....	5 4
Hughes.....	15 12
Rolf.....	24 23
Salsbury.....	12 9
Tower Trap.	
Stevens.....	60 47
Marsh.....	40 21
Black.....	25 12
Hulme.....	25 19
Hobbs.....	15 10
Parker.....	10 4
Fowler.....	10 5
Hughes.....	10 4
Salsbury.....	10 5

Thompson Won The Spoon Shoot.

J. J. Thompson was the winner of the spoon shoot held December 1st, by the Toronto Revolver Club. The scores were as follows:—

J. J. Thompson.....	72	22—94
C. E. Peterkin.....	75	18—93
C. S. Williams.....	83	7—90
T. G. Margetts.....	83	4—87
J. Reilly.....	65	17—82
C. D. Henderson.....	55	19—74
D. Squire.....	53	20—73
J. S. Macdonald.....	50	23—73

Lachine Gun Club.

Each week the attendance at the Lachine Gun Club shoot, held every Saturday afternoon, increases, Dec. 11th being the best so far this season. The committee, too, have made some improvements for the comfort of the shooters. A new platform has been laid down, and the inside of the club-house made more comfortable. Four events were shot off on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 11th.—One practice, one sweepstake and two spoon events, the captain (Mr. Clark) winning his own spoon. Mr. John Boa made an exceedingly good score—57 out of 60 birds—Mr. Johnson coming next with 46, closely followed by Mr. T. Boa with 45. There was a high cold wind blowing, which caused the birds to take tricky turns on leaving the trap, and this prevented very high scores being made.

	15 Birds Practice	15 Birds Capt. Clark's Silver Spoon Event	15 Birds Pres. Lucas' Silver Spoon Event	15 Birds Sweepstakes	Total
Reid.....	7	10	11	13	41
Doremus.....	10	12	12	10	44
Johnson.....	10	10	14	12	46
Tilden.....	10	9	12	10	41
J. Boa (pro.).....	13	15	15	14	57
T. Boa.....	10	11	14	10	45
Clark.....	10	14	9	10	43
Davis.....	6	10	11	10	37
Wurtele.....	8	10	13	10	41
Woods.....	8	10	12	10	40
Shoemaker.....	7	10	15	11	43
Cockburn.....	5			5	
Wilson.....			14	12	26
Woodward.....		13	10	11	34
Howard.....		11	13	14	38
Knight.....		10	14	10	34
Lucas.....		10	9	10	29

St. Hubert Holiday Shoot.

The St. Hubert Gun Club held an all day shoot Saturday, Jan. 1, with ideal conditions prevailing—good light and very little wind. Twenty-four shooters took part throughout the day. It will be noticed, that the fifteen who took part in every event of the programme, made an average of over 70 per cent.

Many prizes were given, as follows:—

Silver spoons (engraved) for each of the regular events, viz:—

Event No. 1, G. R. White; No. 2, N. Brownlee; No. 3, O. T. Ring; No. 4, A. Shepard; No. 5, R. L. Cameron; No. 8, B. Beattie; No. 9, H. W. Fairchild; No. 10, V. V. Rogers.

Event No. 7 was a team shoot of all members on the grounds of which Blyth Beattie's team proved the winners, thus earning a silver spoon each. It was a close race, Captain Easdale's team being just three birds behind. Following is a detail of the scores:—

TEAM SHOOT.

Blyth Beattie's Team:—A. W. Throop, 13; V. V. Rogers, 13; G. B. Greene, 12; J. Bradley, 11; H. W. Fairchild, 11; W. L. Cameron, 11; B. Beattie (Capt.), 11; R. L. Cameron, 11; Geo. O'Connor, 10; O. T. Ring, 8; Dr. Mohr, 5. Total, 116.
Geo. Easdale's Team:—Geo. Easdale (Capt.), 14; E. G. White, 12; W. J. Corby, 12; Geo. White, 12; Jos. Dionne, 12; N. Brownlee, 10; W. Slaney, 10; J. B. Harkin, 10; C. Bethune, 8; L. J. MacDiarmid, 8; A. Shepard, 5. Total, 113.

Majority for Beattie's team 3 birds.

Most of the members took part in the special event, i.e.: "Partridge Shoot," at 15 birds. The scores in this event were somewhat low and Blyth Beattie with 14 took 1st prize: \$5.00 donated by the President, Mr. Corby, 2nd prize, a pair of wild ducks went to G. B. Greene, who brought down 13 birds.

(Sweepstakes.)

E. G. White (pro.), Geo. Easdale and B. Beattie headed the list:—1st money, viz. \$6.00 going to Easdale and B. Beattie carried off 2nd honors \$4.00. These amounts donated by the club.

SPOON HANDICAP.

	S.A.	Broke.
E. G. White (pro.)	14 14 14 12 14 12 14 12 12 135 118	
Geo. Easdale	13 15 10 13 11 14 12 12 12 135 112	
B. Beattie	10 13 12 12 14 11 14 13 12 135 111	
V. V. Rogers	14 9 11 12 12 13 10 14 14 135 109	
W. J. Corby	12 13 11 11 12 12 12 12 12 135 107	
G. B. Greene	9 15 14 12 11 12 11 10 11 135 105	
H. W. Fairchild	13 9 12 9 11 11 11 14 12 135 102	
Geo. White	12 14 8 12 11 12 8 10 11 135 98	
W. L. Cameron	9 12 12 12 11 11 9 12 9 135 97	
A. W. Throop	12 11 13 8 12 13 11 6 10 135 96	
N. Brownlee	11 13 13 11 13 10 10 5 10 135 96	
O. T. Ring	11 10 15 12 9 8 10 11 8 135 94	
C. Bethune	11 9 9 11 11 8 12 11 9 135 91	
L. G. MacDiarmid	12 12 11 11 8 8 9 10 9 135 90	
A. Shepard	9 10 8 12 5 5 7 10 6 135 72	
R. L. Cameron	9 11 9 6 13 11 12 — — 105 71	
W. Slaney	10 9 12 8 9 10 5 6 — 120 69	
Jos. Dionne	— — — — 10 12 10 11 11 75 54	
J. Bradley	6 5 5 5 9 11 6 — — 105 47	
Geo. O'Connor	— — — — 10 10 13 12 60 45	
J. B. Harkin	— — — — 10 13 12 8 60 43	
Dr. Mohr	— — — — 5 11 12 10 60 38	
A. Latimer	2 9 6 10 — — — — 60 27	
Mr. Graham	— — — — 9 8 — — 30 17	

Event No. 6 special partridge shoot.

Port Stanley Gun Club

At the New Year's shoot of the Port Stanley Gun Club at live birds and targets the scores were very good, considering the fact that there was a heavy fog and a light rain falling.

1st Event at 10 Live Birds.

C. Cromwell.....	5
F. Young.....	7
T. Jones.....	9
A. Glover.....	6
W. Binns.....	8
C. Hough.....	5
R. Guest.....	6
H. Moore.....	8
W. Stanton.....	8
W. Guy.....	6
O. Smith.....	6
M. Link.....	5
D. Brown.....	4

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2nd Event at 10 Live Birds.

T. Jones.....	10
F. Young.....	9
H. Moore.....	10
A. Glover.....	10
C. Hough.....	7
W. Stanton.....	7
W. Guy.....	5

Event at 25 Targets.

F. Young.....	21
W. Stanton.....	12
E. Carry.....	22
T. Jones.....	18
A. Glover.....	21
H. Moore.....	23
C. Hough.....	17
C. Cromwell.....	18
H. Dunn.....	15

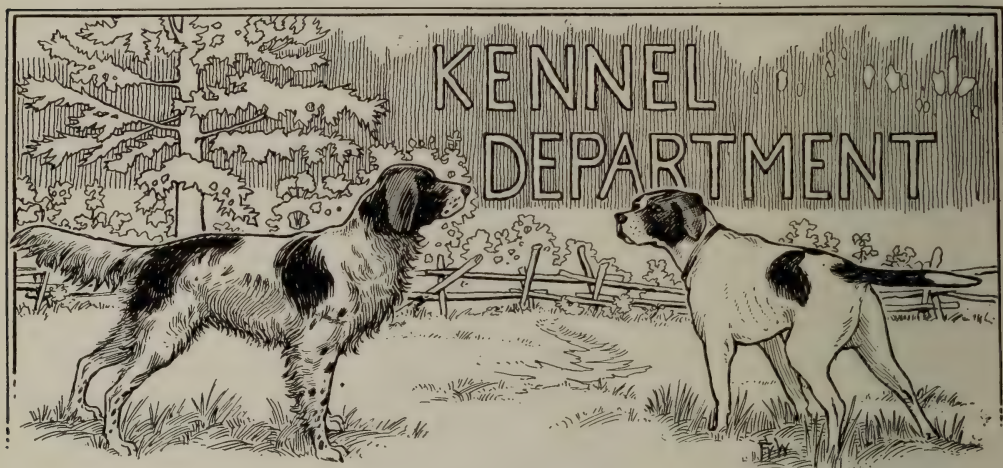
M. Link.....	15
D. Brown.....	14

Event at 25 Targets.

H. Dunn.....	14
H. Taylor.....	15
F. Young.....	16
A. Glover.....	22
E. Carry.....	20
M. Link.....	14
D. Brown.....	12

Tournament Date

The Ruthven Gun Club will hold their Annual Tournament on Good Friday, April 21st. Registration has been applied for. P. J. Shanks, Sec'y-Treas, Ruthven, Ont.



Conducted by Arthur Ellison

The Pointer.

THE origin of this handsome member of the canine tribe seems to be generally accredited to Spain, though its perfection has to be laid at the doors of the old English sportsman, the majority of our best authorities claiming that the English Foxhound was used as a cross in order to increase the pace and stamina of the Pointer. Most of the Pointer breeders of fifty years ago were either Masters of Hounds or identified with the English Foxhound in some way or another so that they had ample material on hand for such an experiment, and although this cross does not seem to have been freely admitted, neither was it denied. Different strains have their family peculiarities, possibly according to the percentage of Foxhound blood used in the endeavor to produce the class of dog desired.

As in the case of the English Setter, few dogs are both worked in the field and shown at the bench shows, as the breeder of the show winners claim that consistent field work spoils the feet and shoulders of their dogs. On the other hand, if their feet and shoulders are preserved, they lack the workmanlike appearance of the field dog. The Pointer is undoubtedly a most handsome dog, his lines of conformation being pleasing to the eye, showing speed combined with staying power. At his work,

of course, he shows to best advantage, but there are few breeds can rival him for appearance in the show ring. He is popular in every country in which game is found or bench-shows flourish, although Canadian bench-show are but poorly supplied by Pointer breeders.

The following anecdote is taken from "Rural Life" a very old publication in the writer's possession.

"A gentleman having requested the loan of a Pointer dog from a friend, was informed by him that the dog would behave very well so long as he could kill his birds; but if he frequently missed them, the dog would run home and leave him. The Pointer was accordingly sent, and the following day was fixed for trial; but unfortunately, his new master happened to be a remarkably bad shot. Bird after bird arose and was fired at, but still pursued its flight untouched, till, at last, the dog became careless, and often missed his game. As if seemingly willing, however, to give one chance more, he made a dead stop at a fern bush, with his nose pointed downward, his foreleg bent, tail straight and steady. In this position he remained steady till the sportsman was close to him, with both barrels cocked; then moving steadily forward a few paces, he at last stood still near a bunch of heather, the tail expressing the anxiety he felt by moving reg-



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"Raps Ben," six times Field Trial Winner and thirty-one firsts on the Bench. Sire: "Ch. Manitoba Rap"—"Girly Cash." At stud. Owner: V. C. Kobald, Winnipeg, Man.

ularly backwards and forwards. At last out sprang a fine old blackcock. Bang! bang! went both barrels—but the bird escaped unhurt. The patience of the dog was now exhausted, and instead of dropping to the charge he turned boldly around, tail between his legs, gave one howl, long and loud, and set off as fast as he could to his own home."

Baron Munchhausen tells of having owned a marvellous pointer which never missed a point. At last it died, and the Baron being so much attached to it, had a vest made from its hide. He soon had to discard the vest, however, as, whenever he was within range of any of the feathered tribe, the dog-skin would stiffen itself until the Baron could not move.

Another rather hoary story is the one of the old lady at the dog-show. Seeing a rather down-cast young man emerge from the judging ring, separated by a yard of chain from a



OJIBWAY KATE

dubious-looking dog, she asked him if the dog was a Setter or a Pointer.

"The judge tells me that he is neither," he replied, "but personally, I think he is a little of both—an upsetter and a disappointment."

One of our illustrations shows "Ojibway Kate" a well-known field-trial winner, and a good specimen of the breed, and the other "Raps Ben," six times Field Trial Winner.

Toronto Kennel Club Evening Show.

The above event took place on Dec. 21st, in the old Y.M.C.A. building on Yonge St., Toronto. The hall was much too small as the attendance proved remarkably heavy, the ringside being lined three and four deep. Mr. John Kenyon judged the big breeds, Mr. Donald Wheeler the Collies, whilst the writer took all breeds of Terriers, a report of which follows:

Airedale Terriers—

Puppy bitches numbered five, the best of which was Rugged Miss Dignity, (E. G. Bingham) an easy winner. This bitch shows great quality, having a long well-balanced head, with small ears, dark eye, good neck and shoulders, whilst her front feet, coat and color are first-class. A little more bone would improve her. The rest were very young but showed promise.

Novice bitches again showed Rugged Miss Dignity leading, followed by Harvie (Mr. Newby) and Paulette (Mr. Hicks) respectively. There was little to choose between these two except size, both being fairly good bitches but both right out of coat.

In *Limit bitches* R. M. D. again led with Primrose Regard (Mr. Jos. Russell) second, and Lady R. (Mr. Reynolds) third. Primrose Regard is a rare sort, better in finish of foreface and bone than R. M. D. but was beaten in refusing to show and by her indifferent hind action.

Open bitches—Rockley Militant Maid (L. Perkins) stepped in between 1st and 2nd in the previous class. This is a very stylish bitch, with a long lean head, small dark eye, small ears, good neck and front, short body and a rare shower. She was beaten in feet and color by the winner.

Puppy dogs uncovered only one, but a real good one in Morning King (E. W. Billinger) A very good puppy in every respect excepting that he is a little too well off for ear.

Limit dogs was won by Morning Admiration (E. W. Billinger) hard to fault, but for his being a shade small for my taste, Moorside Bousor (Jos. Russell) a wonderful headed dog was my choice for second place. His body is good, coat fair, but he fails in feet and is a little out at elbow. Third was Clommel Master Crack (H. Clayton) not exactly "in the pink," was well beaten. He is weak in foreface light in bone and could be shorter in body. His dark eye, rare front and terrier expression were his best assets.

Wire-haired Fox Terriers—

The choice of this class was Doney Dazzler (Mr. Ward) a very assertive terrier, always showing and put down fit. His head is of



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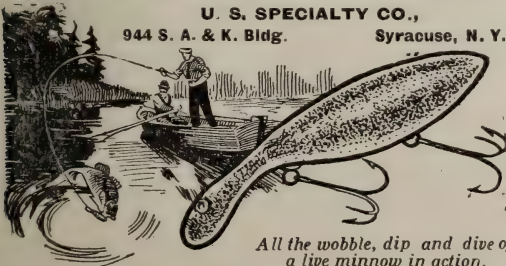
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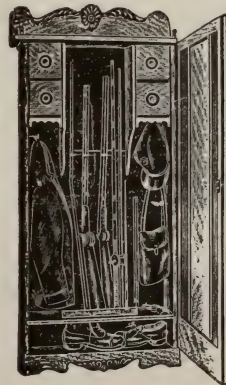
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good length and shape, eye and ear of the best, neck, shoulders, legs and feet all good. He is too gay in tail carriage and could be harsher in coat. Ensign Patrol Leader (J. Perkins) was lacking in confidence and maturity. He scored over his opponent in coat and feet but as he refused to show had to suffer the consequences.

Irish Terriers—

Novice—Irish Doctor (Mr. Hayes) won over Kathleen and Master Doyle (same owner). The winner scored in eye, ear carriage and colour over his kennel mates. Kathleen, a grand coated bitch carried her ears indifferently and was not so good in front. Master Doyle refused to show.

Limit—Peggy Aboo (Mr. Howard) won here. She is just a fair bitch and was too fat. Second was Toots O'Leary (Mr. Chamberlain) beaten in coat and bone, was a good coloured one with a dark eye and small ear, rather soft in expression.

Bull Terriers—

Limit bitches—The fight lay between Sheridan Betty (Mr. Bailey) and Inferno Firefly (Mr. J. Miles) they finally being placed as written. The winner scored in strength of foreface, body and condition whilst the second was the better of the two in front.

The fight for the Cup for best Airedale terrier puppy lay between Rugged Miss Dignity and Morning King, the former winning on maturity.

The cup for the best terrier of any breed in the show was won by Morning Admiration by a wide margin.

ARTHUR ELLISON, Judge.

On Tuesday, February 29th, 1916, another show will be held at the same building. Two cups are up for competition and are to be won outright. The breeds to compete at this fixture are as follows:—Boston terrier, Bull terriers, Bull Dogs, French Bull Dogs, Bed-

lington terriers, All spaniels, Poodles, Pomeranians, Pugs and all other toys.

Notes of interest.

Orangeville Dog and Poultry Show will take place on Thursday, February, 10th, at Orangeville, Ontario. The Dog Show will be under Canadian Kennel Club rules. Entries close Feb. 3rd, so intending exhibitors should write at once for prize list to the Secretary, Mr. H. A. Dorrance, Orangeville, Ontario.

The Annual Bench-Show of the Toronto Kennel Club will be held on Good Friday and Saturday following. This is always a great fixture, as this Club secures the most popular judges, gives good special prizes and last but not least, all the officials are real dog-men from the ground up. Mr. Arthur Atkinson, 1129 College St., Toronto, is the Secretary and will be pleased to answer any enquiries.

Mr. Walter M. Berwick writes to say that he has shipped the following Airedale Terriers: A bitch to Aloza Lake, B. C., a dog puppy by King Nobbler's Double to Regina, a bitch puppy by the same sire to Greenwood, Mo. This is one week's shipments and by no means a record from this kennel.

We have just received a booklet from the Anokiah Kennels, Santa Anita, California, which illustrates their Russian Wolfhounds, Airedale Terriers and English Bulldogs. They have top-notch dogs of each breed at stud, including the wonderful Airedales Cyprus Cadet and Champion King Ourang the Borzois, Rolf of Addlestone, Kief of Miresol, and Konzka O'Valley Farm, the sensational English Bulldog, Failsworth White Knight and Tewksbury Tux of Anokia. Mr. R. D. Wilson (late of Hamilton) is the superintendent.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mr. Choate, Hamilton—Your photos were too late for our Setter number. Thanks.

Mr. Skelton—A formula was sent you by mail, and we hope it will be satisfactory.





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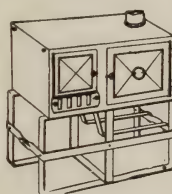
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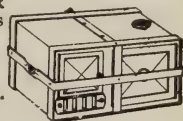
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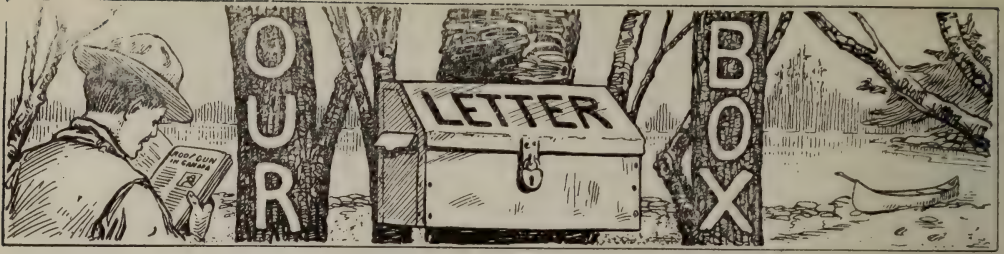
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Monitor Shooting

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

Some time has gone by since I last wrote Rod and Gun and another year at the ducks has also gone.

Sportsmen need frequently to be reminded of the many devices that are being used to destroy this fine game bird.

I suppose it would be breaking the rule laid down by the editor of your guns and ammunition department barring the pump gun to refer to this method, which though used by myself I recognize as an evil.

In Monitor shooting with one or two or maybe three hundred decoys out, maybe not more than two hundred yards from shore (maybe more) and the green ducks on their flight we can see what the result will be from the employment of this method. Then, too, if the monitor fails to work the duck hunter will sometimes shove back to windward and paddle on the ducks after they have lighted in the decoys, with the result that thousands are taken in this way.

In some of our island bays just when the ducks are coming in some of the vultures to whom the government gives a license to fish with net will watch where the ducks are feeding and—you can guess the rest. I saw one small piece of net that contained many of our best ducks.

Is it not time to look this thing squarely in the face? Either we should stop the sale of this fast going game or we should prepare ourselves to see the ducks go like the wild pigeon. Stop the sale of game and you stop the methods, or most of them, used to take the ducks.

Yours truly,
"Nimrod."

Information re Frogs Wanted

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

Have you a book on how to raise frogs and could you give me the names and addresses of persons who make a business of raising frogs? Any information which you or your readers may be able to furnish along this line will be appreciated by

Johnstown, Pa. Yours truly,
Chas. C. Wehn.

Note. Can any of our readers be of assistance, to Mr. Wehn?

A Bear Hunt South West of Buck Lake, Alta.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:

Your readers may like to hear of a trip which a friend of mine who acted as guide, and I made in the month of May, 1914. We started off in the morning with our horses from the

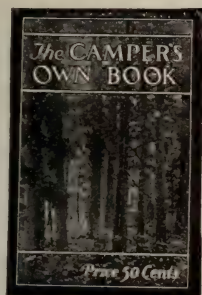
south end of Buck Lake and hit the Indian trail, running south-west. When we were about four miles on the way my friend stopped to set one of his bear traps between two trees. From this we tramped on for some distance, leading our horses. Finally a heavy crash to our right led us both to exclaim, "What's that?" It sounded as though it might have been a bear or a moose making itself scarce. We could however see nothing so proceeded till we reached the edge of a dense timber where we mounted our horses and rode Indian fashion along a pack trail my friend had cut for his own convenience. The going was anything but comfortable, the amount of "log straddling" the horses had to do making riding very tiresome. Looking up over my head I saw an enormous owl blinking at me. A little further on my friend pointed out to me a pool where the moose bathe and stand to cool themselves. We also came on fresh moose tracks. Soon we crossed the edge of a tamarack swamp. A bear, a week or two previously, had raided a camp tent pitched near this and demolished the supplies. After we had travelled twelve miles or so we came out of the woods at the Horseshoe Creek and a flock of wild geese passed over our heads. Then we picketed our horses and had dinner. Walking along the creek we came on the footprints of an enormous bear but though we searched diligently we failed to find him. We could see where he had been in the habit of crossing the creek where there was a small island, and had evidently been making short work of the hundreds of rabbits in the locality. My friend set a trap for him and in the evening we rode home sadly disappointed, so far as Bruin was concerned, but having enjoyed the beautiful woods where grew tamarack, poplar, spruce and balsam. Hundreds of brown squirrels had enlivened the solitudes for us. In the middle of the wood a creek was still thickly coated with ice, no sun having penetrated to it. The next time my friend visited his traps he found that he had caught two black bears, the skin of one of which I carried home over eighty miles, packed at the back of my saddle.

Yours truly,
Ponoka, Alta. Robert W. W. Alexander.

North Essex F.F. & G.P.A.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:

In order that your readers may get better acquainted with the North and South Essex Branches of the Ontario Forest Fish and Game Protective Associations I would point out that the aim and purpose of our organization is to promote the protection and enjoyment of wild things. As the cone scatters the seeds of the pine and fir trees, so may we scatter the



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seeds of wisdom and understanding among men, to the end that every citizen may learn to hold the lives of harmless wild creatures as a public trust for human good, against the abuse of which he stands personally responsible. Thus, and thus only, will our wild life be conserved. Be this not done, and that quickly, it must forever vanish from the earth.

We stand for such an increase in game and fish as will furnish legitimate sport for every citizen and a new material source of wealth for the Province (the people) of Ontario.

Yours truly,
Edward R. Kerr,

Walkerville, Ont.

Pres. North Essex Branch.



Moose have been very plentiful in New Brunswick this season. J. Harold McMurray of the New Brunswick Guides' Association, had a successful hunting trip along the upper reaches of the St. John River. A friend of his who was recently in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, told a newspaper man in that town that Mr. McMurray, in his fourteen days in the woods, saw no less than 133 moose—76 cows, 17 calves and 40 bulls—as well as 10 doe deer and 2 bucks. Big game in such profusion gave Mr. McMurray a chance to pick and choose and he picked out an animal with antlers spreading 52½ inches, from a herd of half a dozen.

A flock of geese passed over Amherst in November. They had evidently heard of the interned Germans and wanted to see them at close quarters, and they flew so low that a number got caught in the telephone wires. On Lower Adelaide street one of the residents went hunting in his pyjamas and had goose the next day for dinner.

For the first time in twenty years a white deer has come down from the Adirondacks and the lucky shot which killed it was fired by a woman. Miss Marion Beatrice Fuller, of Boston, did the trick, and she is mighty proud of her achievement. Considerable interest is attached to this white deer, which has been seen by huntsmen for the past few years. On account of its elusiveness, it has been called the "phantom deer." Men who hunt regularly in the district claim to have shot at the deer, and this seems probable, as its left shoulder shows a break, which may have been caused by a bullet, and its left leg is much shorter than the right.

Though regarded as one of the best shots in the United States, Miss Fuller thinks the left hind rabbit's foot she carried had something to do with her luck.

Far out in the Atlantic Ocean, 40 miles off the Hebrides or Western Isles of Scotland, more than 40 miles from North Uist, lies the small island of St. Kilda. This island is covered with myriads of sea-fowl, and a population of human beings scarcely more than one hundred. It is farther out in the Atlantic Ocean than any other island off the Scotch coast. As a matter of fact, it is a lonely rock and receives services from the Mainland only four times a year. The mails at St. Kilda are generally put in a wooden box and thrown in the sea and left to drift with the tide to the Mainland. This island is so far from the influence of civilization that money is very little used. The bartering system still prevails. The growth of the popularity of rowboat motors has been rapid, but one would scarcely expect to find them in this out-of-the-way place. However, W. & S. Pollock & Co., Glasgow, Scotland have recently sold a Ferro rowboat motor to the leading citizen of this island.

Bert Crowell, David Snow, and Ira Snow, of Port LaTour, Shelburne County, while on their way to join a party of moose hunters at Middle Ohio, one of Shelburne county's celebrated moose "headquarters" travelled by auto, and while on the Clyde Road, only a few miles from Shelburne, they saw in the darkness something ahead of them which they believed was an ox or a moose. Mr. Crowell, who was acting as chauffeur, speeded up the car and took chase. In turning a corner they came upon their quarry and it proved to be a moose. Mr. Crowell fired and brought it down when it proved to be one of the finest specimens of the season. It isn't everybody that can drive a car and shoot a moose at the same time.

Jack DeVany, at one time editor of the Annapolis Royal Spectator, but who now lives the simple life in Dalhousie West, An-

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napolis County, left his home at four o'clock one morning during the open season to go on a moose hunt. By five o'clock he had brought down a splendid bull, and at seven o'clock was back at his home for breakfast, with the dressed carcase. That's going some.

The Quebec Fish and Game Society will ask the Legislature, according to a statement in the society's annual report, to reduce the time allowed for killing big game by one month, making it open October 1, and close January 1. September has been found too warm a month for getting the meat out of the woods. The Legislature will further be asked to put a closer limit on the number of trout, wild duck and partridges killed and to empower a magistrate to confiscate the rifle of a man caught shooting insectivorous birds.

Mr. Wm. Hickson, of Bobcaygeon, accompanied by Mr. J. R. Bedford, of the C.P.R., spent a week in October playing the wary trout of Lake Massassaga in the township of Cavandish. The weather was fair and the sport good so that both of these ardent anglers put in a most enjoyable outing. The accompanying reproduction shows their tent nicely located among the oaks and conifers on Corona Island in the southern end of the lake, and Mr. Hickson standing before the tent with the first evenings catch of eight beauties. There is a chain of ten beautiful lakes in Cavandish and Anstruther townships all of which contain trout in large numbers and which any ordinary canoeist can travel over in two days as there are only short reaches of river between each lake and only one portage in a cruise over these scenic lakes. This was the twenty-sixth annual trip to these lakes for Mr. Hickson who always meets with good success on his yearly outing.



Wm. Hickson, Bobcaygeon, Ont.

A proposal to register Tourists, Fishermen, Hunters, Proprietors, and others who make occasional use of the Forest.

THE following communication is published at the request of Mr. Robson Black, secretary of the Canadian Forestry Association, Ottawa. The Association is merely seeking information not having committed itself to any action whatever and state that while they do not wish to place any obstacles in the way of the sportsman who cares to make use of the Canadian forests, they wish to gain his co-operation in reducing the very large annual fire loss which undoubtedly can be attributed in part to carelessness among itinerant visitors to the forested districts.

We have had under consideration for some time the advisability of requesting our provincial governments to consider the registration of all tourists, fishermen, hunters, prospectors and others who make occasional use of the forests. We have received suggestions from many quarters that fire-guarding would be greatly facilitated if the rangers knew approximately the routes taken through the woods by these parties. It is asserted that registration could be carried out very easily without the appointment of new officials or the opening of new offices, by the simple utilization of Crown Lands or other government offices at present in existence in most localities.

A system amounting practically to registration of tourists, fishermen, etc., is now in force for Algonquin Park, Ontario, so that the rangers are immediately made acquainted with the number of persons in their locality and the route which they have planned to take. At least one of the Canadian lumber companies followed a system for some years of compelling all persons using their limits to register, giving details of their intended excursion. The company, forthwith, sent a ranger on their trail, and this system was instrumental through a long period of years in preventing many fires.

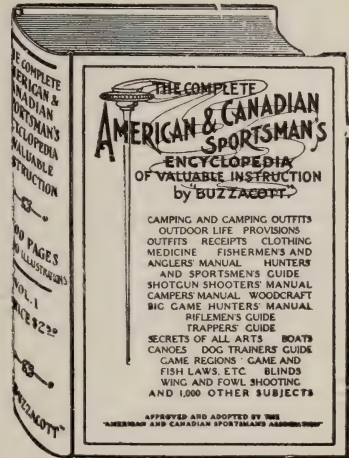
It is not suggested that registration should be enforced except during the months of actual fire risk—roughly, April 15th to November 15th. The mere fact of having to register for the purpose of giving fire rangers information should in itself have a deterrent effect, although it would of course be more advisable to have a ranger keep all parties under actual supervision.

There may be valid objections to the enforcement of such a provision, and the Association does not care to attempt to influence any provincial government if there is likely to be an unfavorable reception from the public in general. We would greatly appreciate a representative opinion in this matter similar to this, to foresters, fire rangers, hunters, settlers, government officials and others throughout Canada.

May we hear from you at your earliest convenience, and shall be pleased to receive the opinion of hunters, fisherman, etc., who are readers of Rod and Gun and as such interested in the proposition as outlined.

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OUR WOOD DUCK, BLUE WING TEAL AND QUAIL

The Next Candidates for Oblivion

Edward R. Kerr

IN the world of human beings, murder is the most serious of all crimes. To take from a man that which no one ever can restore to him, his life, is murder; and its penalty is the most severe of all penalties.

The murder of wild life, birds and animals, consists in taking from it that which man with all his cunning and all his preserves and breeding can not give back to it,—its God-given place in the ranks of Living Things. Where is man's boasted intelligence, or his sense of proportion, that every man does not see the monstrous moral obliquity involved in the destruction of species?

A failure to appreciate either the beauty or the value of our living birds and animals is the hall-mark or arrested mental development and ignorance. The victim is not always to blame, but in this practical country the conservation of legal jurisprudence is the inexorable principle that "ignorance of the law excuses no man."

This article is directed at those who persist in opposing sane legislation in behalf of our fast vanishing Wood duck, Blue Wing Teal and Quail as well as other species of bird and animal life.

The extermination of wild species that is now being proceeded with in this country, as in every other country, is a dreadful thing. It is not only injurious to the economy of the country, but it is a disgrace to our civilized population.

It is of little avail that I should enter here into a detailed description of each species that is now being railroaded into oblivion. There is time and space only in which to notice the most prominent of our doomed species.

As regards the Wood duck and Blue Wing Teal my own opinion and position is that these birds are altogether too beautiful to shoot at as game. I think that ethically it is as wrong to kill these species for good purposes as it would be to shoot humming-birds and birds of paradise for the same purpose. There are some things that are too beautiful to eat, and among them are Wood duck, Blue Wing Teal, Quail, humming birds and orchids.

Aside from its beauty "Bob-White" is the most valuable bird we have to do battle with the weed-seed and insect pests.

I most strongly suggest that the sportsmen and people of Ontario take a bold stand in behalf of their most beautiful migratory and upland game birds, and demand for them absolute immunity from slaughter for food purposes throughout the entire Province, then go into the other Provinces and ask them to do the same thing.

I am not afraid, and no honest sportsman in Ontario should be afraid, of being called an extremist or fanatic. The more we sports-

men restrict ourselves to-day, the greater the likelihood of more game to shoot twenty or fifty years from hence, and the greater the certainty that sportsmen fifty years from now will honor us for the forethought that we are manifesting in 1915.

Let no honest Canadian sportsmen believe that these species are safe from extermination. The very fact that there are a few birds here and there does not disprove the fact. If the sportsmen desire, and I honestly believe they do, to assist to save the seed stock of their Wood duck and Blue Wing Teal they must stop shooting them at once by setting back the open season to October 15th.

In mingling with various bodies of bird-shooting sportsmen I have steadily—and also painfully—been impressed by the intentness of many on killing, and by the fact that they seek to preserve game only to kill it. Who ever saw a bird-shooter rise up in a game protective meeting and advocate the preservation of any species of game bird on account of its beauty or its aesthetic interest alive? I never did and I have sat in many such meetings of sportsmen. All the talk is of open seasons, bag limits and killing rights. The man who has the hardihood to stand up in a convention and propose a five-year close season has a hard row to hoe, I will admit. Other men rise up and say; "It's all nonsense; there's plenty of Quail shooting in Essex County yet." Yes, there is after two years of government protection and we are going to try and protect these birds two years more as we do not relish the idea of purchasing new stocks from the Zoological Arenas at three dollars each.

It is my impression that of the men who shoot, it is among the big-game hunters that we find much genuine admiration for game animals, or any feeling remotely resembling regard for it.

The very moment that a majority of Ontario gunners concede the fact that game birds are worth preserving for their beauty, and their value as living neighbors to man, from that moment there is hope for the saving of the remnant. That will indeed be the beginning of a new era, of a millenium in fact, in the preservation of wild life. It will then be easy to enact laws for ten years closed seasons on whole groups of species. Think what it would mean for such a close season to be enacted for all the Quail in the Counties of Essex, Kent, Elgin and Middlesex.

Unfortunately, a great many men who shoot have become possessed of the idea that they have certain inherent, God-given "rights" to kill game and Essex County is not exempt from such criticism.

Aside from the foregoing truths, other duties of the present hour, thrust upon us, are:—

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Some Black Bass, Sir, that I Didn't Get

Some Lake Fish that Played with Me
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Some Moose that I Know About
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1. To save valuable game birds and animals from extinction.
2. To conserve a satisfactory representation of each species to hand down to future generations.
3. To protect the farmers and fruit growers from the enormous losses that the destruction of our insectivorous and rodent-eating birds is now inflicting upon both the producer and consumer.
4. To protect our forests, by protecting the birds that keep down myriads of insects that are destructive to trees and shrubs.
5. To preserve to the future sportsmen of Canada enough game and food fishes that they may have at least a taste of the legitimate pursuit of game in the open that has made life so interesting and worth living to the sportsmen of to-day.
6. The wild animal and bird life of to-day is not ours, to do with as we please. The original stock is given to us in trust, for the benefit both of the present and the future. We are in duty bound to render an accounting of this trust to those who come after us.
7. The sale of game is incompatible with the perpetual preservation of a proper stock of game therefore it should be prohibited by laws and by public sentiment.
8. No man can be a good citizen and also be a slaughterer, or lend encouragement to the slaughter of game beyond the narrow limits compatible with high-class sportsmanship.
9. A game-butcher or a market-hunter is an undesirable citizen and should be treated as such.
10. If rightly conserved, wild game constitutes a valuable asset to any country which possesses it, and it is good statesmanship to protect it.
11. An ideal hunting trip consists of a good comrade, fine country, and a very few trophies per hunter.
12. In an ideal hunting trip, the death of the game is only an incident; and by no means is it really necessary to a successful outing.
13. The best hunter is the man who finds the most game, kills the least, and leaves behind him no wounded animals or birds.

Will the true, humanitarian sportsmen rise up at once, and do their duty bravely and unselfishly?

Will our law-makers heed the hand-writing on the wall, and make laws that represent the full discharge of their duty toward wild life and humanity?

On the answers to these questions hang the fate of the wild creatures of this country,—their preservation or extermination.

FISH AND GAME TRANSPORTATION

A publication entitled Federal and State Laws and Regulations Governing the Acceptance, Transportation and delivery of Fish and Game in the United States and Canada which has been issued by an agent in New York on behalf of the various American and Canadian Express companies recently reached this office. Prospective hunters in Canadian woods during 1916 would do well to paste the following regulations in their scrap book for reference. Canada has a general law prohibiting export of deer (except those raised on private preserves), wild turkeys, fowl and woodcock but permitting any person not domiciled in Canada to export under the following conditions and limitations, deer, when shot for sport, under Provincial or Territorial authority in Canada. The deer may be exported only at the Customs Ports, of Coutts, Alta., Kingsgate and Waneta, B. C.; Emerson, Man.; Halifax and Yarmouth, N. S.; McAdam Junction, St. Stephen and St. John, N. B.; Quebec, Sherbrooke, Beebe Junction, St. Armand and Montreal, P. Q.; Ottawa, Kingston, Niagara Falls, Fort Erie, Windsor, Sault Ste. Marie, Toronto, Brockville, Prescott and Port Arthur, Ont., North Portal, Sask.; White Horse, Yukon Territory, and such other ports as shall from time to time be designated by the Minister of Customs for the export of deer.

The exportation of carcass of deer or parts thereof (except as to cured deer heads and

hides of deer) shall be permitted only during or within fifteen days after the "open season" allowed for shooting deer under the laws of the Province or Territory where the deer to be exported has been shot. No person shall in one year export more than the whole or parts of one moose and of three deer not being moose (except from Provinces where the Provincial law is different), nor shall exportation of such moose or deer be made by the same person on more than two occasions during one calendar year.

Deer in the carcass or any part thereof which has been killed in contravention of any Provincial or Territorial law shall not be exported, nor shall any deer in the carcass or parts thereof be exported without the permit of the Collector of Customs accompanying the shipment.

A person not domiciled in Canada, who has shot deer for sport and not for gain or hire, under Provincial or Territorial authority, may make an export entry in duplicate of deer in the carcass or parts thereof so shot by him and allowed to be exported.

The exporter shall produce his license or permit for shooting deer under Provincial or Territorial authority to the Collector of Customs before the exportation of the deer, and the Collector shall endorse thereon a description of the quantity and parts entered for exportation.

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Port of Entry designated for the export of deer, upon receiving the said export entries duly completed, may thereupon, under the seal of the Customs House, issue his permit for the exportation of the deer; if satisfied as to the identity of the sportsman and that the exportation is not prohibited.

As well as the above the pamphlet referred to contains the special regulations existing in the various Provinces and States along with the open season for game and fish and the number which it is permitted the sportsman

to kill during the season.

Transportation is a most important feature of the traffic in game and if permitted without limitation is a great factor in game destruction. A realization of the fact has induced many of the States to prohibit export of all or certain kinds of game and in a few instances all transportation even within the state. The express companies request that employees co-operate as fully as possible with the Federal and State Governments in the enforcement of these various laws.

To Use Snowshoes Requires Science

What constitutes a necessity for Indians and Trappers is sport for town dwellers

SNOWSHOES are a strictly American form of locomotion in their origin, as the Indians used them in their winter travels before the white man came to the ancient hunting grounds. Nowadays they are used more for sport than for serious work, save among the trappers and frontiersmen of the North. Even as a sport their popularity declined for some years and skating reigned supreme, but lately there has been a decided revival of snowshoeing.

The snowshoe is an elemental, irreducible sort of thing. In form it varies, but in principle it does not alter. The club, the spear and the sword evolved from the broken branch; the flung stone grew into the arrow, and the canoe, no doubt, came from a log. The first snowshoe, probably, was invented by some savage who found that he did not sink, so deep into the snow when he stood on the fallen branches of a tree. Wherefore, he braided some of the branches together and took them with him, and later produced a shoe that was good enough for his environment.

The frame of the present day snowshoe usually has two cross-bars, one in front of the toe and one back of the heel. These bars stiffen the shoe and give a shorter bearing to the thongs in the part of the shoe where most of the weight comes. The toe-bar of the shoe is a most useful, interesting and dangerous thing for the amateur. Of course, he sees that it serves as anchorage for the heavier thongs that rim the toe-hole. Also, he sees that his toe is intended to work up and down in that hole. What he does not see is that, unless his straps are just right or his handling of the shoe just right, his toe is apt sometimes to land on the toe-bar instead of in the toe-hole. In that case he is in for a stumble and a tumble.

An Amateur's Troubles

The beginner may divine that his toe must work up and down in this hole, but what is his heel going to do, and what part does his ankle play, and how is he going to keep this contrivance on his foot?

As to snowshoe fastenings, the Indian simply did the best he could. He made his fastenings out of deer or moose hide. The trapper and lumberman improved on these stretchy things in some cases by using rags

instead of hide. Both trapper and Indian used a permanent toe-strap adjusted at the rear end of the toe-hole, and both trapper and Indian passed the heel-straps back, allowing them to rest directly on that softest spot of a man, the Achilles tendon. The trapper or the Indian could kick his toe into the toe-strap, wiggle his foot into the loop of the heel-strap and so put on his shoe without touching it with his hands, a trick the amateur cannot at first master. Of course, as the condition of the snow varies or the temperature of the day changes, the best of thongs will stretch or shrink a little. The trapper or the Indian wears his strap very loose, and when they need tightening he accomplishes this by rolling them together at the heel. He would consider it unprofessional to be stopping all the time to adjust knots or splices. The amateur, however, finds that his straps need continual adjusting. They stretch, and his shoes fall off. They shrink, and he feels agony at the back of his ankle—an agony that not even the five-fold woolen socks serve wholly to mitigate, if he is wearing moccasins or even the grain-leather shoe packs of the North.

Shoes Always Drag

The shoe itself is, of course, never lifted from the snow. The heel drags all the time in the forward step. One does not think of the shoe, or, at least, should not think of it. He does not plant it or plunk it forward, but just allows it to hang on the front end of his foot, which drops down, perhaps, a little more than it does when walking on a level surface. The rear two-thirds of the shoe, lying back and hanging down, will serve to keep the line of the shoe correct, no matter how loose the toe-strap be. The ankle, of course, must play with absolute freedom, and the tightly-laced street boot would be an impossibility in this work. You advance, after a time, without much difficulty, letting your shoes take care of themselves and just raising the front end enough, as you lope forward, to clear the rear curve of the advancing shoe ahead of the front curve of the one that is on or under the snow.

You will in time learn to walk with that roll of the hips that is the secret of the long distance pedestrians.

MORE DEER AND FEWER COUGARS

Some Interesting Facts and Figures of the Hunting Districts of B.C.

DURING the months of open season in wood and on lake, when restrictions protecting the life of game and birds are renewed, the British Columbia hunter has his inning of sport with the furred and feathered denizens of the hills and waters of the province. No better hunting ground exists on the continent, according to recognized authorities, than that which British Columbia offers, as nearly every kind of game known to America is to be found in British Columbia, and perhaps no city is so closely situated to such fields of sport as is Vancouver.

Information gleaned from the provincial game warden's office, and from other sources shows that the past season was one particularly good in all branches of hunting, says the Vancouver "Province." Deer abounded in plenty, and sportsmen who went out from town in pursuit of venison were generally successful, while settlers in the woods were able to keep themselves well supplied with meat. In the unorganized districts far out from town, farmers are allowed to hunt as they require meat, and in organized districts 1000 special permits were last year granted to settlers who needed the help which free meat offers in order that they might continue on their homesteads or pre-emptions during the trying first years.

Taking the province as a whole Mr. Williams of the game warden's office declares deer is becoming more plentiful instead of diminishing, in spite of the large number of hunters who are invading their haunts. This is in part due to the stringent game laws and the well policed fields of sport continuously patrolled by game wardens, and also to the decrease of cougar.

Cougars Disappearing.

Owing to the bounty of \$15 offered by the government for cougar, a strenuous effort is being made each year to bring down these soft-pawed poachers that play such havoc with the deer herds. Bounty was last year claimed on 280 of these big cats, the largest proportion of these having been killed on Vancouver Island, where 162 fell by the hand of the hunter. Two brothers living near Cowichan, hold the record, as they together brought down twenty-five in that district last season.

One interesting feature of the report is the record that twenty-seven cougars were shot in Richmond electoral district last year, which was then the district immediately surrounding Vancouver, including North and South Vancouvers, Point Grey and part of Howe Sound. In these districts deer are protected, so they came close in, and the Cougars, following them down too close to civilization, met their fate. In some cases chickens and dogs, as toothsome dainties for their evening meal, lured them down too near to the dwellings of men.

The most difficult feature of their work with which the game wardens have to deal is pit lamping. This practice of hunting with a lamp on the head proves not only destructive to the deer, who will walk right out into the light to satisfy their curiosity as to what the light is, but it has proven dangerous to other animals and even men. Over 100 head of cattle and horses were shot last year by night hunters in British Columbia woods. The pit lamp's glare is designed to catch the eye of the animal, and when the hunter's light flashes on an eye, he is apt to fire, whether he is bringing down a buck or some settler's innocent muley cow.

Killed Over 700 Bears.

Bear are recorded as increasing also. Hunters at any time may go out into the wilds and enjoy a bout with bruin, in either the black, brown or grizzly variety. Bears do not molest the deer, and do very little harm. Few cases have been reported where they have done damage to human beings, unless it was in a fight when wounded. Although the official reports of bears killed do not represent the total number of bruins slain, records at the office in the courthouse report that 721 were laid low last year by hunters, who were out for hides or merely for sport.

Many more must have been killed by Indians and hunters in far out places, but of these it is impossible to obtain a record. The chief case which settlers can get against bruin as an undesirable citizen, is his fondness for pork. If he sees a nice collection of fat pigs in a farmer's pen he is liable to help himself to one without asking permission, and even to run away with a calf. But usually he contents himself with fishing salmon on the beaches, or in hunting in his own well-stocked territory.

Excellent fields for mountain sheep exist within a short distance of Vancouver in the Lillooet and other districts, which animals make the best of meat. There are moose, caribou and all the other varieties of big game in their particular districts, so that the hunter is never at a loss for variety when he wishes to try his hand at some new kind of game.

Even buffalo are authentically reported to be running wild in the northeastern portion of the province. Surveyors brought word to the game warden's office of a herd of fourteen which they had seen but two years ago in this far outpost of the province. The buffalo had taken to the woods where instead of deteriorating, they had improved, as their coats had grown better and themselves bigger and more muscular than they had been when running the prairies.

Pheasants and Ducks.

Bird hunting last season was particularly good. Ducks were more plentiful than for

years, and the game officers report that tremendous bags of ducks have been made. One of the best duck districts is in the vicinity surrounding Vancouver within a radius of fifty miles. Pheasants have been plentiful, but wild. The early spring of 1915 meant that the birds were hatched earlier and so matured to lively strength of wing before the season opened. Another reason for their shyness was the fact that an unusually large number of hunters training dogs for the season of 1915, practiced them on the birds before the season opened.

The facts that pheasants still made good hunting however is evidenced in the bag which two men made in one day—and were duly

prosecuted for their disregard of the limit law.—who brought home 27 birds between them. A lot of geese were shot, and a flock of them were frequenting Burnaby Lake where settlers say they have not been seen for years. They are protected there, as are also the ducks in Beaver Lake, Stanley Park. Coal Harbor will soon be the rendezvous of ducks, also, where they will become very tame as they find out that they are safe there.

Grouse were not plentiful although there were many young birds in the spring. Their failure to mature is attributed to wood ticks, of which there was a regular plague in the upper country last year.

THE FATE OF OUR WILDFOWL

Edward R. Kerr

IT is authoritatively estimated that during the fifty year period ending in 1913, the wildfowl supply of the United States, decreased something over ninety per cent. This period may be called the Era of Spring Shooting. It ended on October 1st, 1913, when the Federal Regulations under the Migratory Bird Law went into effect.

It is authoritatively estimated that during the two year period which has elapsed, the wildfowl supply of the United States has held its own, or even increased. Reports received from the Biological Survey estimate the increase since 1913 as anywhere from nothing to one hundred per cent.

Now the question is: Has the Migratory Bird Law been the direct and principal cause of these improved conditions?

Put this question to the chronic destroyer and those who would indulge in spring shooting were they afforded the opportunity and he will immediately fire a salvo of his customary assertions about the egg-hunting Canadian Indian. Put it to the chronic game protectionist (may his tribe increase;) and he will immediately give you a most emphatic "Yes;" Which one is right?

Let us discard both assertions, and just take an example. Suppose Ontario had, up to now, allowed Quail shooting. Then suppose the season were cut one week, and then, a year later cut two weeks, and then, a year later a closed season of two years put into effect and a marked increased supply noticeable. Would any reasonable man doubt for a minute that the shortening of the season and the protection of two years was the direct and principal cause of the improved conditions?

Now the essential principle of the Non-Sale of Ducks Law, and the adjustment of the open season, is to curtail the tremendous slaughter and remove a source of illegitimate supply, and to increase the extremely low stocks or species that are very nearly extinct.

No other game bird has been able to stand up against sale, marketing, and a long open season; why should we expect the ducks to? As for the egg-hunting Indian, he has been a

constant factor, and was one for a thousand years before the decrease began. Let us hope that his operations will soon be cut short, but let us also make it perfectly clear that as a stalking-horse for continued slaughter, his "usefulness" is at an end.

The platforms of the various Game Protective Associations show very clearly what they think about this whole Conservation question, but thinking is generally a long way from doing. Many of Ontario's sportsmen "thought" a few years ago that spring-shooting was a bad thing long before such a thing was prohibited, but they did mighty little. Each man waited for the other fellow to stop. Each Province in Ontario waited to see what the other Province did or what the States were doing to stop. Result—nobody stopped, except the ducks. They stopped, lots of them, lying on the rippling waters and kicking their last kick into the balmy April atmosphere. Now this "other fellow" business is of course all ancient history, and spilled milk. But if the Non-Sale-of-Duck-Law goes by the boards, may the Red Gods help us to remember its lesson and profit by it.

Let us remember that none of the United States are waiting on us. Every State in the union prohibits the sale of all game and nearly all the "Bob-White" Quail States protect him for five years.

Let us get off the black-list right away.

Shall it be "extermination" or "preservation"? Which do you want?

Also remember that your grandfather hunted end swans. There were swans in those days.

Your father hunted geese. There were geese in those days.

You hunt Ducks. There are some ducks left.

What do you want your sons to hunt? Mudhens?

Stand up for the Non-Sale Law and shorter season by abolishing September shooting. Help Game Protective Associations and sportsmen in general to be satisfied with a moderate bag and give your son a square deal.

HUNTERS THREE

L. Francis Utley

THE sombre sun shone dully through the hazy autumn air at mid-day as we three hunters, armed and equipped, mobilized at the station waiting for our steel bound Pegasus to bear us to the northland where we were to pass a short vacation of two weeks' duration, and incidentally bring home a deer each.

After a few hours of travel, during which time we solaced ourselves with short smokes, with long smokes, with little lunches and with big lunches, and by swapping hunting anecdotes with hunters both brave and bold, and maybe veracious, we arrived at the Pickerel River, at which place we were to commence the riparian portion of our trip.

Our marine conveyances consisted of two Oldtime canoes "World renowned and justly so." of the seventeen foot model, of which S. E. Sangster says: "It is the best cruising canoe I have ever used."

After hastily transferring our armament, transitory domicile and non-starvation supplies to the ample holds of our canoes we procrastinated over another lunch and when that was over were soon guiding our canoes over the placid and moonlit waters of the lower Pickerel. Through starlight and moonlight we glided up the stream, careless and free, forgetful of our Lares and Penates, intoxicated by pure air and ozone, leaving in our wake a thousand twinkling gleams.

The gurgling of the waters as our canoes broke their filmy surface was soothing and sung of rest and peace and it must have been that "Old Mars," having banished the angel of peace from Europe's shores was allowing her to dwell with us.

All too soon a portage awoke us from our reverie but strong and sturdy voyageurs soon dispelled the giant that disputed our way. Another short trip and we were at the "Old

Camp Site" in the Happy Hunting Grounds, just as the moon was shedding its last wan light from the West through dark green pines and the twilight was announcing the return of day.

Pitching our tent with alacrity we soon resigned ourselves to sleep only for a short session, however. Then we awoke and completed the installation of our camp fixtures.

Our composite armament consisted of one 351 Winchester, two model '95 Winchesters using U. S. G. '06 ammunition, one model '95 Winchester, .25 calibre, one .25 calibre Stevens and one 12 gauge Stevens, all of which proved satisfactory and effective.

We ate, we hunted, we wandered day by day, we slept the sleep that's full of rest, wherein both body and spirit awake refreshed. We invaded the sanctum of Nature and she smiled upon us. We joined her primal conclave. So alluring and enchanting was it that it would be sacriligious to blot these pages with sordid details of gory slaughter, distant shots and record kills. The chanting of the pines, the murmur of the winds, the rushing of the rapids and the roaring of little waterfalls seemed almost to transfer us to dreamland.

We discovered transparent blue lakes hidden behind walls of ancient rock; we heard the mournful wolf howl at midnight; saw the partridge strut vainly before his mate and noted where the beaver had felled his trees for food and for lodge construction.

The unpolluted air, the aroma of the pines and balsams, the freedom and the non-restraint of artificial civilization left us healthy in body and wealthy in mind as the 15th of November came on apace and we had to return to our duties.

From the hunter's standpoint we were very successful but that success was only a tithe of the rewards that were ours.

THE MASTER-KEY

C. L. Gilman

Always beyond the place you stand,
The Forest's soul entreats you still;
The secret of The Lonely Land
Hides just ahead—and always will.

Until your last, lone camp you make
Its mystery will lure you on
To find, from each new hold you take,
The Thing you seek for freshly gone.

The Wilderness, it seems to me,
Is one vast house of many a room,
All opening to the master-key—
Some awesome with cathedral gloom—

And some aflame with blue and gold—
And each kept ready for that one
Who, in his self-reliance bold,
Unlocks its portals with a gun.



ALONG THE TRAP LINE

EDITED BY GEORGE J. THIESSEN



Smoking Out Furs---And Other Experiences

HOW many have tried to smoke out skunk and raccoon? The animals can be driven from their den by a heavy smoke, provided a means is found to force the smoke entirely through the burrow. Almost anything will serve to make the smudge if it will produce a heavy, thick smoke. I have done this repeatedly using nothing but damp grass.

My method is as follows: Take a couple of burlap sacks and cover the smudge after it gets to going nicely. There must not be too much flame and yet there ought to be a fairly good fire otherwise the sacks will have a tendency to smother same so that there will be but little smoke. Some use sulphur with their smudges but this is not necessary.

It is almost impossible to force smoke into a den having but one entrance. The back pressure of the air will not permit the draft. And even if it did, the animal would not come toward the source of the smoke to escape and would, nine times out of ten, die in the hole rather than come out. Therefore, it is a waste of time to attempt to smoke out fur bearers where a perfect circulation cannot be obtained in one entrance and out another.

Some time ago I witnessed two small boys trying to smoke out a skunk which had taken refuge under a small culvert. They built a fire but the animal did not budge. Finally they procured a long pole and thrust some of the burning grass directly against the fur bearer. It came out all right, but the pelt was ruined. On the market it would bring probably a half dollar, but had it been taken without damage, the skin would have sold for three dollars and a half.

Particularly do raccoon which have been smoked out, show the effects of fire. I was down to visit a large fur firm the other day and was shown a pile of pelts which were singed. In this lot there were nearly fifty and at a liberal estimate they were not worth a fifth of what they would have brought had more care been taken.

Remember, it is not necessary, in most cases, to burn the animal to drive it from its retreat. In case it is, better let the fur bearer live for the skin will hardly pay you for the trouble it takes to capture it. Be sure you get a good smoke and draft; that is all there is needed.

Another thing: It is best in my estimation when smoking out animals, to set one or more steel traps to take them when they leave their fancied place of security. I have known where fur bearers escaped when a club was employed; seen the hides ruined with bullets when a gun was used—and once, unfortunately saw a boy shot by his companion who tried to kill a skunk as it fled from its den.

I wonder how many ever tried ferrets for hunting skunk and mink? My experience with these—limited I will admit—has been anything but satisfactory. For instance, a friend of mine purchased a large male which was claimed would drive out these furbearers from a hole. In most cases, the mink or skunk drove out the ferret—and the skunks made it so offensive to handle that we came in for a good lecture when we got home. We did catch one small female mink, and with the capture of this is a story I shall never forget.

My chum and I started out with the ferret the first morning he received it. We had trapped all fall and prices on muskrats being low, it took quite a few of them to pay six dollars and the express charges on our mighty hunter, which was guaranteed to drive out skunks and mink. Some of our boy friends wanted to go along with us, but we would not let them. No sir! Just Fred and I.

Well, we tracked a mink into a hole and put in the ferret. I had a short club and like Fred, stood waiting at the hole for the animal to come out. It did, with a rush. I struck, hitting Fred a smart blow on the tips of his fingers but missing the mink altogether. He grabbed the animal with the uninjured hand and almost before he had taken a grip, the mink turned and bit him. The fur bearer was finally killed but not until it had torn the flesh loose from his hand.

Now this was the result of the first day's hunt with our ferret. Fred had both hands tied up, a doctor's bill to pay and between us we had one small pale mink, worth less than two dollars. We never found out the value for a few days after we had it skinned, as some one stole it from us.

It was about three weeks after this that we tried our ferret again. This time we took with us a steel trap, size number one and a half. We set this at one entrance to the den and left the ferret down the other. Everything went along smoothly. Snap, the trap sounded as it was sprung. We dragged it out and there was our ferret, its front leg broken.

I can truthfully say that we were two boy trappers who were disappointed. After weeks we nursed the mink and skunk driver back into a semblance of its former self although we realized it never would do to use it for furbearing animals again. So we decided to hunt rabbits with the ferret. The very first hole we put it down was a "Jonah" for it would not come out. We had heard that if we would block up the den for a day or two the animal would get hungry and come out when we permitted it. Three days were spent in watchful waiting. We removed the old root we had used to shut up the den and nearly froze watch-

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Canada is the country of origin of Bovril.

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RED, WHITE, BLUE, CROSS, BLACK, SILVER
FOXES, BEAVER, LYNX, Etc.

WANTED FROM ALL SECTIONS OF CANADA

Every raw-fur shipper who is looking for a better outlet for his raw furs should write at once for our price list. We are in a position to pay top market prices, and will do so at all times. Let us hear from you.

Send for our Price List.—NOW READY—We buy Ginseng.

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The Best Beer That
Can Be Brewed

It fully justifies the national fame for supreme goodness which Cosgrave's beers have earned during over half a century of master brewing.

—ask your dealer to send you home a case of Cosgrave's.

For over half a century, the Cosgrave Label has meant the best in hop and malt beverages. (37-V)



As light as lager,
but better for
you.

ing. But no ferret. Then I went over to a farmer's house and borrowed an axe and shovel. We blistered our hands and dug most of the forenoon. At last we gave up and so far as I know our mighty hunter is raising havoc among the mink and skunk on the Iowa prairies to-day.

Another amusing incident on the trap line occurred a few years previous. There was an old trapper in our neighborhood with whom the boys liked to visit. He always had a fund of stories on hand and was glad to beguile his hearers with wonderful tales of his experiences. He told us about a wonderful invention of his which would positively drive out all kinds of animals from their dens. It was simple too; nothing more nor less than a piece of hose which could be inserted into a burrow and by yelling into it, the fur bearers would positively be scared out. Well, we tried the plan, borrowing a piece of garden hose from a neighbor—by the way, we forgot to ask his permission—and started out. We carried that outfit for a whole day and not even one rabbit did we get out. While we were gone the man who lived next door to us discovered his loss and with a little detective work, found out the culprit. My father was notified and shortly after I arrived home, tired, hungry and disappointed, I was stimulated quite thoroughly with a lath for my part of the affair.

The Result of the St. Louis Fur Sales

America, realizing the importance of conducting her own fur sales, has made a splendid start at St. Louis. The co-operation as shown by the large number of representatives of the various houses, testifies to the wisdom of this plan. As I write this it is the second day of the sales, and from reports goods are going well. Some articles, it is understood, such as opossum, wolf and skunk have advanced materially, as has raccoon. This is an indication that the present high prices will prevail during the entire season.

How many remember the first skunk you ever trapped? Write this up for our next issue. It will prove interesting and instructive to our readers. The editor may have something to say on this subject himself in the March issue.

January Prize Winners.

For articles contributed to the January issue of Rod and Gun the following prizes were given: One year's subscription to Rod and Gun, W. Bruce Johnston, Sutton Bay, New Liskeard; bottle of Attractor, S. H. deMar, Medicine Hat, Alta; three months' subscription to Rod and Gun, Jabez Lidstone, Ellerslie Station, P. E. I.

Formula For Tanning Small Skins.

Soak skins in warm water. Then apply, after surplus meat, etc., has been removed, a mixture of salt, alum and powdered charcoal. Let stand in a warm place for 48 hours. Rinse in warm water and repeat operation using equal parts of alum and charcoal. Remove as before and work until pliable. The writer does not advise home tanning for the reason that so many pelts are spoiled. G.J.T.

Wanted, A Book on Scent Baits.

Editor, "Along the Trap Line":—

Dear Sir: Can you furnish a book on scent baits that is reliable and explains clearly how to mix the different ingredients for each different animal. I have a book on general trapping and have seen others that are no good so that is why I ask for a book on scent bait. Or perhaps you could give me a receipt for a good lynx bait as that is what I'm interested in principally and if so what is the price?

Yours truly,
Rocky Mountain House, Alta. V. Haworth.

(I regret to state I have no book on baits and scents. Write the Animal Attractor Co., Stanwood, Iowa. They will be able to supply you with all kinds of guaranteed lures. Ed.)

What's the Matter with Canadian Trappers?

Editor, "Along the Trap Line":—

Dear Sir: What is the matter with the trappers in Canada? Are they afraid to write to you because the Rod and Gun has advertisements in it? Now, I'll tell you what I think. As a rule the trapper is not a very good writer. I hate to write a letter because I'm afraid the person I write to will not be able to read it, but it should be remembered that the editor of this department patches up some pretty tough ones and when he gets through with them and you see them in print, anyone can read them.

I know lots of trappers who have experiences on the trap line and say, I'd like to write a story about my own experiences—but I can no more write than I can fly. Now if you'll just write to Mr. Thiessen and tell him as nearly as you can what happened he will fix it up into a story that will surprise you.

And why don't some of you trappers give your ideas of raw fur quotations, whether you like about thirty grades on skunk like the western dealers, and some of the eastern dealers have, or Black, Short, Narrow, Broad and unprime skunk? Come on give your ideas.

Yours,
Massassauga Point, Pa. Fred. C. Ralph.

(Mr. Ralph is too modest. I wish his letter was the average I receive, for it needed very few corrections. I thank Mr. Ralph for his boost and wish my readers would follow his advice. He certainly deserves a prize, and he will get it too—three months' subscription to the magazine. Ed.)

The First Fur of the Season.

Editor, "Along the Trap Line":—

It was on an October evening that Bob could have been seen at one end of the field where some corn had been left, setting the first traps of the season. He had three traps in all. Getting a curved corn stock and taking the tusk off a cob, he sprinkled some attractor on it and hung it up on the corn stock. Then, cutting three holes in the ground so the traps would fit in them he set them. The first, second, third and fourth

morning brought nothing but a few small birds. As he was going back the next morning he stopped to look at the cattle, then going on he saw a big dark object—yes, it's something in the trap all right. Jumping over the fence he viewed his catch contentedly. Then getting a stick he killed his prize and carried it away. By the time he got to the house he

was puffing. Then he showed it to his father and mother, the first fur of the season—a big dark coon.

Gordon Hargrave.

R.R. No. 1, Gowanstown, Ont.

(Honourable mention, no prize. Come again; better luck next time, perhaps. G.J.T.).

That the people of Sydney, Australia, may derive full benefit from fish caught by the recently purchased Government trawlers, the municipality of Sydney has opened a fish market where the catch is disposed of at moderate prices to the public. The windows at the market are specially constructed, being air-tight and fitted with panes of glass in front, so that the place in which the fish are kept is insulated. From a refrigerator beneath, a blast of cold air is constantly passing over the fish, which, it is stated, will keep fresh for several weeks.

In view of the exceptional importance which at present attaches to a favourable balance of trade, the unique position of our fishing industry is worthy of note. No other branch of Canadian industry contributes to our exports so large a proportion of its total output as the fisheries. During 1914-1915, out of a production valued at \$31,000,000 in round numbers, Canada exported fish products valued at more than \$19,000,000, or nearly 63 per cent. of the total. As we imported about \$2,000,000 worth of fish products, the net balance in our favour on this branch of trade is about \$17,000,000. The fisheries must, therefore, be regarded as a valuable national asset. But it is scarcely open to question that the fishing industry would be in a much stronger position, and the prosperity of those engaged in it more solidly based, were it rendered less dependent upon foreign markets by the development of the domestic demand to absorb a larger portion of its output.

The skins of two chickadees were noticed on a lady's hat the other day by an official of the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa. The chickadee is one of our most beautiful and widely distributed birds, 70 per cent of whose food consists of injurious insects. To all lovers of the Canadian woods, it is a general favourite. There is every reason, humane, aesthetic and economic, for preserving it; yet thoughtless, fashion-crazy

women persist in wantonly sacrificing it and others of man's feathered friends to decorate their millinery.

Not all women are included in this indictment, but the law should be amended to reach those who will not refrain from patronizing the slaughter of innocent and useful birds. Already, our legislators have forbidden the importation of foreign plumage, but this must be supplemented by an act to suppress the traffic in native birds. It should be made illegal, not only to kill useful, rare and insectivorous birds, but the vendors and wearers of the plumes of such birds should be punished likewise.

To dispose of 600 barrels of cured herring at \$11 per barrel, f.o.b. Nova Scotia, while his neighbors were getting only \$4 to \$4.50 per barrel, was, last summer, the fortunate experience of a fish packer at Goldboro, Guysborough county, N. S. This highly satisfactory result was secured by discarding the old-fashioned Nova Scotian style of packing in favour of the modern Scotch method of carefully packing the fish in tight, well-made barrels that will retain the pickle and preserve the flavour. This was done in consequence of the representations of Mr. J. J. Cowie, inspector of pickled fish for the Fisheries Branch, who, at the request of the Goldboro firm, secured an expert from Scotland to take charge of the work. As a result of this valuable object-lesson, Mr. S. Y. Wilson, a large dealer of Halifax, has determined to put up some 2,000 barrels next summer in the Scotch way.

The photograph reproduced on page 767 of our January issue was wrongly credited to Mr. Leonard Frank of Alberni, B.C. This photograph was sent us by Mr. McGaffey of Victoria and we understood same to have been taken by Mr. Frank, which it appears was not the case. Mr. Frank asks us to make this correction in case some one should be led to believe that he was endeavoring to take credit for work which was not his.



ONTARIO'S STURGEON FISHERIES

Depletion of Lakes and Streams almost complete. No sign of renewal.

The sturgeon is the most valuable fish found in Canadian waters. Aside from the importance of its roe, as the basis of the caviare industry, it is remarkable for the number, variety and value of its other products. Practically every portion can be utilized in the manufacture of some valuable commodity. The roe is worth \$1.00 per pound, the flesh is the highest-priced of all Canadian fish, the skin produces excellent leather, the swim-bladder is made into isinglass, the entrails into fertilizer, the brain, backbone, nose, fins, tail and other portions into various articles of commerce. In short its economic utilization is complete. There is no offal or waste.

This remarkable fish was formerly abundant in Ontario lakes and streams. To-day, the various sources of supply are in a state of depletion. The sturgeon fishery of the Lake of the Woods, once regarded as the most productive in the world, is virtually extinct. Other waters have been depleted only in a less degree. During the past five years the average output for the whole province has been less than one-fifth of that of twenty-five years ago. The fishery was opened up on a commercial basis in the early eighties and the average annual yields for five-year periods during the past thirty years show the progress of depletion:

Period	Average Annual catch Lbs.
1884-1888.....	1,205,000
1889-1893.....	981,000
1894-1898.....	1,377,000
1899-1903.....	674,000
1904-1908.....	379,000
1909-1913.....	227,000

For fifteen years, 1884-1898, the average output was maintained at over 1,000,000 pounds, owing to the constant development of new fisheries within the province. The production of these virgin waters served to swell the returns from the entire province and thus to conceal the depletion of older fisheries. For instance, in 1896 considerably more than half of the total catch for Ontario came from the newly developed fishery of the Lake of the Woods. The production of that famous fishery declined from 900,000 pounds in 1896, to 30,000 pounds in 1903. When virgin waters were no longer available, the compensatory factor ceased to act and the effect on the statistical returns was the more disastrous because cumulative. The rapid decline of the annual catches soon exposed the real condition of Ontario's sturgeon fishery. During the past five years, it has reached its lowest ebb and there is, as yet, little or no sign of revival.

NEW REGULATIONS REGARDING STURGEON FISHING

In view of the fact that the fishery regulations prohibiting sturgeon fishing in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta for a period of four years expired on the 31st of December, 1915, regulations Nos. 10, 17 and 21 of the special Fishery Regulations for these provinces have been rescinded and the following resolutions have been substituted.

Sturgeon.

1. No one shall fish for, catch or kill sturgeon otherwise than by means of gill-nets or baited hooks.

2. (a) A sturgeon fishing license for commercial fishing shall authorize the use of not more than 500 yards of gill-net or 500 baited hooks. The fee on such license shall be \$5.00.

(b) A sturgeon fishing permit for domestic fishing shall authorize the use of not more than 100 yards of gill-net or 50 baited hooks.

3. (a) The mesh of a sturgeon gill-net used for fishing in lake Winnipeg, Manitoba, shall not be less than twelve inches, extension measure, and the mesh of such net used for fishing in any other waters of the Provinces of

Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and the Territories north thereof, shall not be less than eleven inches extension measure, as used in fishing.

(b) The lines to which baited hooks are attached shall be fastened to the back line at intervals of not less than three feet.

4. No sturgeon fishing for commercial purposes shall be allowed in the Winnipeg river, Manitoba, above a line drawn across it from Papineau's mill to Sproul's Point, which line is about one-half mile below Pine Falls.

5. No sturgeon weighing less than eighteen pounds undressed, shall be retained, and any sturgeon weighing less than eighteen pounds undressed shall be immediately returned alive and if possible uninjured to the waters from which it was taken by the person catching it.

6. Penning, tying up, or tethering sturgeon is prohibited.

7. Under a sturgeon fishing permit for domestic use, not more than three sturgeon per week may be taken. When such number has been captured under any one permit in any

one week, the gill-net or baited hooks, as the case may be, authorized by it to be used shall be removed from and kept out of the water for the remainder of that week.

8. No one shall fish for, catch, kill or sell any sturgeon from the 16th day of October in any year to the 15th day of June following, both days inclusive.

FIRE WARNINGS ON GAME TAGS

As a result of representations made by the Canadian Forestry Association, several of the provincial governments have decided to place upon the backs of licenses and other literature issued to sportsmen, a form of fire warning. The Chief Game Commissioner of Nova Scotia and the Deputy Minister of Lands and Mines for New Brunswick, have already undertaken to have the next issue of game tags contain a warning, and it is confidently expected that most of the other provinces will take similar action in the near future. The response to the Association's suggestion was most hearty.

Following is a form of fire warning which has been sent out to the officials interested:

To All Sportsmen: A Friendly Word

You have a personal interest in protecting the forests of this province from fire. The

pleasures of fishing and hunting depend absolutely upon keeping the forests green.

Please adopt these sensible rules for your trip; they are endorsed and followed by the best fishermen and hunters everywhere:

Never toss away burning matches, cigars, cigarettes or pipe ashes.

Never start a fire in the woods among leaves dry wood or against a log, or against a tree whether it be dead or alive. Build your fire wherever possible among rocks or gravel and away from trees.

Never start a fire in the moss or peat of a dry bog. It may smoulder for weeks and then leap into flame.

Never leave a fire until it is out. Camp fires "supposed to be out" have burned down thousands of acres of splendid woodland.

Remember: A forest is about the easiest thing on earth to set ablaze.

DEER HUNTING

Don't take a pot shot at the figure in the cornfield. It's no credit to bag a scarecrow. Besides it may not be a scarecrow—these modern styles are deceiving.

Don't fire a round of buckshot into a haystack. There may be somebody sleeping inside it who doesn't want to be called so early, either to this life or another.

In climbing over a fence with a loaded gun, first unload the weapon, let down the hammer, unscrew the barrel and knock off

the sights to make it harmless.

Don't shoot at perfect strangers. Don't shoot at close friends. Be sociable.

Remember that a guide who works for a measly per diem and smoking tobacco isn't supposed to double as a moving target.

Be not deceived by any "moo" that may sound to the windward. How weak is the mere unsupported testimony of the spoken word.

THE BOY SCOUTS FOREST BOOK

Under this title, the Canadian Forestry Association will issue shortly 15,000 copies of a 20-page booklet designed especially for the use of Boy Scouts. Through the kind co-operation of the Honorary Secretary of the Boy Scout Movement, Mr. Gerald H. Brown of Ottawa, a very careful distribution will be made by sending packets of the books to the various local masters with instructions to place one in the hands of each Scout.

The booklet should be an attractive publication as it will contain ten pages of half-tone

illustrations and about ten pages of reading matter. The army of Boy Scouts of 1915 will be the bosses of the country a few years hence. It is highly important that the attractive truths of forest conservation should reach them at their present stage.

As an added incentive to study the "Forest Book" carefully, the Association will offer substantial cash prizes for essays to be written upon a set of questions. Full details of the essay competition and prizes will appear in each copy of the booklet.

FOR SALE, WANT AND EXCHANGE DEPT.

Advertisements will be inserted in this Department at 4c. a word. Send remittance with order. Copy should not be later than the 10th of the month. TF

AUTOMOBILES

MOTOR CAR BARGAIN

FOR SALE—2-Passenger Motor Car, combined pleasure and business car, suitable for light delivery. Bargain if sold at once. Apply, Box T, Rod and Gun, Woodstock, Ont.

ACCESSORIES

FOR SALE—Tire Chains, several pairs, in good condition. State size required, to Box L. ROD AND GUN, Woodstock, Ont. TF

FOR SALE—Set of Electric automobile lamps, two side and one tail. Never been used. Box L. ROD AND GUN, Woodstock, Ontario. TF

FOR SALE—Several B and B Bronze Propeller wheels, two or three blades, all new. Will sell at a sacrifice. For further particulars, write Box G. Rod and Gun, Woodstock Ont. tf

FOR SALE—Bryant and Berry Propeller. 3 blade. 20 in. diameter. 18 in. pitch, right hand, bore 1 1/4 ins. New, never used. Apply Box K. Rod and Gun, Woodstock. Ont. 2 1T

ANTIQUE FIREARMS



ANTIQUE pistols, blunderbusses, cross bows, fine perfect. Armour, swords, daggers. No catalog. Good photos. State requirements. Allen, The Façade, Charing Cross, London. Eng. 12 2T

BOATS AND CANOES.

FOR SALE—16 foot, 30 inch beam, 12 inch depth canoe, close rib, metallic joint, basswood, half-round ribs 1 1/8 inches apart. Copper fastened, varnished inside and out. All oak gunwales. Weight about 65 lbs. This canoe is absolutely new. For price, etc., write box E. Rod and Gun, Woodstock, Ont. tf

BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

FOR SALE—Best quality ranch raised mink, also Canada wild geese. Nelson Waldron, Tyne Valley, Prince Edward Island. J 6T

Bob White Quail, Pheasants, Peafowl, wild Ducks, Geese, Swans, Cranes, Fancy Pigeons, Fancy Poultry, Pet stock, Game Birds, Cage Birds, Parrots, Canaries, etc. Also Elk, Deer, Buffalo, Silver Foxes, Mink, Odorless Skunks, etc. Big beautifully illustrated catalogue animals and birds 25 cents, price list free. Horne's Zoological Arena Co., Kansas City, Mo. 11 6T

BUFFALO, Elk, Deer, Mountain Sheep, Antelope, Moose, Silver Black Foxes, Mink, Marten, Beaver, Otter, Fisher, Skunks, Raccoons, Red and Grey Foxes, Cub Bears, Wild Boars, Lynx, Civets, Monkeys, Shetland Ponies, Arabian Horses, Karakule Sheep and all kinds of Animals. Big beautiful illustrated Catalog 25 cents, price lists free. Hornes Zoological Arena Co., Kansas City, Mo. 12-6T

FOXES.—Black, patch, some red cross, with large per cent. silver blood; also one female coon. Price low for

quick sale. T. R. Lyons, Waterville, Kings Co., N. S. 2 1T

CAMERAS.

FOR SALE—Korona Camera for either plate or film packs, made by Gundlach-Manhattan Co., size 4 x 5. Brilliant finder, horizon level, piano hinge, automatic swing back, reversible back, detachable lens, board rising and falling front, extension bed, with equipment of plate holder, adapter for film pack, folding tripod, sole leather carrying case with shoulder strap. As good as new, only used short time, cost over \$30.00. What offers for cash. Box B. Rod and Gun, Woodstock, Ont. TF

DOGS.

FOR SALE—Foxhound pups, trained rabbit dogs. All sure high class hunting stock. L. Walters, Norwich, Ont. 10 tf

FOR SALE—Exceptionally high class Irish Water Spaniels 5 months old, by Champion Imported Ballyaller Mike ex Lady Venus she litter sister to Hooker Oak Hogan, winner at the last San Francisco Show. What better do you want. Get busy. Guaranteed. H. R. French, Wetaskiwin, Alta.

FOR SALE—Splendid Llewellyn English, Irish, Gordon setter pups and trained dogs, pointers, spaniels and retrievers in pups and trained dogs. Enclose stamp for description. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. tf

FOR SALE—Pedigree Cocker Spaniel Dog, liver and white. In A-1 condition. Price reasonable. Apply Box D. Rod and Gun, Woodstock, Ont.



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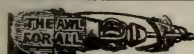
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Beautiful plumb round transom model, built by one of the foremost Canadian designers of finest obtainable material, offered for less than usual knock-down kind. Price means an actual cut of \$45. Speak quick for this—only one to sell.

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Strongest, Longest Lived Battery ever made—years ahead of dry cells—cased in hermetically-sealed sheet steel, insulated so neither air nor water can affect the patent cells—simply ideal for marine work. Weight, 44 lbs. Dimensions $5\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{2} \times 17\frac{1}{2}$. F.O.B. Woodstock at the cut price named.

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Bran-new Canoe from famous Canadian maker—16 feet x 30" x 12"—close-rib metallic joints, basswood ribs, absolutely leak-proof—made so by metal stripping under each rib—copper fastened, varnished inside and out—no better canoe ever floated on water, yet price for quick sale is only

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Muskoka Lakes—Black Bass, Pickerel, Salmon Trout.
Kawartha Lakes—Speckled Trout, Black Bass and Maskinonge.
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OPEN SEASONS

Black Bass	- - - - -	June 16th to Dec. 31st
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Write to the following Agents for full particulars—How to get there, maps, rates, etc.

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FOR many years we in America have spent much time bemoaning the disappearance of our feathered game. But the fact that we have little game to shoot and little to eat is due solely to our own lack of initiative. We *should* have an abundance of game in the fields and on the market. We may obtain such an abundance by creating a supply equal to the demand. This can be done by increasing nature's output through game farming. And moreover, the demand of the sportsman may be much greater than at present, and still be easily met.

We have the land available to make America the greatest game producing country in the world. Utilize it, and everyone will have more opportunities to indulge in field sports. There will be more shooting for all of us, whether or not we have access to a preserve, because game that is raised for sporting purposes *can not be confined in any restricted area*. Wherever game is intensively cultivated, we find improved shooting in all the surrounding territory.

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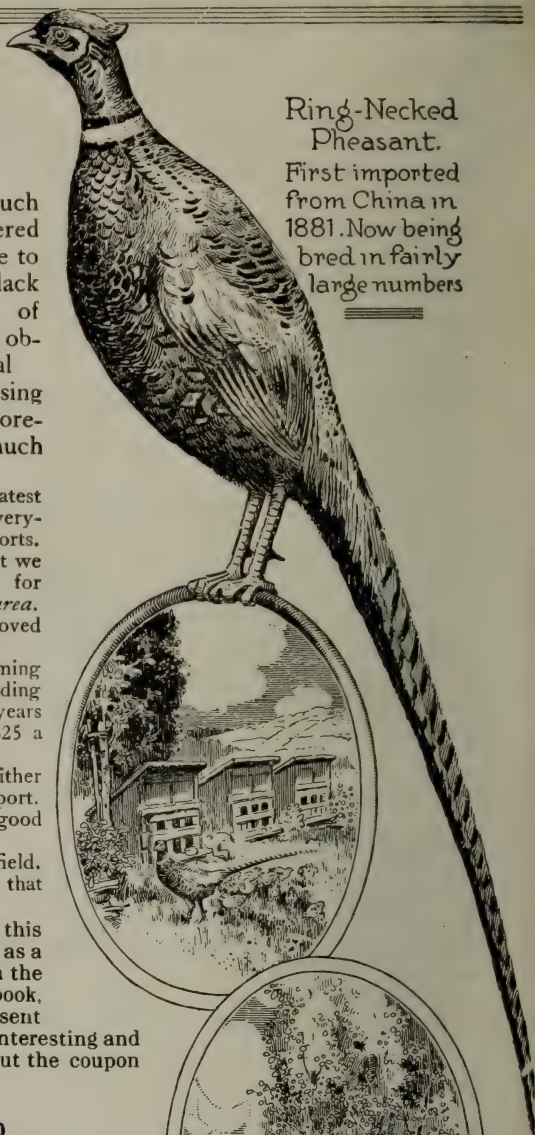
Game farming means an addition to our food supply that will be welcome to all.

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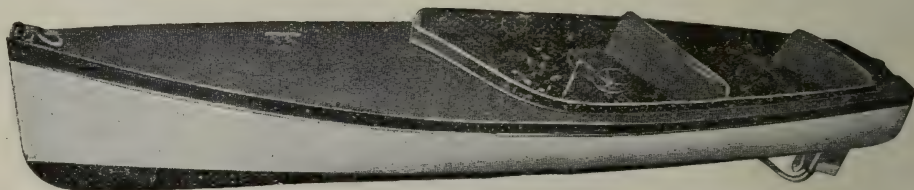
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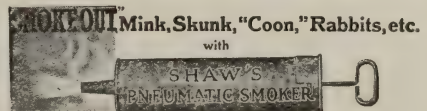
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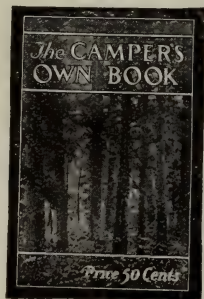


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Weights 60 pounds: propeller is 12 inches diameter. Absolutely FULL rating. All shaft bearings are bronze—not babbitt—some are four years in use without renewal. An engine you'll LIKE. Take it, complete with outfit, fitted for salt-water, for only \$65. Or, for fresh-water, also completely outfitted **Special at \$60**

6 H.P. Engine 2 Cycle 2 Cylinder

Guaranteed, tested, FULL RATING WARRANTED, with forged steel crank-shaft, bronze crank bearings, water-jacketed cylinder head and exhaust pipe. Runs cool under all conditions, and stands up to its work thoroughly. **with reversible Propeller \$120**
Has removable cylinder heads for easy inspection without taking engine off base. With solid propeller and reverse clutch, bargain at \$140.

A Finished Hull-23 feet by 4 ft. 3 ins.

Beautiful plumb round transom model, built by one of the foremost Canadian designers of finest obtainable material, offered for less than usual knock-down kind. Price means an actual cut of \$45. Speak quick for this—only one to sell.

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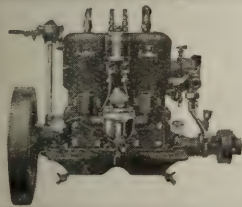
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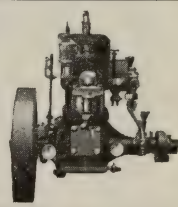
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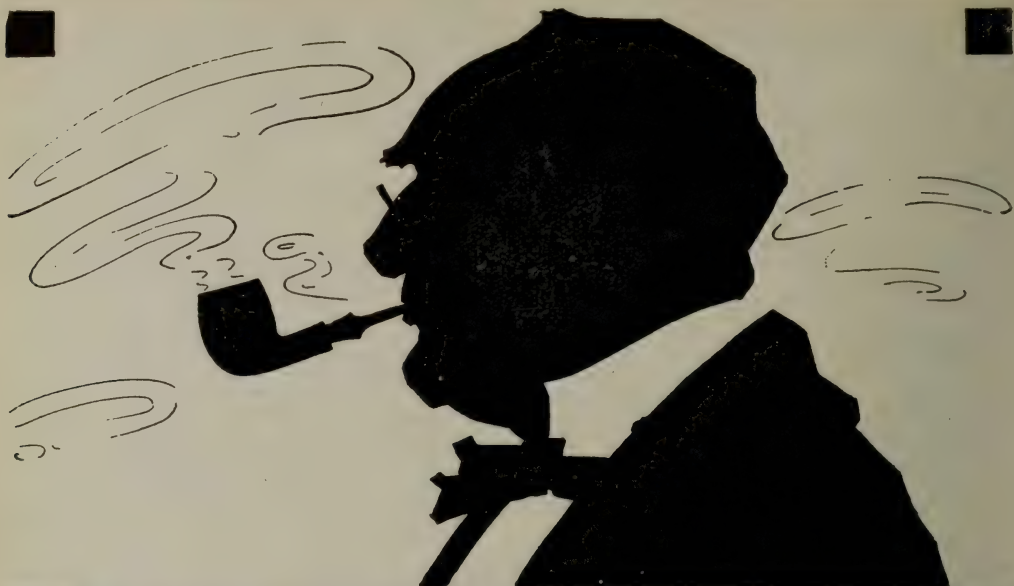
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VOLUME XVII

NUMBER 10

Rod and Gun in Canada

Woodstock, Ontario, March 1916

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Rod and Gun in Canada does not assume any responsibility for, or necessarily endorse, any views expressed by contributors to its columns.

Published by W. J. TAYLOR, LTD., WOODSTOCK, ONT.

—Branch Offices—

New York,
373 Fourth Ave.

London, England
Grand Trunk Bldgs.
Cockspur St.

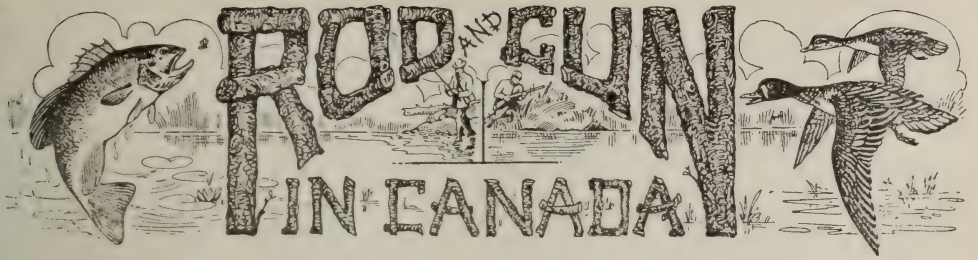
Entered Feb. 17, 1908 at the Post Office at Buffalo, N. Y., as second-class matter under Act of March 8, 1908.

CLIMBING

ALPINE

in CANADIAN ROCKIES





THE NEW SPORT FOR THE SPRING DUCK SHOOTER

Bonnycastle Dale

FOR weeks we had vainly waited on the island of the Beaver.

All the icebound lake groaned and shook beneath the fury of the nor'west gales but yield it would not. So terrific was this daily struggle between wind and sun on one side and ice and water on the other that the incessant howling of the blast, and the intermittent grinding and bellowing of the fractured ice field, gave us little time for rest or sleep. Never have the great guns of modern warfare sung louder notes than sang the mending icepack at night. Miles away in the darkness we could hear the first blast-like report then with the speed of ice-carried sound, the rending, roaring forces of expansion and contraction hurled themselves direct on our devoted camp, striking the shore with a great blast of sound wilder far than midsummer thunder, until the continued conflict made nerves tingle and tempers shorten up considerably. But lo! at the mouth of the Crooked River or the Atonabee appears a blue ribbon-like streak, the first sign of open water in all this northern snowscene—straight as an arrow from the bow sped the first flock of ducks for that welcome sight—open water, and please remember this one thing the duck must have, it can stand any rigors of climate provided it can get open water to place its feet in and save them from freezing, so as a rule, its migration is regulated by

the thermometer, 32 degrees meaning to continue the migration.

We sat on that north point and watched the river wear its course out into the main icefield, then, as the flocks of wildfowl were gathering rapidly we mounted the canoes on runners and propelled them over the glare honeycombed ice by the aid of long poled ice-chisels. You can get a good rate of speed this way and when the canoe does finally break through you are sitting safely in it. As soon as our craft went Splash! into the crack all the ducks leaped up and flew over to another bit of open water to the East.

We threw out twelve decoys, six on a string, as they are easy to pick up before the "iceshove", then with dry rushes and willow branches concealing the canoe we crouched down with cameras set and nerves strained. Along comes a pair of black ducks, I use the word pair in its true sense as they were already mated. If you study the wild duck note this: they are the most social of all the birds, fretting and whimpering at every leg or wingstroke that takes the mate away. They will follow one another into all sorts of danger impelled by this feeling of comradeship. We have had wild ducks as pets and the way they tracked and trailed one another was ludicrous. You need to leg-tie only one of a number as the rest will never desert it. In fact I

know of decoy flocks that would follow one trained bird into the canoe and sit quietly there until she was lifted out. Then they would all flap overboard and feed and play about her anchor all day long. I should have used the past tense as both the good Boston sportsmen have long since gone to the unknown hunting grounds, as indeed has their faithful guide Franklin, but the members of the Alynwick Band still on the reserve well remember these clever birds. Along come those Black Ducks. Now notice, the male does not want to decoy. How do we know it is

launching out was no mean one and once out "how will I get ashore again" was the cry, but the opening marshes were calling, the excitement of dodging the drifting ice packs was before us and soon we were paddling northward again. It is most astounding how thoroughly Mother Nature does her work. Yesterday ice and snow were everywhere; today the ice is all thrown in broken fields ashore and the snow rapidly melting, while ducks and geese appear as if by magic. The Whistlewings had gathered along a good fishing ground, a goodly flock of hundreds. Bluebills were stream-



GREATER SCAUP EATING MASKINONGE SPAWN

the male as both are marked exactly alike? By his silence, as she has already called three times, and his high piercing "myamph" has not sounded out once. She turns, so perforce must he—now she sees she is in danger, as she espies us, but so is he, for she has led him within close gunshot. Whirr-r-r-r," up they both speed and away off behind us. Suddenly the scene darkens, a great cloud obscures the sun, a blinding snow-storm sets in and off we paddle and ice-chisel for camp.

When we approached the shore next morning great heaps of glittering broken ice lay piled ashore everywhere. So high was it that the problem of

ing in from the great lakes where they pass the winter months. Black ducks were returning from the Middle and Southern States and with them a motley host of Widgeon, Pintails, Mallards (*anas boschas*) a very rare Eider, some long-tailed Coween, a very few Buffleheads, more Hooded mergansers and lots of "old ships" as we call the American and Red-breasted Mergansers from the lakes. Amongst these rare teal swam with equally as rare wood-ducks (although the absence of spring shooting is really helping to bring these back in ever increasing numbers and we killed many more wood-ducks last fall than usual.) We saw the very

unusual sight of a drake Ruddy, he is as handsome as the drake of the Ringneck, a very well set up little chap indeed and rather too tame for his own safety, I should imagine. Later we sometimes see a few Shovellers and in a few days many Red-heads and Canvas backs (the reason for the decline of these birds along the Eastern and great Lakes shooting grounds lies in the fact that the ever advancing line northward of farms on the prairies has driven these birds so far North to find nesting grounds that it is easier for them then to follow the great rivers of the Pacific Coast to the ocean—in fact I have killed these birds all along that northern Pacific coast when the natives and white hunters there did not know or recognize these then strange birds. We also see on this Spring migration numbers of Surf ducks on their way to the breeding grounds in northern Ontario and even to Winnipegosis.

While waiting for Fritz to “paddle-up” some birds I studied the effects of the iceshove upon the rocks of the shore—one of my photos shows where the immense boulder has been easily carried along and stood upright by ice, certainly not more than eight inches thick and honeycombed at that. The force of a mile square

patch of ice moving before a twenty-mile nor'wester is something tremendous.

A few days later we saw flocks of great and lesser Scaup that would number fully 25,000. Here we were concealed within close range of great masses, our nerves tingling with excitement, spoiling much really good film and getting a small percentage of fair pictures, for remember, grand and wonderful though this new sport is, it is still as hard to get a good set of pictures of flying, diving, feeding birds as ever. Why! You set the camera for the centre of the flock, curtain and speed for bright light, you wait for about an hour—hist!—here they come. A flock of ducks sweeps rapidly past and “clang” goes the focal plane. “Oh! bother” you exclaim, the sun was behind thick clouds and the bally things were out of focus—“Will you believe me when I tell you that out of one spring's work we did not get a first class picture from the focal-plane. In fact I only figure on one out of six anyway, having taken some ten thousand pictures so far and only having kept seventeen or eighteen hundred, but gentlemen the sport of it is keener than in killing the bird, and then you so often exclaim, “Well



PICKING UP A CRIPPLE



TWO DRAKE GREATER SCAUP AND ONE AMERICAN
GOLDEN EYE

I've got it and I didn't hurt it either."

For years the cause of so many sick and injured and dying birds has puzzled us. Gradually we have come to the following conclusions. As fully fifty thousand wild ducks use this lake in the spring, and as the life of the bird is not more than eight years or less than four, let us average it at six—this, roughly speaking would give us 8000 dead per year or over 600 per month, so you see there should be a pretty large number of dead and dying always near the flock even allowing that the greater number perish between September and January. To prove our case we collected these poor things and examined them. They were readily caught (so was Fritz, I must tell you this later). I picture him with two drake Greater Scaup, and one drake American Gol-

den Eye, (we do rarely see Barrows Golden Eye here. I have noted a drake also in the Spring, a smaller, handsomer bird than the bigger American). I asked the lad to get me a few of the many feeble ducks that swam about the marsh.

Later I forgot about having asked him and, seated over the decoys I watched him in his canoe creeping along the edges of the bog. Silently he went from bay to bay, and point to point. Then I noticed a row boat that too went silently from bay to bay and point to point. Suddenly the lad disappeared around a distant island and I saw the occupant of the boat throw on power into an Evinrude and get out the oars and hustle for all they were worth. Around the island the boat darted and again around another one the boy had lately disappeared behind. "It cannot be they are chasing Fritz" I queried. If so he was quite unconscious of it as he paddled unconcernedly along.

Now the launch draws so

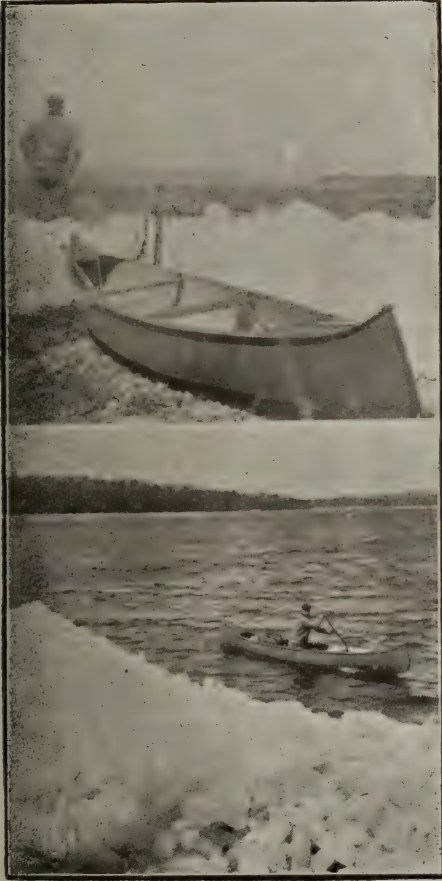
near that he hears the exhaust and slows up and they draw alongside. The fishery overseer thought Fritz was an Indian fishing, and his face browned by the March sun told no tales, but the absence of lines and the poor cripples in the bow told the story and later we all had a good laugh over the chase.

Day in and day out we tried for pictures; one that we got one spring of four Great Scaup drakes eating wind-drifted Maskinonge spawn is yet our best picture. I also took one of the lad picking up a cripple.

We found the cause of death to be; in most cases, inanition with old age as the direct cause, also we found cancerous tongues and, evidently, very severe cases of dysentery, but in no case did we find the cause to be injury by man or animals, although

I have shot duck with the top of the skull picked clean by a hawk and the wing injured, yet the bird had escaped.

Did you ever for a moment sit down and consider the very intense suffering we subject these birds to in



HOW SHALL I LAUNCH IT?
HOW SHALL I GET ASHORE AGAIN?

our so called sport? We were seated off the edge of a mud bank, concealed by a wee bit of brush; the time was the late fall, ice all over the lake save a mere ribbon at the mouth of the river beside us: a howling blast was pouring down the lake over the ice and we held control of the only bit of blue water in all that white scene, of course killing everything that decoyed as they are very stupid in ice shooting. Now we saw, driven before the wind, with a broken wing, a Redhead, Time after time it essayed to regain its feet on the icy surface, but the wind instantly upset it and drifted it along down the lake. Surely this was intense suffering enough for the poor bird. No, man was yet to be reckoned with. Although the ice was so treacherous the canoe had to go on a sleigh, one of our party set off, adding by the rumbling loud roar of the sleigh another terror to the poor bird which vainly tried to aid itself along. The great roaring black object however continued to approach and (mercifully) flung fire and stinging shot at it. I tell you it makes our hearts sorry even in the midst of sport to have to endure sights like this, but once the bird is dead and out of misery, (have you ever picked up one of these tender injured things and felt the rapid beating of the heart and seen the alarm that peered from the startled eyes?) our natural feelings return and Man-like, or Brute-like, we are ready to kill the next Wild Duck that answers to our wooden counterfeits.

IT'S LIKE THIS---SOMETIMES.

C. L. Gilman

When a drizzly rain is falling
And you shiver in the blind,
When the ducks are slow in coming
And you picture in your mind,

All the warmth and cheer and comfort
Of the home you left to make
This essay at fruitless hunting
On a duck-deserted lake,

Then you promise that you'll never
Be again so rank a fool
As to—Hark, a flock is coming,
Will it circle to your stool?

Sure, crouch low and let them settle,
Let them have it as they fly.
Gee, but life is worth the living
When the ducks are flying by.

THE MEN WHO CAN'T COME BACK

R. J. Fraser

THE commissioner had finished paying the treaty money to the Indians that morning and in a group about the flagstaff we were discussing the natives' ignorance of the value of the notes in their possession.

"Watch me collect some of it now" said McDonald, as a Chippewyan buck slouched towards us. "Want your razor, Jim?" he asked of the Indian.

"Uh, how much?" replied the other, pulling forth a roll of bills. They were of several denominations.

"Five dollars, boy" answered the trader with his eyes on the coveted wealth. He did not notice that Corporal Jones had joined the group and become an interested witness of the transaction. Jimmie Crow counted off five bills and handed them to the other who quietly crumpled them up in his hand and shoved them into his pocket.

"Hadn't you better give him his change?" inquired the cool quiet voice of the representative of the law in the north and McDonald turned to gaze with dismay into the commanding eyes of the corporal. Without a murmur he counted out forty-five dollars and returned them to the Indian. Then the little group broke up and the Inspector and I strolled down to our favorite lounging place on the edge of the grassy bank.

"That is Mac every time," remarked my companion when we had made ourselves comfortable. "He can't keep from trying to do some fellow for his money. Why, do you know, that chap could make a fortune in a year with his swindling schemes. He's chock full of them."

"He shouldn't be up here then," I said, "but down in the cities where he could ply his trade to advantage."

"That is just why he is up here," answered the inspector. "He made nearly half a million in a get-rich-quick scheme in Chicago. They got most of the money back but couldn't catch him, though they followed him

to the end of the line. When they learned that he had come this far north the authorities dropped the pursuit—they considered that he was as safe as behind bars and if he ever attempted to make south again they would nab him sure. You see up here in the North we don't bother about a man's past; the question is, not what were you? but what are you and what can you do? McDonald here, I believe, is wanted by the police in three different countries and has quite a shady record. He is about the only one of the men who can't come back that I've met and never become intimate with. Most of the others I know like brothers."

My companion was inspector and district manager of the Hudson Bay and few men knew that vast tract of wilderness and its odd people more intimately than he.

"The man who can't come back! What a story that would make." I said, and my friend only smiled in response.

"Would you care to tell me of some of them—the most interesting ones?" I asked. The inspector promptly answered "Certainly."

"I shall not mention their right names," he began. "In fact few of them are known in this country under the names they were born with. There's Ducharme now, at Big River Post,—been in charge for the French Company for five years. That chap is getting sixty dollars a month and his board, and living like a native and he was born and raised in a chateau—a palace, to tell the truth—in the south of France. His parents still live there in regal style, with a host of servants and luxurious surroundings. Philip was a younger son and endowed with more money than was good for him. He entered the army but found it too slow so bought his release. From one extravagance to another he went, always seeking some new form of excitement. Finally, with the last of his resources, he bought out, on a

wager, a small travelling circus, and in company with a French actress toured France and Belgium. He chose to be a lion-tamer and had several thrilling tussles with the beasts. Then one night his companion mocked him for always carrying a loaded revolver when putting his animals through their acts. He retorted, daring her to enter the cage even for a second. The actress took the dare, stepped inside the door, and before Ducharme had recovered from his surprise a savage tigress had felled the woman and torn her to pieces. Ducharme's people in disgust turned against him. The actress's friends brought a charge of murder and he had to skip out.

"That was seven years ago and Ducharme says France and his home will never see him again. Each year when the ship comes out he receives a cask of wine—the vintage of his father's estate. That is his only connection with the past.

"The case of Baum, the German trader at Fort Chimo, in Ungava Bay, one of the dreariest posts in the north, is a similar one. He is a talented musician and one of the most cultured men I ever met,—speaks five languages and can out-talk one on any subject imaginable. He has a grand piano and a chest of violins with him, among them a valuable Stradivarius that has been in the family for generations. For six years he has played the old masterpieces and many a composition of his own to the untrained ears of the breeds and natives of the George River country, and he is actually tearing his heart out to return to the Fatherland. But he can never go back. He became entangled with a woman at the Emperor's court; an admirer of hers interfered and in the duel that followed Baum killed his man. The other was a rank blackguard, I believe but poor Baum has to pay the penalty."

"Do you know that chap who is accountant at Port Harrison?" I asked, "I forget his name but I found him one of the finest heads I ever met. Why does he stick up there?"

"Connelly, you mean? Yes, he's white, every bit of him. But he's

a lunger, poor chap—a consumptive. It's only a couple of years ago that he came north, a mere wreck of a man, and the air of the hills there has worked wonders for him. I guess he's good for many years yet, maybe a lifetime, if he sticks to that country. But he daren't leave it.

"There are numbers like him in this country, self-banished because of some incurable disease. Bannister, down the coast at Whale River is a queer case. He believes himself to be a tubercular goner. I don't, and I would wager that nine out of ten doctors would pass him as perfectly sound. But he will not take a chance and go home and he has a wife and family in England, too. The last time,—it's over a year ago—that I saw him, he was talking of going inland into the Long Lake country and spending the rest of his life in missionary work among the Ungava Indians.

"Right back in here at Cross Lake there was a chap, a Canadian, who is booked for the rest of his life in this country. He's been moved away west of there lately so I don't mind telling you about him. He deserves all that is stacked up against him. Got mixed up with a girl in Montreal, a society leader there,—you perhaps remember the Graham case. No? Well, anyway, he is the fellow who was at the bottom of it. He left her to face the music and skipped to Winnipeg. The girl's brothers followed him for two years till they learned he was far in the north. Then, like McDonald here, they decided to leave him and get him if he ever attempted to return. He is a bad one, too, and going a fast pace that will finish him soon. I know two breeds and an Indian who have their knives out for him for the same offence that sent him up here.

"Not so very far south of here there is a missionary,—an awfully fine chap—who has a similar past. He was young and foolhardy, and perhaps not altogether to blame. But his home circle and society are forever barred to him though God Himself knows he has worked out his redemption in the north.

"The church has many of these

derelects in its employ. Away up at Chesterfield Father Camembeau, a worthy Jesuit, is tussling with the distorted morals of the Eskimaux. He was not born to the priesthood, as a certain little town in France well knows, but he is wearing the cassock now and has taken a rigid vow to spend his lifetime among his Arctic flock—never to revisit the cities of the south.

"There are many men who can, and yet strange as it may sound to you cannot return and live in the land that they were born in. Many of them have tried and have gone back to the paternal fireside—but only for a time. Their very natures, their primitive instincts as it were, drove them north again. The call of the wild, the wanderlust—call it what you like—has them bound, hand and foot, and for them the cramped cities south of the height of land offers nothing. For there is a fever, which once it enters the blood, cannot be driven out, and the infected ones are drawn like so many pieces of steel ever towards the Pole."

"Can you tell," I asked, "of any who were condemned to lifelong banishment up here who, in spite of all, did return?" Such cases would be interesting."

"I cannot think of one at present and such are very rare. But let me tell you of another,—Jack Allison, poor chap—whose case is perhaps the saddest I have known. He was a Scotch lad from Aberdeen, and he told me his life-story himself, for we had knocked around a lot together. Allison and his cousin were both in love with the same girl at home when a large sum of money disappeared. Circumstantial evidence pointed to Jack and though he knew his cousin was the thief he took the blame and quietly left the country. For over twelve years he worked for the Company at various posts about the bay, eating his heart out in silence. Then came word from home that the real culprit had confessed and the sweetheart of his youth begged Allison to return. Jack's joy knew no bounds—he had lived a clean, manly life here and nothing now barred him from going home.

"I travelled with him on the last stage of his journey to the line, up the Missanabie. I was bound for Conjuror's House. Never was there a happier lad than Allison on that trip. I remember going over the Long Portage how, despite the weather and the trail, and the loads we had to pack, he used to sing at the top of his voice snatches of the old Scotch songs. He would clap me on the back and exclaim: "At last, man, at last, I am going home to her!"

"At the foot of Hell's Gate, just as his canoe was making the dash across below the fall, both his and his bowman's paddles snapped. They had no spare ones and could do nothing. Quickly the current swept them down and in less time than I am telling it they were torn to pieces in the rapids.

"And so poor Jack was numbered among those who could not go back."

The inspector remained silent awhile, then looked as though he fain would speak again, but hesitated. Finally he said: "There are, perhaps more men who live and die here, not because of bars that shut them out from the places of their early life, but because of fetters that bind them to the new one. They are neither to be pitied nor to be blamed—so long as they are true to the ethics of their adopted life, for they have entered this bondage unbidden and with open eyes. Some there are who have gone back but only to cause pain and misery. Thank God these are few. Thirty-seven years ago I left my home in Scotland and the Company's ship landed me at York Factory. In the north I have been ever since for I am one of the 'Men Who Can't Go Back.' I am still fettered to this land but no man living has ever heard me complain."

I was taken aback by this unlooked-for revelation.

"You!" I exclaimed, "why, of all men, can't you go back?"

The inspector, in his turn, was quite as surprised as I. "Don't you really know?" he asked, doubtingly, and I silently nodded my head. The old man made a brave attempt to conceal the yearning in his tone as he replied "I thought you understood. You see, I'm a squawman."

BLANCHARD'S TRAP

E. O. Perrin

"AIN'T they an awful size?" Jake Blanchard leaned over and examined the huge tracks which were clearly marked in the wet snow. "Guess it's the big grizzly old Dutch Smith was tellin' us about. Bet he'd weigh a thousand pounds."

"Sure is a big bear," said Lamoy, carefully slicing off a fresh quid of tobacco. "That is, unless he wears snowshoes."

"If it wa'n't so near sundown," continued Blanchard, "I'd foller 'im up a bit. I'd like to get jest one crack at that critter."

"You might foller 'im a month without gettin' a shy at 'im," replied the other. "An' then you'd be liable to hurt his feelin's. Look at them claw marks!"

The two trappers were standing at the foot of a deep ravine on the head waters of the Big Horn. The sun was just sinking below the rim of the hills, and the dwarf pines cast giant shadows across the white plateau below them. The spring thaw had already begun, and the river was almost clear of ice, but back under the hemlocks were great banks of snow.

As evening fell the men made their way slowly down the river toward their camp, stopping now and then to re-bait a mink trap, or to skin one of their little victims. They led a hard life, these trappers, battling all winter with the cold and the solitude. And their reward was small, even though their labors furnished adornment for scores of women in far away cities.

Once Lamoy paused and raised his hand. The distant whistle of a locomotive sounded faintly through the valley.

"Limited's on time to-night," he said. "Looks as if summer was comin'."

Their cabin was only five miles from the branch line of the Northern Pacific, but the nearest settlement was at Gilford, twelve miles to the east.

That night, as they sat by the fire and smoked, their conversation turned again to the big grizzly.

"I have an idea," said Blanchard, "that a man could trap that old cuss if he went about it right. He's wore quite a trail up through the notch, an' must be comin' there regular."

"I dunno," replied the older man. "I reckon he could wind a trap a mile off. Bear trappin's hard work nowadays; an' besides it don't pay—there's more profit in mushrats."

Nothing further was said on the subject, but Blanchard did not forget it. The following week it was his turn to go out to Gilford with a shipment of furs. When he returned he carried, in addition to his usual pack of supplies, a forty pound steel bear-trap.

"Goin' into the hardware business?" asked Lamoy when he saw it.

Blanchard grinned as he lowered the great trap to the cabin floor. "I'm goin' to get that bear if it takes till next fall," he declared, "an' I have a feelin' this little trinket 'll do the job. Want to come along an' witness the tragedy?"

"No, he's your game, Jake. Besides I got a lot of otter-traps to look over this afternoon."

Blanchard prepared at once to carry out his plan. First he gathered an armful of small hemlock twigs, and boiled them in a kettle of water until the solution became thick and paste-like. With this he thoroughly coated the entire trap and chain, in order to neutralize as far as possible the iron smell which is so hateful to wild animals. Then he set out for the bear country, arriving at the ravine early in the afternoon. He chuckled as he noticed fresh footprints of the enormous grizzly.

A well defined runway led up through the pass, made by the bear and other animals as they travelled to and from the river. The trapper picked out a spot where the defile narrowed down to some six or eight feet, and was lined on either side with

low brambles. At this point there had been a heavy drift, and the snow was still nearly a foot in depth, and packed very hard. Here he proceeded to set the trap. It was an old-fashioned, hand forged grizzly-catcher, with double springs, and ponderous jaws that spread out a foot and a half. Two men could hardly have set it by the old leverage method but Blanchard forced down the powerful springs very easily with a pair of large screw clamps.

He was careful not to disturb the surface of the runway, and began by digging a small trench well off to one side. Then with a sharp wedge-shaped piece of wood he scraped out the snow in a lateral direction, until he had made a cavity large enough to admit the trap. The surface snow was unbroken, and constituted a shell which, though not very thick, was strong enough to prevent any but a large animal from breaking through and springing the trap. The chain was fastened to a short heavy clog, which was buried at the side, the spot being covered with loose brambles.

The next morning Blanchard was up at dawn. Lamoy was still asleep, so he dressed quietly, took his rifle, and slipped out. The previous day had been bright and warm, but during the night an icy chill had settled over the forest. In the south the rugged peaks of the Shoshones rose white against a lifeless sky. As the trapper hastened along the river the little twigs rattled at his touch, and the frozen snow creaked under his moccasins.

At the lower end of the gorge he stopped and listened. Hearing no sound he proceeded cautiously up the runway, keeping a sharp lookout, and holding his rifle in readiness. Suddenly he straightened up, and a look of extreme horror came over his face. There was a man in the trap. He was lying motionless on his back, with arms extended, and Blanchard could see that his leg was broken just below the knee. For some time the trapper stood as if paralyzed, and then a violent trembling seized him, and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

"God," he said slowly, "he's froze."

At the sound the man stirred and groaned. Blanchard dropped his gun, and rushed forward.

"It's all right pardner," he cried, as he feverishly adjusted the clamps to the trap. "You'll be out in five shakes."

The man on the ground did not answer, but fumbled with something under his coat, and then whipped out a big frontier revolver. Blanchard saw it in the nick of time, and dodged just as the powder blazed in his face. A .45 bullet ripped open the sleeve of his mackinaw coat, taking away a portion of the flesh. The trapper turned and rushed down the hill, slipping and falling in his haste to reach cover. As he ran two more shots rang out, and he heard the zip of a bullet in the frozen bank at his side. Once safe behind a large boulder it took him some time to discover that he was not killed. His arm was painfully torn, and bled profusely until he stopped the flow by making a tourniquet of his bandana handkerchief.

"That's gratitude," he muttered. "Still if I'd been out here all night in a bear-trap I might want to take a pot at somebody."

Keeping in line with the boulder he crept away several yards before he ventured to peer around the edge, and steal a look at his prisoner. The man still had his gun out, and was evidently on the watch. Blanchard now began to get angry. The pain in his arm, and the realization of his narrow escape, by no means improved his feelings.

"You utter blame fool!" he shouted. "I've a good notion to go way an' let you starve! You come near losin' your last chance."

There was no answer, and after waiting a few moments the trapper called out again:

"If you throw that gun away I'll let you out. If you don't I'll have to shoot you in self-defence!"

Still there was no reply. The captive answered neither threats nor entreaties. Blanchard was at a loss what to do. At any rate he was determined not to expose himself to another bullet. Finally he decided

to return to the cabin and get Lamoy. Perhaps they could then devise some method of getting the man out of the trap without being shot.

With this in view he crept quietly away and hurried down the river. He had not gone far before he encountered what seemed to be a hunting party coming up the bank. There were four men, clad as mountaineers, and all carrying guns. They were leading a pair of large hounds, which barked frantically when they saw Blanchard. At the same time two of the men rushed forward, and made as if to cover him with their rifles. The trapper was amazed at their conduct, but he realized that he must present a strange appearance. He had lost his hat, and his hands and face were smeared with blood.

"Hold on!" he said. "I ain't as wild as I look. I've got a man up here in a bear-trap, and I wish to hell you'd help me get him out."

"A man in a bear-trap?" asked one of the men in surprise.

"Yes, an' when I went to let 'im out he tried to shoot my head off. Mebbe he's one o' your party. He's a little black haired cuss in a brown coat."

"Don't know him," replied one of the strangers, "but we'll have a look at him."

"Better not make love to 'im," said the trapper. "He's a pretty fair shot, an' he's longin' for more practice. Look at the hole he put in my wing."

The men examined Blanchard's arm, and one of them bandaged it for him. Then the whole party proceeded up the river. The strangers walked rapidly, and spoke but little. They listened with interest to

Blanchard's story, but there was something peculiar in their manner which he did not altogether like.

As they neared the trap they were all careful to keep under cover. They found the man lying on his side, and still holding the revolver. It was decided that one of the party should make a detour, and come down from above. This was easily accomplished, for brush and stones were thick on the farther side of the trap. One of the men crawled up to within a few feet of the captive, and then a sharp blow with a long pole sent the revolver flying. But the prisoner made no move. He had already lost consciousness. The trap was quickly removed, and it was found that the bones of his lower leg were badly crushed; but the heavy cowhide boot had prevented the jaws of the trap from cutting into the flesh. He was given some brandy, and soon showed signs of life. Meanwhile one of the men extracted a canvas bag from under the injured man's coat.

"It's all right, boys," he said, "the boodle's all here."

Then turning to Blanchard: "You sure are in luck."

"Luck!" said the trapper sarcastically. "I've lost a chance at the biggest bear in the——"

"What do you care? You'll collect five hundred for this."

"For what?" asked Blanchard in amazement.

"Why, Great Scott, man! Didn't we tell you? You've trapped the feller that held up the Limited last night, and shot the express agent. The Company's offered five hundred dollars' reward for his capture."



The Diary of a Three Weeks' Canoe Trip in Algonquin Park

Norman Lett

Ottawa, 31st July, 1915.

TO-DAY John A. and I left by the G. T. Ry. at 12 noon for a canoe trip through Algonquin Park. We arrived at Rock Lake Station at 5.22 p.m. sharp on time, portaged our bark canoe and outfit up the track about one hundred yards to a small creek, where we put in and started on our aquatic tour. We paddled down stream to the confluence of the creek and the Madawaska River, a short distance then up stream by this river to Whitefish Lake. Just before entering the Lake we called on Steve Watters, one of the Park Rangers, stationed in a new shelter hut just South of the G.T.R. bridge crossing the Madawaska. Shortly after leaving the shelter hut we stopped to examine Dr. Parent's summer cottage, situated on the East end of Whitefish Lake, a very good roomy cottage with a beautiful sand beach at the door.

As it was only about half past six we decided to make for the old shelter hut at the upper end of this pretty sheet of water. I forgot to say that we had a long distance telephone conversation with Mr. Bartlett of Watters' shelter.

We reached our objective just before dusk and had the good luck to find that John's old key gave us access to the hut. This was very opportune as it saved us pitching the tent. I

can't say we enjoyed our night's rest very much the heat was so great and the bed so hard.

Sunday, 1st August.

Up at 5 and off at 7. On our way up the Madawaska, which enters the lake just opposite the shelter, we saw no less than seven deer; some of them were so close we could see them wink the other eye before waving us adieu with their white banners.

Now we left the river and entered the Lake of Two Rivers which, by the way, is a beauty. On this lake is located the Bordertown School Boys' camp. A pleasant paddle up the lake and we again found ourselves in the Madawaska. After a few very short portages and a long journey, in the crookedest stream imaginable, we reached the point where Head Creek joins the Madawaska. We turned into this creek and after lifting over a couple of beaver dams and a short portage reached the outlet of Head Lake. As we were portaging over the dam at this point we met a Toronto couple on their way down with the Highland Inn as their destination. We had quite a conversation with them. The wife was so infatuated with the prospect of the lovely trip we had in view she was very nearly deserting her better-half and joining us.



At the portage between Smoke Lake and Ragged Lake. We went ashore on a beautiful camp ground overlooking Ragged Lake



A family party camping at Joe Lake. When we entered this sheet of water we went ashore and very soon John had the bass in the pan and shortly afterwards the bass had disappeared into the interior.
We did enjoy the meal.

Although pretty hungry we decided to go a little further before lunch. We paddled on up Head Lake until we suddenly thought of Cedar Falls where Kenneth Lake discharged into Head Lake. This is a lovely spot, and while boiling our kettle and eating our lunch we enjoyed very much the music of the falls. After lunch a short paddle brought us to the portage to Boundary Lake which is about three-quarters of a mile of a carry. On this portage we perspired all the fine water we had imbibed during the morning.

Boundary Lake was reached at 3.30. We again took to our craft and proceeded up the lake to the spot usually selected by tourists, and pitched our camp for the night having done a good day's work as a starter, in a boiling sun. Before retiring we visited the shelter huts on this lake and spent a pleasant hour with the fire rangers. Several things about the buildings brought back many fond recollections to John and also reminded me of the time when I saw Anna Eliza skipping around cooking dinner dressed in her old man's flannel underwear, her own garments having received a baptism, shortly before, by a fall in the lake.

Monday, 2nd August.

Up at 5. Caught some minnows, paddled to a likely looking spot near the South end of the lake and fished for an hour, without success. Returned to camp, had breakfast, broke camp at 9.30 and continued our journey.

As we were both working up to the portaging form, it was not very long before we sighted Crooked Lake. It is so well named that the ordinary tourist sees a small part of it on account of the route crossing one end of it only. Another portage of a quarter of a mile, mostly up hill, brought us to the Little Bonnechere Lake. By the way, I would like to remind the tenderfoot who fancies taking this trip, that since we left the train at Rock Lake we have been steadily climbing. A short paddle through this Lake and we lifted over a lumberman's dam into another lake of the Bonnechere chain which we traversed in short order but not before we were caught in a downpour of rain which drove us ashore. We very soon had our luggage under the canoe and ourselves in the tent. In about half an hour we were again under way and soon reached the portage into the Big Bonnechere Lake. John was much surprised to find that a bush-fire had destroyed the old lumberman's camp at this point which has sheltered him more than once in the past. A short portage brought us to the Lake and the shelter hut located on a narrow ridge separating the Big Bonnechere from Cradle Lake.

We took our lunch beside the shelter and needless to say we had appetites ready to enjoy it. John was disgusted to find that through someone's carelessness, or worse, fire had burnt the East shore of Cradle Lake which was formerly a birch grove and very

attractive. The fire had been checked about 100 yards from the shelter hut. As it was now about three o'clock, and time to be looking for a camp ground, we lifted into Cradle Lake, which, by the way, has water as clear as crystal, paddled over to its west shore where we very soon selected a spot and fixed things up for the night. Afterwards we trolled up and down the Lake without any luck. We turned in at 8.30 and as might be expected did not require to be rocked asleep.

Tuesday, 3rd August.

Up at 5, packed and away again at 7. We intended portaging across a narrow strip of land in rear of our camp ground into an arm of the Bonnechere but on investigating we found that owing to lowness of water the inlet to it was dry and grown up, so we recrossed Cradle Lake, portaged at the shelter and continued our journey up the Bonnechere. This lake is a beauty, nicely wooded to the water line. About half a mile up we came to a barricade of rocks at the narrows which resembled very much a cofferdam just clearing the surface of the water which necessitated another lift over without unloading. A half hour's paddle brought us to the portage into Bear Lake, another beauty and quite large. A nice pleasant paddle through this lake and we reached the narrows connecting Bear and Porcupine Lakes. Up to the point of entering the latter we had the wind in our favour all the way, but the route turns to the right through Porcupine, and had to face our accommodating friend and dig in a little stronger with our paddles. We felt very much inclined to explore the Southwest part of this fine lake but as the weather began to look threatening we pushed on for the portage to Ragged Lake, which we reached at 10.30 a.m. This portage would make a grand ski slide. It is about five or six hundred yards long, a great place to pack a load down but a heart breaker on the upward march. To overcome the heavy drop the lumbermen have a chute constructed for the logs, the longest I ever saw. When we were half way down the portage we met a party of two men, three girls and a boy on a round trip from Cache Lake. These girls were a great attraction for John, especially as they were rigged out in knickerbockers and were well propped up. We earned their gratitude by relieving them of their loads on our way back for our second pack. This party was from Cambridge, Mass.

We reached Ragged Lake about eleven o'clock. A dandy lake it is too. We paddled along the East shore until opposite the Northerly end of the large island where we went ashore on a beautiful camp-ground commanding a view of the tourist route to both ends of the lake, and prepared for lunch. While engaged in this very acceptable pastime, a few drops of rain induced us to pitch the tent, which was not done a bit too soon. The victuals suffered at this meal. Pork, potatoes, onions, homemade bread, strawberry jam and a few more musical instruments, made a repast fit for the King. The rain came down steadily but not heavily for the balance of the day, poured during the night and was still doing its duty at 10 o'clock. We had such a

lovely camp ground we didn't care if it rained till the cows came home. When it did clear we hoped to explore the Southwest arm of this lake.

Wednesday, 4th August.

Well, the rain did not let up and looked as if it intended to continue for a week. Of course we could not move about, but in the evening we took the bull by the horns and went trolling in Outlet Bay. In a very short time we landed a beautiful three pound trout with coloring almost as bright as a brook trout. As this was all we could eat we pointed for camp and despite the rain John cooked half of it to perfection, which we more than enjoyed.

Not being able to spend the evening on the lake owing to the continued rain, we crawled into our sleepings bags and I read to John until the candle burnt out.

Thursday, 5th August.

Still raining but towards noon it cleared up sufficiently to allow us to explore this beautiful lake. Tourists passing through can form no idea of its magnitude. I am sure we paddled three miles away up into what is called West Bay without reaching its extreme limit. This bay cannot be seen without the expenditure of a good deal of muscle. On the South shore of the bay we investigated a large deserted lumber camp. In this out of the way place we found the chimney swifts in possession. We returned to camp, had a good lunch, although still pretty full after our breakfast, on the remainder of the trout, and after half an hour's smoke we were off again to see what was in store for us by exploring Moose Creek at the South end of the Lake. On the way up this large creek we sneaked to within 20 feet of a deer for which we were very sorry when we saw the fright the poor thing received when our unwelcome presence was discovered. We also saw an otter quite close.

At the end of the creek an old portage road was found which we followed for a mile and a half before reaching Crown Lake, a great sheet of clear green water right up in the hills, from which fact I suppose it derives its name. We regretted very much that we had no boat to explore it. About half way over the portage we came upon another lumbering settlement, also deserted. On our return trip down the creek we ran across a mother otter with two young ones. She was very much annoyed at our intrusion on her private preserve and almost charged the canoe in her rage with both youngsters keeping her close company. She snorted at us and growled like a young tiger. Hardly had we emerged from the creek when a great downpour struck us and we had to put ashore and claim the protection of our canoe. We passed the time away by singing all the songs learnt from childhood. When the storm blew over we made tracks for camp, which we reached about 7 p.m. Another good snack and we curled up for the night. I almost forgot to record a good joke on poor old John. He was so engrossed in a story he was telling, while holding an unlighted cigar in one hand and the remains of an old burnt candle in the other, that when I said suddenly "throw that candle in the fire" he threw the cigar where the candle should have gone and shoved the candle

into his mouth—sure sign of old age creeping on apace. We had a nice fireplace at this spot built of large stones chinked with smaller ones, and in front of it our canoe turned upside down on tripods about four feet from the ground, under which we made use of a flattened log for a table as well as for a seat. This makes a nice summer kitchen to sit in and enjoy the fire.

Friday, 6th August

It has been raining so continuously since we turned in last night that we decided not to move out but amused ourselves reading and watching the loons training for the fall races.

day. As our provisions, which were only intended to last for a through trip to Joe Lake Station, were getting pretty low, things began to look serious, so we agreed to push ahead on the following day rain or shine.

Sunday, 8th August.

This morning the weather looked so much better we broke camp and "hit the trail again." Although we covered the next portage dry overhead but very wet underfoot, it looked very threatening. However it held off and we had a lovely paddle through Smoke Lake after a small feed of raspberries of which there was abundance on the portages. As it was pretty



A good spot for trout. The Park affords the best fishing opportunities on the continent

For fifteen minutes we watched a couple racing and then they were not through but disappeared in the distance. The waters in front of our camp seemed to be a favorite sporting rendezvous. I never heard so much loony music in my life.

Saturday, 7th August.

Still raining and has been all night, but things look brighter for a clearup as the sun peeped through the clouds for the first time since the beginning of the week. During the limited sunshine we had a visit from three young men from Windsor, who were travelling in the opposite direction to us. Very soon the rain started in from another quarter which we hoped was a good sign, but notwithstanding, it rained off and on for the remainder of the

early when we passed Nominigan Camp we did not call but visited Callaghan's shelter hut, just opposite the hotel, on a pretty sandy beach. Everything was very neat about the place with a nice potato patch in full flower. After leaving our card for Callaghan, who was absent, we continued our journey through this grand lake and out the creek into Tea Lake, the end of which we crossed and entered a little river which introduced us to Mink Lake. When we left the lake and again entered the river, connecting with Canoe Lake, it was getting time to think of what we would have for dinner. I suggested a nice black bass, and following up the suggestion threw in the troll and very soon had our dinner secured. When emerging into Canoe Lake we heard singing in the distance and after awhile, upon drawing

nearer, we found that the campers on this lake were holding church on the verandah of one of the Gilmour bungalows situated on a fine island beautifully wooded with second growth white and red pine. At the North end of the Canoe Lake the G. T. Ry. Co. has converted into cheap hotels the large boarding houses formerly used by Gilmours' employees. When we entered Joe Creek we went ashore at the first nice spot and very soon John had the bass in the pan and shortly afterwards the bass had disappeared into the interior. We did enjoy this meal.

A short paddle up the creek brought us to the Algonquin Hotel at Joe Lake Station where we picked up the bulk of our provisions shipped up ahead. We visited the hotel and met Mrs. Merrill, Sr. and Mr. Merrill who were very nice to us. The former went to great pains to show me all through the Algonquin, treated us to fruit and invited us to dinner which was just being served. Of course after dinner on the creek we had to decline but we managed to find room for a dish of ice cream. A great number of improvements to the hotel have made it very pretty and comfortable.

While packing up for our long tour, a couple of fine girls from Toronto, stopping at the Algonquin, took such a fancy to John and his birch bark canoe that had there been accommodation I believe our party would have consisted of four during the trip. Everywhere the canoe, in particular, was greatly admired. Of course the occupants had now and then to submit to a few complimentary remarks. Af-

ter leaving the hotel about 3 o'clock, we passed through Joe Lake, then up a creek to an old fallen down bridge where we took the portage to Little Joe Lake. As the day was drawing to its close we camped beside an old lumber shanty for the night, on a pretty eminence over looking Little and Baby Joe. After another good snack we took a short paddle to the next portage and walked across to the South West end of Island Lake, just for a little exercise, the evening was so fine. When starting out from Rock Lake I kept count of the number of deer seen but they got so common I gave it up at this point.

Monday, 9th August.

Up early and off at seven. Very soon we reached that Queen of Lakes, Big Island. Just after entering it we came to the Minnesing Cottage Hotel, a very picturesque structure, all rustic. It is prettily situated with a fine view up the lake. We paid it a flying visit. Although the weather looked very threatening we had a grand paddle right up the centre of the lake with a nice little wind in our favour. Just as we were unloading at the portage to the Little Otter Slide Lake a tourist from Toronto with his guide came down the trail, wet to the part that crossed the fence last. They had been in at Lake Lameur fishing. The account they gave of the moist state of the portage, owing to recent rains, was enough to frighten the ordinary tourist, but we tackled it without gloves. Most of the trail was swimming in water and sufficiently boggy to submerge our dancing pumps. We reached



Minnesing Camp, one of the Grand Trunk's log cabin hotels. We paid it a flying visit, a very picturesque structure, all rustic, with a fine situation

Little Otter Slide safely, however, with nothing worse than very wet feet and legs. My waterproof boots were true to the brand, up till then, but when the water takes liberties with your uppers and trickles down your legs one's feet are liable to feel damp.

When about half way over this lake our old friend the rain again overtook us. We ran in under some overhanging trees and made a shelter with our waterproofs which saved wetting that part of our bodies not already saturated. After the rain let up we left the lake by a small creek which opened up into a very pretty lake called Otter Slide. This is used exclusively by the adult otters for recreation purposes, the smaller lake, just passed, being reserved for the youngsters.

Just before reaching the next portage the rain again broke loose but before anything suffered we managed to get our luggage into an old shanty. When this shower passed on its way rejoicing we had our lunch and then continued our journey. As the portage is quite short here we were soon again in the canoe. A long narrow creek brought us to a rapids and an old dam, renewed by the busy beaver.

The day being now well advanced and the sky anything but promising we pitched our tent in the wet grass beside the little falls made by the overflow from the dam, which made such a pleasant lullaby that we were soon in the land of nod after drying our clothes before a good birch fire.

Tuesday, 10th August.

An early start, a comparatively short portage and we were in the creek again. Another portage over a dam and slide and a paddle down the creek for a short distance brought us to a grand expanse of water, White Trout Lake. The day being perfect, and no wind to raise a swell, we went straight down the middle of this lake for about four miles to the outlet where is located the nicest shelter yet seen on our trip. This hut is built with a bungalow roof and painted white. After a conversation with the ranger we portaged into Longer Lake, where the Petawawa River takes its rise. Through this lake and down the river we went, over two portages—great exercise—then into Red Pine Lake. Before starting out into this lake we had our lunch in a narrow rocky gorge of the river with the rapids alongside singing their everlasting song. While waiting for the kettle to boil, four canoes with a party of eight young men from Toronto, by way of Bracebridge and Chalk River, with the Muskoka Lakes as their destination, hove in sight. A great trip they had had, with plenty of exercise.

Lunch over we were soon off again down Red Pine Lake, passing on our left an opening or channel into Burnt Lake where one of the McLachlan Bros. Depots is situated. Red Pine is a very picturesque little lake about a couple of miles in length. Another portage introduced us to a most beautiful clear water lake named Lameur, studded with islands and wooded to the water's edge. No dead nor fallen trees of any consequence to mar its loveliness. A two mile paddle down this lake and we camped on the peak of a dear little island. As we had an hour or so before eating

time we trolled for a short time and landed a fine one and a half pound speckled trout with flesh as red as a beaver's tongue. With accompanying delicacies, such as potatoes, onions, pickles, jam and good bread, you may be sure we enjoyed that meal. During the evening two young New Yorkers called and presented us with a three pound lake trout, half of which went for breakfast next day, the remainder doing its duty later on. These young fellows were having a fine time. Besides the trout given us they had another weighing five pounds. They told us that the day previous a seventeen pounder had been landed. This was another point on our trip where a cradle wasn't required to assist us to sleep.

Wednesday, 11th August.

Up early and off again at 7.30 down the lake to its outlet. The beauty of the scene that morning, as we worked along, is indescribable. Another portage of considerable length, passing on the way one of McLachlin's deserted lumber camps, and we reached our destination in this direction, Hogan Lake. Such a beautiful body of water deserves a more euphonious name. It is quite large, about six or seven miles long, and wide in places. The shores are clean and prettily wooded. We paddled over to a point to see the shelter hut built by, and under the personal supervision, of those eminent architects, Armstrong and Bell. The hut was there all right but sad to relate, the McLachlin firm has surrounded the nice little shelter with large shanty buildings very much to the disgust of John. There were other places suitable for a lumbering settlement without destroying this lovely spot. The fire ranger, who makes this hut his headquarters, was absent when we arrived, which gave us a good opportunity of looking over everything and brought back fond recollections to John and his experience in its erection. In the shanty storehouse we found a nice little black cat nursing a small kitten of the same color. The mother looked up at us with an expression as much as to say "A good dish of milk would be very acceptable just now."

A little island a short distance away looked so inviting we decided to camp there for the night. Before getting lunch we pitched our tent and made things comfortable. I climbed to the top of the island and for a change gathered enough deer moss to make a grand feather bed about a foot thick. After a real good snack on the remainder of the three pound trout we decided to explore a very large creek emptying into the lake on the South West shore. For at least two hours we paddled through drowned land which we discovered to be a rendezvous for black ducks. I am sure we raised fifty. This is the only place so far that ducks seemed to frequent. With the sowing of rice it could be made a grand breeding spot. Away up this creek we discovered some pieces of square timber bearing the stamp "R. S." (Robert Skead) which must have been cut 60 or 70 years ago. As the tail end of the day was approaching we returned to camp, after paddling about 10 miles, had another good tuck in, a good bath and a smoke and



Whipping the trout stream

then crawled in on the feathery moss. Before falling asleep we heard an old crane light on a tree over our fireplace where he roosted all night. In the morning we found that it had left some nice little visiting cards on the rocks below as a reminder of his sociability.

Thursday, 12th August.

Up at 5 and away at 7 on the return trip to White Trout Lake where, all going well, we hoped to branch off enroute for Opeongo. Nothing of any note occurred up to the point where we took our lunch on the way down beside the rapids at the head of Red Pine Lake. By a strange coincidence we again discovered it was time to attend to the wants of the inner man. We no sooner began to prepare for lunch than the rain started to fall with a vengeance which necessitated our making the upturned canoe again act as a shelter. As there was no sign of the rain stopping after we finished our meal, I got out the book and read aloud to John until I fell asleep to be wakened by the book tumbling down the rocks to the water. About 4 o'clock it began to clear sufficiently to permit us to make a break for the old shelter at the lower end of White Front Lake portage, which we reached about 5, only to find it occupied by a party from the Boys' camp. They had been caught in the rain on their way to Manitou Lake and naturally took possession of the first available dry spot. We pushed on over the portage to the new shelter at White Trout and were made very welcome by Ranger

Carson. After we got our luggage under cover, the boys arrived on the scene and between us we agreed to have a grand dinner, pooling our best and using the ranger's stove and house for the party. Mr. Frad, the physical culture director of the Boys' Camp, who was in charge of his party, undertook the cooking and in a very short time he had currant buns, boiled rice, bacon and other good things dished up, and eleven of us sat down. Everyone enjoyed that meal. The hut was a little crowded but we all had ample room to work our jaws. After a very pleasant conversation the boys retired to the old shelter and John and I curled up on the floor in our sleeping bags and were soon dead to the world.

Friday, 13th August.

Without arousing the rangers we got up at 5 o'clock and silently stole away like the Arabs minus the tent to fold. We padoled up the lake for about an hour and then went ashore on the North West end of Bell Island, for breakfast, but as it still looked like rain we pitched our tent. This is a beautiful campground with an outlook hard to beat. The day turned out so pleasant we decided to remain over night and at the same time give John a chance to bake a fine pan of scones in the little dutch oven he made for this trip. We very nearly finished a whole pan for dinner. The view down the lake that evening was very fine.

After tea, or dinner rather, we went for a

paddle around the large island lying north of our camp, just to settle down our meal before turning in, which was very soon, as it was our intention to make an early start for Opeongo, weather permitting.

Saturday, 14th August.

Up again at 5 and as the breeze was from the north we concluded, after a council of war, that we might travel in safety, so we polished off a good breakfast and were away at 7 o'clock. We regretted so much leaving this lovely spot, but we were looking forward to something better. After leaving White Trout we travelled up a creek for about a mile before reaching the portage to Merchant's Lake which is about one and a half miles long, a little damp and rough at the start but after that we found it very fair. We timed the actual carry at 30 minutes for a continuous trip. It took two trips to transport our dunage which meant that we were travelling very nearly two hours. As it was early in the day we took a short breathing spell and started across Merchant's Lake, a very fine sheet of water with good fishing. We were sorry to see that through someone's carelessness the first of the three small islands directly opposite the portage had been burnt and its beauty destroyed. This and Lake Lemeur are said to be the best fishing lakes in the Park.

In about half an hour we reached the portage to Green Lake. This carry is quite short, only about a quarter of a mile and very pleasant. One of old Dennison's trapping huts is located on the portage. It has fallen into a state of decay like its builder. If ever a lake was well named Green Lake is the one. The water is so green and clear I am sure the bottom can be seen for a depth of twenty feet or more. Its shores are beautifully wooded with the exception of a portion of the South Side which has been burnt over. Green Lake is larger than the one just passed and more interesting in its shape. We were very much tempted to camp for a day on the sandy beach near its outlet, but as the fine days for travelling were so few and far between we thought it better to push on to our goal, Great Opeongo. By timing ourselves we found the portage to Opeongo the same length as that from White Trout Creek to Merchant's Lake, but to the credit of those who cut it out, very much better.

We were exceedingly pleased to reach Opeongo and hailed it with a cheer. We had put in a good day's work for tenderfeet. As it was only a quarter to five o'clock we paddled over to and inspected the old shelter hut built in the corner of an old shanty, and in which John and Watters had five wolfskins decorating the walls at one time some years ago. The roof has now fallen in and its usefulness as a shelter is gone.

Opeongo being like a mirror we immediately made up our minds to lose no time in reaching Sunnyside shelter hut about six or seven miles down the lake. We paddled straight down the centre of this glorious expanse of water, studded with small islands. On reaching what are known as the Battery islands, John nearly sprang a fit when he saw that they all had been burnt over and their former beauty and attractiveness destroyed. Our destination,

Sunnyside, is such a beautiful place with its grove of red pines and sand and gravel beach, we considered it well worth the day's strenuous exercise to reach it. It was about a quarter to seven when we arrived and in very short order we had our tent pitched on what is supposed to be the site of one of the old fur trading factories. The shelter hut at this point was unoccupied but we preferred the canvas house every time to the poorly ventilated huts. In view of our good day's work we retired just as soon as we had things straightened out and a good substantial wad inside.

Sunday, 15th August.

Unlike preceding days we were not up very early but took a good sleep. After breakfast we took a walk through one of the most beautiful natural parks imaginable between Sunnyside beach and the old Dennison farm. I am sure we spent three hours enjoying its beauty and inspecting the old buildings on the farm now fallen into decay. This farm must have been a great place in its palmy days and afterwards when used as a lumberman's depot. In the middle of the park is a small plot fenced in which contains the remains of old Dennison who was killed by a bear he had trapped. This burial must have taken place many years ago judging by the size of two trees which have grown over the grave—a lonely one but a fitting place for one who spent his life in the woods.

In the afternoon we took a walk down to the narrows a small stream connecting two large portions of the lake. As the woods and clearing on the opposite side looked so tempting and attractive we stripped off our boots, stockings and trousers, rolled up our shirts and waded across. Needless to say we had no spectators, it being church hour. After crossing safely John re-dressed but I just put on my boots and stockings. We wandered around berrypicking and exploring for an hour. The only living creature seen was a skunk who, the minute he caught sight of the funny looking animal John had with him, cocked his tail and took to the woods for protection. My undress uniform was anything but attractive. As the day was closing in we returned to camp, had our tea, and after listening to the beaver slapping the water with their tails we turned in.

Monday, 16th August.

Arose early and were off on a voyage of discovery to Annie's Bay about seven miles down the lake to its outlet where the Opeongo River takes its rise. The weather was fine and bright until about noon, or just as we sat down to lunch, when the clouds came up and the rain came down forcing us to finish our meal under the upturned canoe. We were getting quite expert at this from almost daily practice. In about an hour it began to clear so we made tracks for camp. While in Annie's Bay we caught a small chub at the outlet dam which we used for bait attached to a spoon troll. In a very short time a fine large trout was hooked but just as I was on the point of landing it the brute made a cross rush under the canoe and cut itself loose against John's paddle. It looked like a ten pounder.

The branch of Opeongo Lake leading down to Annie's Bay is a grand sheet of water.

When nearing camp the sky got fearfully dark and threatening in the North West and we just had time to get into our snug little tent when the rain came down in torrents. So far we had been favoured with four really nice days without rain as a musical accompaniment.

We were quite ready for bed that night having travelled about fifteen miles, and it didn't take us long to get there after satisfying the inner man.

Tuesday, 17th August.

The day broke fine and as we intended to move down the South end of the lake to our next portage about six miles distant, we were up early and made a start before the wind, which was beginning to rise, got too strong. Although what wind there was helped us along at the start, before reaching the opposite shore the whitecaps were tossing us along in great style. A little later start and we would not have been able to cross. On our way we stopped at Squaw Island to see the grave and remains of a squaw. Some mercenary vandal had cut down the pine and removed the tree which served as a monument with a cross cut in its bark, but most of the skeleton is left.

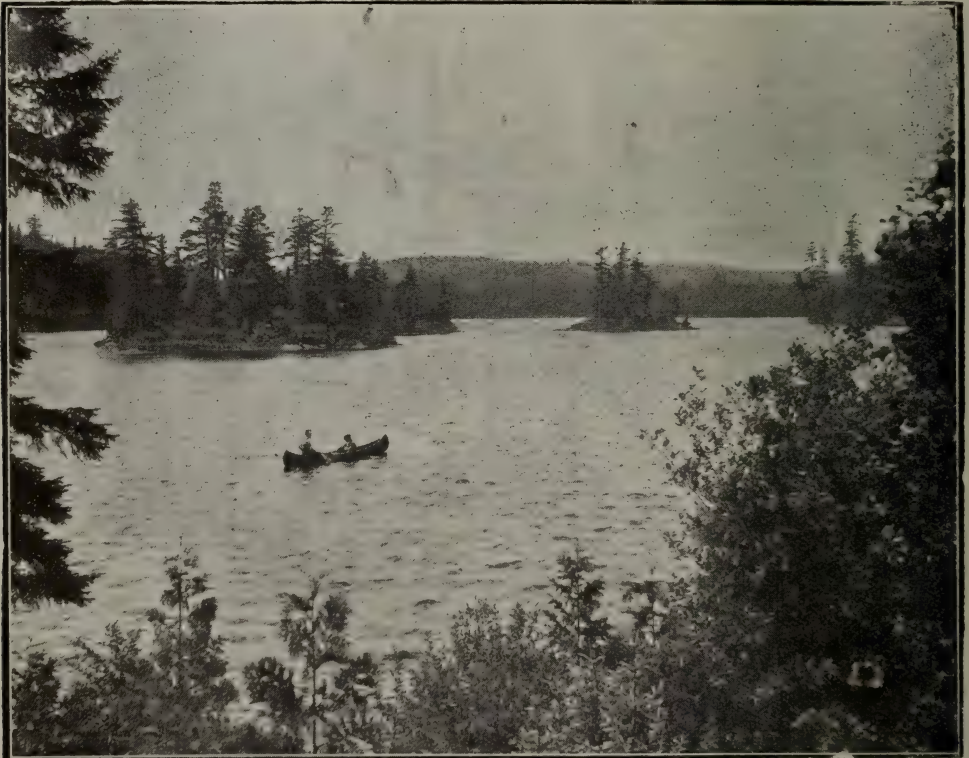
We reached the foot of the lake, or rather the portage, about 8.30 o'clock and found that the fire had laid waste the old shelter hut. At nine we took the trail for Little Opeongo Lake. It took 70 long minutes straight or rather crooked continuous carrying to cover this portage and over three hours work taking

into consideration twice over and return for packs. This was the longest carry on the trip but not the worst, that was yet to come.

After dinner, which we enjoyed at the end of the portage, we paddled a short distance on this little gem of a lake, Little Opeongo, to a grand camp ground on a point to the left and pitched our tent for the night as we were both strongly of the opinion that a rest would be very beneficial. Three and a half hours on a rough hilly portage, seldom used now, is about all one wants in a day. The balsam bed I made that day served as a grand panacea to a good night's rest.

Wednesday, 18th August.

When morning came around, all too soon, we were both of the opinion that we had slept on the best bed of the trip. An early start and a short paddle brought us to the portage to Sunday Lake a very small specimen of lake-land, which we reached in about ten minutes. Crossing this we carried over another short portage to Little Rock Lake. This was crossed in short order bringing us to another comparatively short carry to the Pond, not much bigger than the impression the name would convey. Every bit of water, no matter how small is welcome in breaking portages. Five minutes took us to the other side of the Pond where we encountered or experienced the worst portage on the tour. The fire had crossed it last summer obliterating the blazes, felling trees and making the carrying of a pack or canoe both troublesome and dangerous. The



Wolf Lake is one of the typical island studded lakes of Algonquin Park

beaver have added to the difficulties on this trail by flooding the low spots which made travelling very juicy. That we got over this portage without breaking or spraining a leg or two is a miracle. The sight of Kearney Lake towards which we were pushing was more than welcome.

As we were pretty hungry by this time we made a quick run to the North end of the lake to where an inviting little rapids comes tumbling down the rocks, and very soon had a good pan of bacon on the coals which quickly disappeared before our onslaught. Half an hour's rest, for digestive purposes, and we were off for the last portage into the Madawaska River at the south end of the lake. Kearney Lake has the most desolate surroundings imaginable. The fire has completely circled it and left nothing but charred trees to grace its shores.

The portage across to the Madawaska is like the Lovers' Walk, on Parliament Hill, in comparison with those immediately preceding. We covered this in good style and then made quick time to Sunset Point on the island in Whitefish Lake where we pitched camp for a two days' rest before taking the train for home after completing the loop. This point is an ideal camping spot, clean, high and dry, and in the midst of red pines. It is convenient to Rock Lake Station and directly on the route for trips East and West.

Both mornings, during our stay there, we

enjoyed the company of three or four deer feeding along the shore a short distance across a narrow channel while we were at breakfast.

While John was baking buns here I discovered a deer salt lick while prowling in the woods on the mainland. From the continued licking a hole has been made in the ground large enough to bury a cow. All around the spot the ground is tramped like a barnyard.

Thursday, 19th August.

The day being fine and pleasant we lay around camp and cleaned up a bit. We also took an odd 40 winks.

Friday, 20th August.

Besides catching enough black bass for the table we went over to the mainland to the North and climbed a very high rocky bluff swept clear by bush fires. This is the greatest rocky bluff I ever saw, commanding a grand view. In the afternoon we stretched ourselves in the pine needles and read and slept.

Saturday, 21st August.

Ten-thirty saw us on the train speeding along on our way to relatives, friends and slavery.

We had a grand trip but I wouldn't advise any person with a weak heart or delicate constitution to tackle it.

PIGEONS IN WARFARE

Were Used Extensively During the Boer War

It is not generally known that all the armies and navies of the world can fall back on official pigeons, if necessary, and that the birds belonging to the British Navy have their official standing and numbers just as the handymen have.

During the Boer War the British Army had its carrier-pigeon system. The birds brought messages from all the towns beleaguered by the Boer invaders, and when Sir George White's

force was cooped up in Ladysmith winged messengers carried several despatches from that gallant officer to the men who were slowly fighting their way to his relief.

The first war in which pigeons were used as messengers was the Franco-Prussian, and the birds carried news into and out of besieged Paris. A post was established at Tours, and right through the siege regular mails were carried between Paris and Tours by Pigeons.

SHADE

Theodosia Garrison

The kindest thing God ever made,
His hand of very healing laid
Upon a fevered world, is shade.

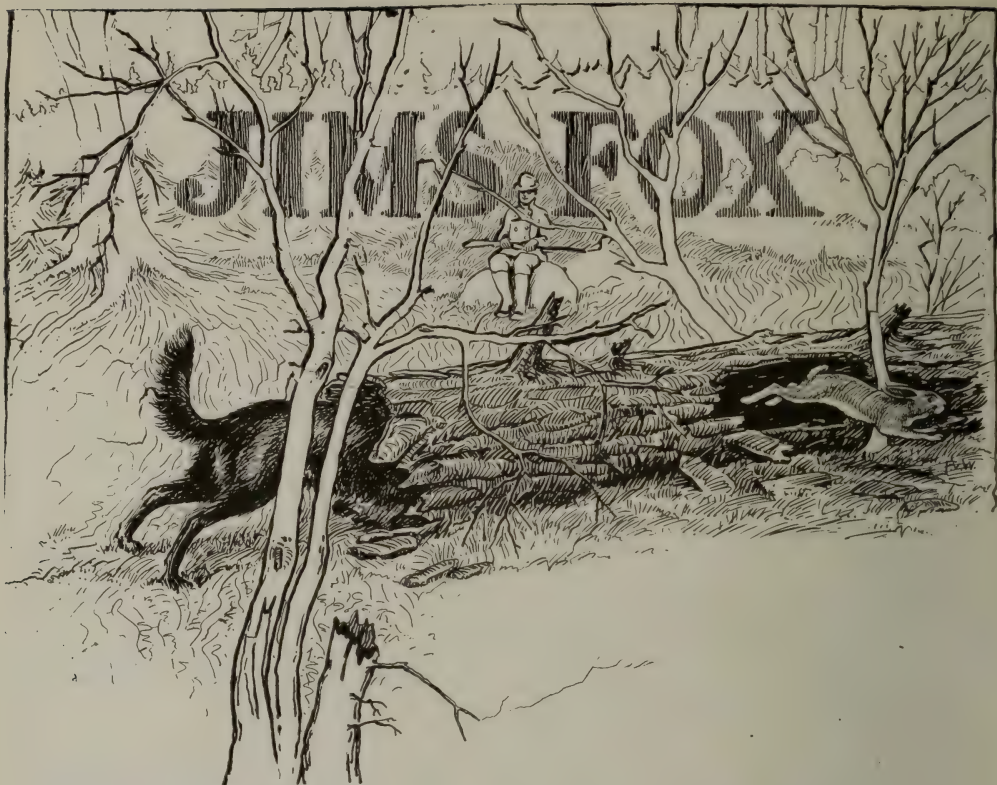
His glorious company of trees
Throw out their mantles, and on these
The dust-stained wanderer finds ease.

Green temples, closed against the beat
Of noontime's blinding glare and heat,
Open to any pilgrim's feet.

The white road blisters in the sun:
Now half the weary journey's done,
Enter and rest, O weary one!

And feel the dew of dawn still wet
Beneath thy feet, and so forget
The burning highway's ache and fret.

This is God's hospitality,
And whoso rests beneath a tree
Hath cause to thank Him gratefully.



F. V. Williams

IT was the first of March. Ever since last May, when Jim saw the big fox make the raid on the partridge, we'd been talking of this very thing,—the getting of the big fox. James had already made his boast that *he* would get him while *I* had a kind of hunch that I knew more about that fox's habits and feelings, and in time I came to feel that he was already mine. Just once during the summer had I seen old red-coat and that was down at a little swamp where I'd been doing some sketching. Seated quietly in the shade of an old willow I was supposed to be sketching, but was in reality paying more attention to the performance of a large frog. There were a number of them quite near my station,—but one big fellow in particular with his cr-r-r-runk, cr-r-r-runk-a-runk-runk—was more than out doing his fellows. He was seated on the end of an old water soaked log half sunken in the ooze and slime of the stagnant pool—about fifty feet distant—and was so interested in his musical endeavors that he seemed to have forgotten all else in the universe. Suddenly—there was no preliminary waving of grasses or twigs—the big fox leaped lightly out onto the old log, put one forefoot accurately on the frog's back, and at the same time reached down with his sharp nose and evidently killed the frog at the first nip. At any rate the frog did not struggle and the fox, picking him up, stood and looked about for perhaps a quarter of a minute, and then leaped back into the bushes

and disappeared. How long he'd been watching that frog it would be hard to say, but he evidently knew just when and where to get a frog for lunch. Other evidences of his being about were plentiful enough for the fact is he had helped himself to three of my choice Plymouth Rock Fowls at different times during the summer, as we found by an examination of the soft ground in back of the chicken coops.

Well, we were after him at last, and as Jim remarked if we didn't get him perhaps we'd get some of the others, as there were other foxes back in the hills where the big fellow had his den, but there were none quite as large or quite as bold as this fellow and besides we'd none of us ever seen a fox to equal this fellow. Jim had two hounds, one of proven ability, and another he'd bought at a bargain from some fellow from town, a fine looking dog he was, and we had great hopes of his being a good one.

As we climbed the hill back of an old farmhouse we turned to get a look at the village. The view was fine, but right in the foreground of our picture wandered one of my neighbors and across his shoulder was an ancient breech-loader, an old "Zulu gun," a musket that had had the breach fitted with breech-block and as nearly as I can remember this piece of homely ordinance took a twelve gauge shell. Some gun it was, but the owner of it, to my personal knowledge had brought in considerable game and far be it from me to condemn a man because he chooses to stick to old customs or old guns.

"After the fox?" queried the new comer, not pausing in his stride, and heading at right angles to the way we were taking.

Upon our assuring him we were he cheerfully imparted the information that he had seen us start out and thought he'd try for him on his own account, as he'd often done before.

"But don't worry, he added, I won't interfere with your fun. I'm going over to the old swamp, and I see you fellows are headed for the birch woods," which was right. We had no intention of going to the swamp, as it was too hard for the dogs to pick up a trail there. My friend had a dandy English double gun while I carried my old standby, an up to date repeater, and we both smiled at the farmer's boy with his ancient artillery, as Jim described it. As we arrived at the birch woods shortly afterwards Jim turned the dogs loose and they went scampering away while we sat on a log to rest a few moments and give the dogs a chance to "start something." Guess we'd been there ten minutes, when, Wow, Wow, o-o-Wow, came the voice of old Spot that was Jim's best bet in the dog line. (As to the new hound he was evidently running silent as we did not hear him at all.) After listening a few minutes we knew the chase was going straight across these woods to another old "chopping" some distance away.

"Choose quick", says Jim; and I chose an old woodroad that led to the old "Chopping". Now I'd seen this big fox's tracks on this wood road a half dozen times during the past winter and knew it to be a favorite runway of his. And about one half mile down this place a little trail came in, a short-cut to the old trout stream and this I hoped would give me my opportunity at old Reynard as I felt sure he'd take this trail first and then the woodroad to the retreats farther on. The dogs were swinging away from my choice of positions as I could tell by the occasional baying of "Spot", but nevertheless I hustled along and found an excellent hiding place under a big windfall where I could have a clear view of the end of the trail where it came out onto the old road. Outside the wood the snow was practically all gone, although here in the woods there were patches of it in the more sheltered places. Through an opening in the trees I had a good view of the brown and grey hillside a mile away in the direction of the old swamp. I looked at my watch and it was nine A.M. Then I arranged myself a comfortable seat on an old root, and prepared to wait until doomsday, if need be, for that fox.

Jim was a stickler, and had his own ideas about the way Mr. Fox would travel. He gave me one of his cheerful grins when he saw me choose my station, then started off in the opposite direction to my course, but it was agreed that we should travel towards the other fellow's shot should either of us be fortunate enough to get one.

One hour passed,—an inquisitive chipmunk dodged around an old stump, and took a few peeks at the strange creature sitting there so quietly. Finally "stripes" got up courage enough to come within five feet of where I sat, but at the first movement he was away off down some secret passage-way,

leaving me staring at the space he had occupied a second before. He reappeared shortly thirty feet away on an old log where with many nervous jerkings of his slender brush he regarded me silently for a few moments and then, evidently satisfied with his adventure, scampered away for good. There followed another long interval of silence, broken only by an occasional chic-a-dee, and once a woodpecker came and investigated a dead tree, but after a few preliminary raps he too sailed away as if disgusted with this particular neighborhood. To tell the truth I was beginning to feel that way myself about this vigil of mine. I took another look at my watch and learned it was twelve o'clock, noon, and I'd been ambushed here for three hours. Naturally I was getting a bit cramped and stiff and also a little careless in my watchfulness. In fact I'd turned my head from the trail in front of me and was trying to see the cause of an apparently very faint movement in the bush behind me. On resuming my natural position I glanced up the road toward the trail and almost fell off my "perch". There not forty yards away, standing with one fore foot uplifted and gazing directly at me was the "fox." As I gazed I could not help but admire the old rascal's perfect composure as he stood there posed as gracefully as anyone could wish. Perhaps he knew that one little side leap would send him into safety in the thick bush that bordered the narrow trail, or perhaps with his fox's intuition of the right thing to do at the right moment he was confident that he was master of the situation, as far as his own safety was concerned. At any rate my cramped limbs and the cold March wind were all forgotten in less time than it takes to tell and the one question with me was—could I raise my gun from my knees and shoot in time to get him?"

Now or never. Up went the gun, and I cast my eye along the barrel and gazed at—the empty trail. Say! Honest now! I'm not given to more than the average use of cuss words, neither do I approve of it in others but I'm awfully glad that none of my family, or lady acquaintances were present because I used every combination of profanity I'd ever heard of, and was feeling sorry that I was not able to kick myself. Imagine sitting on a runway for three hours, then having your quarry come and gaze at you like a long lost friend and yet allow it to get away without your being able to get in a shot. Can you imagine that?

Bow-wow, Wow, wow. Faint but clear came the noise of the dogs. Yes, they were coming my way at last, but I knew only too well that my chances for a shot were gone, having vanished with old bushy-tail when he leaped into the bush, as I threw up my gun to shoot.

Well, that sure was luck, and going back to my seat, I leaned my gun against a tree and proceeded to put away a couple of sandwiches. All the while the dogs were coming closer, closer, until at last I could hear the bush moving as they rushed along. Yes indeed they were after him all right, but the fox had a good big lead and it looked as if he stood a very good chance of keeping it.

Presently the dogs broke into sight at the end of the trail. They were so busy they did not even glance in my direction and it was a pretty sight to see "Sport", the old veteran, when he came to the abrupt ending of the hot trail pause for perhaps ten seconds then with nose to the ground turn in a small circle to the left.

As he came across to the right side of the trail again he sent out his wonderful voice and I knew as he disappeared, followed closely by the other dog, that they were hot on the scent once more. Where the dogs had been for the three hours of the forenoon, or where the fox had led them was beyond me. I knew the jig was up as far as the old wood-road was concerned. The only satisfaction that I had was in knowing that my guess had been right about his line of travel. At any rate there was no object in staying here and my cold lunch having been put away, I started slowly back toward where Jim and I had separated earlier in the day. It was nearly two P.M., and it looked like one of those unlucky days that every hunter sometimes has—if one can call it unlucky to come home without the game,—it has always seemed to me that a fellow who could get out and take a hike with his gun through the woods occasionally was in luck to be able to do these things, regardless of the game, although I like to have a successful ending to my hunting trips as well as the next one.

Walking slowly along and enjoying the woods just for their own sake and noting some of the bushes and trees already had buds that seemed about to burst, although so early in the season,—I almost stepped on three partridge in a small clump of evergreens close by a little stream. They seemed to know it was close season, as—instead of flying they deliberately walked away down the little sandy beach of the stream to the next bit of cover, pausing to strut and turn their heads to see who their disturber might be and finally disappearing into the next bit of jungle. The sound of the dogs had long since died away, and it occurred to me it might be worth while to follow the little stream down to where it left the wood to go tumbling along through some small hills to join the big trout stream farther on. There was lots of opportunity for admiring and studying nature all along this stream. Every bit of it was interesting, even the group of big boulders which Jim said had been left there by ice, ages ago, (perhaps he was right; we never asked him to prove it; at any rate they were of a different formation from any rock in the vicinity). These boulders were enormous, and sat well up on the ground. Once I shot a large hawk from the top of one of them, which always gave me the idea that this was, or had been, his lookout and hunting ground, for the top of the boulder had a good sprinkling of feathers and small bird bones. Passing these boulders there was a pretty fair stretch of sugar maples and about fifty yards south of the stream was the old sugar house. Arriving here I decided to sit down for a few moments and rest. I'd about forgotten my disappointment of the morning. It was so quiet and peaceful out here away from town, some treat to get away from telephones, automobile horns, and clanging

street car gongs. Well I'd just been having a whole gob of beautiful thoughts like these and was considering whether I had time to go over and rummage about the old sugar house a bit when a rabbit came by the corner of the little old log house going as if pursued by the evil one. He came straight toward me and arriving within fifteen yards of my position turned down stream and ran into what looked to me from where I sat to be a hollow log. He was not much more than out of sight when with a Yip-Yip-ki-yi-ki-yi, came a mongrel hound, covering the ground with all the speed at his disposal. It would be hard to say if that 'dawg' hunted by scent or sight. He sure was a speed merchant and he followed Mr. Cottontail to that log as if he'd known his address all his life. Arrived there he put in five exciting minutes running around the log and sniff, sniffing at what was inside. It evidently seemed good to him, for every minute he became more excited and then quite suddenly he had a bright idea. He began tearing at the side of the old log with his teeth, alternating this with a vigorous digging with his forefeet. By the chunks of bark and decayed wood he threw about he would soon have made a hole in the side of the log. Just at this point bunny popped out of the end of the log and sat for almost a half minute watching the dog tearing away at the side of his shelter. I could see his nostrils dilate and his little nose wobble nervously as if he were trying to decide whether to make a run for it or dodge back into the log, but the dog helped him make a decision by suddenly withdrawing his head from the hole, he had by now made in the old shell, and on seeing bunny sitting there, making a dive at him.

Like a flash the rabbit was back in the log and this time the dog worked his head into the end of the log and by shoving with might and main split off a piece of the end and went in up to his shoulders. I was beginning to think it was all up with bunny when suddenly he darted out of the hole torn by the 'pulp' in the side of the log, and away he went as silently as a bird almost, and that fool dog remained behind, with his head and shoulders rammed into the end of the log. Thinking to surprise him I gave a sharp whistle—the dog jerked his head out and gazed with astonishment at me sitting there watching him. Astonishment gave way to a look of abject fear and although I chirped and whistled to him in my most enticing manner he would have none of it, but with his tail between his legs scuttled for the cover of the brush looking back over his shoulder as if he had seen a ghost. Only for misleading Jim I would have fired a shot in the air to have helped his speed. Instead I put my fingers in my mouth and gave him a parting whistle, which was answered almost immediately by Jim who had just come into sight, unobserved by me, and evidently travelling in the direction I had been before the burlesque of dog, and rabbit had started. Jim was in a hurry too—he didn't have to tell me that. It was written all over his face and perspiration was standing in beads on his brow as he came up to where I sat with the remark:—

"Get a move on and perhaps we'll be able

to head off that fox." And we did get a move on. Then he started telling me how way over on the other side of the ridge from a lookout he had been waiting in he saw the two dogs not two hundred yards behind the fox and headed for the stream where it left the wood.

"I'll bet that old rascal will try and fool the dogs there at the brook and if he can't do that he'll hit it up for the swamp," he concluded. On we went, falling over logs, crashed through brush, scratching our faces with blackberry thorns. Once too I went through a moss covered piece of turf into water up to my knees, but at last we arrived at our destination where the brook, a yellowish colored stream from the little swamp on the hill, came tumbling and rushing out, and down, twisting away among a dozen small hills within our range of vision. It was now late in the afternoon and on the eastern side of the hills the shadows were falling long and dark, while the western sides were all aglow with the rays from the setting sun.

"Look! what do you know about that?" exclaimed Jim, gripping my arm and pointing across the stream to the top of one of the little hills. At first I could see nothing, but on following the line of the hill, where it stood out against the sky, I could see the shape of a fox lying down on the very brow and intently watching something back of his position and to his right, and in front of where we were. On following his gaze we saw the two dogs. Spot had given up, and was lying down apparently 'all in' quite near the stream, while the new dog that we had both felt so doubtful about was running about, silent as ever, but with the evident intention of finding the lost trail. And at last he did find it. It led to the brook and across this he leapt, only to follow the trail a few short yards, when he turned back to the brook. Jumping across again the trail led back up stream a short distance and then to the water again.

"That's some dog," ejaculated Jim, as we watched him look at the brook, and then at Spot lying down with his tongue lolling and watching him with wistful eyes.

"They're both plum tuckered out and that darn fox just lying up there laughing at them. Gee I'd give fifty dollars to have a rifle right now! Say! You stay here and watch the fox, and I'll go down and get the dogs," which he proceeded to do. The fox, although he could not help but see the man walking in plain sight down the hillside, did not move until he was within fifty feet of the dogs, then he suddenly vanished. Watching carefully for perhaps fifteen minutes the tops of the little hills, and occasionally glancing at Jim return-

ing with the tired dogs, I saw the fox stand boldly on top of a very steep hillock, and after taking a look back in our direction trot leisurely out of sight toward an old elm that stood on the edge of the big swamp and right near the stream. I called Jim's attention to this, and we both watched to see if Reynard would cross over here to the swamp. At the root of the tree were some goodly sized boulders and across the stream directly opposite were several more, while between these the brook rushed in a miniature Niagara. As we watched the fox stepped up on one of the boulders and leapt lightly into the air.

"Ba-ang!" A roar like one of "Liz-zie's", fifteen inch guns split the air, and the big bushy-tailed thief's head dropped grotesquely forward and he fell in a furry heap at the foot of the big elm.

Jim and I looked at each other without a word, and then James turned right about and says he:

"Let's go down and see that fox, and congratulate that fellow."

Or course you've guessed who it was. None other than our friend of the morning with his old Zulu gun, and although he looked rather embarrassed at our praise of his shooting he was more than pleased when Jim told him that he did not consider we had any claim on the fox at all, although the other insisted that if it had not been for the dogs the fox would never have come that way. But, as I knew, I had seen that fox's tracks at this place when the snow was on the ground, and I added that anyone who would stick to his post for eight hours as he had done deserved a reward.

"Well fellows if you insist of course, I s'pose I'll have to keep him, but he added with a grin, I'm going to blow myself for a regular gun next season as this old "fusee, has got a kick like a baby elephant." We quite agreed with him for judging by the noise the weapon made, it must have been some little kicker. Our friend left us at the gate, and trudged off down the darkening road with the fox over his shoulder, and listen—do you know what that fellow did with that fox? He took it over to the corner grocery and left it in exchange for an order for groceries to be sent to old Grandma Russell who had been sick half the winter and was taking care of an orphaned grandchild to boot. I found this out through the groceryman. The fellow never mentioned the fox to anyone, which same is why Jim and I think the fellow that beat us to it with a Zulu gun is white all the way through.



QUEER WAYS OF CATCHING WILD ANIMALS

N. Tournour

THE energy, enterprise, patience and skill displayed in the methods used in uncivilized countries for the capture of wild animals find issue in most remarkable artifices.

A common way of ensnaring prey is to set up effigies of the species and to imitate their peculiar call or cry.

In Siberia, where the peasant, if he sees any one shoot a bird on the wing, stands with mouth gaping in astonishment, not at the skill of the sportsman but at his folly in expending his ammunition, the fowler, having constructed a small hut of green branches in order to hide himself, spreads his nets over the grass in its vicinity where are scattered some stuffed geese or, say, some sitting, others standing in the natural positions of the bird in case. On a flock of wild geese passing overhead, the Siberian with a small bit of birch bark, curiously fashioned, imitates with singular verisimilitude the notes of the birds. On hearing, they wheel and alight among the stuffed skins, when he instantly draws the nets over them and easily secures a considerable number.

Incidentally, as a "shot" the average Siberian fowler especially among those inhabiting the great marshlands between the lower courses of the Obi, Yenesei, and Lena, where wild fowl abound, excels almost all. If he does shoot, though he prefers to trap even the black-cock and other game birds, the Siberian always hits the bird on the head. When he shoots, he at first approaches the object on all fours, and then crawls on his stomach till he is at a proper distance for firing. Rarely if ever does he miss, and always hits an animal, the fur of which is of worth, through the muzzle.

Along the east coast of Central America the Indians use a similar method for catching waterfowl. With artificial birds resembling the teal or wild duck or other bird, made out of rushes, and set afloat on the waters of the lagoon, they lure their prey to its capture, a large calabash hiding the head of the Indian as he approaches, swimming very gently. Something of a corresponding method also obtains in the deserts of Arabia among the ostrich-hunters. The hunter covers himself with an ostrich skin, and passing an arm up the neck he imitates the motion of the great bird, by means of which artifice he approaches near enough to secure his victim.

Capture through imitation also is resorted to by the Esquimaux, where untouched by civilization or when short of powder and shot. Concealing himself behind a heap of stones, the hunter imitates the peculiar bellow or grunt of the deer, and thus lures it within range of his spear or arrow—an artifice which once a day was common to almost all American Indians. During the winter and early spring the Esquimaux to this day catch

wolves and other animals in traps or small houses built of ice. At one end of the hut is a door made of the same material, fitted to slide up and down in a groove. To the upper part of this a line is attached which, passing over the roof, is let down into the trap at the inner end, and there held by slipping an eye in the end of it over a peg of ice. Over the peg is placed a loose grummet, to which the line has been fastened, and a false roof, placed over all to hide the line. The instant the animal drags at the bait the grummet slips off the peg, bringing with it the line holding up the door, and this falling closes the trap, and secures the prey.

The Northmen also make use of bird traps just large enough to contain one person, who shuts himself up in his snow-built lure. On the top of it is left a tiny opening, through which the man thrusts out one of his hands to lay hold of the bird the moment it alights to take away a bait of meat laid there. In certain outlying parts of France, and in the Spanish Pyrenees, also in the hilly regions of north-east Portugal, a similar contrivance is in vogue among the poorer inhabitants, the lure in which the fowlers hide being formed of green boughs instead of snow.

It is however in the trapping of wild beasts for exhibition purposes that most ingenuity is shown.

In giraffe hunting, trappers usually employ a contrivance of three posts joined together at one end and weighted at the other. Pursuing the animals out in the open land, the trapper draws as close to his quarry as the latter will allow, and casts his entanglement in such a way and with such skill that it winds round the giraffe's legs and brings it to the ground, when it is immediately secured.

Zebras are also captured in this manner, though the lasso used by cowboys is often utilised. But the difficulty with the giraffe and zebra is to get near enough for the entanglement to be thrown the intervening distance.

The experienced trapper runs little risk with elephants. He finds the place where elephants are evidently in the habit of passing or halting, and here with the aid of natives he digs a great cavity some twenty feet in diameter and five to six deep, erecting a strong, high, wooden fence all around it, except at one place, where a large gate is swung.

On a herd of elephants being discovered in the vicinity, the trapper rides out to encounter them, and inveigles one of them, usually a bull, to give him chase. Generally the quadruped is only too willing, and pursues him at a round pace toward the trap, for which the trapper rides. But when he is right on the gate of the trap, he swings his horse round and slips through the narrow opening in the fence, which has escaped the notice of the irate elephant, that being less agile than the horse

cannot turn in time to stop itself but plunges into the trap, the gate of which closes quickly behind it; and lands with no little impetus in the great hole prepared for its reception. After having remained in this position for some days, during which it is subjected to the suffocating fumes of many fires, driven stupid with the noise the trapper's natives purposely make, and deprived of water and food, the quadruped's spirit breaks; and completely humbled he is loaded with chains and ropes, and led away.

Apes of all species, save the gorilla, are more easily captured than any other class of wild animal.

All the trapper has to do is to walk near their haunts, when they scurry off to their retreats among the boughs of the trees and catch him. He drinks, or pretends to drink, from a bottle containing a crude spirit, and

leaving the bottle behind walks away. Directly his back is turned the monkeys shoot down from the trees, and investigating the bottle taste its contents. In due course, the trapper returns, and easily ropes in the animals that have been overcome by the intoxicant.

The gorilla is not to be caught in this fashion. Indeed, it has been said that a full-grown gorilla has never yet been captured alive. Certainly no sane man would attempt such a feat. When a wild-beast trapper encounters a gorilla, the very great market value of it may occur to his mind; but it does not tempt him to try to make a capture. He shoots to save his life. If his aim is indifferent, the probability is that a human skeleton will mark the place of the encounter. The few gorillas seen in captivity are either victims of infantile indiscretion or very large baboons.

MEMORIES

Gordon Dana

HAVING grown exceedingly tired of the steady grind of office work, I decided to take a holiday. Where to go was a problem. I had no inclination to try the traps no enthusiasm for baseball, so decided to visit a place where I had summered when a boy. It is situated on a lake not far from my home town, in fact a couple of hours in a pullman car is all that is necessary to bring you from the city to a very pretty spot near a beautiful and fairly dense woodland. I had not visited this place for a long time so I closed my desk with a very emphatic hand, picked up my hat, and walked to the rail-road station.

Two hours later found me at the lake, where I hired a canoe and paddled, or attempted to paddle, to one of my favorite haunts. I found that I was very much in need of practice but after two or three hundred yards, I settled down to that slow rhythmical swing that I had used in years gone by. As I neared my destination I appreciated more than ever the situation and beauty of the place. It is an ideal spot for the nature lover. A creek with a dense swamp on either side leading to an extensive clump of hardwoods; further along is a thicket of pines, spruces, and general soft timber.

I paddled softly up the creek and made a landing at the beginning of the hardwoods, and as I stood there a flood of memories rushed through my mind. I recalled the time in my boyhood when I had seen a pair of mink just beside that enormous oak tree; and there was the spot where I had seen my first young partridge. I remembered how fascinated I had been when those beautiful little balls of fluff dashed for shelter under leaves and pieces of bark, and my admiration for the mother as she fluttered from place to place whining like a little puppy.

I left the canoe and wandered up through the hardwoods. Numbers of black squirrels had I slaughtered there in my boyhood. I glanced up in the trees, and just above me

sitting on the limb of a beech tree was one of the nervy little beasts peering down at me very curiously.

I wandered still further into the cedars, and a loud whir startled me as a partridge flushed off to my left. I laughed at myself for being startled by an old friend like Mr. Ruffed Grouse.

I entered the swamp and over me describing wide varying circles was a Marsh Hawk. This had been one of my favorite birds when a boy, because I used to think that he seemed king of them all as he circled slowly back and forth giving that strange shrill whistle that is so familiar to people who visit the swamps.

I returned to the cedars, and walked for perhaps ten minutes, at last coming out on a field. This same field had been one of my favorite ground hog hunting grounds, and even as I crossed it then, I saw numerous inquisitive heads peering from their burrows.

I returned to the canoe by way of the swamp and three times heard that long wavering cry of the coon. After I had placed the canoe on the water I glanced back to the beginning of the swamp, and there watching me intently was a very large and well coloured mink. We looked at each other for some minutes and he at last decided that he had business elsewhere. I boarded the canoe and pushed my way out of the sheltered creek and paddled briskly for I found that quite a choppy sea had started up while I was in the bush.

After returning the canoe to its owner, I went to the station and waited for my train. As the locomotive rounded a hill about four hundred yards away, I remembered that that same hill near the railroad track had been one of my favorite wild strawberry patches, and as I boarded the train I was indeed sorry to leave, for it seemed a pity to return to the slavery of the city, after the care-free atmosphere of the woods, and the pleasant reminiscences that make life worth living.

A MOOSE HUNT IN ALBERTA

Carl Anderson

ABOUT the middle of November, 1914, my brother Fritz and I started out towards the foothills west of Wetaskiwin, Alberta.

One morning, after we had got located, after going a couple of miles through the thickets and windfalls we struck the fresh track of a deer. I told Fritz to stay where he was for a few minutes while I cut across to a knoll where I expected my deer to come. Hurrying through the dry poplars and spruce I had gone but a few hundred yards when I came to a place where two deer had been lying down, and I could see by the way they had been jumping that we must have started them up. Making a circle a little different from what I had first intended I got up on the knoll from the opposite side, walking very cautiously and carefully. Is there anything more exciting, I wonder, or anything better calculated to stir the blood than the quiet waiting in expectation of suddenly seeing one of these noble denizens of the woods jump up and make off in graceful leaps and bounds. By this time I was in among the heavy timber, the trees standing so thickly about me that I could only see forty or fifty yards ahead. Every nook and corner was thoroughly examined. Suddenly down the other slope between a couple of big spruce trees I saw the well-known white flag of Mr. Deer who was keeping an intent look-out in the opposite direction. I will admit it was a mean thing to do, but seconds are dear in a case like that and I fired at what I could see, "the flag". I was using a 45-85 Colt jump-action, black powder, which smokes awfully, and I could see nothing of the effect of that chunk of lead. But what is that to the left of the cloud of smoke? A flag, making off down the slope, "bang." Now I could see nothing at all for the smoke was everywhere. Grabbing my heavy young cannon I hurried down the hill for all I was worth and lo I

found, not one, but two, nice little bucks lying stone dead. The fellow that got the surprise was me, all right, all right. However I got my knife out in a hurry to attend to the last part of a hunter's job, the cleaning up of the game. Hark! A crack, and then another one, and I jumped for the gun I had left beside a tree a couple of yards away. Then everything was quiet and I returned to my job till, after a time, Fritz came dashing up between the trees asking if I had seen the moose. "No," I said, "but see what I did get." It was then his turn to look surprised. Fritz stated he had started a moose coming my way and sure enough there about fifty yards off he had passed while I was bleeding my deer and too busily engaged to look up. "Two deer and a moose within five minutes, is about the limit," I said to Fritz. We then left our deer and started after the moose but as the day was getting short, had to go back home contenting ourselves with the two bucks we had secured.

At the first streak of daylight we were at it again but for a few days we met with no success. Then one day after a fresh snow I suggested to Fritz that as the moose always seemed to strike off south after the open flat, he should go there and watch while I went on the track. Along in the forenoon I got on a fresh moose track and started off hot on the trail hoping to start him off out of the timber. I ran and ran, jumping over windfalls, etc., for an hour or two, but though he made many a crook and turn he would not go south. Finally I got in a burnt area where I could see a fair distance ahead. There was something black between the trees and windfalls, something that looked like my moose. Bang! went the cannon and there was a jump at least five feet high and off he went down the track like a cyclone. Bang! A miss again, but at last he swung to the right, crossing a little opening, and with another



THE TROPHY

bang I hit my mark and the big brute tumbled over. On opening him up I found that two bullets had broken the ribs back of the shoulder, not two inches apart but the other two were clean misses. We met in camp that evening, Fritz being half frozen and as for me my clothes were wringing wet with perspiration, but I was happy for I had got my moose. It took four days to pack the monster out to civilization but we had our horses and accomplished it without too much trouble.

There still remained Fritz's moose to get, and as it looked as though he was making south we had to go south too. That first evening we made camp and went to sleep rolled in our blankets. Next morning after a light breakfast we grabbed our guns and started out for a nearby lake where we had set out hooks the night before. We took out guns because we had seen wolf tracks the preceding day. There were no fish, however, and I suggested to Fritz we should take a little walk along the lake shore before going back to our camp. We had gone about a quarter of a mile when there was a crackling sound and Fritz yelled, "Here he is!" At first sight of the King of the Woods however, buck fever took possession of Fritz and he could not fire. All we could do was to beat his track and stay with it. We kept on till noon with the sweat pouring down our backs, tramping along in the deep snow with a bright Alberta sun beating down upon us. We were getting pretty hungry too and we had no lunch, not having intended to stay out. By

this time we were getting to more open country. Off to the south was a big hill and I imagined the moose might have made for that hill. We made a big circle of about three quarters of a mile and crossing well up on the slope we heard something crack. Sure enough there he went. "Bang, bang!" He must have got it, look how he reared, but no, there he is, off on a gallop." *Does a moose ever gallop.* It seemed to us this fellow did, and moreover kept it up for about four miles. Towards evening when he was beginning to zig zag we had to give it up. Starving, tired, sweaty, with our clothes frozen in places to the consistency of sheet iron, we were in the midst of the wilderness, miles from any human habitat on, with nothing to eat and nothing to drink but snow. However, we knew our directions so we struck off north and after hours of tramping through swamps and thickets we at last struck a narrow trail that led us to the shack of a homesteader. We were all in, but don't mention it. However, if you get your moose you surely earn him. Next morning found us somewhat rested up and with an extra loaf of bread we hunted up the marks of the big feet and about noon that day one of the biggest moose killed in that part of the country was brought down. On opening him we found his chest full of blood, black blood, and a big bullet hole through his lungs from the day before, which goes to show how much one of these fellows can stand.

UNEXPECTED GAME

D. L. Findley

A heavy fall of snow had improved the roads and made good sleighing and Bill Jordan was up bright and early, had his wood loaded and was just hitching his team to the sleds when Tom Brownleigh came racing down the hill all out of breath.

"Leave your wood, Bill, and come with me after the biggest moose ever seen in this part of the country."

"Moose! Forget it. There's no moose around these parts," said Bill.

"Yes, there is. Why man alive the tracks are as big as a cow's and good and fresh too."

"Where did you see the tracks?"

"Up in our sugar bush. Just went up to cut some wood and spotted those footprints. It's some moose, believe me. Get some speed on now and let the kid put the horses back in the stable. Let's hit the high spots up across the hill and strike the moose's tracks where he passed over the ridge."

In five minutes the two were off doing double quick time on their skis with their rifles slung on their backs, for, as Tom said, somebody else might see the tracks and get in ahead of them, when it would be good-bye to Mr. Moose.

They soon found the tracks and hurried

down through the woods hot on the trail. On and on they tramped and not a sign of their game was to be had. Suddenly Tom exclaimed:

"He's been running here, must have heard us coming. We're making too much noise, I guess. Anyway he can't be far ahead, probably just across the pond in the heavy underbrush."

Crossing the pond on the ice and carrying their skis the two men climbed up a steep knoll, Tom leading the way. Looking around to tell Bill that they must go carefully now, he tripped over a hidden log and went sprawling headlong down a steep bank about ten feet high, landing almost on top of the quarry which had lain down to rest, thinking himself safe from pursuit and tired out doubtless by his long tramp through the snow. With a snort the animal was on his feet just as Bill appeared at the top of the knoll with a "What in all 'Sam Hill' happened to you Tom?"

Instantly the animal charged for Bill (Tom having all but vanished headfirst into the soft snow at the foot of the bank.) Dropping his rifle Bill shinned it up the first tree in sight, and just in time for scarcely had he swung

himself out of reach when the animal struck the slender stalk full force with his horns, giving Bill the jolt of his life as the tree in which he had taken refuge was only a small second growth which rocked giddily from the impact.

By this time Tom had emerged from the snow-bank and appeared at the brink of the hill to give some advice.

"Jerushy cats! What in the name of fortune is that?"

Hardly had the words left his mouth when the animal took after him and he too had to seek safety in a tree. Then between one tree and the other like a khaki clad sentry on guard marched the big steer, for such was the quarry which they had pursued for so long.

In attempting to change his position and get a better hold while the steer was battering and shaking the tree, Tom's perch broke off and down he went with a flop landing astride the steer's back. With a startled and angry boo! the beast flung him sprawling into the snow-bank and immediately transferred his attention to Bill who had shown signs of descending from his perch. Safely ensconced once more, this time in a stalwart birch, Tom began to plan ways and means of capturing the animal and getting him home.

"That must be one of the steers that John Greer could not get last fall. Don't you remember there were three of them that were so wild they couldn't get them out of the pasture when taking the other stock home and next day when they went back with additional men to try and round them up they couldn't find them at all." This information came from Bill who was still confined to his perch in the tree.

"Seems to me I do remember something about them now you speak of it," replied Tom, "but gee whiz, he must have travelled some. Greer's pasture was fifteen miles or more from here."

"I know, but I haven't heard of anyone else losing any stock. Wonder where the other two are. He must have caught them."

"By the way, Bill, couldn't you drop down beside him and grab him round the neck and see if we can't lead him home between us. He's dead tired wading through this snow, hadn't any skis to travel on you know, and besides he's half starved since this snow covered up the swamp grass. We ought to be able to get him along some way."

"He's trying to dig that tree of yours out by the roots. Now is your chance, drop on his back. You always claimed to be a wonderful rough rider. Now's your chance to show your uncle. I'm from Missouri, you know."

"All right, me bhoy I'll make a try at it, but if he starts for parts unknown with poor Bill clinging to his tail tell Mary it was your idea first and last that made me leave home, and remember you're to have my old musket. Au revoir, I'm going to try the rough riding."

Crawling out on the limb until directly over the animal Bill dropped squarely on his back and gripping his bony sides with his knees stuck there while the steer tried his best to fling him off as he had flung Tom.

However to the surprise of all three Bill refused to be pitched off and away he and the steer went at a furious gait down through the woods in the direction of the pond. Gathering up his own and Bill's skis that were scattered around half buried in the snow, Tom hustled off in the wake of the rough rider and his furious steed. Between skiing and rolling he soon reached the edge of the pond and there about half way across was a funny sight. Glissading down the hill on his haunches the steer had dislodged his hated rider, but Bill had managed to get hold of the animal's neck and "twixt hoppin' and jumpin'" the two had got half way across the pond when the steer came a cropper on the ice and refused to get up. Bill with his arms clasped lovingly around his neck in case he might suddenly make a break for liberty, was strenuously endeavoring to make the beast get onto his feet again. Tom joined himself to the pushing and pulling committee but all seemed useless. The steer refused to move. Tom then crossed the pond, got a stout switch and returned to the fray.

As he came towards the animal with one bound he was on his feet and charged for him, head down and tail switching and towing poor Bill along regardless of consequences. Tom ducked suddenly and as the steer tried to turn also he lost his footing on the smooth icy surface and down he went sprawling. Then once more he refused to budge. Suddenly Tom thought of what had started him before and went out ahead for a little way, then came back towards him. Immediately with an angry boo! he was on his feet again and charging for him. Again the slippery surface foiled him. By pushing, pulling and tantalizing the beast they kept him moving and in this way got the animal home but it would be hard to find a more tired out trio. A day or so in captivity and plenty to eat and the steer was as docile as any of the herd, but the standard joke of the countryside for weeks was the story of Bill and Tom's moose—and how they captured him.





ALPINE CLUB NOTES

Capt. E. O. Wheeler of the Royal Engineers has been presented by the French Government with the Cross of the Legion of Honour (Croix de Chevalier). The young Lieutenant went to France with the Indian Expeditionary Force and has twice been mentioned in despatches by General French for his distinguished services. That his work is appreciated by the French Government as well as by his own countrymen is proved by the distinction accorded him in the conferring of the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

Lieut. Wheeler was an honour graduate at the R. M. C., Kingston and is a member of the Alpine Club of England as well as of the Alpine Club of Canada.

Additional names of volunteers who are members of the A. C. C. are forwarded by the secretary-treasurer as follows: Lt. Col. Clark, 72nd Highlanders; I. N. Austen, R. A. M. C.; Lieutenant C. D. Creighton in the Artillery; Lt. Fitzsimen, Princess Patricia's. Additional information is that R. J. Casement has the D. C. M. and T. J. Taylor is now Lieutenant, 88th Battalion; Captain W. W. Foster is now Divisional Grenade Instructor; E. F. Pilkington is Major in the 6th Battn. Manchester Regiment. H. W. A. Foster, we regret to hear, has been wounded in the shoulder. Captain R. P. Clark, 7th Battalion, has been awarded the D.S.O., and A. B. Morkill is a Lieutenant in the 88th.

At the annual meeting of the Edmonton section the following officers were elected for the year 1916: Chairman, A. S. Matheson; Local Secretary, Miss K. Sharpe, 7 Rene LeMarchand, Edmonton; Committee, P. S. Bailey, G. L. Oliphant, Miss K. Walker and Mrs. J. B. Alcock.

At the annual meeting of the Vancouver Island section held on December 14th, Capt. W. W. Foster was elected Hon. Chairman.

R. D. McCaw, Chairman, Miss J. L. McCulloch, 912 London Ave., Victoria, Local Secretary and the following were elected members of the committee: W. S. Drewry, W. H. Dougan, G. Cameron, Miss N. G. McCulloch, Miss M. Cowell and A. B. Morkill.

The New York Annual Dinner of the A. C. C. was a great success. The new officers, to take office April 1st next, are: Chairman, A. H. MacCarthy; Secretary, Mrs. E. B. Smith, 219 East 17th St., Flatbush, N.Y.; Committee, L. L. Delafield, Mrs. Mary Vaux Walcott, F. W. Freeborn, Miss Hinman, H. W. Vernon, and H. Palmer.

With the permission of the Director we publish herewith a letter addressed to him by Capt. W. W. Foster, whom Alpine Club members know as a keen and expert mountaineer, the conqueror of Mt. Robson, and a man who possesses a practical appreciation of the work the Club is doing for Canada. Capt. Foster, late Deputy Minister of Public Works in B. C. and now M. L. A. for the Islands constituency of that province is now in Belgium and his letter should prove of much interest to every Canadian and particularly to those members of the Alpine Club of Canada who have met and climbed with him at the various summer camps held by the Club.

Letter Received From
Captain W. W. Foster, M.L.A.
In Belgium,

December 4th, 1915.

My dear Mr. Wheeler:

It was such a pleasure to receive your letter with the news of the Alpine Club. After we have finished out here I can think of nothing more delightful than another gathering together in the mountains, and I can assure you all we appreciate very much the kindly wishes of those who were at the Camp this year.

Col. Mitchell, Hesketh, Gordon, Westmorland and many others are in this vicinity and Mitchell suggests the possibility a little later on of a dinner for members of the A.C.C. with the expeditionary forces:—it would make a unique event in the annals of the Club.

Before leaving England I imagined writing so many interesting letters from "somewhere this side" to my friends, but unfortunately overlooked the superior authority in this affair, "The Censor"; as after deferring to his wishes, the available topics are greatly reduced so that what should be, with the material available, a letter full of great happenings, must become a sort of a glorified Kitchener postcard.

You will have obtained from other sources some description of the country. Our way it is a wonderfully fertile area in which every available foot is cultivated, —slightly rolling ground,—numbers of beautiful chateaux which together with all other buildings adjacent to the front line are just a heap of ruins,—small towns, not very far apart, and the land dotted all over with farm houses. Farming is carried on by the women, children and old men just as usual and they work as close up to the firing line as they are permitted to go; it is also surprising to see how in the ruined towns, still subject to shell fire, the inhabitants still cling to their old homes. They are a brave people, although incidentally of course the farmer is making lots of money selling produce and billeting troops, while others that remain open little stores or cook-shops and cater to the soldiers, who are, of course, very free spenders.

The farm houses are most picturesque, and exceedingly dirty; it may be, of course, that many of the original owners have gone and tenants and caretakers fill their places; but the general design is not conducive to cleanliness;—it is as follows:

Build a hole in a low part of the land and surround it by four buildings in the form of a square, all of them connected together; one side of the square becomes the living quarters for the family, one a cow barn, one for horses and feed, and the other, pigs, hens and miscellaneous. The hole in the centre is to empty or drain all refuse into from the surrounding buildings;—all doors and most of the windows face it. Around the outside walls in many cases is a moat of stagnant water.

It may be the time of year, but our impression of the country just now is "Everything very pretty, but covered up with mud."

Behind the firing line the troops out of the trenches are usually billeted in these farm houses, occupying the barn, stable lofts, etc., and the ambition of many of our chaps is to meet the artist who is responsible for a poster entitled *What are you missing in France? Enlist To-day*. On this poster was depicted an immense farm house, surrounded by beautiful gardens, orchards and meadows, several very lovely French maidens were on the way to the latter, attired in white dresses, blue sashes, golden hair, etc., escorted by gallant Tommies carrying the milking stools and pails, whilst khaki clad officers, weary of tennis and croquet lounged around the lovely lawns or

sat in hammocks sipping tea with the beautiful daughters of the house.

The organization which provides for the army is really wonderful. From rail head the mechanical transport, strings and strings of motor trucks, convey supplies of all kinds, ammunition, food and clothing as far as possible. There is a never ending column of these trucks up and down, but never the slightest confusion in its movements. Where mechanical transport must cease horses and mules commence and the never failing supply goes on to the point where hand distribution takes its place. Never have troops been so well taken care of, and the supply never seems to fail, no matter what the prevailing conditions may be.

The Red Cross, too, could not be improved upon,—as fast as wounded can be evacuated from the trenches motor ambulances meet them, and, if circumstances permit, by means of the special Red Cross trains and boats the patient may be in England the same day.

The eyes of the army provide the most spectacular work. Day by day, apparently disregarding the stream of shells directed at them by hostile guns, the air craft patrol for information. Occasionally there is an exciting air duel,—three times have we had German air craft drop into our lines, twice being brought down after a fight with one of ours. The third occasion was when a Hun pilot lost himself and did not realize the location. *He found out as soon as he alighted.*

The artillery is some way back from the lines, under cover to elude the observation of air craft, the most ingenious devices are used to hide its real position, and it is marvellous the accuracy attained by men who do not see the target they are firing at; but of course observers sent forward give the result of each shot by 'phone.

Speaking of the 'phone, it is the usual method of signalling, everything and everybody is connected up somehow by the wonderful 'phone system. As soon as a unit moves, its signallers *connect it up*.

Of the great army holding the line of trenches running north and south through France and Belgium nothing can be seen. It is *in* rather than *on* earth, and the contrast between the magnificent organization one sees everywhere to maintain the army and the invisible army itself is most striking; but go down to the trenches and it is there all right and in "top hole" form. Despite the hardships and, at this time of year they are necessarily many, every one of our chaps is in the highest spirits and more confident than ever of success. Our chaps are magnificent, you never hear a grumble, and all are ready for anything at any time. The difference between the morale in our ranks and that prevailing in the Huns must be tremendous. I don't think the Germans have yet realized the difference in men, or that there is one battle our people always win, no matter how long it takes or what the cost may be, and that is the Last One.

During the past week a great bombardment took place. From the hill on which I am stationed, it was a most magnificent sight; our guns made one continuous roar all the afternoon, shelling trenches, gun emplace-

ments, artillery positions, in fact the whole position opposite was covered with bursting shells: one wondered how anything could escape. The other side came back at us and made things hot for a while, but our artillery has the undoubted superiority now that plenty of ammunition is available.

The trenches are, of course, very wet and muddy,—what between rain and shells the shape of them continually changes and a lot of work is entailed in keeping them up.

At night, of course, every one is on duty and all special undertakings are carried out. The strip of "No-man's land" between our trenches and the German is patrolled by both sides, whilst on dark nights all suspicious spots are lighted up by Flares and rocket lights in order to guard against any possible surprise. The lights give a weird effect until one is used to them.

The dug-outs in the trenches are simply shelves cut out without disturbing the surface of the ground, re-enforced and augmented by sand bags with sometimes a sack over the opening, but usually of course one side open.

It is rumored that during some heavy work the Brigadier phoned the O. C. in charge of a piece of line, who happened to be very busy, as is usually the case, for a report upon the "Attitude of the enemy." Being "fed up" with reports and under shell fire at the time, he replied: "Enemy's attitude hostile." This did not suit and a message came back: "Report inadequate; amplify it." The weary O. C. then reported: "Enemy's attack decidedly hostile."

Personally I am in the best of shape, and if every one feels as fit as I do they must conclude that apart from incidents due to the enemy's attitude, war is a healthy occupation. It is indeed a great adventure, and whilst it is impossible to forget the serious and painful side of it, as one by one our friends and comrades go,—we all realize that it is in the best of causes, and over here where one can see first hand the effect of the German idea and what our country and homes would become if the Huns prevailed, I am sure every man is not only glad to be in Khaki, but grateful that he has the opportunity to help at such a time. Our men are splendid—it is more than inspiring to be with them.

You mention our bombing work; it is of course the great thing in trench warfare, and as the grenade men are ones who specially volunteer for such work, in every case you find them enthusiastic in that particular branch. In a brigade there are 160 men, known as the grenade company, who are experts in the work, and in addition all men are trained to handle grenades in case they are required to do so. The term "suicide club" as applied to the grenade company arose in the following manner: When the war started the Germans had plenty of grenades and we had none, so, to offset their grenade attacks our chaps made up grenades by using jam tins and filling them with explosives and missiles, but

in order to get the empty tins they first had to eat the jam, hence the term "Suicide Club."

I hope this is legible, but as my left arm is in a sling through being tumbled into a ditch during an altercation with a shell, am a little unsteady. Our own M. O. is fixing me up so did not have to go back and will be O.K. in a few days.

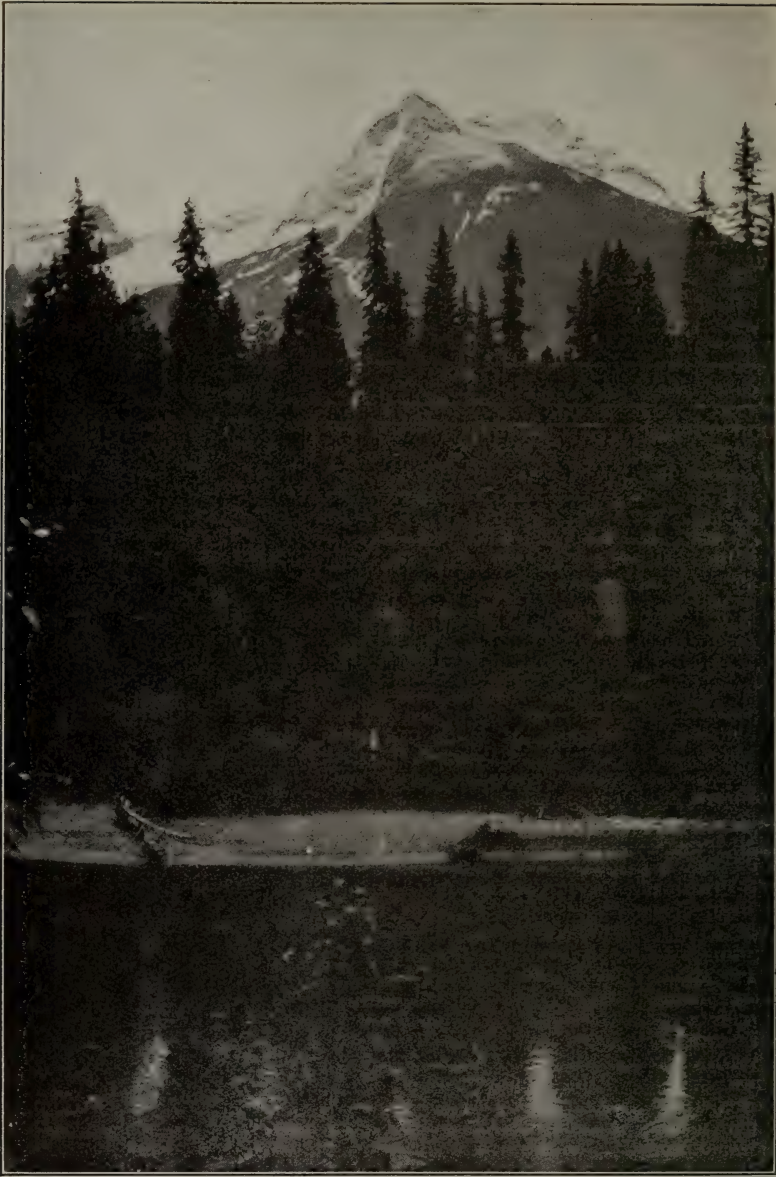
Yours Sincerely,
W. W. FOSTER.

A recent issue of the Canadian Forestry Journal contained a comprehensive article by Mr. A. O. Wheeler, Director of the Alpine Club of Canada on Destruction of Scenic Beauties by Forest Fires. Under the sub-heading "Not a Club for 'Stunts'" Mr. Wheeler says:—

There is a very generally fixed idea in the public mind that the Alpine Club of Canada is a species of high-grade athletic association, whose one and only aim is to train its members to daring stunts of climbing on next to impossible mountains; and that having once attained a summit and returned by a still more nearly impossible route the interest has ended. While such persons exist, they are a very small minority and form by no means its most lasting or most important section of members. Your real alpine climber is a lover of Nature in her primeval fastness—the outposts of the earth—where the forces of construction are at work, where all are extremes, and types of greatest beauty lie side by side with those of grotesque ugliness. Here, in what may well be termed a factory of creation, are seen at work forces that lead to the construction of fertile plains and wide agricultural valleys thousands of miles distant, and as such are of intense interest to those who care to give them a careful study.

Moreover, apart from the wonderful and unexplained exhilaration that comes from climbing on snow and ice, and the overwhelming desire to see what lies beyond your true alpine enthusiast glories in the wide-spreading spectacular panorama that is seen from a mountain top, when all in view is spread before him as on a living map. It is in places such as these, where the prescience of an Almighty Power is ever present, and which can only be attained through hard bodily exertion, that he loves for a brief space to enjoy the wonders that are spread at his feet.

It will thus be readily understood how deeply the true mountain-lover deplores the ravages of the fire demon in the destruction of the forests that are so necessary to a complete realization of his ideals. Nowhere else in the world can similar forests to those of the Rocky Mountains be found, and it is their special charm in contrast with the vast deposits of snow and ice, for which the Canadian portion of the range is remarkable, that render the alpine districts of the North American continent unique, and fashioned on a pattern of their own.



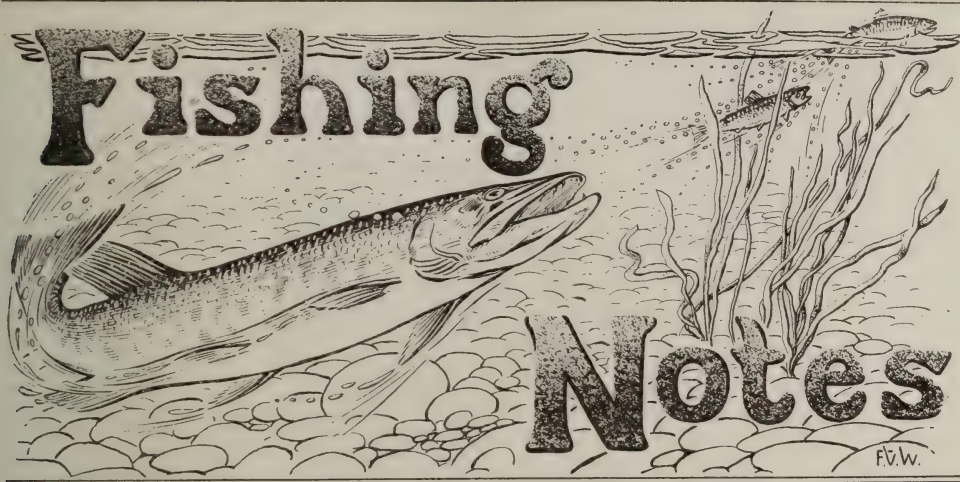
DUFFY'S PEAK, CANADIAN ROCKIES

Beavers did so much damage at Merry Brook, Victoria County, N. B., that it became necessary for the Department of Lands and Mines to issue instructions to the game warden in that section to kill a number of them.

A colony of beavers were damming the brook so successfully as to cause destruction to property in that section and the residents ask-

ed that some measures be taken to protect their interests. The only way out of the situation was to order the game warden to kill some of the beavers.

Ten of the beavers were accordingly killed and their skins sold by the Department. The colony of beavers near Merry Brook is the largest in the province.



THE LURE OF THE DRY FLY

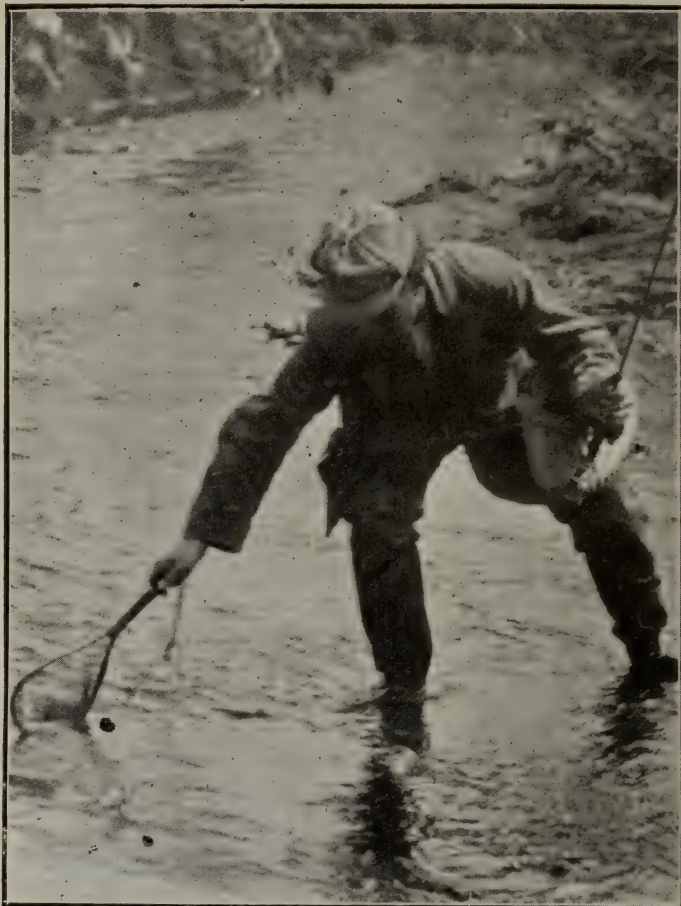
Robert Page Lincoln

THE subject of the dry-fly has been treated so fully that to add any thing more to the general output would seem to be needless and an encumbrance to those fishermen who care little or nothing for the sport; and who would rather have treated those subjects which they like best. But the matter that has been printed on the dry-fly has been read by so few people in either Canada or in the States, that these words, coming through the medium of the press, and easily procurable by all, may be eagerly read by those who have as yet little or no insight into the singular originality of this device. As I mentioned in the article preceding this, the dry-fly, though it is an old production and was used in England as early as 1860, in this country, until but recently was a thing but slightly known. Books on dry-fly fishing in this country may now be had, and are as follows: "Practical Dry-Fly Fishing," by Emlyn M. Gill; "The Dry-Fly in America," by M. L. LaBranche; "The Dry Fly On Fast Water," by M. L. LaBranche; also "Floating Flies And How To Fish Them," by Samuel G. Camp. These books all give a good insight into how the flies should be fished in our native waters; since, having streams that are vastly different from the streams of England, the fishing of these flies is often another and deeper concern. It is because of this that I have chosen to here present the dry-fly as carefully as possible that some few may profit by it. I cannot hope to present anything new—over such heads as Halford and Dewar!

With the publication in England in the year 1889, by Frederick M. Halford of his book, "Dry-Fly Fishing In Theory And Practice," the sport was introduced into this country with more or less zeal, though it was the arrival of Emlyn M. Gill's book in a recent year that really brought the dry-fly comprehen-

sively to our attention. Since then the dry-fly has mounted steadily into popular fancy and in coming years, owing to the agitation in its behalf, innumerable anglers will be trying it out on calm waters and otherwise. Halford has been termed the great prophet of the mysterious art called dry-fly fishing. Halford devoting practically his lifetime to the practical and comprehensive uplift of the singular system is to-day recognized as one of the great angling men of the world, whose name will consistently live with that of the immortal Isaac Walton. One wonders not a little if the eternal Walton did not at some time, even in those early days, suspect such a thing as a floating fly, but there are no hints of it, if such were the case. Frederick Halford was a painstaking writer, student and observer. His unnumbered writings under the name of "Detached Badger", always in late years found in the columns of the London Field, were accepted by each and every one as gospel truth; and one could feel satisfied that they were the cream of untiring experience. The books by Halford, "Dry-Fly Entomology," "Dry-Fly Fishing in Theory and Practice," "Modern Development of the Dry-Fly," "The Dry-Fly Man's Handbook," "Making a Fishery", and "An Angler's Autobiography," are works that are worth their weight in gold to those who are engrossed in the immortal pastime and all those features that go to make it worth while. A recent writer, in commenting upon the death of Halford, in the spring of 1914, says as follows:

"To the study of trout and the various natural flies to be found in the haunts of trout the deceased sportsman devoted most of his time. As a result, the Halford series of flies became famous. At first he found it necessary to make his list of flies embrace one hundred patterns; but after years of enthusiastic



THE DRY-FLY MAN OFTEN HAS SUCCESS ON THE MOST OBSCURE OF OUR STREAMS

devotion to experimenting and classification he pronounced as thoroughly equipped the angler having thirty-three flies in his flannel-leaved book. This writer never made a statement without having excellent grounds for it. Whether he was recommending a rod of a certain balance, and action, whether he was advising a certain method of handling a weeded fish, whether he was giving details about flies, or instructions for the proper management of a fishery his readers knew that he was to be trusted and that his counsels might be followed almost blindly."

In a previous article I have pointed out the ruggedness of our streams in comparison with the streams that are found in England. In using the dry-fly on our waters many things have to be taken into consideration. *First*, the streams are more or less of a swift nature; *second*, placid, wide, smooth-flowing streams are few and far between, and the dry-fly must needs be made suitable for use in rather swift water at times, if it is to be used at all; *third*, a great number of our trout streams are in the rivulet class, small, unnoteworthy streams that are inclosed with brush and where even wet-fly fishing is sometimes a physical imposs-

ibility, let alone the certain manipulation of the quixotic dry-fly.

These elements enter into our consideration with due regard, appraising as we must the subject in its entirety. The floating of the dry-fly therefore, must, at times, be accomplished only under detrimental conditions, and certainly not by the rote of the regulations set down by the masters. In our attention given to the dry-fly here, there is no reason to be in the least dogmatic; the widest freedom of opinion will be the rule, and in my position, as a writer on outdoor subjects, and angling subjects in particular, an impartiality must be shown. A study of the dry-fly and a comparison of its merits alongside of the wet-fly must be shown. A study of the dry-fly and a wet-fly is a consideration of singular importance. There are enrolled to-day a set of controversialists, wet-fly and dry-fly men, each arguing their side of the question, each holding that his fly is the most deadly, and the most correct for use. Frankly either fly is worthy of note; in some places, at certain times, a dry-fly will prove the best, in another place the wet-fly will prove the winner, at yet another time. Says Louis Rhead, one of the best-known angling writers living in our day, and from whom we may expect some rather brilliant work in the future:

"For every fly a trout takes alive on the surface a thousand are consumed in the water, or near the surface; and to one natural fly able to float on the surface, there are a hundred which cannot. Because of this fact I believe it to be the height of folly to fish *exclusively* with dry flies on the surface. Wet-fishing with two or three accurately copied insects is in every way as effective on the average American stream."

And yet, having studied the subject valiantly, the sum total of my viewpoint is that no wet-fly man can afford to let the dry-fly go by without giving it a tryout. In its very inception it imitates nature; it purports to be a true counterpart of the living thing, freshly fallen to water, floating and struggling to rise into the air again, and I have known it, as have many other fishermen, to catch the most educated of trout where the wet-fly has been shunned. But it has been held that dry-fly fishing is not to be compared to wet-fly fishing;

that to be an expert wet-fly fisherman is more difficult than its mate—the charges each as against each being about even, and in this country, principally, the dry-fly men have been noted for their gentle thrusting of the wet-fly men into the obscure background. In looking over the proposition these things will rivet themselves in our attention and I shall select the best portions of a recent writer's opinion to uphold it:

"The dry-fly angler uses flies that are constructed so as most nearly to represent the natural ones found upon the streams, and also in such a manner as to make them float upon the surface of the water. The wet-fly angler uses flies that only passably represent a few of the natural ones, but which, in most instances, do not represent, in the remotest manner any known kind of a fly. The dry-fly fisherman uses his fly upon the surface of the water exclusively, while the wet-fly angler fishes his fly, or flies, both upon and below the surface of the water, depending upon conditions. Now consider the flies mentioned and determine for yourself which fly is most likely to deceive the wary trout, the one most nearly representing the natural fly or the one which is a poor imitation? And to which fly would

you expect the trout to rise, assuming the attraction to be solely the fly and nothing else? Can it be other than self-evident, *first*, that the dry-fly would better deceive the trout, and, *second*, that the trout would naturally rise to the most natural-looking fly? Is it not fair and just to say that so far as the fly alone is concerned the dry-fly has the advantage over the wet-fly? Now consider the dry-fly and the wet-fly when it is fished below the surface of the water to a depth of twelve inches, or so deep that the angler cannot see the fly, yet not so deep as to prevent his seeing the rise or swirl of the trout. The dry-fly is "within the range of vision" and the wet-fly is without or beyond the range of vision. With which fly, the wet or the dry, would it be easier to hook the fish. With the dry-fly, surely, while, to hook the fish with the wet-fly would require the greater skill? Does it not appear again as if the dry-fly had the advantage over the wet-fly? The dry-fly floats and moves without any aid from the angler after it falls upon the water; therefore, after the cast is made up to the time the fly is recovered for another cast, no act of the angler's plays any part in the deception or attraction of the trout—the fly does it all. How is it with the

wet fly? The angler makes his cast, he then plays or fishes his fly until a recovery is necessary for another cast—it is the angler who does it all. Under these conditions, and facts, where does the greater skill lie, with the wet or the dry-fly angler?

"The dry-fly angler can successfully ply his art on streams that are placid, slow-running and clear; on streams that are shallow, having many rocks and small or large pools of no great depth; on portions of more rugged streams, such as eddies, pools and slack waters and sometimes on lakes just beyond where a stream enters. Having the proper waters to fish, the dry-fly angler can enjoy fishing, usually with success, whenever the weather, wind and water conditions are favourable, but at no other time. The dry-fly angler cannot hope to accomplish anything when it is rainy, or when the wind is high or gusty, or when the water is disturbed or roily; so it is apparent that natural conditions must play a most important part in the proper application of the art of dry-fly fishing under all circumstances. On the



DRIFTING THE FLY IS A DEADLY METHOD. IT WILL OFTEN GET THE WISEST OF THE TROUT

other hand, for the wet-fly angler to enjoy fishing with more than average chance of success, all that is necessary is available fishable water, and it makes no difference what the weather, wind and water conditions may be, so far as applying the art of wet-fly fishing is concerned, because success rests largely with the angler, and not necessarily with the physical conditions, as is the case in dry-fly fishing. The wet-fly angler is not restricted as to time and place, as he is not restricted as to kind of fly, or as to any particular rules for fishing it, would it not appear as if the wet-fly fisherman was the more versatile, and would it not follow that he was also the more skillful for the same reason?"

The above trenchant information, coming from the storehouse of a man who has fished with the fly for a time covering a space of twenty-five years is especially good. Herein are contained the features the dry-fly man must recognize:

First.—Weather conditions play a great part in the successful performance of the dry-fly angler; the day must be of merited placidity, not disturbed by either wind or rain and the waters of the stream must be more or less smooth-flowing, and never muddy or roiled.

Second.—Natural insects must be carefully imitated; the fly is floated, invested as it is in its oiled, or paraffined, coat; and the time of the day must be taken into consideration; any hour cannot be selected, and only choice occasions see the dry-fly man in his element.

Third.—The dry-fly man beside being a skilled fly-caster (that is skilled in the proper, often even, exact delivery of the fly) must be vastly more of an entomologist than the wet-fly man whose flies for the greater part are often tied nowhere near an imitation of true insects, native to a stream; the dry-fly man can measure his success by his ability to imitate the natural flies that fall to water and are snapped off the surface by rising trout.

Fourth.—American trout streams, being as a rule of rather rough water, the dry-fly man must adapt himself to conditions never foreseen by English dry-fly men, who fish the placid streams of their country. It appears then, that we of this continent must employ the dry-fly under a different set of rules to those adapted by English fishermen. That is to say we have to use the dry-fly on streams that are naturally fitted best for the wet-fly, and the doing of this, under obverse conditions calls for increased skill and ingenious art. This from the fact that the dry-fly cannot well hold its own by any dashing of water, as once soaked, its function departs and it becomes in reality a—wet-fly.

The consensus of opinion on the subject of fly-fishing seems to bring forth the fact that there are fly-fishermen and fly-fishermen. Any man of ordinary ability can learn the art of using the fly, that is, of casting it, to a measured distance, say twenty, or thirty feet. Tournament casters of to-day have made some rather brilliant records, but whether they amount to much as fishermen, the catchers of trout, is another question. Therefore, do not think because you know how to cast the line to a certain distance that you have accomplished the highly-coveted goal. The

sum total of it is that really good fly fishermen—and I have known this to be a fact—may not be able to cast over thirty feet at a marked distance, but they know how to play the flies; just how to work them, whether upon the surface, or four to six inches under the surface, and they may do it not at a distance of thirty or forty feet, but ten or fifteen feet away and, with the most happy results. At remarkably short distances, by cautiousness and skill they can reach the fish and completely outwit them; they can place a fly just at the right place; they are cool and collected, and make no blunders in the operation of reaching the exact spot. Self-consciousness and nervousness, many fly-fishermen will hold are unknown to them. Therefore, let me ease your mind on the point that long-distance casting is the gateway to fly-fishing either in the wet form, or the dry. Just how much of your success depends upon your skill and the pointers you have gotten through study of the fish, can easily be understood after the sport has been participated in for a very short time. The dry-fly man has great gains over the wet-fly man in that the trout is made to rise to the surface for the lure and the action is easily, to say the least, seen. The wet-fly man, fishing the stream, and with flies submerged has not this advantage and must watch for the swirl in the water—and just how true his eye must be and how instinctively he must regard the psychological moment is well-known. Either method is first and last of all meant to deceive the fish. Just what the flies, the wet-flies, fished under the water purport to be in the insect world, has never been straightened out nor will it ever be. Fishing downstream, for instance, a wet-fly is east to a point of advantage, and the flies are allowed to sink at an appreciable depth. The flies are then drawn toward the angler and released, thus opening and closing the wings of the artificial creature, and setting the hairs, or hackles into motion, imbuing them with animation.

Smooth-flowing streams, as I have said, are few and far between. But there are always pools along a stream where a dry-fly may be worked in rightly, with deadly effect. I remember once, on a mountain stream, having exceptionally good luck with the dry-fly on these transparent pools, floating them closely up against the canyon walls. Small streams, of from four to ten feet wide, that can never be reached with a wet-fly, owing to the fact that they are so overgrown with brush are ideal spots for the dry-fly. I remember one instance in particular, in fishing an overgrown stream, and it was in the rivulet class at that. By bending down I noted that the brush lifted a foot or more from the surface of the water; and instantly it came over me that I could float a dry-fly there for a great distance, and that by bending down I could keep it "within the range of my vision", without a curvature of the spine. Choosing a Pale Watery Dun, the duns then being in evidence, I started it to floating and with wings cocked it set out upon its peculiar and rather perilous voyage. I knew there were trout there and I knew that if there were an old fellow on the alert he must certainly see my fly. There was no help for it. And it proved so to be, but the fly had

floated fifteen feet before it happened, and then there was a plunging rise and the fish had it. Holding the tip of the rod close to the water, I worked that trout in and netted him successfully. I had caught my first trout on streams of the rivulet class, and that with every degree of success—and yet that fly was

not floated according to rote.

The elements that go into the make-up and manipulation of the dry-fly are many, and varied, and in coming chapters I shall give a little better insight into the working parts of it.

THE TRAIL OF THE ANGLING CANOEIST

Robert Page Lincoln

I HAD occasion some time ago to read an article by a well-known angling writer, a contributor to our American outdoor press, in which he gave in detail the cost of a fishing trip over the famous waters of Florida, a trip after the large sea fishes which are there angled for with all due ceremony and formality and rules, attended by regulations and all the eccentricities that go with the taking of pleasure money away from the ultra-rich. Now sea angling is one of those sports that belong to the gentry—that is if you intend to angle in style, and angling in the sea is a sport that is supposed to be accompanied by coin of the realm, anywhere and everywhere you choose to roam. Angling in the southern waters for such famed fish as the silver tarpon, the amberjack, sailfish and others is supposed to be rare sport and to get the best there is out of it one must go properly equipped and to go properly equipped you must have the best of tackle and the best of accommodation as regards guides and boats. It is all very well to have the experience and know just where to go, and to go alone, but such is not the luck of the average of even the men of fair means. To angle in southern waters, and to angle in style, one must be well and plentifully fixed with money. Only under such accommodating circumstances can good sport of the sort desired be obtained. The above mentioned writer mentions the trip from Chicago to a certain resort and return as costing close on a hundred dollars, which includes of course the meals and the tips. The cost of living at the resort, at the lowest estimate, is three dollars a day; tips twenty dollars; total for a month, one hundred and ten dollars. Boats for fishing purposes at the least bring fifteen dollars a day, or four hundred and fifty dollars by the month. Rods and reels rent for as high as five dollars a day, and if you are to purchase your own sea fishing paraphernalia naturally the cost will come higher yet. A trip into southern waters in quest of fair fish should only be taken if one has money for if one has not, the cost of it takes away the glamour and enjoyment of such an enterprise, for all but the wealthy man. Of course to the rich man a matter of five hundred dollars for a month's pleasure is nothing to speak of, but this is different where the dollars are with difficulty secured and pleasure must be exacted from each one in proportion.

I have often mused upon what constitutes good sport, where good sport is obtainable, and what amount of money is necessary to pave the way to success—success that leads to gratification, and I shall strive to show in the following articles that a well managed trip into the north woods need not cost the exorbitant price demanded in the south. Wealth is all very well in its place, but it has one failing. It makes for stagnation, and entails the loss of a desire to physically exert oneself to the extent of paddling, camp building, or any of the other features of roughing it—which work is generally left to guides, the men who, being well-paid, do all these things as a business. The majority of the well moneyed men who enter the woods are soft to the core and so implanted in them is the desire to recline at ease while others work for them, that it might well be said their vacations are a mockery of the name. They go fishing. Their guide does the rowing. The man of ease sits in a well-cushioned chair and holds the rod. He has a strike at the spoon, and hooks a fish. Chances are that it will end by the guide playing and landing the fish. The man of ease gets the credit and the fish. All those who visit these resorts however are not in this class, and many people of moderate means may be found among them enjoying a vacation and roughing it, and doing all the canoeing and fishing to their own special pleasure. It is really inspiring to see men of means, cramped of brain and muscle take to the woods after the good, old manly system and push things on their own hook, building good fires and eating hearty meals along with seasoned woodsmen. A man who does this has a vacation worth looking back upon when the winter days come.

So many vacations and trips into the realm of Nature are conducted at a comparatively small expenditure, that more and more are annually following the long trail after the lead of those who have gone before. The great pleasure ground of Canada is but yet little exploited, though thousands are streaming in every new year to appreciate its wonderful ruggedness, and primeval apartness from the world of fret and care. I am not going to pen exuberant railroad folder accounts of the beauties of Canada; the vast fishing opportunities that are in natural course attainable, but I am going to describe in this article some

of the necessities that go towards making a true vacation in the northern woods a possibility. The angler has been considered in many aspects but to the canoeing angler little or no attention has been given. It is all very well where the angler within civilization takes a train to his stream, finds his boarding place, fishes his time out and again stepping on the train is soon home. But how different, when the proposition of northern travel is considered.

The wild places are of course tapped by the railroad, but from the haunt of the iron trail into the secluded places of Canadian territory another mode of travel besides walking must be considered. Walking is foreign in these woods. There enters, however, the ever-ready canoe into consideration and since this part of the hemisphere is so dotted and spotted with the lakes, and so lined with water-ways as to be a perfect fret-work of them, one enters upon this new adventure in a spirit of excitement and enjoyment. Now when such a thing as a canoe trip is suggested there are nine hundred and two people who will hold up their hands in terror, having visions, not of the dangers and hardships the trip would incur but of the supposed high rate of expenditure that will, in all probability, (in their notion at least), be entailed. Now I am not going to say that it is impossible for you to spend good money in such travels; but if you have a good head on your shoulders, and if you are not too accustomed to vain-glorious luxury you can circumvent high rates of expenditure with remarkable finesse. If you can paddle a canoe well; if you can eat without fairy white linen; if you can wear soiled and perhaps smoky clothes so that you look absolutely clean and respectable—and if you can stand the shifting around from city street to wood way and portage, then everything is coming your way.

I once wrote an article for a leading magazine in which I called especial attention to the demands of experience in travel of this sort. And I would suggest that if a canoe-angling-touring party be gotten up, and if there be three or four in the party, that one member, at least, should possess out-of-doors experience, i. e., knowledge of canoeing, woodsmanship, camping, *et cetera*, and that such a person be appointed to act as guide. The actual route to be followed may of course be of such a character as to make following it without a professional guide, impracticable or even impossible. However there is information and literature now galore, and new routes are yearly followed by the venturesome so that by writing to the railway companies for information a pretty good idea of your route may be located. If a census of various trips that were undertaken last year were taken you will find that the above mentioned plan has been followed in a surprising number of cases—and the saving by going in parties of this sort has been such that it will gradually be adopted more and more throughout the north country. Expenditure will be split four ways, or double, at least. A shelter tent will hold two as well as one, and even three can accommodate themselves in a pyramid tent or an open front tent if it comes to that. Canoes may be purchased at reasonable prices and with, say, four in a

party the sum entailed in the way of expenditure by each is reduced. Then too, as has been said "the more the merrier," and four good, comradely fellows who have for the time being banished love affairs, family troubles, stocks and bonds, medicines, books and ledgers can catch fish in perfect peace, and come back with alarming tales of the fish they caught.

As an example of one of Canada's foremost trips on which a party of canoeists are able to share beauties and delights in abundance—let me mention a trip up the famous Nipigon River to Lake Nipigon. You ship your canoe and paraphernalia (if you are in the central part of the United States) to Duluth; you then take boat to Port Arthur; and thence by train to Nipigon, a large city composed of three or so log cabins and a Hudson Bay store. After preliminary preparations you launch in and your trip to beautiful Lake Nipigon is under way. Nipigon River is a place that has long been famous, and while it is a riotous, dashing, rapid-interspersed waterway, and sometimes very treacherous, it still holds some of the finest trout, and the largest brook trout upon this continent; in point of fact in the northern Lake Nipigon region 10 and 11 pound Brook trout have been taken, incredible as it may seem. Go where you will it will be hard to find better fishing. The fish are pugnacious, and full of mettle; to meet the forcible onrush of the water these fish are imbued with remarkable vigor and fins that enable them to face the most angry water. In those pools at any time of the day you are able to get a string of fish, each representative member of which will make your reel whirr and your rod bend double. You go past Alexander, camping here, and pausing there; spending some little time at Pine Portage for the fishing is good and the scenery wonderful. Large trout are captured at all times and rarely good photos are taken as a memory of the catch. The trip is continued and Camp Victoria is reached; it is a fact of course that the higher up you go the larger fish you get. Five pound fish are quite common and four and four and one-half pounders are consistently met with. When you have taken trout at the foot of Virgin Falls where the river flows out of the lake with a fall of about thirty or more feet, and have truly felt a pugnacious trout at the end of your line you will know what this part of the world has to offer in out-of-the-ordinary attractiveness. The country here is a rugged wilderness, apparently the same as when it was left after the days of creation, whenever that was. Lake Nipigon is a wonderful sheet of water. The lake is seventy miles long, by fifty wide; possessing a rocky shoreline and islands galore.

This is practically but one of thousands of splendid trips that enterprising vacationers may take. In the case of the Nipigon the canoeist paddles upstream. Yet in all cases upstream progress does not hold good. Many ship their canoes to some station as far north as possible, launch their craft there, and float down. One should always endeavour to get away from the stereotyped trip which takes one over a much travelled route. Newer and more hazardous routes that entail a maximum

of adventure are being more and more sought for. On such, the fishing is of the best and one can try out to his entire satisfaction the various systems and modes of fishing of which he has read, but which his circumstances have not heretofore enabled him to put into practice. Speaking of trips where one may float down with the rivers and waterways, some years ago in this magazine I mentioned a trip taken from the Canadian Pacific railroad town of Wabigoon, through Lake Wabigoon, and the Minnehaha Lake chain, thence by portage to Lake Manitou, thence southwestward through many other chains, finally ending in Rainy Lake a trip of over two hundred miles through a practical wilderness with fishing of all sorts in abundance. Undoubtedly the floating down system is a good one; but there is also the equally fascinating system of going up one way and coming back by another route. All that you have to do in any case is to procure accurate maps of the country you intend to cover, and then lay your route.

To the angling-canoeist the canoe, that apparently frail and unseaworthy affair is a means toward an end. It is the happy medium whereby success and good fortune is assured. In this wonderful adjunct the water trails are covered no matter how rugged and battering they be; for where the hand of the paddler is experienced, rapids are gone over as easily as smooth water, though beware of the spume if your hand has not the required knowledge. Here is where the hard won experience I have so often mentioned is your best asset.

Presuming then that it is your intention to go by way of canoe, your trip may be of long or short duration. If you are a Canadian, things are of course somewhat simplified, for then you are closer to the starting point than your brother American across the line, who must ship a considerable distance. To pull down the cost of transferring your craft over the railroad as much as possible, buy your material in a northern state. Thus, if you are coming up from Saint Louis, buy, say in Chicago or Minneapolis, *et cetera*; or Duluth, which will be the nearest if you are in the middle west, and ship from there to Port Arthur or to whatever other well known outing centre you are to make your starting point. I often harken back to the good advice that I once took, as follows:

"Some canoe men are willing to take their chance with what they find at the starting point of the trip, often a railroad station on the arm of a lake or a summer hotel at the end of a steamboat route. On Temagami, for instance there is a Hudson Bay post, the factor at which is an efficient outfitter. But even he will tell you that if you are particular about your canoe you had better get it yourself. The secret is that no so-called boat livery can afford to keep canoes light enough or fast enough for the real canoe man's wants. Such canoes cannot stand the wear of season after season, and a re-painted canoe is too heavy for easy work in the woods. It is better and in the end scarcely more expensive to buy your own canoes. Use them gently on your trip and when you come out you will not have any trouble in selling them, minus the sum that you would have paid in rent."

There is a great deal of solid wisdom in the above suggestions; as practical advice it should be followed, especially by those who wish to economize. In the selection of the canoe lightness, roominess and the ability to hold a good load without impairing its efficiency in speed and sinkage are especial points to consider. What sort of a canoe shall I buy? That is a question often asked. There are two sorts of canoes from which one may choose The canvas covered canoe, and the wooden canoe. The canvas covered canoes that are made in Old Town, Maine have long held an enviable reputation for their efficiency, their staunchness and ability to bear up under exacting conditions. In the canvas covered canoe, the bow and the stern come high; they are wide at beam and have a goodly depth. *Notice:* Since writing the above I have referred to the conclusions of a certain writer, whose article I have just located among my papers, who writes as follows:

"We had two cedar canvas-covered canoes, 17 feet in length, 32 inches beam, and 12 inches deep. This style of craft was new to our guides, and when they saw 1,000 pounds or more of baggage, including a heavy photographic outfit, three well-fed men and two guides for two canoes they shook their heads and doubted. But when everything was packed into the two canoes, and the passengers comfortably seated on high cane seats, the steadiness of the canoes and their height out of the water satisfied them. When they had paddled a few miles they were loud in their praises of the craft. Both guides declared that they had never paddled any canoes so steady, so fast, and yet so light."

The value of lightness when making a portage is well understood and appreciated by those who have followed such trails. How much five or eight pounds additional will make! It is known that wooden canoes will gather to themselves weight as water soaks into the wood. A scratch in the wood is the means of allowing entry to the water; and scratches of the sort are hard to escape no matter how you try to prevent it. Aside from the canvas-covered canoe the wooden canoe is under consideration and woodsmen of the north aver that it is by far the best canoe that has ever been put on the market. One of the foremost producers of wooden canoes operates at Peterborough, Ontario, and the canoes of this make are well known under that name. The Peterborough canoes are shapely, tending to a more conservative narrowness at the beam than is the case in canvas-covered canoes; also the bow and the stern are not raised as high as in the former mentioned craft. These points, in the opinion of old hands at the game, much of whose life is spent at the paddle, are to be commended. The Peterborough is absolutely seaworthy; carries a good load; can buck storm and wave and come out smiling.

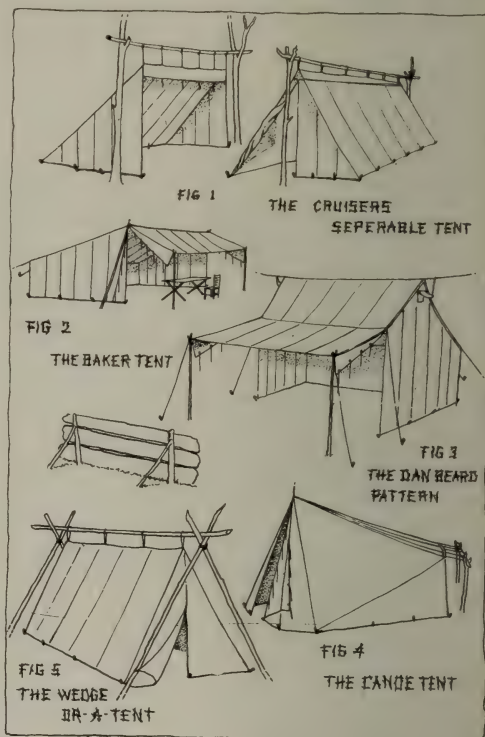
If such a canoe as the above well known specimen is desired (and surely it is famed enough as it is not to need any coaching from my machine), it can of course be purchased right in Canada, shipped to the place where you are to start from, and nothing will be lost. The great advantage of the wooden canoe and especially the one made out of basswood is

that it can so easily be sold at the termination of the trip. The basswood canoe is known as the canoe of commerce. Of it it may be said that it holds its value like a horse, or a diamond. If well cared for, upon coming back it should bring nearly as much as was paid for it.

The question of weight is one that is open to conjecture in the selection of a likely canoe, and so is the question of length in the craft. Personally I hold that a canoe to carry two men and an agreeable weight in duffle should not go over sixty-five pounds weight (that is of course the weight of the canoe itself). The length should not be under sixteen feet and for perfect service, commend me to the seventeen foot affair. Woodsmen want even longer canoes than this and sometimes do not stop at eighteen feet. The seventeen foot canoe however bears up well, has steadiness and all the other demanded points. I would suggest the purchase of either an Old Town canoe, or a Peterborough, because I am well acquainted with their virtues, though far be it from me to deride the merits of other makes of which I know nothing. If it is an Old Town, see to it that it is not a cheap imitation. It must have the name of E. M. White upon it. A seventeen foot, sixty-five pound Old Town, canvas-covered canoe, first-class, will cost thirty-nine dollars. The second grade canoe is the same make (with the same original feature that identifies the White canoes with planking seams lapped and bevelled, thus insuring an absolutely water-proof canoe)—the only difference being that it is heavier. This canoe costs thirty-four dollars. With this as with the other items of your outing paraphernalia you must remember that a cheap article will not give you the service and pleasure you expect; whereas by paying a reasonable sum for your canoe you can expect something which will prove satisfactory in all respects.

Featuring Canoe Tents:—Once in the beginning of a certain canoeist's career venturing into forsaken places, far from clang of car and roar of traffic he learned by sad experience a very important thing. He bore along with him on this initial outing a large twelve by fourteen wall tent of aggravating height, and guy-ropes enough to make a clothesline from pole to pole. The two who made the trip, (which was a rather long one and into far places at that), finally clipped off the sides and parts of the ends of the tent, and in due order constructed a fairly decent shelter tent, of the lean-to type, with one portion stretched out in front. The less you have in the outfit the better off you are, was the lesson learned—and the lighter your duffle the greater your happiness, as a direct result. One of the two outers referred to vowed at the end of the trip that never again would he make such a trip, out-fitted as he had been. He vowed however that he would make a similar trip again just to show that he had learned something, and that he knew just what to take and what not to take; that he would outfit as lightly as possible, and yet be perfectly comfortable. The person mentioned has been going into the woods every summer since which is sign enough that he attained his end. The first thing one learns through experience, is that heavy canvas is

absolutely unfitted for travel in a canoe; that lightweight material, which will take up little room is, in all cases, the most satisfactory. It is almost an absolute necessity and to travel without it one cannot be as comfortable as one should. There are now so many excellent models of shelter tents to choose from, all of which have a good reputation behind them, that it is foolish to make a trip without one or the other. The lightness of them is the first thing to be taken into consideration, and the fact that they are absolutely serviceable and waterproof puts the final crimp to the argument in their favour. A silk shelter tent, sufficient to hold two men well, when rolled up will make but a trifling bundle that you can carry under your arm, not weighing over seven pounds, and is most desirable. For one



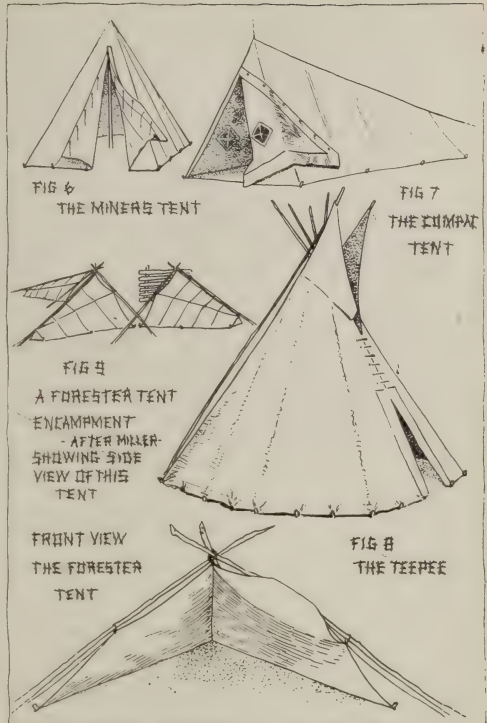
thing it is really and truly waterproof. It may rain upon its roof as much as it likes and it will be just as dry in your tent after the two day downpour is over as before the first drops fell. And right there I wish to pause to make plain a few points regarding rain—for you are liable to butt head on into a seasonable and penetrating shower that may last a few hours and may last, off and on, for a week. That will mean the making of a camp till fine weather returns. Imagine such a camp where ordinary, unwaterproofed canvas, soggy and dripping is overhead.

Among the well known models of shelter tents open to your purchase will be found the Wedge, or A shaped tents; the Cruiser's Separable tent; the Compac pattern; the George Shelter tent; the Canoe tents; the Pyramid tents in two styles; the Baker tents; the Dan Beard pattern of shelter tent; the

Amazon pattern and the Miner's tent, the latter model being well known in the mountain region of the west. There is another tent that is well known—that being the Forester, which was patterned by no less an authority than Warren Miller, the editor of *Field and Stream*. Among the above you will find some excellent types in shelter tents, and it should not be hard to fix you out at a very reasonable expenditure. Some of the above are very light; others of course heavier.

A tent that is well known to those who have used the various models and which, among many, they have come to rely upon, is the Baker tent; and four men can easily find room in such a tent if they arrange themselves with their feet outward. The only practical objection there is against the Baker tent is that it has too large an opening in front which allows much of the heat, from the fire outside circulating inward, to escape. Of course, as a general rule the fire does not play a great part in summer season canoeing, but it must also be remembered that the chill of morning and evening in Canadian territory is not to be forgotten. If you are going to get a Baker tent, I suggest the 7 ft. x 9 ft. affair, which is large enough; and it is not necessary that it cost over sixteen dollars at the very highest for a waterproof tent, though in exceptionally good silken waterproof material in an appreciable size you will have to pay twenty, or twenty-four dollars for a specimen. The advantages of the Baker tent are that it has a very good room space and will accommodate four men, lying with feet outward, or toward the fire.

In the Forester tent, designed and given to the outdoor public by Warren Miller we have a tent that is a distinct success in its especial line. Warren Miller, by the way, is the author of a recent book, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers, of New York City, entitled *Camp Craft* which is one of the best outdoor handbooks that have appeared since the days of Nessmuck, and belongs in a class with the works of Horace Kephart and Stewart Edward White. I would suggest that all those especially interested in going into the woods light, get this book, which is sure to prove an invaluable addition to the nomad angler's library. The Forester tent is quite original in design and as Miller says, "I designed it ten years ago as a protest against the lean-to. I wanted something in which all the draftiness and lack of coyness of the sheet walls of the tent would reflect the fire heat-rays down on the occupant." The Forester tent is set up with a slanting ridge-pole, which may be raised inside the tent, or outside, though, as a general rule, the best way is to have it inside which serves to stretch the tent better. The front of the tent is held in place by two shear poles, as shown in the illustration which, connected with the ridge pole, holds it in place, and the sides are properly pegged down. This tent can be erected in little or no time. If you build a fire in front you can be perfectly sure that you will get practically all of the warmth from the fire. The heat-rays radiate inward, and do not escape at the top, which is a fault with many open fronted tents. The Forester tent is roomy, and two sleeping bags, with their occupants can easily find



space within. As a guard against the insects, etc., mosquito nettings (a moderate amount that takes up very little room in the duffle), may be inserted in front and perfect comfort, for every night in the wilderness, is assured. Such a tent as the Forester should not weight much over seven pounds, and is one of the very light tents that you may consider as open to purchase. Many manufacturers turn out these tents, and they come in waterproofed lightweight material, 8 and 10 ounce duck, khaki and silk, and the prices range much in proportion to other tents. I suggest that you look over this tent. You know it can easily be made out of 8-ounce duck right at home, and will really cost you only the price of the material.

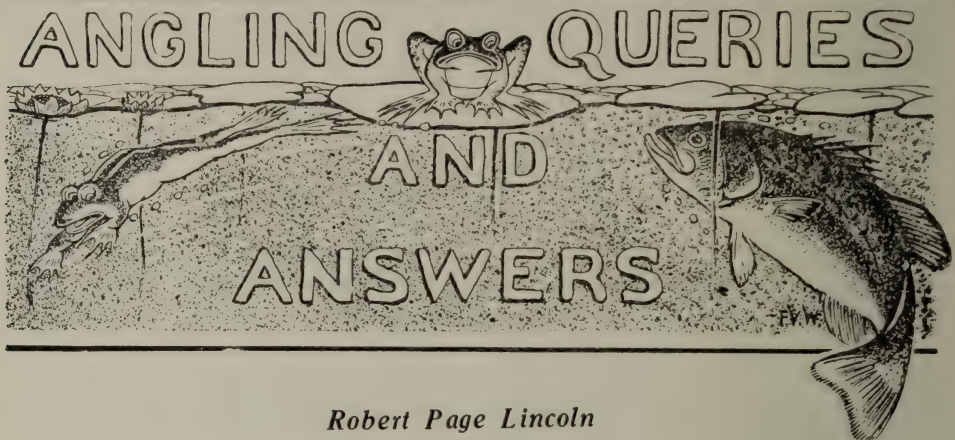
Small tents such as the shelter tents, for use upon canoe, or fishing trips, should then be light in weight and waterproof. Anyone who has gone into the wilderness of Canada with a poor tent, and one that will not keep out the rain, knows the misery that accompanies such a performance. The desire to lay out as little money as possible is so great that poor and unwaterproofed material is often taken along; when by expending a few more dollars a perfect structure might be had. Some go into the woods without any tent at all, tipping up the canoe, and lying lengthways underneath it. Now this is satisfactory to a certain extent, but in case of continued rain you cannot protect yourself against it and insects, mosquitoes and those apparent thousands of other winged devils that assail one in the stilly night. Again, we have the long strip of canvas known as the paulin, or tarpaulin, which

may be rigged up in one or two ways to serve as a roof merely.

In the writer's opinion comfort on a trip, in the shape of a tent, is a prime requisite and

it is better not to go at all, than to go with an imperfect outfit.

(Continued.)



Robert Page Lincoln

No. 51.—I would be greatly interested if you could give me any information as to the fishing in the province of British Columbia. Intending to remove to that province I have been speculating as to where one will find the best fishing. Is the lake trout found in this province? Are the brook trout of the western mountains good fighters, and what general all-round paraphernalia would you suggest to take along on a trip into that country. I should be pleased to hear from you, and am enclosing stamped and addressed envelope.

Rhenhold Wigginton, Manitoba.

Ans.—As Bryan Williams the Game Warden of this province told me, "it would take a pretty good sized book to handle such a matter." As everyone should know the province of British Columbia is one of the best fishing places upon this continent, a real "fisherman's paradise." British Columbia may yet be called a vast wilderness where civilization has just begun to thrust its face in at the open door. It is one of those territories which it would seem could never be tamed; for its ruggedness, the immensity of its mountains; the innumerable rivers and streams that cover it like net-work make it a place eminently fitted as a kingdom for the outdoor man. Naturally in such a wild territory the fishing is of the best. There are streams where it seems a fly has never fallen, and where trout rise in numbers to snatch it out of the very air before it has fallen. To name any one spot where the fishing is good is quite useless, for there is good fishing everywhere. There is excellent salmon fishing all the year round in the tidal waters. Steel-heads (*Salmo gairdneri*), are found in abundance, running from 7 pounds to 20 pounds in weight. These are taken easily enough by spinning with a minnow, tho' in rare instances and especially at certain

periods of the year they afford fine sport for the fly-fisherman, rising well to the artificial lure. They are vigorous fighters when taken on the bamboo or hardy-veined steel rod, and they fight every inch of the way too. The brook trout you ask about is not the *fontinalis* of our eastern streams. The Dolly Varden trout (*Salvelinus Malma*) is the brook trout of the mountains. This trout is a vigorous fighter, and those taken in the higher altitudes are certainly the most pugnacious of all the members of the trout family. As a rule they are liable to run small in size; they are more trim; their fins are stronger, and heavier, to aid them in facing the rapid, turbulent waters of these ice-cold streams. These trout are apparently all of them inordinately keen, and as far as sight is concerned they excel over all the trout. As has been mentioned there is good fishing for them in most of the mountain streams, and any of the well-known, standard regulation artificial flies will prove successful. In western methods of fishing, by the way, hardly ever more than two flies are used, and since the fish rise so well to the lure, one fly is often thought plenty and enough. The tackle for these high altitude fish should be comparatively light; a light bamboo rod, one should say, a tapered line; a tapered leader—and if one fly alone is to be used then eyed-flies may be used. In this sort of fishing the very small flies—those of the midge sort, sizes 14 and 16 always prove excellent. As a rule it is admitted that these trout are hard to hook. There is a certain moment when the lure is touched that a twitch of the rod tip will set the hook in the lip of the little fellow. Do not set the hook hard; but just easily. Of this variety of mountain fishing I shall latter have more to say.

Now for all-around fishing in the mountains in rough rivers and streams you want an outfit

a little heavier; and the 7 to 9 ounce rod, 10 feet in length, perfectly answers your purposes, and a reel carrying 100 yards of line will be about right. Large fish will be encountered, often in the streams with the small ones, and to be prepared for such a circumstance is certainly not amiss. Very light leaders of gut should not be used. Get a leader that will bear some strain: and for all around use in the rushing rivers the medium leader is none too heavy. Remember the added tension the force of the water adds to the strain upon the line and leader. I would firmly suggest that you use good lines, good leaders and good rods. It always pays in the long run.

In the great lakes in the interior of British Columbia there is a steelhead trout that is known as *Salmo gairdneri Kamloops*. It is really a land-locked steel-head, and is generally taken by trolling, but in some of the lakes it is known to rise well to the fly. It runs, by the way, to a very appreciable weight in the large lakes and it is not exactly uncommon to catch 25 lb. and 26 lb. fish. The Great Lake Trout (*Cristivomer namaycush*) is found here, quite different from what some think. The lake trout is really the real trout; as in other places, here too they run to husky weights. While there may have been lake trout caught that reach 100 pounds in weight, no record has been made of it. On the other hand thirty and forty pound specimens have been taken. They are not much of a fighting fish; they are taken by means of trolling, at a tremendous depth. They do not put up much of a fight.

About the best fly fishing in the Province of British Columbia is obtained in the Kamloops district in the month of July. Some of the lakes there swarm with fish and it is very easy to get one's limit of 25 fish a day and not take one fish under one and one-half pounds in some of these lakes. The North Thompson River, which is also in the Kamloops district, while not giving so many fish in the day, is a splendid sporting river, if one only has the luck to fish when the water is falling, as the fish run to good size, from 2 lbs to 4 lbs. They take the fly exceptionally well and are very game.

It should be understood by all that every bay and inlet on the coast of this province has a stream running into it and nearly all of these streams are good for trout fishing. People, must, however, remember that British Columbia is like any other country—you cannot catch fish unless the water is in the right condition. There are certain months in each district when the waters are fishable and they vary tremendously as a rule.

Salmon fishing in British Columbia obtains almost anywhere one may desire to go, though by far the best fishing is offered on and around Vancouver Island. It is here that the largest specimens are taken, some records having been made that it is hard to equal. Seventy and eighty pound salmon have been taken on the rod here; and that they are good fighters it is needless to relate. In time, of course, the salmon fishing on the western coast will become more famous than it now is. It will, undoubtedly, assume the aristocratic propor-

tions accorded salmon fishing in the British Isles. Good Salmon fishing obtains around Victoria, Vancouver, Cowichan Bay, Alberni Canal and around the mouth of Campbell River. They are fished for here a great deal. At Campbell River around the mouth good fishing for the Spring, or Chinook salmon, also known as Tyee is had in July, August and September. The Campbell River is on the eastern coast of Vancouver Island, south from the Seymour Narrows, north of Cape Mudge. The favorite way of taking these fish is with rod, line and spoon, same being used as a troll. Bait casting is rarely, if ever, resorted to in the capture of the salmon, odd as it may seem, for the opportunities for such are certainly of the very best. Of the two species of salmon most common here, the Coho and the Tyee, or Spring salmon, the Coho is most numerous, though smaller than the Spring salmon. It is considered by some to far excell the Spring salmon as a fighter upon the hook.

R. P. L.

No. 52—A subject that has caused me some curiosity and some concern is that regarding the rainbow and the speckled trout, it having been averred that the promiscuous plantings of rainbow trout are inimical to the welfare of the native brook trout; that the rainbow will crowd, or kill out the native brook trout. This is of course something that should be given the earnest attention of all the anglers of this northland, for it is well known that the rainbow trout are getting a fast foothold in Canada, and that the northern states of the United States are now very well supplied with this latter fish is common knowledge. A well-known angling writer living in Wisconsin, Mr. O. Warren Smith, has often spoken of the fact that the rainbow will kill out the brook trout, and in one instance says, "it is my honest conviction, arrived at after fishing many waters, that all else being equal, rainbow in time will drive out our native Eastern brook trout." I have on hand another excerpt from another magazine which pursues the same topic as follows; I quote verbatim:

"The rainbow trout, *salmo iredeus*, may be called one of the coming fish of America. In fact he has already arrived, and his progress from west to east is limited only by salt water. The rainbow, if he does not exemplify the survival of the fittest, as indeed many claim that he does, at least illustrates the survival of the strongest, for he thrives with less difficulty than the equally beautiful *salmo fontinalis*, and acquires greater avoirdupois at no sacrifice of fighting quality. In truth the worst that can be said of him is that he is inclined to drive out the speckled trout just as the speckled trout in Michigan played havoc with the grayling. It is not at all unlikely that our larger bodies of fresh water will in time become a surplus source of supply for rainbow trout for they increase with any kinds of rivers or streams to run up in spawning time, so that there is no occasion to worry over the permanence of their existence. Even in Newfoundland the rainbow is becoming the real game fish of the trout family. To what extent he will overrun Canada is uncertain, but in the

passing enthusiasm of the moment it is to be hoped that fish commissioners will not open to him the door of too wide habitat, if his coming means the disappearance of the beautiful native trout."

The above two intimations are selected at random and I could supply others, but this will serve to bring the matter up again, and it has not been treated here fully. I should be vastly interested to know what you would say about this, as I notice in none of your estimable papers have you directly touched upon this subject. In your opinion therefore, is the rainbow trout inimical to the perpetuation of the brook trout; and will a so-called over-running of Canada by this rainbow trout mean the end of our speckled trout. If you would answer this openly through Fishing Notes Department I would consider it a special favour. Thanking you for the pleasure and profit you have given me through your writings, I beg to remain,

Yours truly,
Harrison Rhodes, Ontario.

Ans.—My idea is that the rainbow trout will never crowd any speckled brook trout out of Canada; when that day comes, if ever, you and I will be under the pine needles, resting our last long rest. An odd thing about this "crowding out" proposition is that nothing, to my way of thinking, has ever been proven that the rainbow worked such disastrous inroads upon the native brook trout; and now, speaking about the speckled trout crowding out, or killing out the grayling of Michigan, was it ever proven that the kindly little brook trout did this; and if this is so will someone come out and tell us through what special methods the brook trout created this havoc. Does this mean that the brook trout devoured the spawn of the grayling, or did they go still further and raid the grayling minnow schools. Personally I always thought that this was absolutely foreign to the nature of the brook trout. The brook trout is not a murderous fish, and I will first have to have some rather deliberate testimony as to this point offered me before I even give it my consideration. Theory is all well and good—as far as it goes; but there is always a limit to its practical usefulness. Of course the proposition of a survival of the fittest is one that we must always consider. We can even consider the Indian in the same light; for the Indian is fast disappearing from the face of this continent, but certainly no one is stopping squaws and Indian bucks from propagating. The white man's syphilis, and other venereal taints do the cutting off; and a train of other diseases that civilization brings with it.

Now re this proposition of the rainbow and the brook trout. Let me quote you what Neal Brown wrote some time ago in Rod and Gun. Mr. Brown is an ardent fisherman, a keen observer, and you can rely upon him for he knows whereof he speaks. He has said:

"Among vain imaginings should be placed those warnings of hysterical anglers against rainbow trout. They will aver that rainbow trout in a stream will soon destroy all the brook trout. This never has happened in any stream and never will happen. In all trout

streams the rainbow trout always will be in a hopeless minority. He grows lusty and vigorous in all trout waters where the brook trout thrives, and he probably often takes toll of his more exquisite cousin, but he is not prolific enough in our middle west waters to become a monopoly. In some streams the supply of rainbow trout must be constantly replenished from the hatcheries or it will dwindle away to an occasional specimen. The rainbow trout will not run out the brook trout. But he will at times furnish a fighting diversion that will tingle the butt of a rod as no brook trout can do. The brook trout always will be the angler's greatest joy, but the German Brown and the rainbow add variety to the social life of the streams."

In my way of thinking there need be no fear that Canada will have any raids upon its brook trout contingent by *Salmo irideus*. Rather let us agitate for more plantings of rainbow trout, for the fighting qualities of this wonderful fish will not do worse than add to the glory of Canada as the greatest fishing territory upon this planet. When one considers the immensity of this northern country, its almost apparently inexhaustible and innumerable rivers, lakes, streams, brooks etc., it seems almost inconceivable to think that any sort of fish can be undermined as to existence. The safety of our native brook trout is assured, and anyone who fishes in the northern Nipigon country (where some of the largest brook trout upon this continent are taken) will know that a great deal is talk and very much theory.

Salmo irideus is a fighting fish; one of the liveliest of them all, and to have one blade the water by his impetuous rush upon capture; to have one fight every inch from the time the barb digs in till the net closes around him is a sensation that calls for more than ordinary comment. The rainbow trout is worthy of a chapter (a solid chapter) in commendation.

And yet despite what Warren Smith has said about the rainbow driving out the char (or native brook trout) he has times without mention sung the praises of the rainbow. Here are some of his words:

"There is no question in my mind but that the introduced fish (the salmon trout, or rainbow) is in all game points the peer of the speckled trout, or char. There is a dash about the former not possessed by the latter. One sometimes reads of a speckled trout leaping from the water when hooked, dancing on its tail, etc.,—an absolute falsehood I believe. I have been a careful trout fisher and student for twenty-five years and I have yet to see my first speckled trout leap from the water on slack line; true, the angler can jerk them from the water by main strength, but the char will never go into the air of his own free will. Upon the other hand, hook a salmon trout (the rainbow), and almost the first thing the fish does is to leap free of the water. Not only once does the true salmon trout go into the air but two, three and even more times. A brook trout is not possessed of the speed resourcefulness of a salmon trout though the char puts up a long and well-sustained battle."

The supposition of rainbows killing off the native brook trout loses some of its glamour

when it has been proven that they do not enter the same streams at the same time, during the spawning run. As to the devastation that rainbows wage upon spawn and fry of the native brook trout I will say nothing. I doubt if any one knows a whit about it. If so, I also would be inordinately interested to have the facts laid before me.

R. P. L.

No. 53—Can you give me the fishing regulations of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, meaning the open season on same in these two provinces. Will I be charged duty on such things as I bring into Canada with me, as for instance a canoe, fishing rods, camera, etc. I am intending to go to Canada this summer and would be glad to have you reply to these questions which I will greatly appreciate.

Yours truly,
Raymond S. Westlund,
Chicago, Illinois.

Ans.—The open season on fish in the Province of Ontario is as follows, with further information that you may desire to know:

Bass—June 16th to April 14th following year (vicinity of Point Pelee July 16th to May 24th, following year), both days inclusive. Under ten inches must be returned to the water uninjured. Not more than eight may be caught in any one day by any person.

Salmon Trout—December 1st to October 31st following year, both days inclusive.

Lake Trout and Gray Trout—December 1st to October 31st. All lake trout under two pounds must be returned to the water unharmed.

Maskinonge—June 16th to April 14th following year, both days inclusive. Only four may be taken in one day by any person. Under twenty-four inches must be returned to the water uninjured.

Pickereel (Dore)—May 16th to April 14th following year, both days inclusive. Only twelve pickereel (dore) may be caught in one day by one person, and all under fifteen inches must be returned to the water uninjured.

Brook Trout—May 1st to September 14th, both days inclusive. This open season also applies to river trout and speckled trout. Thirty only may be caught in one day by any person. Under six inches must be returned to the water. Not more than ten pounds may be taken in one day though the number may be less than thirty.

Whitefish—December 1st to October 31st following year, both days inclusive. Under two pounds may not be caught.

Any non-resident of the Province of Ontario desiring to angle in the waters of the Province must first obtain an angling permit the fee for which shall be \$2.00 per rod, said permits to be good until the 31st of December of the Calendar year and must be produced by the person angling when required to do so by the Overseer or other official authority. When remaining on their own boats and not temporarily residing at hotels or boarding houses, or living in their own cottages, the fee is \$5.00 per rod. The holder of such permit shall be

entitled to take with him, when leaving the Province, the lawful catch of two days' fishing, when the coupon accompanying the permit is attached to the receptacle containing the fish, otherwise the fish will be liable to confiscation. These regulations do not apply to the following waters: Niagara River, Detroit River, River St. Clair and St. Marys River opposite the State of Michigan. Non-residents fishing in these waters will be charged a fee of \$2.00 per rod; whether they are residing in the Province or fishing from their own boats or yachts.

Permits may be obtained from officers of Game and Fisheries or from the Department, Legislative Building, Toronto, Ont. Persons acting as guides for hunting or fishing parties must take out licenses.

Now in regard to the charging of duty upon things brought into Canada, there are many who do not have this straight in their minds. The articles which may be brought into Canada (in addition to wearing apparel, on which no duty is levied), as tourists' outfits, comprise guns, fishing rods, canoes, tents, camp equipment, cooking utensils, musical instruments, kodaks, etc., etc. A deposit of duty on the appraised value of the articles imported must be made with the nearest Collector on arrival in Canada, which deposit will be returned, in full, provided the articles are exported from Canada within six months. Another point that may as well be brought up here is that of exporting certain kinds of trout from Canada to the States. The regulations (all of which are subject to revision by the Provincial Legislatures when in session), hold that:

No one shall receive, ship, transport or have in possession for the purpose of shipping or transporting out of the Dominion of Canada any speckled trout, river trout or sea trout, taken or caught in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island; provided:—

(a) Any person may so ship such trout caught by him for sport, to the extent of 25 lbs. in weight, if the shipment is accompanied by a certificate to that effect from either the local fishery officer in whose district the fish were caught or from the local station agent adjacent to the locality in which they were caught, or is accompanied by copy of the official license or permit issued to the person making the shipment.

(b) No single package of such trout shall exceed 25 lbs. in weight, nor shall any person be permitted to ship more than one package during the season.

The open season on fish in Quebec is as follows with additional information as regards entrance fees:

Salmon—Fly fishing from May 1st to August 15th.

Salmon Trout—December 1st to October 31st.

Ouananiche—December 1st to September 30th.

Speckled Trout—May 1st to September 30th. Fishing through the ice prohibited. Six inches is the minimum length.

Grey Trout (Lake Trout)—December 2nd to October 14th.

Bass—June 16th to March 31st. None less than nine inches long to be taken.

Maskinonge—June 16th to April 14th.

Dore and Pickerel—May 16th to April 14th Fifteen inches is minimum length.

Maskinonge—June 15th to April 14th. No fish under 24 inches long may be taken.

White Fish—December 1st to November 9th.

Sturgeon—July 1st to May 31st. No fish less than 30 inches to be taken.

The salmon license fee for non-residents is \$25.00, but those who are full members of incorporated clubs are only required to pay \$10.00. The fee for non-residents for all other fishing but salmon is \$10.00, reduced to \$5.00 for members of clubs. Invited guests or honorary members of clubs must pay the full license. Persons domiciled in the Province are not required to pay license fees.

Line or rod and line fishing is alone permitted in non-navigable waters. No one shall transport out of the Dominion of Canada any speckled, river, or sea trout, except to the extent of 25 lbs., when same have been caught by him for sport, in which case the shipment must be accompanied by an official license issued to the person making the shipment.

R. P. L.

No. 54—I have for the last five years or so been an ardent disciple of Walton; and am now sincerely glad that I took up this greatest of all, and most harmonious of all diversions. It is an exceeding wonder that I was not attracted to the pastime before, though my timely removal to outdoor scenes and an excellent trout stream upon the north shore of Superior served to fasten its attractiveness upon my mind. I am now one of those fanatics who ply the stream early and late, catching my share, no more, and gaining out of Nature just the excellent viewpoints and vistas that alone can make for a peaceful frame of mind, and clean living.

I started in, by the way, using a rather too heavy outfit for trout, and though it was none too heavy for some of the rainbows I captured, it was, nevertheless, not just what I seemed to desire. A chance meeting with a friend angler one day showed me the advantages and delights in using a lighter rod—one say of from four to six ounces weight. I supplied myself shortly thereafter with a light rod of five and one-half ounces, trim, and having, when bal-

anced with the correct reel, just the right feel to it. With this rod, a line in proportion to the rod and reel, moderation was supplied and leaders also in proportion were used. The result of my experiments at first resulted in failures galore; my light leaders were snagged, and broken, and once I lost a very large fish. This almost discouraged me, but gathering heart I followed my own ideas with all the stubbornness that I could muster. I found out that there must be shown a great deal of skill and keenness to play fish with light tackle. Accordingly I so schooled myself that in time I would hook and play a fish from strike to the net with all degrees of sureness. I have been successful using light tackle, and I would not think of using heavy tackle unless going up along the more rushing and rapid rivers. I find that the chances for genuine enjoyment are greater using the light material, and the enjoyment of it is the fascination that keeps us ever at it. I am an exponent of the light tackle, first and last of all, but one thing I want to impress upon the minds of those who may care to try this stunt; remember that there will be many failures before you finally acquire the knack of manipulating the rod with finish and deliberation; it is a matter, often, of giving and taking in line, and leading your fish into some quiet water where there is less liability of his snagging, and where you can ultimately contrive to circumvent him with the net.

I gain much pleasure and delight in reading your various articles, and find them both practical and accurate.

Truly yours,

Theo. H. Jordan,
Port Hudson.

Editor's Note—Mr. Jordan is to be complimented upon the success he has had with the lighter rods, and surely the pleasures of the performance are as many as they are varied—and the road to success in this special method is often paved with unthought of and unconsidered difficulties. The amateur, and others who are not used to this method, should think twice before attempting it. It is always best to use the regulation rod, reel, line and leader, which will be the best on all-around rivers and streams. I certainly know, in company with Mr. Jordan, the exquisite delights of the light rod, but one must know the knack of it to be successful.

R. P. L.



A SYMPOSIUM ON MATTERS REGARDING CONSERVATION

ROD AND GUN presents herewith a symposium on matters relating to Conservation, with a view to influencing sportsmen to take immediate action in the matter of bringing to the attention of the Fish and Game Department of the Ontario Government the need of progressive legislation at the coming session of the Legislature.

No law making body can be depended upon to act in other than a dilatory and unprogressive manner until it is thoroughly alive to the fact that the great majority of the people desire reform and are determined to have it. If the sportsmen of Ontario wish to preserve from destruction our finest game bird, the wild duck; if they are not content to allow a few hundred market gunners to dictate our game legislation; if they wish to prove that they have the best interests of the greatest number at heart; if they desire to demonstrate the unselfishness of the viewpoint that "the wild life of to-day is not wholly ours to dispose of as we please, that we must account for it to those who come after us and audit our records"; then they must act *and act quickly*. Let every sportsman who reads this assist the cause of Conservation by directing a letter to the Deputy Minister of Game and Fisheries, Mr. A. H. Sheriff, Toronto, fully setting forth his views on the subject of preserving our wild ducks. Or, if he will not take time to express his views at length on this important subject, let him without a day's delay attach his signature to a statement simply enunciating the fact that he is in favor of strong game restrictions, particularly as regards the non-sale of game, and forward this at once to Mr. Sheriff. Concerted action of this kind on the part of Ontario sportsmen will prove an effective means of bringing the matter of better conservation to the attention of the department, so that if the legislation asked for is not put through at the coming session and the cause of Conservation thereby retarded, the onus will rest upon those in authority. The time for discussion is now past; now is the time for action.

Both the president of the North Essex and the president of the South Essex branches of the F. F. & G. P. Associations, Mr. Forest Conover, and Mr. Edward R. Kerr, respectively, contribute to the discussion of conservation matters in this issue, and both have been working assiduously for amendments to the present game laws. Suggestions for the protection of the ducks as set forth by the Essex Associations are as follows:—

1. Abolish the marketing of game.
2. Reduce the present bag limit of 200 to 100.
3. Reduce the bag limit for the day to 15.
4. Eliminate two days' shooting per week.
5. Open season in southwestern Ontario zone to be from 15th October to 31st December.
6. Hunter's badge to be given with game license.
7. Forbid the chasing of birds from their resting and feeding grounds by punt raids.

In the opinion of Rod and Gun, which we believe to be the consensus of opinion held by sportsmen of experience, and those who are still participating in the pastime of duck shooting, undoubtedly the most necessary regulation is the *abolition of the sale of game*. To this all other considerations are secondary. Forty-seven states now prohibit the sale of all or certain kinds of game at all seasons. In Alabama, Arizona, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas

and Washington, the sale, and in Delaware the re-sale of all protected game is prohibited; in Illinois, Massachusetts, Michigan, New York, Ohio, West Virginia and Wisconsin, except rabbits or a few unimportant species; and in Utah and Manitoba of all big game and upland game. Ruffed grouse may not be sold in any state or province along the Canadian border except Quebec. Practically every state in which prairie chickens occur now prohibits their sale or export. This serves to show the consensus of opinion as to prohibition of the sale of wild-fowl among our American sportsmen, and sportsmen in Manitoba.

Not only does the consensus of opinion among Canadian sportsmen, and among Ontario sportsmen, in particular, call for the prohibition of the sale of wild game, but for *immediate prohibition*.

The proposal to limit the bag to 100 ducks per season is a good one if the Government will enforce it. The change from an unlimited number of ducks to a bag limit of 200 was a good move, but if the Government have not been able to enforce it can they be depended upon to make the amended bag limit effective?

The reduction to 15 of the bag limit per day might be a good thing for the ducks if the sportsmen were unanimous in support of the measure and would enforce the regulation when it became law. Many, however, will argue that to reduce the bag limit per day to 15 might easily mean for them the reduction of the bag limit to 15 per week, or even to 15 per season in the case of the man who had only a week's vacation to devote to duck shooting and who was only fortunate enough to have one day's good shooting.

Probably many shooters could appreciate the value of eliminating two days' shooting per week, but it may be consistently argued that the uncertainty and irregularity of the weather conditions during the duck shooting season might well spoil the week's vacation for many a shooter if the two days per week shooting were eliminated, as not improbably the two days whereon shooting was prohibited might be the only two days of the week in which suitable weather obtained. The proposal to eliminate two days shooting per week might be highly desirable in some localities, but it is a question whether the great host of sportsmen would be in accord with the practicability of such an innovation.

Rod and Gun heartily agrees with the proposal that the open season in South-western Ontario might with profit be put on to October 15th, as those who engage in shooting between September 15th and October 15th know full well that this change would prove of benefit to the sportsmen in the quality of the birds secured after the latter date.

Rod and Gun is in sympathy with the suggestion that the hunter possessing a license should signify it by wearing a hunter's badge.

Regarding the proposal to forbid the chasing of birds from their resting and feeding grounds by punt raids. Complaints of this practice have frequently come to Rod and Gun's attention. Some men there are who engage in it or hire men to practice it to the detriment of their fellow sportsman whose flight of migratory birds to their particular places or locality is as a result of this practice ultimately ruined.

It may not be well to approach those in authority with a request for too many changes in the laws at one time, but we would emphatically reiterate that the most vitally necessary step for the preservation of our wild ducks and other wild-fowl, and the future benefit of the sportsmen, is the establishment of a prohibitory measure against the trafficking in those things which have been left to us as heritages and for which we shall have to account to those who come after us.

Year by year additional states of the Union to the South of us are being added to the list of those who prohibit the sale of game. Why should Ontario lag behind? Probably no state or province stands to profit more by a continental observance of a non-sale of game law than does Ontario. Let every sportsman therefore stand firm for a measure that more than anything else will serve to maintain, if not to increase, our present stock of migratory birds.

A Report on Conditions at Rondeau

Mr. Edward R. Kerr, president of the North Essex branch of the Forest, Fish & Game Protective Association spent four days at Rondeau in December last (Dec. 6th to Dec. 10th) investigating game conditions in that locality and as a result, and with a view to influencing the Ontario Department of Game & Fisheries in the matter of much needed reform in the matter of the conservation of our wild fowl, prepared the following report, a copy of which was submitted to Mr. A. H. Sheriff, Deputy Minister of Game and Fisheries for Ontario.

QUAIL

"Bob White" can be heard distinctly. There is not any material increase evident, though it is maintained this valuable little upland bird has held its own during the past two years' protection. Pot hunters have been operating as well as the farmer's cat. People desire government action previous to interest in propagation.

WILD DUCKS

Wood-duck is practically extinct, two birds are reported to have been seen. Blue Wing Teal are decreasing fearfully while Green Wing Teal and Ruddy are in little better condition; Red Head, Whistler and Butter Ball holding their own while Canvasback, Blue Bill and Widgeon are increasing. Blacks, Grays, Mallards and Pintail are decreasing.

SNIFE, PLOVER AND SHORE BIRDS

Only very small numbers of these birds are seen, they are decreasing and require daily bag limits.

MUSKRAT AND MINK

Both these valuable little fur bearers are decreasing at a fearful rate. Shorter season and limited number to be taken requested while closed season of five years is most desired.

MARSH FIRES

On the night of December 6th, 1915 the entire acreage of marshlands from Lake Shore to Gerunday Bay (East side of Bay) was aflame and burned. I covered this portion on the morning of the 7th and noted that all grass and rushes to within six feet of ponds were destroyed. Muskrat houses were very badly scorched in some places, while intense heat melted the thin ice in the ponds making easy access with a boat by marketers whom I saw entering the morning of the 7th. On the morning of the 8th the west side of the bay was enveloped in flames and practically all cover destroyed.

CLASS OF PEOPLE AND PUBLIC OPINION

I believe that public opinion at Erieau is in advance of opinion of Game Protective Associations and sportsmen in general, and this may be truthfully attributed to the fact of their close proximity to a vast shooting and hunting ground where all law is totally disregarded by those operating for the markets.

Shooting on Sunday took place on December 5th in some places while shooting in the morning's and evening's darkness may be heard.

The law abiding citizens are in hearty sympathy with the list of recommendations placed before the Deputy Minister of Game and Fisheries last year and confirmed this year by Protective Associations and sportsmen in Essex and Elgin Counties, but maintain that we do not go far enough, and in addition suggest the following:—

1. Daily bag limit on ducks of 15 per day, 100 for the season per man.
2. Elimination of Saturday, Sunday and Monday from the shooting days with heavy fine for violations. It is desired to give the ducks three days' rest each week.
3. Three years' closed season for quail, at the expiration of which it be renewed.
4. The appointment of two salaried game wardens employed the year round to patrol both water and land (by launch and foot) to prevent violations if possible and enforce the law and impose penalties. The class of game warden desired to be of the non-political type and one feared by violators.
5. Prohibiting the netting of ducks. It is claimed that marketers at foot of Rondeau Bay use nets and place them below the surface of the water above the feed.
6. Prohibit the burning of marshlands and provide heavy penalty for violations.

These people, the ordinary man and plain citizen, to be found at Rondeau and Erieau work eleven and a half months a year and during the Christmas and New Year's period are deprived of any recreation with the gun. The farming population are as busily engaged up until very late in October and sometimes as late as early November. They are mainly of English, Scotch and Irish nationality and are a hard working, industrious sober and law abiding people.

At Erieau are to be found those engaged with the railway and coaling station. Their homes are small and of frame construction and while not elaborate in furnishings for the interiors, are clean, tidy and neat in appearance.

These people do not ask that the shooting of any bird that is nearing extinction shall be permitted but demand that it be protected by the most stringent system. Certain species of ducks are increasing and these linger in their vicinity well into January 1st.

In the absence of any reforms next year these people suggest that the Game Department

remove all present restrictions from the statute books and permit them to slaughter at will as the marketers are permitted to do in the midst of present restrictions.

ADMINISTRATION

The prevalent opinion is that game wardens should be selected irrespective of political affiliations and that in the event of any official participating in elections of any kind he be dismissed from the service.

The Duty of the Citizen in Game Conservation

Edward R. Kerr

DURING the past twenty years the changes that have taken place in the status of North American game and game shooting, have been swift and numerous. Forty years ago few persons, or comparatively few, recognized the necessity of adopting stern measures for the protection of the sport. To-day, however, sport with the rod and gun is threatened with extinction. The friends of wild life who do not shoot are busy in trying to protect wild species from extinction, but now the sportsmen of Canada must also bestir themselves to protect sport with the rod and gun from becoming equally extinct.

It is to be supposed that no true sportsman will willingly witness the killing of the last bird or the catching of the last fish. Every right-minded father will recoil from the thought of robbing his son and his grandsons of their lawful heritage of game and of sport with the gun or rifle. Every good citizen who stops to think about it will agree that the wild life of to-day is not ours to destroy and exterminate as we please. It is an entailed heritage toward which we owe a conservationist's duty, and which we are bound to turn over to posterity in a satisfactory state. The shame of the present list of dead is yet over us, and it would take another thirty years to wipe out the memory of that disgrace.

Thanks to the millions of deadly machine guns and rifles, the automobiles and good roads, the gunners of Canada are now engaged annually in a wild effort to exterminate every species of bird and mammal which by any stretch of the imagination can be classified as "game." Comparatively few persons realize the awful havoc that is being wrought through the instrumentality of the automobile and "good roads." There is no time to dwell here upon that subject, but the extent of the menace may well be taken for granted by those who have not personally witnessed the automobile in action in the destruction of wild life.

The question now before the Canadian people is, are the sportsmen of Canada going to preserve their own sport, or are they going to destroy it utterly? It needs no seer nor prophet to foretell that, with the destruction of wild life now going on, all the well settled portions of Canada will be destitute of game everywhere save in well-defined sanctuaries and preserves. The game sanctuaries will indeed protect the game that is within their borders; but they will not and can not, protect the game at large and perpetuate sport. Around the borders of the game preserve there will be hunting for years to come, but with the free shooting that is now going on so joyously everywhere, the overflow of game from the preserves will not go far.

The men and boys of Canada who desire a continuance of sport with the gun and rod must now make their choice between two things; viz.: taking determined and even drastic measures to prevent game from being killed faster than it is bred, or bidding game a long farewell. The expert operators of machine guns in the killing off of our game birds are the greatest enemies of legitimate sport. Everywhere the open seasons and bag limits are entirely too liberal. The sale of game anywhere, and under any circumstances whatsoever, is a gross outrage, not only against the game and against the friends of wild life who do not shoot, but against the sport itself. There is nothing more destructive to a species than the placing of a price on the heads of its members. No wild species on earth can long withstand commercial exploitation, and anyone who doubts this truism takes a position against the perpetuation of sport, and the privileges of the ordinary citizen.

What will the people of Canada have? Indiscriminate shooting for five years, and after that lifeless desolation? Or will they put the lid on now, and resolutely enact laws to provide that all species of game shall be permitted to breed faster than the increase is killed? The situation offers just two alternatives, and the necessity to choose one or the other is now inexorable. Which shall it be?

CONCLUSIONS

We have endeavored to lay before the sportsmen and citizens of Ontario a sane plan of conservation of wild life. We have almost confined our presentation of this question to the people of the Province, and to various organizations for wild life protection whose work is national in scope.

This game protective movement is being taken very seriously. Of the many people closely concerned with this issue, all are cordially supporting it.

Concerning the character and extent of support, it is needless to comment. The bare fact that thus far not one opposition letter had been published in any magazine or newspaper is of itself a striking testimonial of public approval. Had opponents to our conservation plan found it not to their liking, some of them would long ago have publicly registered their disapproval.

And yet, it is not to be expected that a proposal as large as this can run its course and achieve success wholly without opposition. It has been our observation that every great reform movement, no matter how great the benefits it is destined to confer, always arouses some opposition. There are a few natures so suspicious that they accept nothing at its face value. For example, there are men who cannot conceive of such a thing as men working hard for the increasing of funds to carry on the war of the British Empire to a successful conclusion, and the enlistment of all nationalities to create a tremendous army strength to back up Britain's demand at the finish, purely through patriotic motives, and without any selfish interests to be served. No doubt a few men will now come forward who will pretend to believe that this movement has been started because there are "personal interests" back of it.

But we wait the rise of opposition with entire confidence in the ability and the disposition of our Legislators to judge men and motives. We do not need to remind members of the Legislature that the friends of wild life always have dealt frankly with them, and always have kept their promises.

The only opposition that we can imagine is that which might come from "market-butchers" and exponents of "killing rights" who are enmeshed in "leased lands" and have become so selfish and disgruntled in their "bad luck" that their entrance into the dotage period prompts them to demand the right to exterminate the last seed stock of our wild stocks previous to their departure from this earth, and even some of these tell us that we are right and that they are beginning to see the light,—“but”.

The years are slipping by; and all species of game birds and animals are rushing into oblivion. There is no time to be lost. The full consummation of this great plan is, in the vivid language of the old Rancher, "a long shot, with a limb in the way." Its success means a great amount of hard thinking and hard work, and boundless perseverance. Let no man think for a moment that if a sane conservation plan is enacted into law that the entire Governmental Service will have an easy task, or one which can quickly be brought to the point "game for all." Labor, patience, and helpful waiting on the part of all are just as necessary to success as the forests, marshes, and fields, and the seed stock of our game.

But the End is worth the Effort. Think what it will mean to make game permanently plentiful in many areas that to-day are little better than lifeless, so far as killable game is concerned. Therein lie vast possibilities in real game conservation.

Let us give the Canadians of the future a chance to hunt game and consume the surplus with clear consciences.

GAME EXTERMINATION

Sportsmanship and the Game Butcher

Forest H. Conover

FOR educated civilized man to exterminate a valuable wild species of living things is a crime. It is a crime against his own children and posterity.

No man has a right either moral or legal to destroy or squander an inheritance of his children that he holds for them in trust, and, man, the greedy and wasteful spendthrift that he is, has not created even the humblest of the species of birds and mammals that enrich the earth. The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof. With all his wisdom man has not even placed here so much as a chipmunk, wren or even a clam,—only juggled with swine and goats.

The wild things of this earth are not ours to do with as we please. They have been left to us in "Trust" and we must "account for them to the generations that follow us, and audit our accounts", but man, the shameless destroyer of nature's gifts, blithely and persistently exterminates one species after another, possibly ten per cent of the human race consists of people that have been known to lie, steal, throw rubbish in parks, and trout streams, fire the forests, and destroy any propagating element wherever their cruel natures will permit without being clubbed by the law. These are hard words, nevertheless true. In ten per cent (or more) of the human race, the high moral instinct which is honest without compulsion is absent. The things that seemingly decent citizens,—men posing as gentlemen, will do to wild game when they secure great chances to slaughter, are appalling. Readers of Rod and Gun have all doubtless witnessed some of these cases in point.

That the best and most interesting wild life of America is fast disappearing at a rapid rate, we all know, only too well. That proposition is entirely beyond the domain of argument. The fact that a species or a group of species has made a little gain here and there, or is stationary, does not sensibly diminish the force of the descending blow. In migrating birds, especially ducks, the migrating course varies considerably, at periods showing more or less in numbers in many localities, the former indicating to the inexperienced an increase, while the total of the whole colony complete, falls short of the minimum number each succeeding year.

In the opinion of the writer the duties of the present hour that fairly thrust themselves into our faces, and will not be put aside, are these,—

1. To save the valuable species from extermination.
2. To preserve a satisfactory representation of our once rich fauna to hand down to posterity.

3. To protect the farmer and fruit grower from the enormous losses that the destruction of our insectivorous and rodent eating birds is now inflicting upon the producer and consumer.

4. To preserve to the future sportsman of our country enough game that they may have at least, a taste of the legitimate pursuits of game in the open, that has made life so interesting to the sportsmen of to-day.

For the people of a civilized nation to permit the slaughter of the wild birds that protect its crops, its fruits and its forests from the insect hordes is worse than folly.

The procrastinating movement of official superiors (as indicated by the wretchedly slow process of game law revision), and the experience and ignorance of the rigid law requirements, (that should have been enforced ten years ago to promote the reproduction of game birds, inclusive of migratory species), are the cause of dangerous delays.

We must not depend upon the academic education of the public by the seductive illustrated lecture on birds or the articles about the habits of mammals. Those methods are all well enough in their place, but we must not depend upon them in emergencies like the present, for they do not pass laws, or arrest law-breakers; give the public all of that material that you can supply, the more the better, but for heaven's sake, and for the sake of our posterity, do not depend solely upon the spread of bird lore education to stop the ravages of the game hogs. If you do, all the wild life will be destroyed before the educational work is completed. To-day it is necessary to employ the most direct, forceful, and at times, even rude methods; where wilful killing to excess cannot be checked by moral suasion, it must be stopped by a hickory club. The thing to do is to get results, and get them quickly before it is too late.

The inducement to market shooters is backed up to a certain extent by the law's permitting the open doors of the market, and the fact that the long open season is reinforced with six days per week perpetual hunting in the open season, contrary to wild life requirements. The migratory element (the wild ducks) are actually bombarded from their resting and feeding haunts throughout the Province.

The people of the country are being educated in the science of all manner of fire arms, not alone of military arms, but the rising generation of young boys are being taught the expert manner of aligning and handling weapons, they are being drilled in the use of the most powerful methods of extermination, methods which are being directed against the game birds of our country. Surely the remnant left bespeaks our best efforts in safeguarding it.

If the people, as a whole, elect that our birds and mammals shall be saved, and to a reasonable extent, brought back, then by the Eternal they may be saved. The road lies straight before us, and the going is easy, if we only co-operate in acting without further delay.

The people who do not kill must act independently, selfishness must be subdued. We have seen both selfish and unselfish sportsmen's journals attempt to solve this problem, and fail. Some were great and broad-minded mediums. Their records have not been of disgrace although of partial defeat. Some desired success more than they desired dividends, and their efforts have not been wholly in vain.

It will be recalled that in 1913 a provincial petition was presented to the Game Committee at Toronto signed by approximately four thousand of the leading sportsmen of the Province in which it was proposed that the season's bag of ducks be limited to 100, and that the marketing of wild ducks be abolished. These four thousand names signified a big majority when compared with the insignificant number of market shooters and café roundups.

Will the true sportsmen rise up and do their duty bravely and unselfishly?

Will the law-makers heed the hand-writing on the wall, and makelaws that represent the full discharge of their duty toward wild life and humanity? Will the Editors herald the message early and forcefully? On the answer hangs the fate of our feathered game.

Advocating Discussion of Changes in the Game Laws

Editor, Rod and Gun:

I have great pleasure in enclosing \$1.50 renewing my subscription to Rod and Gun, and again congratulate you for maintaining the high excellence of Canada's real sportsman's journal.

I don't want to bother you with suggestions but there is one fly in the sportsman's ointment and that is the tendency of quite a few local members of the Legislature to tinker with the Game Laws.

The average M. L. A. is not conversant with game conditions and requirements, so that the danger of freak legislation is always with us. Now, couldn't you advocate that before any changes are made in the Game Laws that the sportsmen of the Province have an opportunity to be heard. "Rod and Gun" is now considered the sportsman's mouthpiece and authority and its position on game questions carries weight.

Yours truly,

WM. PRATT,

Pres. Willcox Lake Brick Co., Richmond Hill, Ont.

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It's the "EXTRA" that you get which makes it worth while to "Say Dominion"—and stick to it"

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The Publishers of Rod and Gun Magazine invite readers of the magazine to contribute articles and letters to Mr. Geikie's department on matters pertaining to guns and ammunition, but do not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed therein by these contributors.

BACKWOODS TRAJECTORY TABLES

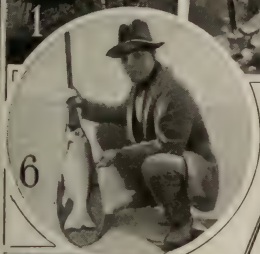
Lieut. Townsend Whelen

IN the September number of Rod and Gun, "H.R." voices a demand for trajectory and other ballistic tables that will be of more practical benefit to the hunter in the woods than those found at present in catalogues and magazines. I can sympathize with him for I realize of how little practical use are the ordinary tables. Years ago I discarded them for ones of my own. What the hunter wishes to know is, if he sights his rifle correctly and gets the trigger pulled without disturbing the aim, where will the bullet go at all ranges? Let us see if we can make it a little plainer and more *practical* than the catalogues do.

Let us take the .30-30 rifle and cartridge for example, as the average hunter is perhaps more familiar with that caliber than with any other. This rifle is sighted at the factory to hit center at 200 yards. The Winchester trajectory tables tell one that when thus sighted the bullet will fly 5.79 inches above the line of aim at 100 yards. This is all the information that can be gotten out of the catalogue. Of course, as H.R. says, the path of the bullet is not a true half circle, but is more the shape of an egg with the muzzle of the gun at the small end and the game at the big end. The summit of the trajectory, that is the highest point in its path, is not at 100 yards, but is somewhere near 115 yards, and at this summit the bullet flies a trifle higher than it does midway, say about 6.10 inches. But for practical purposes at ranges under 300 yards, (game ranges) we can just as well disregard this.

Now do you consider a rifle practically sighted when it shoots 5¾ inches above the point of aim at 100 yards? Not much. One would overshoot too much at these ranges around which he kills 90 per cent of his game. It would be better perhaps to lower that sighting 3 inches at 100 yards, making the rifle shoot only 2.79 inches high at 100 yards. Now pay attention to this. If our rifle is sighted in as it comes from the factory to hit 5.79 inches above the point of aim at 100 yards, then if we lower the rear sight gradually until it only shoots 2.79 inches high at that range, in other words lower its point of impact 3 inches at 100 yards, we will have lowered it twice this amount at 200 yards, or six inches. When the rifle was sighted to shoot 5.79 inches high at 100 yards it was correctly sighted to hit the point of aim at 200 yards. With this change of sighting it will now shoot 6 inches low at 200 yards. This is a much more practical trajectory than as sent out from the factory.

But hold up a minute. When you tried to sight in that rifle to shoot 2.79 inches above the point of aim at 100 yards, what success did you have? If you were a good shot you probably got a group of shots in about a 3 inch circle at 100 yards, and the center of this circle was about 2¾ inches above the point of aim. If you did this you were doing pretty well, and your rifle is now finely sighted. You also realized that the top bullet in that group was not flying 2.79 inches high at 100 yards but something like 4.29 inches high. And similarly the lowest bullet in the group was



Prize Fish

1. 38 lb. Pike caught on "BRISTOL" Rod in Moon River, Georgian Bay, by Dr. Jas. Mechein, Wilkensburg, Pa.
2. 54 lb. Salmon-Trout. The first catch of the year by Moss Smith.
3. 6 lb. 8 oz. Small Mouth Bass caught on "BRISTOL" Rod in Lake Winnepesaukee, N.H., by E. H. Coultas, New Bedford, Mass.
4. 25 lb., 47 in. long Muscallonge, caught on a No. 16 "BRISTOL" Rod at Ottawa, by Frank Ault of Ottawa, Canada.
5. Landlock Salmon caught on a "BRISTOL" Rod at Lake Sunapee, N. H., by M. C. Treadway.
6. 64 lb. Square-Tail Brook Trout, caught in Moosehead Lake by R. Gordon Baldwin, Bristol, Conn.
7. 16 lb. Black-Spotted Salmon-Trout caught in Doe Lake, Algonquin Park, by Mrs. "Canuck".

If you want your picture printed in the Sportsman's "Hall of Fame" and yourself recognized as the Prize Fisherman of your circle, you naturally would start out with the rod and tackle that have for years proven their superiority in landing Prize Fish and in giving the fisherman the most glorious sport.



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We offer prizes for the best Fishing Pictures—Send in your Fishing Photos.

only flying 1.29 inches high at the same range. In other words, if you would know what your rifle will do and is liable to do when you do your part correctly you must not only take into consideration the trajectory of the arm but the accuracy as well.

You have always had a high opinion of a rifle with a flat trajectory. You don't have to estimate the distance so closely. The rifle holds up so well. You can hit game much better with a rifle that has a high velocity. Other things being the same this is so, but let us see about those other things. Here is one of the very newest and much advertised rifles. It has a velocity of 3100 feet per second, and when sighted for 300 yards its bullet is flying only about 5 inches high at 150 yards. Fine! you say, "That's just the rifle I want." You are a good shot and you think that you can hit your game every time up to 300 yards with such a rifle. You get it and try it at the target. You shoot at 150 yards with the 300 yard sight. The first shot flies 10 inches above where you aimed it notwithstanding that the catalogue told you that it would only fly 5 inches high. The next shot hits exactly where you aimed it instead of flying high as it should. You try it again at 300 yards and are surprised to find that you cannot keep your shots in a space the size of the broadside of a big moose. The rifle has the trajectory all right, but it is worthless to you because of its inaccuracy. You will do better work with your old .30-30.

Accuracy and accuracy must go hand in hand. No commercial rifle handling factory ammunition is made, nor is likely to be made in the near future which will do much better than keep its shots in a 2 inch circle at 100 yards, a 5 inch circle at 200 yards, or an 8 inch circle at 300 yards. Describe these circles around the path of your trajectory at the proper ranges and you will see what a really fine rifle will do in the way of hitting where you aim it. All rifles will not shoot this well. You cannot expect accurate results at long range from short bullets at high velocity. Rifles like the .401 automatic are intended only for short range in thick timber. The purely sporting cartridges like the .30-30; .32 Special; .33; .35; etc. will not do quite as well as the military cartridges that have had lots of brains expended on their design, and then have constantly been improved from time to time, like the .30-40; .30 Model 1906; 6½ m/m 7 m/m; .303 British; and 8 m/m.

Keeping in mind that accuracy must go hand in hand with trajectory, here are some tables that I think will be of some real value to the hunter in the field. Remember you must test your rifle at various ranges and find out the size group you can make at those ranges and then describe this group around the point of impact given in the tables to find out what you can do with that particular rifle. These tables cover rifles with quite a range in velocity. If you happen to be using another rifle use the table which comes nearest to the advertised trajectory of your own rifle. It will be near enough for all practical purposes. With the tables I have given columns showing approximately the size group that a good shot should get from a rifle of that caliber. The figures with the minus sign in front of them

are below the point of aim.

Energy and Killing Power.

The ballistic tables in the catalogues give the energy of each cartridge and you have been led to believe that energy is a true gauge of the killing power of the cartridge. Well "It aint no such thing." Energy is a purely theoretical calculation giving no indication whatever of the killing power. You can throw all the energy you want to into a rabbit and off it will run in spite of the foot pounds. What does count in killing power is the ability of the bullet to inflict damage to the vital parts of the game. There are certain vital organs and nerve centers in all animals which, if materially injured, will cause death sooner or later, such as the heart, the brain, the large blood vessels, and the spinal column. Extensive injuries in other localities may cause death, but not the quick humane death that brings us our game.

If you are inexperienced in the game fields you have been led to picture large game always offering a side shot. But how many times on an average do you get a side shot in practice? As a matter of fact you are no more liable to get a side shot than any other, and in fact you are quite a little more liable to get a stern shot, because the game usually sees you first.

Suppose you have one of those extremely high velocity rifles with a specially made soft point spitzer bullet which gives an explosive effect. You get a side shot and hit in the chest, practically tearing the chest cavity all to pieces. Your game drops in its tracks. You have effected material damage to the heart, the large blood vessels leading to and from the heart, and perhaps to the spinal column. And incidentally you have expended 3000 foot pounds of energy in that moose.

Suppose again that the moose sees you first, and your explosive bullet hits him in the south end when he is going north, hits him below the backbone, and the wolves lead you to him five miles off three days later, so you know that in that case too you incidentally expended 3000 foot pounds of energy on the moose, but what good did it do?

But suppose that raking shot from the rear had been with a long and heavy bullet, even at a relatively low velocity, say something like the 280 grain bullet from the 9 m/m Mauser. Your bullet in all probability would have plowed right through into the chest cavity and you would have gotten your moose before the meat was spoiled and the wolves had their feast. But again that bullet fired at the game side on might have injured only the lungs thus failing to make a quick kill. You pay your money and you take your choice.

You can depend upon the explosive effect of a light, high velocity bullet to create the damage to vital tissue, or you can depend upon the plow right through effect of a heavy, long bullet. If you are not a very good shot you will probably choose the first. If you are capable of picking out a vital point and hitting close to it you will probably think that the long heavy bullet gives you a little better chance. Or perhaps the flat trajectory and

Ammunition for every purpose

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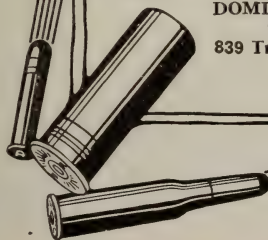
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Send ten cents, stamps or coin, for 16 beautifully colored pictures of Canadian game.

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lighter recoil of the small bullet will influence your choice as it has that of many sportsmen.

If you are still wedded, either through economy or choice, to the older rifles of the .30-30 class remember that you can hardly expect a large proportion of clean kills with

the first shot. You must make up in the relative lack of killing power in rapidity of fire, and hence you should choose a light handy rifle, something like a carbine, and when your sight settles down on the brown make the lever fly like blazes.

.30-30 W. G. F. Bullet 170 grs. Vel. 2000 f.s.	Rifle sighted for	75 yds.	100 yds.	150 yds.	200 yds.	
	Height of bullet at	Inches	Inches	Inches	Inches	
	25 yards	.6	.9	1.6	2.4	
	50 "	.6	1.2	2.6	4.2	
	75 "	.0	1.0	3.0	5.4	
	100 "	-2.2	0	2.8	5.9	
	150 "	-8.7	-6.5	0	4.6	
	200 "		-16.5	-9.9	0	
	250 "			-23.7	13.8.	
	Accuracy circle, diam.		3.		7.	
.30-40 U.S. Bullet 220 grs. Vel. 1960 f.s.	Rifle sighted for	50 yds.	100 yds.	150 yds.	200 yds.	250 yds.
	Height of bullet at	Inches	Inches	Inches	Inches	Inches
	50 yards	0	1.2	2.5	3.9	5.5
	100 "	-2.4	0	2.6	5.5	8.6
	150 "	-7.6	-3.9	0	4.3	9.0
	200 "	-15.6	-11.0	-5.6	0	6.2
	250 "	-27.0	-21.0	-14.7	-7.8	0
	300 "	-42.2	-35.0	-27.5	-19.0	-7.6
	Accuracy circle, diam.	.8	2.		5.	
.303 British Bullet 215 grs. Vel. 2000 f.s.	Rifle sighted for	50 yds.	100 yds.	150 yds.	200 yds.	250 yds.
	Height of bullet at	Inches	Inches	Inches	Inches	Inches
	50 yards	0	1.2	2.5	3.9	5.5
	100 "	-2.4	0	2.6	5.5	8.6
	150 "	-7.5	-3.9	0	4.3	9.0
	200 "	-15.8	-11.	-5.7	0	6.2
	250 "	-27.5	-21.5	-14.9	-7.8	0
	300 "	-43.0	-35.8	-27.9	-19.3	-10.0
	Accuracy circle, diam.	.8	2.		5.	

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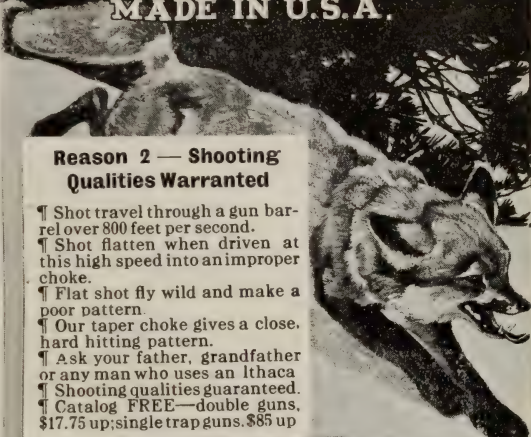
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Wins high amateur average in the 1915 Interstate Registered Tournaments. Mr. Woolfolk Henderson, winner, shot at 2800 targets and broke 2731,—average 97.53%. This is the PARKER double gun's second successive winning of the Interstate high average. Mr. Henderson having won in 1914 by shooting 96.63% for the season.

More PARKER Winnings!

1915 Amateur Average, at doubles in the Interstate Registered Tournaments: 1st, Guy V. Deering, 90%; 2d, S. A. Huntley, 86%; 3d, Woolfolk Henderson, 84%. Second Professional Average in Interstate Registered Tournaments for 1915 won by L. S. German, 97.42%.

Long Run for 1915, 372 straight,—Lester German, Atlantic City, N. J., in September.

The PARKER double gun has won nine out of twenty-five G. A. H., and holds the only 100 straight record ever made in that classic event.

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.256 Mannlicher Bullet 156 grs. Vel. 2350 f.s.	Rifle sighted for	50 yds.	100 yds.	150 yds.	200 yds.	250 yds.
	Height of bullet at	Inches	Inches	Inches	Inches	Inches
	50 yards	0	.9	1.9	3.0	4.2
	100 "	-1.8	0.	2.0	4.2	6.6
	150 "	-5.7	-3.0	0	3.3	6.9
	200 "	-11.9	-9.4	-4.4	0	4.8
	250 "	-20.9	-16.5	-11.5	-6.0	0
	300 "	-33.0	-27.6	-21.7	-15.1	-7.9
.30 U.S.G. Mod. 1906 (Springfield) Bullet 150 grs. Vel. 2700 f.s.	Accuracy circle, diam.	.8	2.		5.	
	Rifle sighted for	150 yds.	200 yds.	250 yds.	300 yds.	400 yds.
	Height of bullet at	Inches	Inches	Inches	Inches	Inches
	50 yards	1.0	2.	2.7	3.6	5.4
	100 "	1.4	2.9	4.	6.1	9.8
	150 "	0	2.3	4.6	7.1	12.7
	200 "	-5.	0	3.2	6.5	14.
	250 "	-11.7	-4.1	0	4.6	13.6
	300 "		-10.1	-6.	0.	11.2
	350 "			-15.1	-9.1	8.
	400 "				-23.	0
	Accuracy circle, diam.	.8	2.		5.	

THE .22 LONG RIFLE RIM FIRE CARTRIDGE

B. N. M.

I have been much interested and as greatly amused, in the recent attempts of certain parties to condemn the well-known .22 Long Rifle cartridge to the scrap heap as being neither a target or suitable small game load. As to the suitability of .22-caliber rim fire cartridges for small game we had best leave this part of the question to each individual; as to accuracy the Long Rifle shell is as far ahead of anything in the rim fire line as is the night different from the day.

It is no good kicking. The long rifle cartridge fired in heavy single shot rifles has simply cleaned up on all comers among which might be mentioned the wondrous "Special" championed in a recent article by one who claims citizenship in Missouri or thereabouts and has to be shown.

The best way of "showing" these would-be knockers is to refer them to the records of important matches both in Canada and in

the States. The .22 Special is never used in these matches not because it is not a good cartridge or because it lacks *killing power* but simply because it *does* lack the accuracy necessary on the 25-yard indoor range.

The matter has been so thoroughly gone into by those perfectly competent to deal with these matters that I will not further trespass on the gun department's space.

In closing I want to say that the next time those Missourians break into print in condemnation of any gun or load let them have something to back them up save words. Publication of machine rest tests are valuable while mere assertions unbacked by anything except a man's own prejudiced statements are worth nothing to anyone.

The gun department of this publication is intensely interesting and is well worth the cost of the whole magazine.

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ANOTHER BOOSTER FOR THE .22 LONG RIFLE

H. L. Sheldon

AS the controversy re the merits of the .22 long rifle versus the .22 Special is waxing warm I would like to make a few statements on this subject.

From my limited experience of some fourteen years handling of small bore rifles, during which time I have owned and shot practically every make of these popular little rifles I long ago drew the conclusion that the .22 long rifle cartridge as manufactured by the standard cartridge manufacturers is the last word in accuracy. I do not pose as an expert shot; yet when after shooting tens of thousands of the different styles of small-bore cartridges I sum up the results, I find that up to a range of one hundred yards the .22 long rifle cartridge has made the best scores in eighty-seven per cent. of the total number of targets shot at; I am very naturally drawn to the conclusion that this cartridge must be a very accurate one indeed.

The different styles of cartridges used in making these tests, were the .22 short, .22 long, .22 long rifle, .22 Special, .22 W. R. F., .22 extra long and the .25 Stevens both long and short. Up to a range of 25 yards I have never found enough of a difference between the .22 short and .22 long rifle that could not be explained through a difference in marksmanship, but over this range the longer and heavier bullet at all times has proven in my case at least to be the most accurate of any of the .22 calibre cartridges. The .22 "Special" has satisfied me that it is accurate enough for

all small game shooting, but when it comes down to a matter of extreme accuracy the .22 long rifle is a safe bet.

As pointed out by Mr. Crossman the long rifle cartridge is much the cheaper of the two, an item which to the man who shoots a great deal, is a considerable advantage.

No one ever claimed the .22 long rifle to be a big game gun, yet if Mr. Forsyth will use this cartridge and shoot his squirrels through the head as he does with his .22 Special, he will not have many wounded, (but not dangerously so) victims to his credit. If he can hit them in the head with his Special he can most assuredly do so with the .22 long rifle. As for his remarks re the .22 long rifle hollow point tearing game so badly, I never knew it was such a powerful cartridge, or I would not have invested my money in a .22 Hi-power.

We do not have squirrels out here (Robsart, Sask.) but we do have that very destructive little pest, the gopher and I sometimes shoot them in the head, at that. It is often the only part of them one can see, for although gophers are prone to stand upright at the door of their home to better survey their enemies, it is also a fact that they very soon become wary if hunted a great deal.

If any man prefers the .22 Special, why let him use it by all means, yet it would be very easy to find 90 per cent. of the users of small-arms swearing by the .22 long rifle, and in democratic countries, the majority wins.

PROGRESS IN RIFLE MANUFACTURE

G. W. C.

IN an article in your January issue, by E. C. Crossman, entitled "Sizing up the .280 Ross," he states several things with which I do not agree.

One of these is, that the Ross cartridge was deliberately made as large as it is, to prevent makers who use Mauser actions from using it. This is absurd! Many makers turn out rifles to use the .280 cartridge, and put the Mauser Action on them; and when the Mannlicher Action was available, before its manufacturer refused to supply it as a separate part, some makers put that action on their .280 rifles, and both were most satisfactory.

In the development of the Ross cartridge, Mr. Crossman fails to mention the late Mr. Thorne, proprietor of the old English gun and rifle making firm of Charles Lancaster & Co., Pantons St., London. Mr. Thorne was very active in assisting Sir Charles Ross in his ex-

periments, and for some time turned out rifles taking the .280 cartridge which he called the Ross-Lancaster.

He built me a .280 rifle a couple of years ago—in fact it was not finished until after his death—with the Lancaster oval bore rifling Mauser Action.

This beautiful weapon takes a cartridge using three weights of bullets, viz: 140-gr., 160-gr., and a solid 175-gr.

The first two are hollow point.

My experience is the 160-gr., in which there is a very small hollow.

Mr. Crossman further says, that a 50-gr. load of Sharpshooter powder behind a 175-gr. bullet blew up the Mauser.

If he is referring to the barrel of the rifle, it is quite possible—he may have been using a weak barrel!

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The .22 Savage Model 1903 uses detachable box magazines, each holding 7 cartridges of either length. The expert prefers this rifle because it is simpler in mechanism and quicker to reload.

In other respects these rifles are exactly the same. They have the same barrels which the finest shot in the world—Mr. T. K. Lee, the International Champion, says all shoot better than he can hold.

And they have the *extra-long*, gracefully tapered slide handle, the *extra-full* sharply curved pistol grip, and the

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If he refers to the action being blown up, I cannot understand it.

As an expert, Mr. Crossman knows that cartridge cases for use with modern smokeless powders, in rifles, are made larger than is absolutely necessary to contain the powder, and part of bullet they enclose, so as to provide an air space, and thus reduce pressure.

Sometimes we speak of the inhabitants of the British Isles as being insular, and knowing little of what goes on in other countries; but sometimes it surprises me to see how little is generally known on this North American Continent of what is going on in the British Isles, and Europe generally.

Things which have been in use there for several years, are suddenly manufactured here, and hailed as "Inventions."

There is nothing new in the principle of a high charge of powder and a light bullet. Many years ago it was used in the old black powder "express" rifles, manufactured chiefly in England.

Eventually, big game hunters practically gave them up, as they found they wounded more animals than they killed.

Now, with the advent of high pressure smokeless powders, they are coming into fashion again. It must not be thought the .280, .250-3000, .22 "Imp." Newton's, and the Adolphi, are the only types of these cartridges. They are the ones we hear about here. In England, Holland and Holland with their .275 and new .375, Westley Richards with their .280, .375-303 and .318, the latter giving a velocity of 2500 ft. secs., with a 250 gr. bullet; Jefferies with a .280 of *over* 3000 ft., bullet having a point made of solder; Geo. Gibbs of Bristol with a .256 taking a 135 gr., bullet; Fraser of Edinburgh, Rigby of London, Lang, Bland, lots of other gunmakers, manufacture and have manufactured for years, ultra high-velocity rifles. It must not be forgotten (I am not an Englishman) that England, (and when I say England I include Ireland and Scotland) has been the home for many long years of men of wealth, of leisure, and of sporting instincts.

Before this war, I am not afraid to make the assertion, that more game has been shot there annually, than in the whole of our North American continent, if you except what is slaughtered by the Indians and Esquimaux of the far North, and date the time after the disappearance of the buffalo and the wild Pigeon.

Naturally, the combination of wealth, leisure, and the love of shooting, has led to the production of arms best suited for the sports or uses to which they were adapted. Nor is that all:—Take the wild places of the earth Who first explored them? Sportsmen! Those of them who returned, reported what they had seen in the way of game, and quickly they were followed by sportsmen. These were equipped with the best guns and rifles obtainable, on their departure. On their return they mostly wrote their experiences, either to the "Field," "Land and Water" or some other sporting journal. They described what they saw, and the performances of their rifles on the various animals.

What was lacking, the rifle makers experimented, to supply in new weapons.

Instead of two, or three, or four, large factories, turning out with a wearied monotony, year after year, standard Arms taking a standard cartridge, averse to any change unless something could be *adapted*, and thus save expense in new tools; protected by a tariff so high that only the very rich could afford to pay the duty on an imported article, there were dozens of competitive gunmakers, protected by no tariff, and with only their skill and inventive genius, and quality of work turned out, to assure their success.

The result is, that to-day English and foreign gunmakers turn out High Velocity rifles in the following calibres:—.600, .577, .577-500, .505, .500, .475, .500-465, .500-450, .450, .404, .400, .375, .360, .354, .375, .300, .303 and .280. Also .256 and .318. You can get them single barrelled, double barrelled, side by side, or over and under, and, with the exception of the very largest calibres, magazine.

Gibbs, of Bristol, does turn out a .505 magazine. You can have Mauser Actions, Mannlicher (no not now) or Lee-Enfield.

You can have a barrel fitted to any action, and any shape or size of stock you require. You can get three barrelled guns—two shot and one rifle. Double barrel "Combination" guns, one shot and one rifle. Three barrel shot guns, and what are termed "Explora" and "Paradox" guns.

These are smooth bored to within a couple of inches of the muzzle, where they are choked and heavily rifled. They throw shot closer than a cylinder gun, and elongated ball up to three hundred yards almost as well as a rifle; the trajectory though at that distance is high.

THE BOY'S SECOND RIFLE

"Mossback"

A Boy Scout friend recently asked my advice on the selection of a new rifle. He is 16 years old, and has been using a .22 caliber rifle, but now he wants one that has more "punch", that will shoot true, carry far and hit hard, and have all the range and power that can be safely used in the fields and

wood-lots within a few miles of his home in a town in South-western Ontario. He is employed every business day, and can use a rifle only on public holidays and summer evenings, and the biggest game in the county is the woodchuck, called "ground hog" on this part of the map. He expects to pay more for

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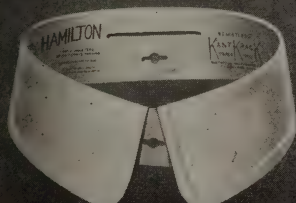
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ammunition but hopes to find a good cartridge at a price so moderate that he can afford the practice necessary to the attainment of a fair degree of marksmanship.

He seemed to have the idea, not uncommon among the inexperienced, that if he could find out the right combination of figures and the name of the right make of *rifle*, he could safely trust the clerk at the hardware store to sell him the right sort of stuff to load it with. I told him that the most important point was to decide upon the *cartridge* best suited for the work, a well-balanced combination of as much powder and lead as it would be advisable for him to use. If the cartridge selected is of proven merit, he will find that most of the established firearms makers turn out, at very moderate prices, good serviceable rifles which will handle that cartridge, and get out of it practically all of the power, range and accuracy there is in it.

I told my young friend, that the .25-20 is just what he was looking for. It is a brisk snappy little cartridge with very light recoil, surprisingly accurate and efficient up to 200 or even 300 yards. One of its best features is the low cost at which shells may be re-loaded. A pound can of powder will load 366 of the single-shot, or 411 of the repeater shells. You can afford to use the best to be had if you are lucky enough to find any variety of smokeless and semi-smokeless rifle powders on sale in your market town. But if, as is the case here, your choice is extremely limited, the .25-20 will do pretty fair field shooting with any sort of common black powder you can get at the nearest cross-roads store. Lead pipe will cost my boy friend nothing, and the cost of primers will be his chief expense. He should be able to re-load .25-20 shells for less than the price of .22 shorts. If he has taken pains to load them properly he can stop a woodchuck as far away as he can *place* his shot,—from 50 to 100 yards,—or he can have pleasant and satisfactory target practice up to 200 or even 300 yards. The limit of accurate flight of the .25-20 bullet is passed somewhere between 300 and 400 yards. You can hold a string of shots reasonably close to the tack at 300 yards, but at 400 you will find that holding dead on you will miss the target about 4 out of 10 shots, and the six which land on the target will hit anywhere they please. Somewhere about 350 yards the .25-20 bullet is all in, and begins to look around for a soft spot to fall on.

I recommended a single-shot, as being best value for the money, the repeating feature being of little or no use here and adding to the cost with a possible loss in shooting quality. Boy-like he wants a repeater and is willing to pay the extra cost. I tell him while shorter in the barrel and burning less powder the repeater will hold its own with the single-shot in all round field work or at the target up to 200 yards or more. I advise him to have nothing to do with the "set" or "hair-trigger." It is not a desirable feature on a sporting rifle. A moderate trigger-pull as free from "creep" as he can get it, will be best and safest. I advise a standard rifle, that is the regular model carried in stock by the dealers. They are not up to the Scheutzen game, but they are great value for their cost and will shoot

better than the average man can hold them. Variations from standard, made-to-order barrels, etc., run into money, and the average "fair-to-middling" rifle shot cannot avail himself of the super-accuracy.

Whether a single-shot or repeater is chosen, it should be equipped with an aperture sight on the tang. One of the Lyman type, with the sight stem raised or lowered quickly by turning the knurled sleeve is best; the front sight is of less importance. The Lyman is absolutely necessary to get full use of the rifle's shooting qualities. It costs so little and is so easily put on that it is surprising it is not universally used.

Then he should get a set of re-loading tools and an Ideal dipper and with a copy of the Ideal Hand-Book for a guide, he would have an outfit that would give him lasting satisfaction. When he has outgrown it, we will put him next to an outfit for \$150.00 or so that will hold an inch or two closer to the tack at 200 yards.

The makers of re-loading tools make a mistake in not including an Ideal dipper as an essential part of the set, as something of the sort is necessary to the satisfactory use of the bullet mold. An expert would not attempt to make a good grooved bullet by pouring lead from an old iron spoon. A "green hand" doesn't know that it cannot be done. He tries and fails and is discouraged and dissatisfied with a really good outfit, and may give up before he learns the cause of his failure and how easily it **can be remedied**.

It must be kept in mind that the .25-20 cartridge and the .25-20 re-loading sets are to be found in three different shapes and each will fit only the rifle it was intended for. I have seen the village merchant "stuck" with several hundred .25-20 cartridges that would not fit in the .25-20's used in that township. The boys had .25-20 rifles, so he ordered some. The city jobber guessed wrong as to which of the three shapes he wanted. In ordering your re-loading set say whether for single-shot or repeater; if the latter, which?

Reduced loading works well in the .25-20 if one will use only smokeless powder. Shotgun smokeless can be used up to about one third of the full load and works out better in charges of 3 to 5 grains. The limit in reduced loading would seem to be a smokeless primer, an empty .22-short shell full of a bulk shotgun smokeless and a No. 8 buckshot stuck in the muzzle. Good sport for indoors. Five shots at 30 to 40 feet, man who cuts the smallest key-hole in a smooth board wins.

As we review the cartridges with more energy than the .22 rim fire, we find several very good and very accurate ones with not enough more power to make a change worth while. There are several, like the .32 rim fire, that we do not care to stick anyone we know with. There are good rifles using about 20 grains of powder, which we may set as the limit of safety, but the .25-20 will beat them out beyond 150 yards.

The outfit I have recommended is nothing like the one I have, nor the quite different one you take so much care of. But I think you will agree with me that it is a much better one than we could get when we were about big enough to hold up the heavy-barrelled rifles

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that were the correct style about that time. Let us draw on our own experience and help the boys of 1916 to a wise choice in a rifle

that will measure up to any work they have any business to try in a thickly settled community.

THE RIFLE FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

C. S. Landis

ANOTHER hunting season has passed into history. The old double barrel or pump has been cleaned, oiled and laid away for another year and the big game rifle likewise. Neither of them is the ideal every day plaything for the average sportsman on account of the high price of the ammunition.

"Alas 'tis true," but the average sportsman is unfortunately usually in only moderate circumstances financially and the clay bird game is not for him nor the high power rifle and the one thousand yard range either, for they cost too much for ammunition even if used moderately and who wants to stop shooting about the time he gets warmed up and then stand around and watch some other fellow grind them out all afternoon simply because he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, while poor Bill who reads this was not even born in sight of a plugged nickel.

Possibly my method of solving the problem will help out some other fellows. I am one of those flea bitten cranks who simply must chase over the country and do some kind of shooting every day I have free all year through. That means ammunition and plenty of it so naturally one turns to the .22 rifle.

Twenty-two caliber rifle ammunition costs, in New York City, from \$3.20 to \$3.40 per thousand rounds of the best grade. Eight or ten shots for the price of one with the shotgun and ten to twenty for every one with the ultra high power rifle, using factory ammunition in both cases. Of course the price of the rifle ammunition can be cut down very much by careful reloading but not every person has the education, temperament, skill, time or inclination to successfully do the job as it should be done to get satisfaction.

First we will select the cartridge.

That cartridge will be the .22 long rifle cartridge loaded with Lesmok or Semi Smokeless powder. They cost no more than black powder cartridges, are much cleaner to shoot, and are considerably more accurate if one shoots for some time without cleaning, and are somewhat more accurate under any circumstances. The smokeless cartridges in this caliber are slightly less accurate than the Semi Smokeless and Lesmok, are more expensive and the residue remaining in the barrel after firing is so acrid as to ruin any barrel in time, no matter how carefully it is cleaned.

Naturally with the present scarcity of game one will do considerably more target shooting than game shooting and we must have a very accurate cartridge. Fortunately the .22 long

rifle cartridge is the most accurate cartridge made commercially and loaded with lead bullets up to 100 yards. Too many tests by expert marksmen and too many machine tests have shown this to be so to admit of argument. However the above does not refer to VERY CAREFULLY hand loaded ammunition which is a dog of another color entirely.

In the past two years I have fired approximately 6000 shots from rest at 50 yards on a very nicely protected range using or testing 13 different kinds of .22 long rifle cartridges to find out accurately which would prove the most satisfactory for target work and game shooting.

In the rifle I was using and another a co-worker was using, we found that the Winchester Lesmok cartridge loaded with hollow point bullets was much more uniformly accurate than others using hollow point bullets. With 200 consecutive shots in still weather I hit the 2 inch bull or 9 circle 199 times and the central 1-inch circle or ten ring 148 times. Quite sufficient accuracy for hunting at this range.

Peters Semi-Smokeless cartridges loaded with solid bullets usually gave slightly better accuracy on the average for a long number of shots. With these cartridges I made scores of 495 and 498 out of 500 for 50 consecutive shots, the latter score containing 26 consecutive shots in the 1 inch circle. These two scores are much above the average for me. It takes quite a marksman to *average* over 490 at 50 yards. Those who are inclined to doubt this should first try it for not less than 500 shots. The above scores remember, are on a 1 inch bull and not a 2 inch.

The Peters Solid bullet Semi Smokeless cartridges were therefore selected for the target cartridge. They are also the choice of more expert shots for 100 yards out door shooting than any other. Winchester Lesmok hollow point cartridges easily outshot any other make than Peters of the Solid bullet cartridges at 50 yards on this range in calm weather. There was no question about this. It is not the result of 3 or 5 groups but of dozens of groups and in the aggregate of hundreds of groups. Sometimes they would trim the Peters good and proper at that. In fact it was often a question of which to use but luckily they both shot in this heavy rifle with almost exactly the same elevation at 50 yards, although other makes and styles did not show the same accommodation in this respect.

The average size of 30, ten-shot groups of the Winchester hollow point Lesmok taken



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just as they came was 1.13 inches measured edge to edge of shot holes farthest apart. Better still this average holds good after two years of constant shooting. I remember on one occasion the Peters solid points put up an average of 0.88 inch for 80 consecutive shots but this was an exceptionally fine lot of cartridges.

The Rifle—

The average individual walks into a sporting goods store and buys the rifle that some SMART clerk sells him, "Because it is the latest thing out!" This means of course that it has NOT stood the test of time like one of the older and most likely better models which has done so. Also it will likely be a feather-weight repeater with a pistol size barrel on a rifle action fitted with a stock that is almost large enough for a 10 year old boy and friend Bill might be 6 ft. and weigh 200 and have arms in proportion. I have often wondered what kind of an average man that human freak must have been that the manufacturers have used as a model for their .22 rifle stocks. He certainly was not a white hope. Why not buy a man's size rifle which in this case means a single shot rifle, for no other .22 is made large enough and heavy enough to give satisfaction.

Notice the photo of the writer's rifle. Looks just a little like a real gun and believe me that rifle has been a very satisfactory investment.

We will suppose that Bill has the price of a pump gun to spend and wants a rifle to shoot squirrels in the fall, crows, hawks and foxes in the winter and woodchucks in the summer. Also he will shoot at targets of various kinds from the regulation paper ones to floating ice cakes, button wood "balls," hickory nuts, apples, walnuts, stones or most any old thing that presents itself and looks as if it might be worth the attempt.

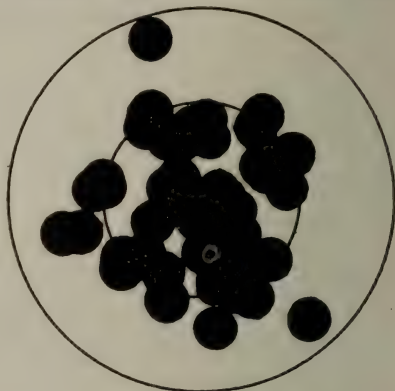
My Selection of a Winchester Rifle for the above—

Winchester single shot rifle, 26 to 28-inch number 3 round barrel (barrel length to depend on whether you are strong or weak physically and how you like a rifle to balance), Schuetzen double set triggers, Lyman wind-gauge rear tang sight or else the No. 1A Lyman rear with either a Lyman or Watson front sight having a medium size ivory or gold bead, but NOT a silver bead, for hunting; and a pinhead or aperture to interchange for target shooting; and if they are both on at once the better, as a person always has the wrong sight on when most needed. The front sight to be a wind-gauge if the other is not for there are more accurate ways of adjusting a set of sights than with a hatchet and a piece of brass.

I would also have the rifle fitted with Winchester Telescope sight bases on top of the barrel (they do not interfere at all with the other sights) and if I could not spare the money at once as soon as possible I would add a Winchester telescope of the grade I could afford fitted in the No. 2 rear mount which is a double micrometer mounting. Or if preferred a Malcolm or other scope of different power or price can be fitted by the manufacturers of the scope into the Winchester mountings. They will probably put up a bluff about the advantages of their own mounts but

the Winchester mounts are the best made commercially.

By ordering the telescope mount bases on the rifle at the factory when the rifle is ordered, you save express charges on the rifle to the factory and back again which in some cases is a very considerable amount. However you will want to be mighty sure beforehand what length of scope will be ordered because otherwise it may be necessary to take off the front mount base and slide it front or back on the barrel and that will leave two brand new screw holes in the barrel where they are not



50 shot score: 488 out of 500 at 50 yards: .22 Stevens rifle, 3 power Winchester telescope and Peters cartridges

needed and do not improve the appearance any, not to mention the fact that the front mount will not be the right height because the barrel will most likely be tapered.

Be certain to order a round barrel as a 26-inch number 3 octagon barrel has all the beauty of a brand new crowbar and not a blame bit more.

The Selection of a Stevens Rifle—

Stevens Ideal No. 45-28-inch number 2 barrel, ½ octagon because it is cheapest and prettiest and best balanced; rifle to be fitted with Schuetzen double set triggers and loop lever—either rifle or shotgun butt as you prefer but not Swiss butt unless it is the heavy no. 3 Swiss butt and you know beforehand from trial with another just like it that the drop of the stock will fit you *exactly*, which ten chances to one it will not. Exactly the same sights as advised on the Winchester. Both of these rifles in .22 rim fire sizes are fitted with automatic ejectors, and can be shot as fast as there is any necessity for except in exceptional circumstances and can be shot a good deal too fast for most people's pocketbooks. Such a rifle can be shot much more accurately either at game or at target than a light weight repeater and the execution an expert shot can do with such a rifle must be seen to be appreciated. A person who is fitted by reason of education in matters relating to rifle shooting, by experience, and by natural or acquired, (mostly acquired) skill can make a fellow who is used to the results usually obtained from a light rifle, open both his eyes and mouth in wonder.

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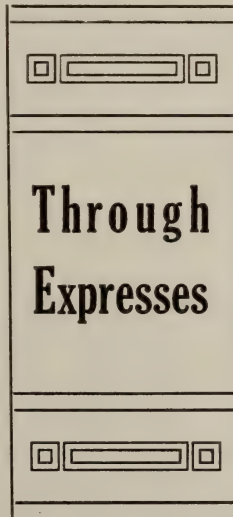
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The reason for advising the heavy Number 3 barrel on the Winchester is because they no longer make a number 2 barrel and they cannot or will not fit Schuetzen double set triggers to a rifle equipped with a number 1 barrel. A number 1 barrel is too light for fine shooting anyhow but for those that feel that 7 pounds is their limit the Stevens can be obtained with Schuetzen triggers and a No. 1 tapered barrel.

Schuetzen double set triggers cost \$4.80 net on both the Winchester and Stevens rifles. This sounds like a lot of money but right here is the place to spend money on a rifle. Next to the boring and chambering of the barrel, the careful adjustment of trigger, sear and hammer is the most important thing in a rifle but judging by the output of our factories this is the last thing that the manufacturers ever think of wasting any time on. Where one rifle is found that has its pull adjusted as it should be, there are ninety and nine that have never seen the light.



50 consecutive shots at 50 yards: .22 Stevens rifle with 12 power Stevens telescope and Peters cartridges; Score 495 out of 500

By turning up for loosening the small set screw between the triggers the pull can be adjusted from a veritable "hair" to the full pull and that is usually a very safe margin of safety in that "full pull."

The Schuetzen triggers on both the Stevens and Winchester rifles are both the right shape and size, and set at the correct angle for fine shooting.

The trigger usually put on Winchester single shot rifles suggests that it may have been originally designed for a shovel blade and put on in mistake for it is at least three times as large and heavy as there is any excuse for and in addition is curved too much. The Schuetzen triggers are about the same size, shape and set at the angle of the trigger on the old cap and ball Colt .45 which was some gun.

A little trick worth knowing—

With a rifle equipped with Schuetzen triggers half cock the hammer, then pull back on the rear trigger until a click is heard and then pull the front trigger in the ordinary manner. Lo and behold this gives the same trigger pull as if you had snapped the hammer. It is not necessary to fire a shot to get all the practice one wishes in holding and pulling nor is it

necessary to snap the hammer and dent up the edge of the chamber and possibly break the firing pin. To "shoot" again just repeat the operation, it being necessary to pull back on the rear trigger to set it each time.

Just look at the ammunition one saves with this little scheme. Possibly the \$4.80 was not wasted after all. I have never heard of any other person using this method of practice but I have been using this little scheme for three years and it has not hurt the action any.

Under no circumstances would I waste money on a fancy stock made at the factory. I did this once but NEVER AGAIN. The same amount of money will buy a hand made stock, made to exact measurements to fit you, not the above mentioned freak; or it will pay for Schuetzen double set triggers, a loop lever and a fine set of Lyman or other sights; or a good Telescope either of which will be far more useful. The factory-made fancy stocks are pretty to look at but that is all as if made with a pistol grip they are placed too far to the rear to be of much account and besides most of them are varnished. The first briar patch will cause a mild haze to obscure the sun but the first barb wire fence walked into unseeing will bring down a blessing on the fool who made it and the blankety blank fool and idiot who spends from 15 to 20 dollars for it.

It is not my idea to advertise any person's business but I believe in giving credit where credit is due.

I have used a sporting Springfield belonging to a friend, that rifle, not the friend, was restocked with a black walnut stock made to exact measurements, including cast off and pistol grip by John W. Harrison of Grass Creek, Indiana, U.S.A., for about \$8.00. The checking on this stock was very poor. He might have made that better for more money but the stock otherwise was a peach. It fitted both the owner of the rifle, for whom it was made, and myself like a tailor made suit. If there is a weapon made that deserves a decent stock it is a fine target rifle and the cost is not higher than necessary to make a good job out of it.

However "Bill" does not feel like spending any more than he must, so when the peach arrives after making 15 futile trips to the express office in hopes that it MIGHT be there before the express agent hands it over and you hear him mutter, "Well I hope that d— fool is satisfied now," he opens the box and knocks a nice fat nick in the stock in his eagerness to get a look at it. "Thunder what a barrel!" Now do not get worried about that barrel. It will still be there when the cows come home and you will not care if it is twice as thick after you have made your first possible score with it. Now we see a funny little tag on the lever and when opened there is a target or two enclosed that is like those you see in the magazines made by some shark you had often envied. Some evening about sunset after you have become accustomed to the gun by good luck and straight shooting you might get a better one or that old crow that has sat out on that dead tree top every morning and cawed at you in derision for the last 3 years and always flew just in time before the old Parker could get him, stops something suddenly and



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THE WRITER'S RIFLE WITH A MORNING'S BAG

then that telescope gets the "once over" before you see how wide it is across the wings. Forty inches! Whew, must be an old codger sure! No wonder it was so hard to stalk. The old cannon begins to look like the real thing doesn't it and nobody cares much if it is a little heavy after a long trip.

After the gun has been used for some time and the stock commences to look hard from so much use buy a few cents worth of sand paper or steel wool, I prefer both coarse and fine sand paper, a pint of Linseed oil and ten cents worth of Alcanet Root. Put the alcanet root in the oil and leave it to soak for a few days which will darken the oil. In the meantime take the rough sandpaper and sandpaper off the forearm and stock until the nicks and varnish all disappear and then smooth it up with the fine sandpaper. Then wet it well with water and this will bring up fine particles which will be sandpapered off and repeat several times. When no more comes up smooth up and oil and rub it in good with the hands. Now then when no more oil can be rubbed in be sure that the barrel is well greased inside and hang it up in some safe place protected from the weather and thieves but not in the house otherwise you may find that the long suffering wife has cast it out on the garbage pile in your absence for it will smell to heaven in a hot closed room. Rub more oil in the stock as often as you can spare

the time and need the exercise and in a week or so that stock will begin to look much better than it ever did when new. A good wood filler applied after sandpapering will help a stock that shows a lot of open pores.

I use such a rifle exclusively for hunting small game. For shooting squirrels in the fall, for crow shooting over the snow in the winter, for ducks and geese in open water where they can be shot from cover and for shooting woodchucks in the summer such a rifle has anything else skinned a mile. Make the cartridge suit your pocketbook, the size of the game and the range.

In another article I will give a lot of loads that I have been experimenting with, with a .25-21 rifle of this type. Some of these loads are more accurate than the .22 long rifle at 50 yards or over and only cost about one half more. They are much more effective and the shell being a straight taper is practically everlasting; very easily cleaned and very easily reloaded and the tools absolutely necessary are cheap and few in number.

After you have the rifle be most mighty sure that you clean it THOROUGHLY not later than the evening of the day it is used and then oil or grease it and put away for safe keeping until needed again and there is not a rifleman in your neighborhood who will not envy you your gun once they use it.

AN ADMIRER OF THE .22 H.P. AND .250-3,000 SAVAGE

F. J. S.

HAVING been a constant reader of your valuable magazine since its infancy I have in that time noted some very amusing instances concerning the different makes of rifles, and their anchoring qualities. Now

I, myself, during the past eight or nine years have had some experience with the different rifles, but my favorite of the bunch is the .250-3000 Savage with the .23 H. P. a close second. I have used both on deer and in one



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case, I killed a full grown doe at 170 stepped yards, with one shot of the Imp, the much-condemned and run-down rifle by some would be hunters, and people who know practically nothing about this wonderful little arm. In this case I was speaking of, the deer was standing broadside (left side to me.) I hit it in the side of the head, and when I examined the wound, found that the other side of the head was completely torn away. What better does anyone want for anchoring ability?

I also know of another case where a C.P.R. engineer killed a full grown bull moose at a distance of six telegraph poles, with a single shot of the .22 H.P., the bullet entering the left foreshoulder and dropping him in his tracks. I can also furnish the name of the above gentleman if necessary.

Now, in regard to the cleaning process. It is a little tedious, to clean all right, but the killing power and handiness of the arm more than makes up for the little bother of keeping it clean. As soon as the .250-3000 Savage was put on the market, I bought one of them on account of the appearance and good qualities of it, and I am surely satisfied with the

gun. I killed a 185 lb. buck last fall with fit with one shot, the bullet entering fully 14 inches behind the heart, and he scarcely moved a muscle. The preceding year I hit a buck at just about the same spot with a .32 Special Winchester, and at about the same distance—100 or probably 125 yards—and he went a full mile before I got him. Now, I do not mean to run down the .32 Special at all, as it is a good rifle but that is my experience with the three guns. I think that this stuff about the .22 H. P. making a bad flesh wound on a moose was merely a dream the writer had. I find that the .250-3000 has a terrible shocking power and is good up to 500 or 600 yards for any big game that travels this North country of ours.

I have used the .32 Winchester Special, .30-30 Winchester and Savage, .38-55 Marlin and Winchester, .303 Savage, .22 H. P. and the .250-3000 Savage, and find that of either of the latter the best gun is the .250-3000 with the .22 H. P. close second. The .35 Remington Automatic is also an excellent rifle for big game.

A REPORT OF GAME KILLED IN NEW BRUNSWICK IN 1915

MR. A. E. O'Leary, provincial fire inspector, board of railway commissioners, and chief game warden for New Brunswick has prepared a comprehensive and very complete yearly report on the work of his department during the year 1915. The report calls attention to the fact that outside of two counties, Gloucester and Restigouche, there has been very little damage from forest fires, and it may be added that this gratifying condition is the result of the keen vigilance of the provincial inspector and his assistants who were very active in suppressing fires in their early stages.

In regard to big game Chief Game Warden O'Leary reports a considerable decrease in the number of moose, deer, etc., shot during the big game "season" as compared with 1914 this being due principally to the absence of so many former hunters at the front.

The returns of game killed are possibly not quite complete but in so far as it is possible to secure figures, the returns are:

County	Moose	Deer	Caribou	Bears
Albert.....	127	230		
Carleton.....	78	427		
Kent.....	62	166	1	1
Gloucester.....	52	49		
Restigouche.....	37	39		
Northumberland...	238	434	74	10
Victoria.....	76	176	21	

Charlotte.....	60	67		4
Kings.....	69	101	1	
Madawaska.....	17	31		
Queens.....	4	125	2	
St. John.....	36	30		
Sunbury.....	99	146	2	
Westmorland.....	69	173		
York.....	55	150	3	13
	1129	2353	104	30

Total number of animals killed 3616.

The figures for two previous years are:

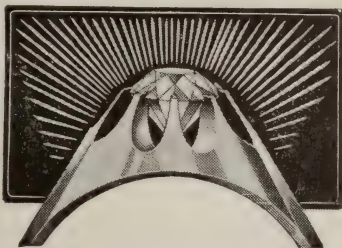
1913—1499 moose; 2075 deer; 454 caribou—4028.

1914—1737 moose; 2705 deer; 231 caribou—4673.

In Carleton County there were 78 moose and 427 deer killed during the year. Northumberland with 434 deer killed was the only county that led Carleton in the number of deer killed. There was \$600 taken in for licenses in Woodstock, which probably is a better showing than for any town of its size in the province, although the amount is not as large as the previous year, this being due principally to the absence of many former hunters at the front. In Northampton parish, a few minutes walk from Woodstock, there were 13 moose and 130 deer killed. On the whole Carleton County held its own as to the number killed.

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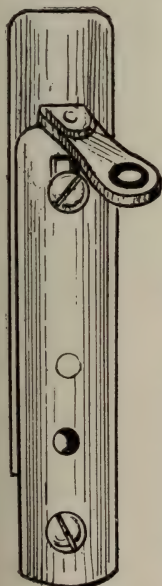
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St. Hubert Gun Club

At the St. Hubert's Gun Club on Saturday afternoon, January 29th, in the contest for the dessert spoons donated by Mr. W. J. Corby, five teams took part. The scores of the club spoon shoot, with handicaps added, were taken and Messrs. Throop and Harkin turned in the highest score, 82 out of 100, having an edge of one bird over Collins and Sheppard. However, the scores of the shoot on Feb. 4th have to be added and the other teams are still in the running.

Following is the standing of the teams:

Throop-Harkin.....	43	39	82
Collins-Sheppard.....	45	36	81
White-Bethune.....	43	35	78
Easdale-Rogers.....	39	37	76
Corby-Ring.....	39	34	73

J. Collins, shooting in Class D, was the winner of the club spoon with a score of 45 out of 50. Two events at 25 birds:

J. Collins.....	19	20	45
A. W. Throop.....	22	21	43
Geo. White.....	22	17	39
J. B. Harkin.....	19	20	38
W. J. Corby.....	19	20	39
Geo. Easdale.....	21	18	39
V. V. Rogers.....	17	20	37
A. Latimer.....	16	18	34
C. Bethune.....	17	16	33
O. T. Rung.....	20	13	33
A. Sheppard.....	21	11	32

Extras—At 25 birds: Rogers, 23; Harkin, 21; Easdale, 20; Graham, 15.

Long Run Trophies Badge Of Trapshooting Experts

For years coveted prizes in the trapshooting game have been the Du Pont Long Run Gold Trophies. The exceptional attractiveness of the trophies offered, which have been of a different design each year, and which are now recognized as being almost official badges of expertness, has made them eagerly sought trophies in the sport of trapshooting.

A long run, it may be explained, now consists of a shooter breaking consecutively 50 or more clay targets in a registered trapshooting tournament. Whereas prior to 1913, the long run regulations were that an amateur must break 100 targets in as many shots, and a professional 125, to win the long run badge of expertness.

In every respect the year 1915 must be considered the greatest in the history of clay bird shooting, and the increasing number of long runs made is simply additional evidence of this fact.

The following figures are of interest in this connection, 1911-107 Long Runs of 100 straight or better were made

1912-115	"	"	"	"	"
1913-135	"	"	"	"	"
1914-128	"	"	"	"	"
1915-135	"	"	"	"	"

1914-429 shooters made 1142 runs of 50 straight or better.

1915-905 shooters made 2747 runs of 50 straight or better.

(These records only cover runs made in registered tournaments and with Du Pont Powders.)

In 1914 the Du Pont Long Run Trophy regulations were amended so that shooters making runs of 50 straight or better in a registered tournament (a very commendable performance by the way,) were able to share in the Long Run trophy awards.

The popularity of the new system having been so completely demonstrated, the Du Pont Company have announced that they will continue same during the year 1916. The manner of awarding the long run trophies is:

A gold watch for the first run of 50 or better. For succeeding runs gold bars which are attachable to the fobs are awarded on the following basis:

- Run of 50 to 74— $\frac{1}{8}$ -in. gold bar.
- Run of 75 to 99— $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. gold bar.
- Run of 100 and over— $\frac{3}{8}$ -in. gold bar.

A Waltham 20 year gold watch is sent to an amateur shooter who makes 15 runs of 50 or more during 1915 and 1916. A professional shooter may win a watch by making 25 runs of 50 or more during the same period. There is no limit to the number of watches which may be won during the two years.

The winners of Du Pont gold watches during 1915 were:

Eastern Amateurs—

H. B. Shoop, Harrisburg, Pa.; W. S. Behm, Es. ertly, Pa.; Woolfolk Henderson, Louisville, Ky.; C. H. Newcomb, Philadelphia, Pa.; J. H. Noel, Nashville, Tenn.; A. B. Richardson, Dover, Del.; F. S. Wright, Buffalo, N. Y.

Western Amateurs—

Jas. W. Bell, St. Louis, Mo.; J. S. Frink, Worthington, Minn.; Chas. Hummel, La Porte, Ia.; S. A. Huntley, Chicago, Ill.; W. H. Tolen, Ft. Dodge, Ia.; F. M. Troeh, Vancouver, Wash.; J. P. White, Watertown, S. D.

Professionals—

Fred G. Bills, Chicago, Ill.; Lester S. German, Aberdeen, Md.; Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia.; *J. M. Hawkins, Baltimore, Md.; *A. Killam, St. Louis, Mo.; C. G. Spencer, St. Louis, Mo.; Joan R. Taylor, Newark, Ohio; C. A. Young, Springfield, Ohio.

* Messrs. Hawkins and Killam each won two watches during 1915, Hawkins making 50 runs of 50 or over and Killam making 56 runs during the season.

By way of explanation: Under the conditions a shooter making 10 runs during 1915, may carry them over and by making 5 more during 1916, wins a watch, or an amateur shooter making 20 runs during 1915, wins a watch and has 5 runs to carry over to 1916 to apply on another watch.





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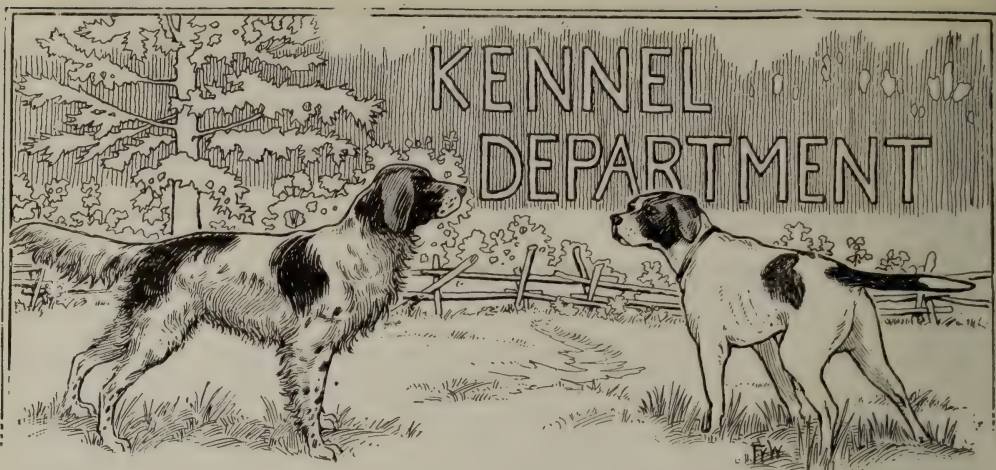
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Conducted by Arthur Ellison

Notes of Interest

The Christmas numbers of "Our Dogs," "Illustrated Kennel News," and "Kennel and Bench," the latter being a Canadian publication, are out. With the latter, we received a pleasant surprise, in the form of a beautifully executed coloured plate of Mr. Bert Swann's latest importation, the St. Bernard "Facsimile of Parkdale." This picture is a vast improvement on the portrait of Ch. "Culmington Nettie," which accompanied the Christmas number of the same paper two or three years ago: in fact it impressed us so strongly that, although not exactly a St. Bernard enthusiast, it was promptly embellished with a suitable frame and a place on the wall.

The news of the serious illness of Doctor Boulton, Editor of "Kennel and Bench" will be received with much regret by his many friends, and although we are told that his recovery is doubtful, we cannot but hope for the best.

Mr. Bert Swann has undertaken another trip to England and will return with several additions to our Bench Shows. Amongst other orders, he has one for an Afghan Hound.

Mr. Donald McKellar reports the sale of several Scottish Terriers, but is holding on to one or two extra promising puppies. He has also recently sold several White West Highland terriers.

The Fox-hound

The Fox-hound is of English origin, although he may now be found wherever a white man has made his home. His name, of course, would imply that he is essentially used for fox-hunting but the trail of the deer has its charms for him too, not only in this country but in the land of his origin. The Stag-hound or Buck-hound, as he is called in England, is neither more nor less than a pure-bred Fox-hound, drafted from a Fox-hound pack. For over three hundred years he has been carefully bred until he has reached a stage of per-

fection both in good looks and prowess in the chase, that has not yet been attained by any other breed of dog. In England, it is given on good authority, that over four and a half millions sterling are spent yearly on the upkeep of Fox-hound packs, whilst a Bench-show, for Fox-hounds only, is held annually at Peterboro, England.

In type, the modern Fox-hound differs, perhaps less than any breed, from the hounds of two or three hundred years ago—that is if the old pictures may be considered representative of the breed in those days. No dog breeds truer to type, and fewer are more prepotent, as taking each pack, there is a marvellous uniformity of general appearance. Possibly the modern dog shows more bone and general substance, the bone in foreleg being carried right down to the feet in the modern dog. Possibly the reason for this uniformity is that there has never been a craze for any particular feature such as head, tremendous ears, colour or any such fads from which most of our standards breeds are and have been suffering. True, legs and feet, have always been the aim of the breeder, but without the round, deep closely knit foot and the straight round-boned leg, the hound is unfit for work; and that is what he is bred for. Clean sloping shoulders, well sprung ribs and powerful loins all go to make up an animal built solely for speed and endurance. Each strain has its little peculiarities, but these are only visible to the eye of an expert. The writer well remembers Mr. Desmond O'Connell coming out from England to judge Fox-hounds and Fox-terriers at the Canadian National Exhibition a few years ago. A brace of Fox-hounds were shown by a gentleman from Ottawa, and on their appearance in the ring, Mr. O'Connell remarked that he felt sure that they were bred from Belvoir hounds, the Belvoir Pack being a famous one in England. On enquiry it was found that they were imported direct from that pack.

The American Fox-hound is of much lighter build than his English ancestor, and is, doubtless, the better for it in working a more thickly timbered country, but it is doubtful if he is



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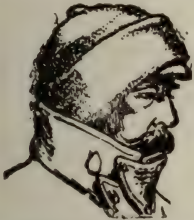
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possessed of the same stamina, and if he is he belies his looks. On the Show Bench the American hound always has a weedy appearance when compared with the English Hound, he looks frail and delicate. Mr. Cox of Oakville showed a fine pack at Oakville show last year, where they created quite a sensation, one home-bred puppy was particularly high-class. Doctor Webster of Ottawa has or had a grand specimen which had, previous to importation, won the gold medal at Peterboro Hound Show.

The standard of the English Fox-hound follows:—

The *Head* should be of full size, but by no means heavy. Brow pronounced, but not high nor sharp. There must be good length and breadth, sufficient to give in the dog hound a girth in front of the ears of fully 16 inches. The nose should be long (4 ½ inches) and wide, with open nostrils. Ears set on low and lying close to the cheek.

The *Neck* must be long and clean, without the slightest throatiness. It should taper nicely from the shoulders to the head, and the upper outline should be slightly convex.

The *Shoulders* should be long, and well clothed with muscle without being heavy, especially at the points. They must be well sloped, and the true arm between the front and the elbow must be long and muscular, but free from fat or lumber.

Chest and Back Ribs—The chest should girth over 30 inches in a 24 inch hound and the back ribs should be very deep.

The *Back and Loin* must be very muscular, running into each other without any con-

traction between them. The couples must be wide even to raggedness, and there should be the very slightest arch in the loin, so as to be scarcely perceptible.

The *Hindquarters* or propellers are required to be very strong, and, as endurance is of even more consequence than speed, straight stifles are preferred to those much bent, as in the Grey-hound.

Elbows set quite straight and neither turned in or out are a "sine qua non." They must be well let down by means of the long true arm above mentioned.

Legs and Feet—Every master of Fox-hounds insists on legs as straight as a post, and as strong; size of bone at the ankles and stifles being specially regarded as all important. The feet in all cases should be round and cat-like with well developed knuckles, and strong pads and nails are of the utmost importance.

Colour and Coat are not regarded as very important so long as the former is a "hound colour," and the latter is short, dense, hard, and glossy.

Hound colours are black, tan, and white—black and white, and the various "pies" compounded of white and the colour of the hare and badger, or yellow, or tan. In some old strains the blue mottle of the Southern hound is still preserved.

The *Stern* is gently arched, carried gaily over the back, and slightly fringed with hair below. The end should taper to a point.

The *Symmetry* of the Fox-hound is considerable, and what is called "quality" is highly regarded by all good judges.

FOX HOUNDS AND FOX HUNTING

John A. McKinnon

KINDLY allow me to enter your family circle and introduce myself to the fox hunters of Rod and Gun. In the first place, if any of the brethren wish to call me up by the long distance phone "Fox Hound Johnnie," or "McKinnon, the Fox Hunter," will always get me, providing you get the home office. I have hunted foxes with hounds for the past twenty years and it is some of these past incidents that I wish to relate.

My biggest string of reds in one season was sixty-three, killed ahead of the hounds. In the fall of 1915 I shot thirteen and one on New Year's Day which is a good omen for 1916. While I have not kept strict account of the number of foxes killed each season I think that to say I had killed between five or six hundred during the past twenty years would be a fair estimate.

In my fox hunting I have tried out nearly every type and strain of fox dog known, including the beagle and half-blood hound and judging from past experience there is no fox dog to compete with a first class strain of pure bred fox hounds bred for staying qualities, brains, hunting instinct and powers of endur-

ance. It is just as easy to breed and raise this type of hound as it is a batch of culls, providing a man will build his foundation on bed rock and start with hounds that possess fully the desired traits, not paying any attention to the shape of the tail or color of hair. The most desirable qualities that go to make up a satisfactory fox hound are not seen in a photo or even in the color of his coat, but by a trail in the woods after fox. I have owned, raised, trained and hunted with the strain of fox dogs I now possess and their ancestors as far back as six generations, adding only enough new blood to prevent inbreeding and I have sometimes bred pretty close, but as long as the product justifies the means I feel well repaid and will continue to do so.

As to the mode of trailing the fox, I have seen hounds that would start to give tongue and run the first old fox tracks on snow that they would find, thus tiring themselves out and wasting valuable time when our winter days are all too short anyway, or perhaps running a back track for a couple of miles with the wrathful hunter following him up swearing what he will do to him once he gets in touch with the owner of that useless noise. A real



Pups out of four different litters; the largest pup was four months old when the picture was taken, the smallest one about five weeks old

fox hound should depend more on his brains and nose than on his sight and a dog that is continually howling for nothings should be shot.

Foxes are none too plentiful in my vicinity now and sometimes I have to walk five or six miles for a start. One afternoon I was coming home across the fields which were covered with a bare and glazed crust. I had one old and one young hound. The wind was from the east and we were travelling south-east across an open country, the closest woods being over half a mile away. The dogs were some distance ahead when I noticed old Bruce sniffing the air in the direction the wind came from. I watched him as he slowly wended his way across the field, his head high, and stopping every now and then to make sure of the line of scent. Before reaching the woods there was a creek where he started his fox, fully half a mile from where he caught the faint scent in the air. Another time I was coming home the day following Christmas and by the way I had shot two foxes before my Christmas dinner which I had taken at my brother-in-law's that year and as one of those killed was one of the best shots I had ever made at a fox with a rifle I've simply got to tell about it. The fox was circling in some thick second growth poplars through the centre of which ran a ditch, the brush being newly cut and piled which made a clear opening the full length of the woods about six feet in width. I stood at one end of the ditch waiting as Carlo had been running this fox fully an hour and he seemed to be determined not to break cover. At any rate he had to occasionally cross the ditch and for the time being it was my only chance. Once stationed there I had not long to wait. Carlo was trying to roar his lungs out and coming directly for the ditch and by the way he was talking I knew the fox wasn't far ahead of him. Still the noise continued and I stood there with my 38-56 at the ready pointed where I thought old red skin would be most likely to make the jump. There he is! With a flying jump he is across and I fired. As I did so I was sure his tail gave a

peculiar twist for a healthy fox. Old Carlo soon told me that my game was there. I stepped off the distance, one hundred and twenty paces—some shot. The ball had struck him back of the ribs tearing out his intestines yet he dragged himself fully forty yards. I am not strong on history but some of you will remember the children of Israel setting fire to some foxes and letting them loose in the Philistines' corn. Well this was one of them, a pure Sampson fox and for the benefit of those readers who have never seen a Sampson fox I will describe it. The fur of this fox partakes of the nature of down or wool and they have no long top or guard hair, their color being bluish white.

That night six inches of snow fell and as it had snowed till daylight I knew the foxes would not travel much but I had to go home and having reached the woods I sat down to give Carlo time to ferret around. He worked the east side of the bush and was gone about an hour: still there was nothing doing. He came back then and crossed over into a small point of maple where he suddenly became interested in a trail under the snow. He would stick his head clean to the ears in the loose powdery snow and sniff. I went over to look the thing over to see if I could not help him out but I could not see even a faint outline of a track so was powerless to help for the time being. I sat down therefore like a knot on a log and waited for developments. In about fifteen minutes Carlo routed out from under a brush heap a fine male fox which only ran about ten minutes when it went to earth in a sand hill. As the nearest farm-house was only a short distance away I went for a shovel and axe and having dug away the frozen earth and enlarged the mouth of the hole I let the dog in. Carlo soon told me that he could see the fox and a little later he told me the fox had made connections.

I was powerless to help him as the frost was about nine inches deep and my digging was a slow process. However I knew that he would take him out if he could once get a good



J. A. McKinnon with Rose and Hunter after a successful hunt

hold. Finally everything became strangely quiet. There was only a low gurgling sound coming from the hole and I felt satisfied that the hound had turned the tables on Sir Renard. Presently Carlo's hind feet appeared at the mouth of the den and I bent down, club in hand, ready to render any assistance needed. Just as he was pulling the fox into the daylight the fox pulled backwards and the whole process had to be gone through with again. However the next time I was ready for him. Grabbing Sir Renard by a foot I soon had him where Carlo could put the finishing touches on his ribs, which he did in short order. I never knew this hound to quarrel or fight with another dog and I had him eight years, but he would kill a fox as quick as any dog I ever saw if he had a fair chance. I picked one up once that he had run down and killed himself. I knew he was running a fox in the open fields and as he had quit giving tongue just after giving a few extra loud hoots I thought I had better investigate. It was lucky that I did as it was snowing at the time and the fox lay half covered with snow where he had been

over taken and killed by the dog.

I have known foxes to take refuge in all kinds of places. Last February I got one that was fully thirty feet up into a hollow basswood standing tree. I got another one in a cedar rail, the hollow being just large enough to let his body in. The end of his tail was flush with the end of the rail. Carlo ran one down and killed it in the village cemetery, it having run down one of the principal streets of the village, and passed in front of the C.P.R. station, after which it made a large circle before the dog caught it. The dog and fox had covered about fifteen miles in two straight lines, seven miles up one concession where they crossed over and then went down the other. There was equal footing for dog and fox with about two inches of new snow over a crust. It proved a case of the survival of the fittest. The dog won.

Mr. McKinnon does not solicit correspondence as he has no fox hounds or young stock for sale.

Next month we will feature the Airedale Terrier. All readers having cuts of celebrated dogs are invited to send same for publication.



A fair sample of the type of foxhound used by Mr. McKinnon

J. D. A. Evans of Crystal City, Man., writing under date of January 26th, says that during a residence of many years in Manitoba he cannot recall a January so rigorous as the one which has just passed. Those birds who have had the courage to spend the winter in that Province, Mr. Evans writes, have apparently bivouacked in quarters that are protected from the blizzards that have raged so

fiercely. There has been a noticeable dearth of fish at waterways where these usually abound, at Rock Lake, for instance, of the Pembina chain, where there is usually an abundance of pike and sucker. Possibly the fish have migrated, says Mr. Evans or perhaps when winter's sway has relaxed thousands in frozen masses may be dashed in to the shores.



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Quebec, Que.



ALONG THE TRAP LINE

EDITED BY GEORGE J. THIESSEN



DISSATISFIED FUR SHIPPERS

Geo. J. Thiessen

I have always been a friend of the fur shippers. I know what it means to tramp miles over the line when the weather is below zero, before the sun is up; and maybe then receive but a pelt or two which hardly paid for the cost of the shoe leather worn. Consequently, I fought the crooked buyers and exposed them whenever I had the chance. A few years ago I explained the methods of some crooked dealers and as a result of this brought down upon me the wrath of those whose wings I singed. Pressure was brought to bear on me by a strong society; at least in one instance an editor of a magazine was cautioned against printing any more of my material, a firm which I owned was boycotted by a fur firm and even the men who employed me at that particular time, were prevailed upon to dispense with my services. However, this company happened to be composed of broadminded executives and did not favor anything but a square deal in handling their own shippers, so did not co-operate with those who made the complaint. Further than this, being influential, they succeeded in suppressing the matter entirely—for which I was thankful. But had they not, I would have fought on alone, for I knew every fur shipper was behind me. I had no fear of the outcome, for right was bound to prevail.

These few words bring me directly to the subject of this article. I have had the opportunity of investigating complaints of fur shippers and find that in every instance the firm is not always wrong. Some of those who have pelts to sell are so unreasonable that they cannot be satisfied no matter what they are offered for their goods. For instance:

.....Ind.
.....Fur Co.,

Gentlemen:

You done me right. If you want to rob banks why don't you get a gun? You beat me out of \$3.00 or more on my shipment. I have a list from.....and they quote: Extra Lge \$2.25 to \$1.00 and mine were all extra large and I am done with you.

Respectfully yours,

The man had shipped three opossum. The goods were held so I sorted them and put the prices, according to the firm's list, on them.

He had one large, one medium, both prime, and one large No. 2. The firm allowed him something like fifteen cents more than I figured the goods. These furs averaged about .93 cents each—and there are many dealers who would be glad to sell their entire collection at less than this price.

From the West comes:

.....Montana.
.....& Bros.,

Dear Sirs:

You quote wolves at from \$6.00 to \$5.00 and when I send you the only one I ever shot you allow me only \$3.50. I know this skin was cut down the belly and the head removed but what difference does that make? There is just as much fur on a pelt cut down the belly as on one taken off any other way and the head is not used for making fur coats. Send me another \$2.50 or you will get no more fur from here. Truly yours,

Here was another case where the fur company got a "black eye" from an inexperienced fur shipper, notwithstanding the fact that it stated plainly on the list that open and headless skins would be figured at reduced prices. Manufacturers will not pay within ten or twenty per cent. for skins of this kind, so the buyers cannot do so either. While an explanation was given, probably it failed to satisfy the aggrieved one and as a result he would not ship again to the firm he thought had cheated him and would prevent others from doing so if he could.

Perhaps the greatest per cent. of complaints come from those who ship muskrats and because they are caught in the winter or spring, the shipper expects that the pelts ought to be graded as winter and spring skins. Let me say that the names refer only to the quality of the fur and not to the time when the pelts were taken. I have seen muskrats caught after December first in Illinois and Indiana no better than those caught in the middle of November, but when they were graded as fall skins there were complaints without number. And yet the buyer did not cheat the shipper. He was absolutely fair. It would be better if firms instead of using the terms spring, winter, fall and kits would substitute—and some do—No. 1; No. 2; No. 3 and No. 4.

McGregor of Ford

His father, William McGregor, was a Canadian of Scotch ancestry who took a very active interest in the business and political life of Canada and was elected a member of the Dominion Parliament, serving his country and his district well and faithfully for twenty years.

The son, Gordon McGregor, about whom this is written, was born at Windsor, Ont.

William McGregor eventually became interested in the Walkerville Wagon Co., at Walkerville, Ontario, and, shortly after, his son Gordon McGregor, was made manager of the firm. Here the son began to show that business foresight that has made him one of the prominent figures in the business world of Canada.

About this time an event took place in the carriage and wagon industry that caused the greatest concern. This was the advent and the establishment of the automobile as a practical vehicle.

Some dealers and builders were so alarmed that they thought their business would go to immediate rack and ruin and that the auto would supersede horse-drawn vehicles entirely. Others were cool-headed enough to see the advantages that this new industry afforded and governed themselves accordingly.

Among the latter was Gordon McGregor, who believed that he could successfully enter upon the business of manufacturing automobiles and looked about him for wise methods of doing this.

He got in touch with many manufacturers and looked over many makes of cars. Finally he decided on one make and effected arrangements for its production in this country. The car he chose was the Ford.

And this is the story of Gordon McGregor of Ford, Ontario, and of the Canadian Company he established now known as the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited.

Today, half the population of four towns depend upon the Ford Company of Canada for their earnings. These are Ford City, Walkerville, Windsor and Sandwich.

In April 1915, a time when most Canadian manufacturers were following a policy of retrenchment, the present Ford schedule of wages was adopted by which the company virtually handed to its employees, \$50,000 a month increased wages and reduced the working hours from nine to eight per day.

Surely, this is a great boon to Canadian workmen and their families. It is a boon to Canadian merchants who benefit by the increased purchasing power of all these families. It is a boon to the entire country in time of war when living expenses are higher than ever before.

And these employees have responded in like measure to the Empire's need for her people's support, Ford City alone having made what is probably a record contribution to the Patriotic Fund of \$34 per capita.

More than 300 Ford employees have enlisted for overseas service, and the Company is spending thousands of dollars in moving pictures which are offered free to assist in recruiting work all over the Dominion.

What an immense expression of confidence in the ultimate and unquestionable success of British Arms and the allied cause was this great wage increase!

But it was not the only evidence of the Ford Company's faith in the Empire.

Before the outbreak of hostilities the company decided to reduce the price of the car by \$60. When the war came upon us the company might well have been pardoned for withholding this reduction for a time. But they never even considered it. The reduction was made the same day war was declared.

And you can realize how real this confidence in the victorious prosperity of Canada was when you consider that the prices of Ford cars are set in accordance with the estimated production for the coming fiscal year and not by any means are they based on the profits of the preceding year.

\$652,000 has been spent on new buildings in Ford City since the war began.

Over \$1,000,000 has been spent on new buildings in four Canadian cities since the war began, making a total expenditure for new buildings of approximately a million and three quarters.

\$1,000,000 has been spent in new equipment since war began.

900 men have been added to the pay roll since war began.

And if there is needed further proof of this company's absolute conviction in the progress and prosperity of the Dominion, it may be found in the fact that another \$60 reduction in the price of the car was made last August—making a total reduction of \$120.00 since war began.

This new price requires an output of 40,000 cars this year.

Then, too, the price of Ford parts has been reduced by \$147 per car—a reduction that means a big increased economy to Ford owners.

Such immense expenditures and price reductions as these are of the greatest benefit to the general welfare of the nation under existing conditions. They form one of the greatest possible influences towards boosting the prosperity of Canada.

Remember that all but \$16.88 worth of the material that goes into the construction of a Ford car is bought here in Canada—and it would be all bought here if it were possible to get it.

Truly, the Ford is, after all, a Canadian Car, built by Canadians. Very few Canadian manufacturers are able to show such a support to Canadian industry as this.

The Canadian Ford Company is basing this year's factory production plans on just double the business done last year.

They stake everything on the conviction that Canada is bound to prosper. They place all on the belief that Britain and her allies are bound to win.

McGregor of Ford and his Canadian associates may be pardoned for feeling proud of this record.

Most of the complaints are received in the early fall and in the late spring. These usually are from those who know little or nothing about fur values. The tyro gets a price list—and some houses are guilty of getting out quotations on prime goods when furs will sort no better than threes—and starts trapping. He ships his goods and consequently, as they are of poor quality, he does not receive what he thinks they are worth. Immediately he gets out his quotations and “sets up a holler.” On the other hand, in the South skins begin to get springy; that is, fade in color, shed, etc., early in February. The trapper sends in his goods and because they are in this condition and do not command the prices on the list, registers his complaint and sincerely believes the buyer has robbed him. With a reliable house this is not the case and I can say without fear of contradiction that they actually hate to make returns on springy goods, in some instances. Even though it is not requested, I have known many times when furs were held separate rather than take a chance of offending the shipper.

It often happens that furs on the verge of tainting—they are apparently all right when they are shipped—are spoiled by the heat of the express car. No dealer can pay top prices for this class of goods, yet if he does not there is usually a complaint.

I do not wish to state that all fur firms are honest and will not take advantage of a shipper. Some do this with such frequency—and some day I may give their names—that it is wonderful how they exist at all. Yet most of the buyers are honest and really try to pay those who deal with them every cent their furs are worth, knowing it is to their interest to do so.

A Favorite Set For Muskrats Also For Mink.

Editor, “Along the Trap Line”:

I received my Rod and Gun yesterday and noticed the names of the winners of prizes on subjects written for Along the Trap Line. I not only hope to win a prize but want to help beginners along.

Let us suppose that the place where we are trapping is a swift flowing stream where the muskrats cannot build houses but where they live in holes in the bank, for it is along just such a stream as this where I do my trapping. When I started in to trap I was advised to set my traps in the holes which are under water. I did it, yes, but met with disappointment so gave that method up as a bad job and instead dug a shelf in the bank, the front being a few inches under water only and the back being above water. I then set the trap at the front and placed bait at the back—the bait consisting of parsnips, apples or turnips—then placed a few water-soaked leaves on the trap—it is important of course not to place too many leaves in this case—staked the trap so the muskrat would drown and success came my way. In water where muskrats build houses I have had no experience so some one else will have to furnish advice on the method to be used in this event.

Regarding a good set for mink in the spring. Take the castors of a mink and squeeze them,

then place them in a hole along the bank of a stream. Set your trap at the entrance and cover them with the material that surrounds the hole, leaves or grass, etc. If castors cannot be obtained use a pigeon or rabbit. If the bait is placed inside a hollow log and a trap set at both ends it is liable to catch either skunk or mink.

In the winter I cover my traps with butter paper and brush snow over them. It is best to cut two slits about two inches long across the paper at right angles to each other, forming a cross.

By the way have any of the readers of this department used Shaw's Pneumatic Smoker. If you have I wish you would write your experience with it.

Mr. Thiessen has got us going now. Let us keep it up.

Yours truly,

Gowanstown, Ontario. Eldon Ankenman.
(P.S.) I certainly hope the Ontario Government prohibits the sale of all game birds when they make the amendments at the coming session.

Along the Trap Line Experiences.

Dear Sir and Brother Trappers:

I have just “fired up my jimmy pipe,” so thought that perhaps I could say a word or so even if no one derives any benefit from my remarks.

Now, first of all, when you get your returns from that shipment of furs, are you satisfied? Perhaps two or three of those December caught mink were graded “springy and rubbed”—Yes that has happened and not so very long ago. If the firms that treat you in this way were to see themselves written up in our “Along the Trap Line Department” do you not suppose that that sort of robbery would stop. I am pleased to say that very few fur dealers will stoop to those tactics nowadays, but let those that do be advertised so that some trapper who has not had experience with them will give them a wide birth.

Talking about smoking out skunk—Well—I've heard that it works—sometimes. Pard and I tried it—had all the latest contrivances—and then some. We used the most suffocating combination of noxious gases known before the war. Started the smoker, smoking, kept it smoking, took turns at smoking the smoker and kept at it for one hour. Nothing doing and three fresh tracks going into the den. Well we got most of the gas. Pard took sick and was in the hospital two months. Result—Smoker for sale very cheap.

Do any of you trappers have trouble getting separated from the smell after skinning a skunk? Perhaps at some future date I may tell you the easiest way. Cheap, sure and quick.

Have you ever met “Johnny Sneak'em”? He is the trap and fur thief. Nice old chap, isn't he? I never met him; saw him going once—then he went faster. Billy Dig-em-out is not so bad. His trouble is that he knows no better—sometimes he does not care. It is a mistake to destroy dens. Remember the story of the goose that laid the golden egg.

Now boys get busy. Let us make this

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department a good big one. I know the Editor is not nearly as busy as he ought to be—So get busy! Tell about some experience you had and get some of the boys who don't take Rod and Gun to send in for a year's subscription.

"Casey," the trapper.

A Young Trapper's First Capture.
Editor, "Along the Trap Line."

Just a few lines to tell you about my first skunk. It was a beautiful October evening and the sun was beginning to shine in through the trees, when Bert came up to me and said:

"There is a big skunk up in our pasture in a hole. He's been after our chickens. Will you come up with me after him?"

Needless to say I went, and we put a few sticks around the entrance to the hole and then I set a trap and put it just inside the sticks. We then went away and left it. In the morning Bert said the skunk was caught so after school I went up with four other boys and a gun and we soon put an end to the miserable chicken stealer.

Yours truly,

Rosseau, Ont. Ral Foote, (aged thirteen.)



Did you ever see a white beaver? The editor of *Along the Trap Line* has never seen one but the postcard from which the accompanying illustration was made was sent to the Bach Fur Company of Chicago by Mr. Rogers, one of their patrons.

"The Chinese," says the National Geographic magazine in an article in their January issue on "How the World is Fed," "are among the greatest fish eaters in the world and they have accepted so many varieties in their list of edible fishes that they can have a different kind for breakfast every morning in the year. Not only are their seas filled with fish, but their rivers as well, and while no other nation has gone as far as the United States in scientific fish propagation in fresh waters, the Chinese have cared for their fish supply through a hundred generations.

"All sorts of methods of catching fish have been developed by the nations of the earth. It is a far cry from the big steam trawler of the North Sea to the hook and line of the small boy on a country creek bank. But most picturesque of all the ways of fishing in the world is that resorted to by the Chinese—fishing with cormorants. The cormorants are hatched

under chicken pens, and when about three months old are taught to fish.

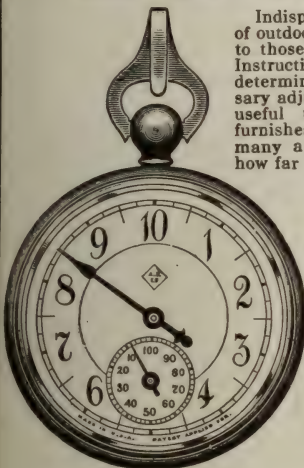
"The trainer ties a string to one of the bird's legs and drives it into the water. He then throws out some small fish which the bird promptly catches. It is taught to dive and come back at the call of the whistle. When trained, collars are put about the bird's neck so that it cannot swallow the fish it catches. A fisherman goes out with the brail of his boat lined with string-hitched cormorants. At a given signal they dive, and the fish that can outswim them under water is as rare as a small fish in an angler's description of his catch."

One of our subscribers writes us: "I will have to discontinue 'Rod and Gun in Canada' in favor of 'Hell and Guns in Europe.' I have applied for the job of removing the Kaiser's Teeth."

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TRAPS?

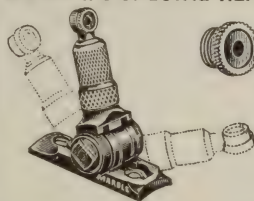


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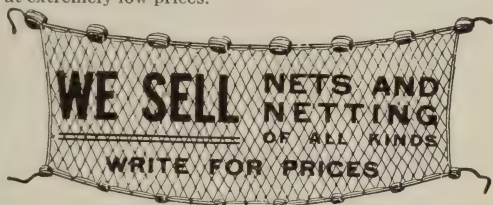


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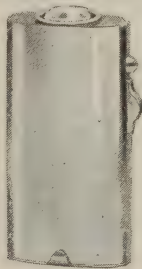
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TORONTO

THE TRAP

(Continued from page 1056)

Four Prominent Hamilton Trap-Shooters Who Have Made And Broken Records in the Past.



Mr. Edgar H. Sturt.

Mr. Walter P. Thomson.

Mr. Court Thompson.

Mr. George Beattie.

Gun Club secretaries who would like to see the records of shoots which they hold from time to time in Rod and Gun are invited to send these in as soon after the shoots take place as possible. It enclosed in an unsealed envelope addressed to the Trap Editor, Rod and Gun, Woodstock, Ont., and marked "Printer's Copy," written reports or newspaper clippings giving the scores of shoots held may be forwarded for one cent postage. Please be sure to mark on the copy the date when the shoot was held.

Dominion Game Protective and Trap Shooting Association Tournament to be held at Cobourg.

Officers of the Cobourg Gun Club are determined to make the coming shoot of the Dominion Game Protective and Trap Shooting Association which is to be held at Cobourg on June 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th one of the most successful shoots ever held in Canada.

The officers of the Cobourg Gun Club have the arrangements for the tournament in their hands and intend sparing no trouble to make it a success. Following are those in charge of the arrangements: Pres., Geo. Armour; Sec'y., C. McCallum; Executive: J. D. Hayden, E. W. Hargraff, Thos. Green, W. H. A. Semple, O. F. Allison, W. J. Maher, F. M. Field, J. B. McColl, J. K. Fraser, Geo. Bonce. In charge of the advertising and programs are C. McCallum, T. S. Chatterton and A. J. Gould; on the reception committee are J. G. Jackson, S. S. Purser and E. Vivian; in charge of the prizes are W. L. Allen, H. McCullough and H. Field; while G. Armour, T. J. Yorke and G. Crowther are to look after the grounds.

June 5th is practice day. \$1200 cash in prizes is to be offered during the progress of the shoot. Further details will follow when the arrangements have been got under way.

Tournament Dates

April 24, 1916—St. Hubert Gun Club Patriotic Tournament, at Ottawa, Secretary, O. T. Ring, Ottawa, Ontario.

June 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th.—Dominion Game Protective and Trap Shooting Association Tournament at Cobourg, Ont. Secretary of Cobourg Gun Club (which has charge of the Tournament) C. McCallum, Cobourg, Ont.

Annual Meeting of St. Hubert Gun Club

One sport that is advancing in leaps and bounds in the Ottawa district is trap shooting. Ottawa boasts of only one club, but its membership is a virile one and increasing in such proportions new quarters are necessary.

At the annual meeting of the St. Hubert's Gun Club held January 18th, the club discussed the question of procuring a new site to better accommodate the enlarg-

ed membership and a committee was named to go into the matter.

The present grounds at Westboro, where the traps are located, have been in use for many years. In addition to being cramped, the background is poor, on account of a grove of trees. The club members feel with more favorable conditions, the game would develop more rapidly, though on that score they have had no complaint in the last two years.

Secretary O. T. Ring reported the best season in the history of the club in 1915. The Canadian Trap Shooting tournament was pulled off at the Rockcliffe ranges, and brought crack guns from all over Canada and the United States.

That trapshooters are abreast the times is shown by the announcement that St. Hubert's Club will hold a patriotic tournament on Easter Monday, April 24th, the proceeds of which will be turned over to one of the local funds. Other clubs from outside will be asked to compete in the tournament and the members figure it will be a howling success.

The following members attended the meeting: W. J. Corby, chairman; William Slaney, George White, Geo. Easdale, R. Cameron, C. H. Rogers, E. O'Connor, J. J. Heney, Jr.; Joseph Dionne, N. Brownlee, E. G. White, C. B. Dougherty, C. J. Booth, Cecil Bethune, V. V. Rogers, William Forbes, O. T. Ring.

The officers: President, Cecil Bethune; first vice-president, F. A. Heney (re-elected); second vice-president, George White; field captain, George Easdale; treasurer, Blyth Beattie (re-elected); secretary, O. T. Ring (re-elected); executive: W. J. Corby, V. V. Rogers, J. J. Heney, George O'Connor, and J. B. Harkin.

The first shoot of the season of 1916 took place Saturday afternoon, January 22nd, at the traps of the St. Hubert Gun Club. Although the light and temperature were favorable, a strong west wind blew, making the targets jump and keeping the scores below the average. Ted White, O. T. Ring, George Easdale and V. V. Rogers were high guns all shooting over 80 per cent. In the competition for the club spoon, O. T. Ring, shooting in Class B, and having a handicap of two birds, broke 42 out of 50 and so proved the winner. George Easdale with 43 was a close second. Below are the scores in detail:

CLUB SPOON—2 events at 25 birds.

O. T. Ring	22	20—44
E. G. White, (pro.)	23	21—44
Geo. Easdale	23	20—43
V. V. Rogers	22	18—41
J. B. Bunn	15	21—36
H. W. Fairchild	15	21—36
F. A. Heney	17	18—35
Geo. White	17	18—35
B. Brown	17	14—31
J. Collins	13	12—25

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We have the originals of the oil paintings executed by our cover design artist, F. V. Williams, during the past year and have decided to give our subscribers the opportunity of securing one of these FREE. Mr. Williams excels in reproductions of Big Game Hunting, Canoeing, Fishing, Camping, etc. and his cover designs reproduce with skill and fidelity Canadian outdoor life in its varied phases.

Your Den's Attractiveness May Be Greatly Enhanced by One of These

The paintings are of generous proportions being 19 in. deep by 14 in. in width. The reproductions give a hint as to the coloring and quality of the work but no reproduction can of course compare with the original painting. The original of any one of the paintings which Mr. Williams has done for us as well as the original of the December and subsequent covers may be procured by you]

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Look through your files for the past year and choose the design that appeals to you most. Then write us without delay of your selection and at the same time ask for sample copies and subscription blanks which will be sent you promptly. Interest your friends in Rod and Gun as a Christmas gift. You should be able to secure a nice number of subscriptions from sportsmen who would like to remember their friends by sending them a year's subscription to ROD AND GUN, Canada's leading magazine of outdoor life.

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Extras at 25 birds—V. V. Rogers, 23; E. G. White, 21, 23, 44; Geo. White, 20; F. A. Heney, 19; O. T. Rine, 19; Geo. Easdale, 17, 15, 21—53; J. B. Bunn, 16; H. W. Fairchild, 15; B. Brown, 14; J. Collins, 12, 7—19 J. E. Caldwell, 6.

Jordan Gun Club

The first shoot of the winter series of the Jordan Gun Club was held on Saturday, January 15th, and, although the weather was cold and stormy, a fair-sized crowd of shooters was in attendance to enjoy the sport. In the handicap event of 25 birds for the club spoons the competition was keen, the winners being P. Wismer, H. W. Hunsberry, Mel. Honsberger and Walt Moyer. Mr. Geo. Gunn presented the club with a 20-lb. goose, which was won by H. Boulton with a straight score.

Those shooting and their scores were as follows:

Names	Shot at	Broke
P. Wismer	35	33
H. W. Honsberry	35	33
M. Honsberger	35	32
W. Moyer	35	28
H. Boulton	35	28
A. Wismer	35	27
F. Church	35	27
D. Price	35	26
W. Troup	35	26
E. Culp	35	26
H. Heckadon	35	24
M. Culp	35	24
E. Honsberger	25	15
W. Nicholson	25	14
G. Fry	25	12

New Gun Club Organized At Gowganda, Ontario

On January 1st, a number of shot gun enthusiasts at Gowganda, Ont., organized a club which they called the Gowganda Gun Club, electing the following officers for 1916—Pres., R. J. Robb; Vice-Pres., Thos. Barrett; Sec.-Treas., Dr. Crann; Committee, the officers and Peter Grant and H. M. Springer. Although most of the members are new to trap shooting the enthusiasm with which the organization was carried on augurs well for the success of the undertaking.

Secretaries of gun clubs are reminded that copy for the trap should be in our hands not later than the *first of the month previous to the date of issue*. Copy for April should reach us by March 1st. Send scores anyway.

Port Stanley Gun Club.

Port Stanley, Jan. 11.—The Port Stanley Gun Club shot at blue rocks on Monday, January 10th, with the following results:

First event, 25 rocks—

C. A. Cromwell	18
E. Cary	17
W. Hindley	17
H. Moore	22
W. Stanton	15
H. Dunn	16
A. Glover	18
F. Young	20
H. Taylor	14
W. Binns	16
R. Guest	20
C. Hough	14

Second event, 25 rocks—

A. Glover	22
F. Young	16
C. Hough	13
H. Taylor	12
H. Dunn	21
L. Link	17
D. Brown	17

On Monday, January 24th, the scores at blue rocks were:

First event, 25 rocks—

C. Cromwell	19
F. Young	20
H. Dunn	18
E. Carry	20
H. Moore	13
A. Glover	23
W. Stanton	16
C. Hough	11
R. Guest	22
W. Binns	18
D. Brown	17
R. Link	14

Second event, 25 rocks—

F. Young	18
A. Glover	22
H. Dunn	19
H. Moore	22
E. Carry	22
W. Stanton	14

C. Hough	15
W. Binns	21
L. Brown	17
R. Link	16
R. Guest	22

Following are the results on the completion of the third weekly shoot for prizes at 25 blue rocks each Monday under a silent handicap.

	Score	Ad.	B'ds
C. Cromwell	53	3	56
E. Carry	59	6	65
W. Hindley	62	5	67
H. Moore	63	6	69
W. Stanton	53	11	64
H. Dunn	51	9	60
A. Glover	72	0	72
F. Young	62	5	67
H. Taylor	33	16	49
W. Binns	53	11	64
R. Guest	62	2	64
C. Hough	43	17	60

Glover won first prize; H. Moore, won second; W. Hindly won third; F. Young won fourth; H. Taylor, low.

Second event at 25—

H. Moore	18
H. Dunn	19
W. Stanton	17
W. Hindly	20
E. Carry	16
C. Hough	17
F. Young	19
A. Glover	24
H. Taylor	18
R. Guest	20
L. Brown	17
W. Link	16

Under the title "Teach them Young" C. L. Gilman writes in the Minneapolis News as follows:

Of course it was mighty pleasant to give that boy a .22 rifle for Christmas. His delight at the gift warmed the cockles of your heart.

But your gift and his delight in it carried with it the obligation on your part to see that he learned to use it not only efficiently, but also with due care for the safety of others and of himself.

Just recently we ran across a transcript of a lengthy speech made by some school teacher to a lot more of his sort contending that military training was bad, both physically and morally, for growing boys. In his eagerness to prove his case he went on piling up arguments until he got to making assertions widely at variance with the facts.

As, for instance, that it was impossible to teach young boys to handle the weapons of a soldier and consequently drill would inculcate in them the spirit of "tin soldierism" without any correcting impression of the grim horror of war.

Probably the good schoolmaster believed what he said.

But the average man knows that the five years between 10 and 15 are the best years in which to train a shooter. At the start of that period the boy, if properly raised, is still responsive to discipline, still free from the childish impulse to run contrary to the commands of his elders. Here is the time to thoroughly instill by precept the simple, basic rules of safety which are so hard to impress upon the older boy or the grown man, save through the slow process of suggestion and example.

It is little short of a crime to turn a boy under 15 years of age loose with a gun. On the other hand, it is both safe and profitable to let even a younger lad shoot under the strict supervision of a competent man. The lessons learned then are learned to last.

And, even more important than actual shooting skill, is the fact that, priding himself on this skill, the boy will face the temptations of young manhood fortified by a full realization of the priceless value of clear eyes and steady nerves.

Shooting skill is one of the fundamentals of good sportsmanship—and we hold strongly the belief that a good, all-around sportsman is the best of good citizens, finely fitted to meet competently all of the many obligations which the high privilege of citizenship involves.

Club Shoot.

The Jordan Gun Club held the first shoot of the series for the Stevens' trophy on Saturday, Jan. 29th. There was a good attendance of members and the shooting was below the average, because of a strong wind which was blowing across the traps.

For the trophy there are five tied, with scores of 23x25 The winner of the spoons in the handicap event of 25 birds were: C. Fisher, H. Boulton, Walt Moyer and P. Wismer.

Those shooting and their scores were as follows:

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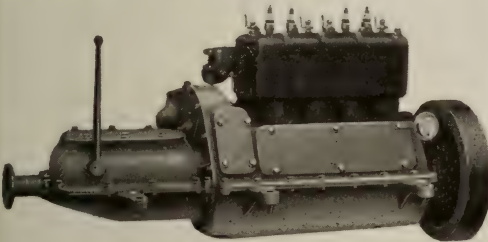
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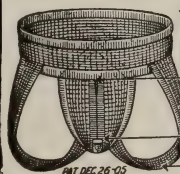
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THE WALTER F. WARE CO., Dept. C., PHILA.

	Shot at	Broke
W. Moyer.....	55	48
E. Fisher.....	45	38
H. W. Hunsberg.....	45	36
H. Boulton.....	45	33
M. Honsberger.....	45	32
A. Wismer.....	45	32
S. Heckadon.....	40	30
P. Wismer.....	35	29
A. Heckadon.....	35	27
D. Price.....	35	25
J. Spence.....	35	25
F. Church.....	35	24
F. Fry.....	25	13

Ruthven Gun Club.

The Ruthven Gun Club held their regular weekly shoot Wednesday afternoon, January 19th. Fine weather prevailed, and a crowd of spectators saw the boys do some good work. Following are the scores:

	Shot at	Broke
William Malott.....	75	60
Dr. Brice.....	100	77
William Smith.....	50	31
O. Bunn.....	50	38
P. Shanks.....	50	37
Oliver Orton.....	50	33
F. Burn.....	25	13
A. Bruner.....	50	39
A. Knight.....	25	11
E. Marshall.....	50	41

The Ruthven Gun Club met on their grounds Wednesday afternoon, January 26th. The clubhouse was filled with spectators, who saw the boys do some good shooting at blue rocks. The following are the scores:

	Shot at	Broke
Forest Conover.....	75	60
William Malott.....	85	69
Mrs. F. Conover.....	35	24
George Orton.....	25	20
Percy Fox.....	75	62
Oliver Bruner.....	50	43
Perry Shanks.....	50	37
Wm. Smith.....	50	39
Oliver Orton.....	75	64
E. Marshall.....	85	65
Dr. Brice.....	60	49
E. Fox.....	25	16

Athletic Gun Club.

The following scores were made at the annual shoot of the Athletic Gun Club, a new gun club, at St. Catharines, on February 5th. The first prize was won by H. W. Hunsberry, second by R. Reade, third by W. Elliott, fourth by A. Heckerton, and fifth by M. Hunsburgher.

	Shot at	Broke
W. Hunsberry.....	50	46
Wismer.....	50	31
Sam Heckerton.....	50	30
Price.....	50	36
M. Hunsburgher.....	50	39
J. Spence.....	50	33
A. Heckerton.....	50	40
G. Clutterbuck.....	50	22
F. Gavder.....	50	17
G. Collins.....	50	22
H. Clutterbuck.....	50	37
W. Elliott.....	50	41
A. Notman.....	50	35
G. Pinder.....	50	34
Ferranto.....	50	20
P. Clutterbuck.....	50	21
R. Reade.....	50	43
D. Blank.....	50	29
F. Rowley.....	50	25
T. Colgate.....	50	15

St. Hubert Gun Club.

Under conditions not altogether favorable, with a bad east wind and snow falling, which made the light poor for good shooting, a large number turned out Saturday, February 5th, for the weekly events at St. Hubert's Gun Club.

The main attraction was the final shoot for the dessert spoons donated by Mr. W. J. Corby. This event was in such favor that Mr. Geo. White has donated two more dessert spoons, to be shot for under similar conditions, viz., contest of three consecutive Saturdays,

score of any two Saturdays to count. Messrs. A. W. Throop and J. B. Bunn were the successful team for the Corby spoons, winning the silverware with a score of 164 out of 200. Following is a record of the scores in detail, showing the handicaps included, of two week-end shoots:

*Throop.....	43	41—84
*Bunn.....	39	41—80

Total..... 164

*Rogers.....	37	45—82
*Easdale.....	39	40—79

Total..... 161

*Corby.....	39	42—81
Ring (handicap, 2 birds).....	34	42—76

Total..... 157

White (handicap, 8 birds).....	43	42—85
Bethune (handicap, 4 birds).....	35	35—70

Total..... 155

Collins (handicap, 12 birds).....	45	36—81
Sheppard (handicap, 8 birds).....	36	29—65

Total..... 146

*Signifies scratch.

In the regular week-end competition for a silver spoon donated by the club, V. V. Rogers was high gun bagging 45 birds out of 50. Considering the light and wind, the shooting throughout was very good, the general average being 74 per cent. Following is the detailed list:

CLUB SPOON—Two events at 25 birds.

V. V. Rogers.....	22	23—45
W. J. Corby.....	21	21—42
A. W. Throop.....	18	23—31
O. T. Ring.....	22	19—41
J. B. Bunn.....	21	20—41
Geo. Easdale.....	20	20—40
Ted White (pro.).....	18	20—38
Geo. White.....	20	18—38
A. Latimer.....	21	17—38
H. W. Fairchild.....	16	20—36
C. J. Booth.....	19	15—34
C. Bethune.....	17	16—33
N. Brownlee.....	15	18—33
J. Collins.....	12	18—30
A. Sheppard.....	10	15—25
Extras, at 25 birds—Rogers 22; Easdale 20, 23—43;		
Ted White, 21, 21—42; Bunn, 21; Geo. White, 21;		
Throop, 19; Sheppard, 17, 16—33; Booth, 16; Collins,		
10, 14—24.		

The Port Stanley gunners carried off the trophies in the shoot against St. Thomas and Tillsonburg at the St. Thomas Gun Club on Friday, February 4th, the score being 319 out of 375. The Port Stanley team won the cut glass trophies by a score of 319 out of a possible 375 with a five man team. Tillsonburg was second with 312, St. Thomas third with 305. Arrangements were made at first for London and Dutton to send a team but they were unable to attend. Each member of the winning Port Stanley team was presented with a cut glass trophy. Following are the scores

PORT STANLEY—

H. Moore.....	22	23	25—70
A. Glover.....	23	23	21—67
F. Young.....	21	20	22—63
Day.....	20	22	20—62
Hough.....	22	18	17—57

Total..... 319

TILLSONBURG—

J. Payne.....	20	22	22—64
S. Vance.....	22	24	24—70
T. Taylor.....	23	24	20—67
W. Pow.....	24	18	21—63
J. Vance.....	19	15	14—48

Total..... 312

ST. THOMAS—

Manax.....	24	24	25—73
McCance.....	20	18	18—56
C. Axtford.....	22	20	18—60
O'Lone.....	18	19	21—58
Mrs O'Lone.....	21	17	20—58

Total..... 305



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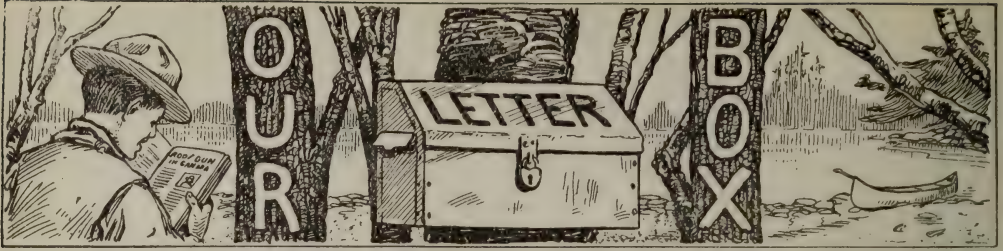
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A Deer Hunt in Victoria County, Ont.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:

The following account of an enjoyable trip which was made by the writer into the north woods of Victoria County, Ontario, may perhaps be of interest to some of the younger readers of Rod and Gun.

Accompanied by my eldest boy who was at that time about fifteen, we took the Grand Trunk Railway for Kinmount on the Haliburton line, finding the officials of the road to be very obliging in the matter of handling our butter-nut board canoe and camp stuff. We put up for the night at the Kinmount Hotel which combined good service with low charges. I was sorry to find that my old reliable guide, John Barnum, had "pulled up stakes" and gone to pastures new in Michigan.

The next morning we trimmed our "Ranger's" summer growth of nails, as if these are left long on the hound and the travelling is over stony ground much irritation is caused to the dog. While waiting for breakfast we were much amused by the antics of a recently captured black bear cub in the hotel yard.

Hunting up a settler's team we loaded up for a seven mile portage to Long Lake upon which we soon embarked for the Bank Shanty. After an hour's paddle we landed at the north end of the lake, receiving a hearty welcome from the shanty manager, Mr. Stephen Otto.

As the next day was Sunday we took it easy, becoming acquainted with our surroundings and sketching the comfortable "palace in the woods" as the "cook's devil" declared the aforesaid shanty to be. Towards evening we had a rather exciting experience. The French cook Francois had been off for the day visiting some well meaning friends who had treated him too well, and too often before his departure via canoe for his "palace" the other side of the lake. The result was an upset canoe near the landing and although the victim's lusty shouts brought speedy rescuers to his assistance it was for a time thought that Francois was done for. However the scribe set to work at once and with willing helpers applied artificial means of respiration which proved successful and the cook's strong French vitality soon completed the cure, much to the relief of all concerned.

While enjoying the hospitality of our shanty friends we witnessed a contest between two knights of the axe to prove which could in the shortest time make from standing timber an axe handle. At the word "go" the two contestants rushed to the task and soon had a slab cut from the tree. In less than twenty min-

utes they had each carved out a useable helve that was ready for the morning's work.

The next day we set up camp near Pretty Round Lake, missing a long shot at a running buck on the other shore. Again and again we heard far away shots before the return of our dog. An opposition camp from Kinmount had been set up on Davis Lake and we began to despair of getting what we had come for. Friend Otto came to the rescue saying he would put out the dog while both of us would go on the watch. He did so and it proved a long all day race, the buck going off south, crossing the Burnt River several times to avoid the tenacity of our "Ranger." From an elevated point on Davis Lake the buck was spied late in the afternoon picking his weary way back over a creek ravine, heading north for the larger lakes in that direction, pluckily followed by the tired and yelping hound. Big Lake and the darkness brought a well earned victory to the monarch of the glen.

After this bit of bad luck I packed up to make the return trip but Mr. Cole of the Davis Lake camp, invited us to stay in his camp and try again, which invitation was accepted. I had a fine watch ground on Rock Island, Davis Lake. Cole went south leaving his chum to take care of us. While the three of us were on the lookout I spied the well known wake of a deer coming out of South Bay. Without delay I urged my son to get his paddle to work though our opposition friend with his bank canoe was at least sixty yards nearer to the deer when we started in the race after the deer. "Do or die" was the password. The Butternut however forged ahead and we turned the big doe campward. A single shot from Frank's rifle stopped the race and won the compliment "Well done" from our quondam friend who kindly offered to tow the deer to camp and hang it up, advising us to watch again for a probable second trophy. We did so but seeing none returned to camp to find "Ranger" there ahead of us and the deer hanging up in good shape. I immediately tramped off for the settler's rig while Frank prepared supper. Everything except dog and gun was sent to Kinmount in good time for the early morning train. We enjoyed supper in the big military tent of our opposition hunter, who not satisfied with one deer a day, laid claim to the deer we had killed. He fairly glared at us on his return and when we invited him to prove his claim and take the deer if he could, he concluded the odds were against him and finally left us alone, saying, "Good Night—I want to sleep."

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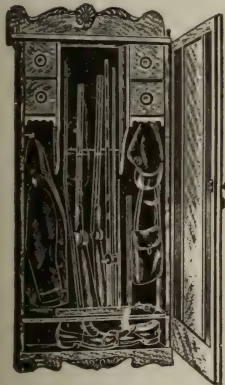
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We were up bright and early the next morning and footed it into Kinmount in time to catch the Lindsay train, killing several partridge on the way.

Yours truly,
Lindsay, Ontario. W. A. G.

Seines Beneficial to Bass
Editor, ROD AND GUN:

A few years ago anglers at London and Chatham and along the banks of the Thames induced the Department to do away with the seining along the banks of the river from the mouth up to Bothwell where there was a dam which was also done away with. The net fishermen made a great kick saying that there were no bass in the river, that it was not a bass river, etc., etc. The writer was able to say that when a small boy after supper at Chatham he had killed from 16 to 20 bass, whether small or large mouth he could not say as all were called by the local name of green bass at that time. Since then we have become more expert and can tell a small from a large mouth. A friend showed me a snapshot of a string of bass caught half a mile above Chatham last June or July by a thirteen year old boy in one afternoon. This would seem to indicate that the going away with the seines has had a beneficial effect on the bass. In May and June the river at Chatham is lined by anglers, boys and old men and women fishing for mullets. Some of them take enough to make a fair wage selling them to townspeople at 5 cents each. A large number of people all along the river are able through the wise regulation not only to have sport but to have a mess of fish for themselves. This is much better than allowing a few fishermen to take all the fish and ship them to the American market.

Yours truly,
Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells.

Some Comments On Mr. Kerr's Article
In The February Issue

Editor, ROD AND GUN:

In looking through the February issue of Rod and Gun I notice Mr. Kerr's article on "The Fate of our Wildfowl."

Now, while I agree with my neighbor in many things, I differ from him in others. Take, for instance, Bob White's case. Bob White the gamiest of all our game birds. Suppose we do shut off quail for five years. Can Mr. Kerr give us any guarantee that there will be any great increase in quail. I, for one, doubt it very much for in case we were unlucky enough to have one or two hard winters we should probably find that the rigorous weather had killed more quail than all the shooters in five years of open season, or such is the conclusion I would arrive at from what experience I have had. Why not allow the shooter to compete with the elements?

In regard to the wild duck. If our season were cut it would mean no duck shooting for us in this section, our shooting being all from September 15th, to October 15th. Now it sure is a good thing for the Essex boys to have a short season and take it off the first part as

our small lakes freeze over early and they thereby reap the benefit of the late shooting. Why not take it off the tail end if the season is to be shortened? The city sports take their outing when the duck season is on, no matter when it may be and they spend the whole season at it with a pump gun, while we in the country town get about a day a week and for the season as it now stands would make about five trips with, say, about 25 to 35 birds all told, where the city sport would not thank you for less than our grand total for each day's bag.

I agree with Mr. Kerr as to stopping the sale of ducks or any other game bird and I think when the sale is stopped a limit of 10 to 15 birds a day imposed, and one man allowed in a boat or blind with one gun, not a pump gun, our wild ducks will sure increase rapidly. Leave the season as it is in my advice. It would be hard to change it and suit the boys all around and it seems to fit pretty well as it stands.

I may state that we had more ducks last season in our vicinity than for any season for the past five years, which doesn't look as though these birds were decreasing.

Yours truly,
Forest, Ont. John Shaw.

Some Old Time Shooting Results In
Prince Edward Island

Editor, ROD AND GUN:

My son sent me eight or ten copies of Rod and Gun from the city a few days ago and I have been much interested in reading their contents. The contributors have certainly told their experiences in an entertaining way, much better than the writer can hope to do, but the results have not always been as great as one would expect from so many expert trappers and hunters. I have shot every year for the past fifty years and spent many exciting days afield.

My wife said to me two years ago when she heard me fumbling for matches at about 4 o'clock in the morning on the day of the opening of the duck season:

"Dad, what's the matter now? Surely you're not going at your old game again this year?"

I said yes I was good for a few years yet and added, "I think you should be proud to have me go"; and she finally agreed that she was.

We have a lake near our home called Moss Lake, which has been one of the finest feeding grounds for black ducks I have ever seen. Recently, however, the railway department have opened up a line which runs near it and this has injured the shooting very much as the toot, toot of the trains in passing always puts the ducks on the move. I am not given to swearing but I often feel some very nasty words moving around inside of me on seeing perhaps fifty to seventy fine ducks put to flight by a passing train. I have taken hundreds of ducks from this lake, which is only about twenty-five acres in extent, and other sportsmen have also taken a large toll. I remember on one occasion shooting thirteen ducks at one double discharge and my dog retrieved twelve of them. On another occasion

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my son and I shot at three flocks and literally dotted the lake with dead ducks and many fell about the swamp. We dropped at least thirty out of the three flocks. After the third discharge I sent my son out in a small skiff and he picked up twenty-one ducks.

The ducks and the geese are the only game birds that are holding their own in our province (Prince Edward Island). The Wood-duck, Snipe (Wilson's), Golden Plover and Partridge are becoming very scarce, but of course are to be got in a limited supply yet. Thirty or more years ago I saw as many as one hundred woodcock in a cover. This would be after an early fall of snow in October when the birds would collect for their flight south. I can remember now when I was quite a young chap as a bird would start from under almost every knot, I would point my old muzzle loader and pull the trigger so feebly that the lock would invariably catch at half cock. I sometimes wish now that I could have back just one of those days. Equipped as I am now with a No. 12 repeater, a few boxes of ammunition and No. 10 shot, what a bag one could show, but after all it would be an unfair advantage to take of the game and unworthy a real sportsman. We consider now that if we can flush six or eight woodcock in a day's tramp we have fared very well. I think if one shoots every second bird at woodcock shooting he does very well. In my palmiest days I could take three out of four but considered every second shot at Woodcock or snipe shooting very good work. I have met very few in my long experience that could do even that.

I hope the readers of Rod and Gun will not think I am a braggart. I could tell them of many "off" days, of course when I would be ashamed to record results on paper, but I guess every shooter has to account for such days. I found if I can get in my first few shots I generally did well. Failing to do this one is apt to lose confidence.

If this note proves of any interest to your readers I may later tell of some of my experiences in shooting, trapping or fishing.

Yours truly,

Mt. Albion, P.E.I.

Robt. Jenkins.

Careless Shooters

Editor, ROD AND GUN:

The writer regrets exceedingly to read of the great number of lives that are lost through careless hunters shooting one another in mistake for deer. The Government of the United States and our own Ontario Government, too, are responsible for a great deal of this carelessness. Supposing I go to Coboconk or Killaloe and there I see a nice young lady with beautiful hair and face and I fall in love with her and a year afterwards want to marry her. Before I can get married I will have to get a license and then oh dear me how many questions I will have to answer. My own father issued over 2,000 marriages licenses in his day,—that's how I know. But when it comes to hunters any old Tom, Dick or Harry can get a license and all he has to do is to slap down \$2.00 for a deer and \$5.00 for a moose and not a single question is put to him. He can take along a bottle of booze with him on his hunt

and in some cases it's his first deer hunt. He imagines a deer is red in color because they are called "Red Deer." Who ever saw an animal in the woods that was bright red in color or half black and the other half red; This fellow sees an object at a distance. It is red and it is a man with a red sweater on. Our hunter takes aim. If it's a man he hits him sure, if it's a deer he is more than likely to miss him. In my opinion there is no excuse for a man who snoots another because he mistakes him for a deer. Let the hunter see the deer and the four legs that a deer carries with him or let him see the deer with his white tail up in the air when running or if what he sees does not appear to him definitely as anything then let him say to himself, "It's a man or a human being of some sort," and take out his field glass and have a look at it. So much for the careless man.

As to the Government. If it would have a good strong lecture printed on the back of every license issued and make it a severe penalty to shoot a man in mistake for a deer careless hunters would soon be deterred from making this sort of mistake. Instead they would say to themselves when tempted to shoot: "I don't want to go to jail, I'll make sure my quarry is not a man before I shoot." Some of them too would carry a good field glass instead of a flask or a quart bottle of the stuff that makes a man get his gun off in too much of a hurry. Believe me, if any one in my vicinity shoots a man in mistake for a deer, they want to hit me too for if they don't they'll be likely to hear a crack near them that will more than startle them.

Yours truly,

Massey, Ontario.

H. A. Preston.

Farewell Old Camp.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:

I enclose lines written in a hunter's camp up in the northern part of the Province of Ontario the night before the writer came back to civilization after a very pleasant and successful outing. If they do not meet with your approval consign them to the oblivion of the waste paper basket.

Yours truly,

Pefferlaw, Ont.

W. H. Johnston.

We are bidding farewell to the old log hut.

In the wilds of the rock ribbed North,
We have packed up our outfit right to tin cup
And sad hearted are sallying forth.

We will long for the click of the battered old latch,

And the creaking old door facing West,
The tangle and tear of the old briar patch,
And the trail through the wood we love best.

Oh the crack of the rifle! The bay of the hound!
Sent a thrill through each red bedecked breast;

As we rambled and shambled the ridges around
The red deer our quarry and quest.

But now it is over, our hunt it is done,

We'll return to our office or den,
But as sure as the dickens when next year has come

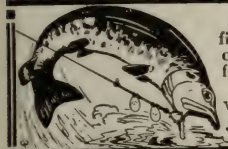
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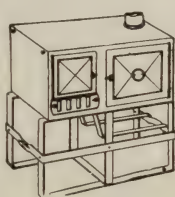
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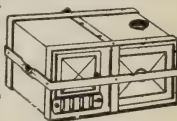
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Their Thirty-Ninth Annual Hunt.*Editor, ROD AND GUN:*

Our party consisted of O. J. Riddle, Enon Valley, Pa., J. A. Hunter and the writer of Oakmont, Pa. We left Oakmont Nov. 3rd, by way of Buffalo, thence to Toronto, to Montreal, St. John and Peticodiac, N. B., thence to Havelock, which is the end of the Elgin Havelock R. R. which was built in the year one; and they have the same cars yet, but have made some improvements as they are burning oil lamps now instead of candles. From Havelock we went by wagon twenty-five miles up the north fork of the Canaan River to where our guide, V. H. Keirstead, was stationed. We reached his place at 11 o'clock at night on November 5th, making pretty good time for a thirteen hundred mile jaunt. I am not going into the details of our hunt. Suffice it to say we killed our count and the fourth and last one was nearly all white, which you can see from the picture I am sending you and which I am afraid is not clear enough to make a good reproduction. We got moose in the same hunt-

ing grounds in 1913 and 1914 but this fall we did not see one lawful bull moose. I think the season should open October 1st, and close on November 30th, and then there would not be so many killed as the hunters would have to hunt, not merely lie in a crow's nest and have the moose come to them.

I note where a fellow writing of the .30-30 Winchester says it is a good rifle for partridge shooting. Yes, I have shot partridge with it, also deer, bear and moose. I brought down a moose with a spread of 56 inches with one shot on one of my hunts. I would like to see something that I could not shoot with the .30-30.

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Just win the good graces of Albert and Tom,
And maybe some time they will take you along.

Oakmont, Pa.

A. Lonabough.

ONLY*Geo. D. Pratt*

Only a man in a forest green,
Only a match that was dropped unseen.
Only a flame—some leaves and wood,
And only a waste where the forest stood.

*Photo by Bonnycastle Dale*

Tens of thousands of red wing blackbirds flying over the wild rice beds

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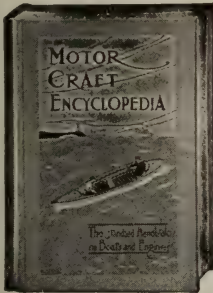
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OUR MEDICINE BAG



It is apt to be rather a costly matter for Vancouver hunters who take the risk of going out to hunt without obtaining a license. In January at Point Grey, Arthur T. Welsh and T. H. Williams were each fined \$50 and costs, Williams for shooting on Welsh's license and Welsh for permitting it to be done. The two men were caught in the woods in the vicinity of where the wardens are spreading out feed for the pheasants. They claimed, however, to be looking for wild ducks and had two spaniels with them.

An interesting coincidence was that Mr. Welsh had been summoned only ten days before for shooting without a license, but got off on suspended sentence on a plea that he had sent his brother to take out the license for him and did not know that it had not been taken out.

Halibut fisheries in British Columbia, says an editorial writer in the *Toronto Globe*, are reported in danger of depletion. The yield is now second only to that of the salmon in the coast fisheries. During 1914 the quantity landed at Canadian ports was over 64,000,000 pounds, and it is expected that the record for the past year will be slightly greater. These years show a marked increase over the total of 55,000,000 pounds in 1913. The advance is said to be due mainly to the adoption of more effective methods of fishing, and to the better profits obtained through facilities for preserving, shipping, and marketing. Cold-storage and refrigerator cars make it possible to place the catch of the northern Pacific fresh on the markets of California, and the cities of the east in Canada and the United States.

More information is necessary regarding the special circumstances of the Pacific coast before effective means of protection can be devised. The hair seal is suspected of being among the destroyers. A Government bounty for destruction, established chiefly as a means of protecting the salmon, has led to the destruction of many seals. It is claimed that only about one in five shot in the water is recovered to make a claim for the bounty. Sea lions are also destructive. As they herd on known islands during their breeding season systematic means can keep them in check. Methods of fishing may some day need regulation if found necessary.

Although a bottom fish, and keeping in comparatively deep water, the halibut come

to the shallows to spawn. The Government is alive to the importance of the industry, and signs of serious depletion should prompt immediate efforts toward protective measures.

The never-take-a-holiday moribids, says Charles Bradford in his book "The Bayman," look upon the lover of sport and good nature as a frivolous creature who lives long but neglects the true duties of life. But how few of us but know that these hypocrites are the real duty neglecters? We are here to enjoy the world, not suffer it. Why live a little while in misery in preference to a long life of merry-making? In what sense are the scowls and growls of these good-cheer and true-health abolitionists of service? Who is benefited by their every minute and the every minute of the poor wretches in their clutches being devoted to drudgery and health destroying? And the jovial man of kind heart—the gentle sportsman—who raises up the very victims of these sour-mouths and restores broken-hearted men and their shattered homes—he is but a frivolous thing! If so, frivolousness is godliness, and let us all hope our children may be thus afflicted.

The State Convention of the Michigan Wild Life Conservation Association will be held in Saginaw, Mich., February 23rd, 24th, 25th and 26th. Seven thousand people were at the last State meet and undoubtedly a still greater attendance will gather at the coming meet. During the meetings to be held in the city auditorium stereopticon and moving pictures of hunting, camping and fishing scenes will be projected by the finest apparatus manufactured. Almost everything pertaining to outdoor life will be exhibited.

Talks on Forestry for children are being sent out by the Association to school teachers under various attractive headings. The matter is all in story or semi-story form and in many cases the manuscripts furnished to teachers will be accompanied by sets of photographs which can be passed about a class room.

In nearly all Canadian schools a portion of Friday afternoon is devoted to miscellaneous reading and it has been shown that simple talks on forest subjects would be acceptable to teachers and pupils alike. In this way, the inculcation of the rudiments of Forestry may be assisted from a new angle.

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"Canadian Fisherman" is responsible for the following "very fishy" story:

I once knew an angler who was always bragging about his catches. In fact, it was his "sole" pleasure. He was a little "shrimp" of a man, with not much "mussel" to speak of. He considered himself a "dab" at fishing. I knew his yarns were all "cod," and when he began to "flounder" I pulled him off his "perch," put him in his "place," and told him not to "carp" at my remarks; but he swallowed the "bait," took his "hook" and I have not seen him nor had as much as a "line" from him since.

In spite of the war and the loss of several markets the Canadian fisheries, according to the Annual report of the Marine and Fisheries Department show a decrease of only \$1,943,-117, which is largely accounted for by the "lean year" of the Fraser River salmon pack—the year 1913 being the big four year run of salmon.

Pinnated Grouse in Alberta.

"Ranging only a short distance north of our boundaries the Prairie Chicken, (*Tympanuchus americanus*), is in a strict sense an American game bird and one must go far to find a finer. Nothing short of a closed season for a term of years can save this noble bird from extinction."

Thus writes H. W. Henshaw, Chief of the U. S. Biological Survey. It is therefore with some sense of satisfaction that we can record the presence of this game bird in Northern Alberta. It has come to find a refuge and as a refugee should obtain kind consideration from all sportsmen till it has firmly established itself in its new home. It is a non-migratory bird, able to stand the severest cold, and it will be our own fault if through want of legal protection the bird becomes extinct.

These birds are rare even in the south of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Its first recorded appearance was made by Seton in 1881 when a specimen was shot near Winnipeg. In 1882 a specimen was shot at Portage la Prairie, and Dr. Macoun was much interested in one

that was killed at Indian Head in 1895. From that time the pinnated grouse seems to have spread and increased. One of these birds was shot by J. Stannard of Edgerton while on a hunting trip some sixty miles north of Vegreville in Alberta. In the States the bird is called the Prairie Chicken, a name usually given to the sharp tailed grouse (*Pediocetes phasianellus*.) It is a true prairie bird being always found in the open and is an expert in scratching through the snow in search of frozen grasshoppers and wild berries.

"It is my belief, and I venture to assert it," declared the lecturer, raising his voice, "that there isn't a man in this audience who has ever done anything to prevent the destruction of our vast forests." A rather timid-looking man quietly arose in the rear of the hall and said: "I-er—I've shot woodpeckers."

In the quaint Derbyshire hamlet of Ambergate lives John Gaunt, a famous ratcatcher. He is nearly sixty-seven years of age, and is often to be seen over hill and in dale with his two tamed foxes tucked under his arms. He claims to be the only man in this country who has trained foxes to work with ferrets.

Whenever rats are too numerous in any of the buildings belonging to the Midland Railway it is customary for a letter and a railway pass to be sent to old John. He has been killing railway rats for twenty-five years. When a boy he was taught ratcatching by his father. He soon found the work lucrative and adopted it as his calling.

"When a lad I kept killing a few rats in my spare time," he says in an interview, "and I gave such satisfaction that I got recommended from one farm to another till I got known all over the country.

"Some twenty years ago I found a nest of foxes in a wood and took one home. I trained him to kill rats and broke him in to a ferret and took him up and down the country with me. Since then I've broken in about six young foxes—and fine they are to work with. They can follow a rat where a dog cannot, for, as you may know, a fox is used to getting his living in the dark."



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The volume is profusely illustrated with pictures taken from life, and will doubtless be eagerly received by everyone interested in the profitable raising of this valuable animal.

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Illinois Club Men Favor Protection for Migratory Birds

One of our American readers, Mr. Edwin T. Johnson of Chicago writes us as follows:

"The writer has noticed with satisfaction the effort being made by your publication to secure adequate game laws for the protection of migratory birds in Canada and sincerely trusts that when matters again assume their normal conditions, your efforts will meet with every success.

I thought it might be of interest to you to know of the action taken in this direction in the States, and enclose herewith a clipping taken from the Chicago Evening Post's editorial column of February 2nd. The Gun Club mentioned is known as the Swan Lake Club, consisting of fifty members, practically all of whom are Chicago business men. The vote as taken stood forty-six for closing, four against. This vote was taken at the suggestion of the directors who felt it was not fair to arbitrarily deprive the members of their privilege unless it was the desire of the majority."

We have much pleasure in re-printing the items referred to, as follows:

A Club of Real Sportsmen

About two years ago the federal government enacted a most progressive and commendable law tending toward the conservation of America's rapidly disappearing water fowl.

This law is known as the federal migratory bird law, and its principal constructive feature is the prohibition of all shooting during the time when the birds are mating and when they are en route in the spring of the year for their breeding grounds in the far North. The constitutionality of this law has been questioned, and cases are now before the Supreme Court with the end in view of determining its constitutionality, and a decision on the subject is expected in the near future.

It is recognized by all true sportsmen and those who have studied the subject that the continuation of spring shooting will mean

destruction of our migratory game birds within a short time. It is to be hoped that the Supreme Court will uphold the preventive law.

That sentiment among those who are familiar with the subject and who derive the benefits from an abundance of water fowl tends strongly in favor of an anti-spring shooting law is indicated by the recent action of the members of one of our Illinois shooting clubs.

The Swan Lake Club at Henry, Ill., by action of its members, has voted to close their marsh of about 3,500 acres, on the Illinois River, during the spring season, and will protect this large tract against shooting, even should the federal migratory bird law not be upheld. In doing so the club members are depriving themselves of what they might be entitled to legally enjoy at a time when others will be enjoying it, for the sole reason that they realize the importance of conserving our wild-bird life during and just prior to the breeding season.

It is to be hoped that enlightened action of this kind will be followed by other aggregations of sportsmen.

The Federal Migratory Bird Law has been frequently criticized by its opponents as "class legislation." One writer from Illinois airing his grievances in "The American Shooter," a new publication devoted to the interests of American trap-shooters, insists that the hunter along the Mississippi River is deprived of his sport by this law and that in his opinion the State laws would be sufficient if they were rigidly and properly enforced. However, the editor of the publication mentioned, takes the broader minded stand that a law prohibiting spring shooting is necessary and that while it may work a hardship on sportsmen in some communities it must be remembered that all statutes are enacted to benefit the whole and though they may accomplish this end it is inevitable that they may displease individuals or units.



One morning's bag of prairie chicken secured by M. A. Thompson, Regina, Sask.

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Published by W. J. TAYLOR, LTD., WOODSTOCK, ONT.

—Branch Offices—

New York,
373 Fourth Ave.

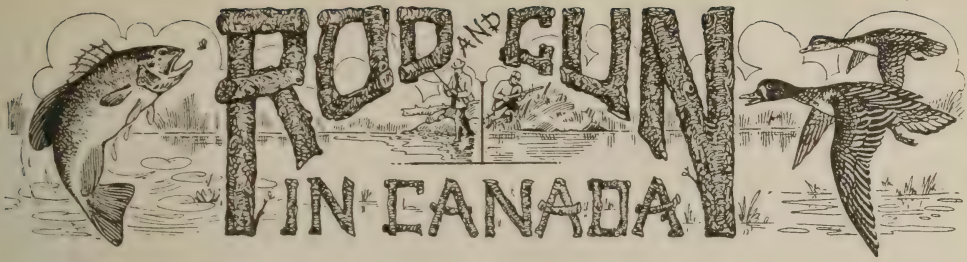
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THEY MAY BE OF HELP TO US

Aubrey Fullerton

FIVE years ago a novel experiment was made by the Dominion Government in the way of wilderness colonization in the far Northwest. It was animal colonization; rather than human, but its success was likely to mean a great deal to the people who might settle there at some future time. For these new animal colonists were reindeer.

Forty reindeer were brought by the Government from Dr. Grenfell's herds in Newfoundland, and were taken across Canada to Fort Smith, up in the Mackenzie River country. There they were placed in a reserved area and left to make themselves at home in new surroundings. It was hoped that they would take kindly to the change, and for a time they seemed to do so; but something over a year ago it was reported that of the forty animals all but three had died or escaped. The Mackenzie country did not suit the Newfoundland deer, and the attempted colonization proved a comparative failure.

There are still many deer in the North, however, and though the native deer of those wilderness parts are far less tractable for domesticating than the reindeer of Labrador or Alaska, they have in a few cases, at

least, submitted to the taming process—in proof of which is the accompanying picture of a deer team that a persevering halfbreed in the Athabasca country has trained to harness.

The reindeer has been a pronounced success in Alaska, where there are now some fifty thousand descendants of the fifteen or twenty animals originally imported from Siberia. As a beast of burden the reindeer is far more satisfactory than dogs, and it finds its own living, feeding the year round on the moss and lichens of the Alaskan plains. Its powers of endurance are remarkable. Two hundred pounds, besides the sled, is a normal load for one animal on a long journey. A few winters ago a Government official travelled four months with reindeer teams, covering two thousand miles of barren country, in which the deer lived entirely on moss that they dug from under the snow.

At another time a relief expedition was sent to the Arctic coast, where some whalers were ice-bound, with three hundred reindeer, which were driven eight hundred miles with the temperature from twenty to fifty degrees below zero. The animals, which were intended for food for the imprisoned whalers, reached the end

of the long journey in good condition, having foraged for their own food along the way.

The United States mails have also been carried along the Behring Sea coast, for several winters, by strong reindeer teams, and more satisfactorily than the Canadian mails in our own North-land have been carried by dog-teams.

Another benefit that has followed the introduction of domesticated reindeer in Alaska has been the increase it has made in the meat-supply. Reindeer meat is not only the staple diet of the Alaskan natives but is already being shipped in small quantities to such markets as Seattle, and is finding its way to good American dinner tables. It is believed that, as the herds of reindeer increase, the mossy grazing grounds of Alaska will become a great meat-producing region for the Western States market.

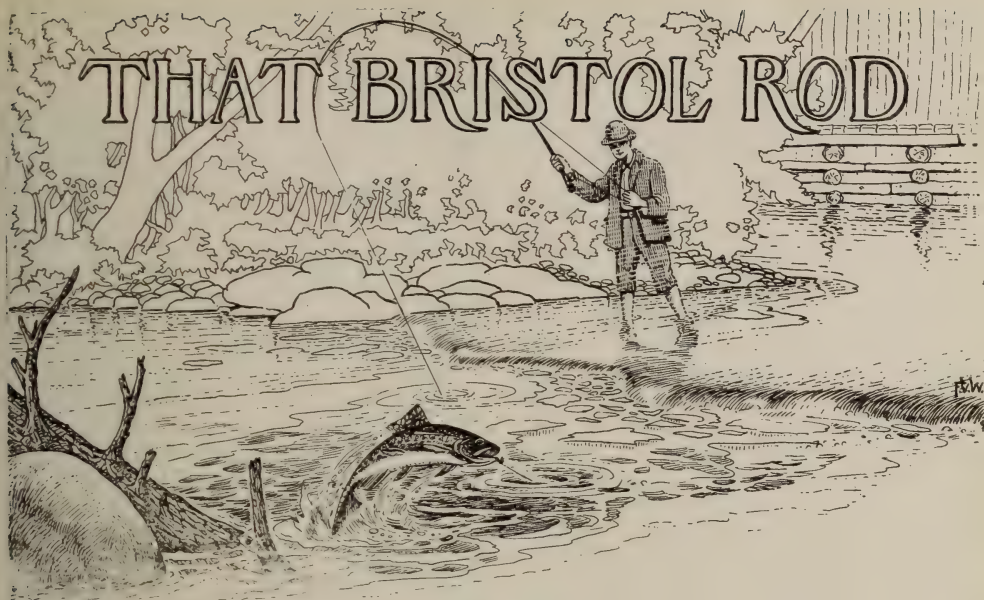
The Canadian North has possibilities of exactly the same kind. It, too, can produce meat; and may some day be a valuable source of supply for our own market. The great sub-Arctic prairies are covered for hund-

reds of miles with rich grass, and in such abundant pasturage there is feeding for countless droves of cattle-kind. A suggestion has even been made that beef cattle should be taken into the North, as soon as the railroads make it possible; and turned out to feed upon the wide grass-covered plains of the Mackenzie and Athabasca territories; but at any rate those plains are the natural feeding-ground of meat-producers of almost equal value, the roving herds of deer and caribou. One of these days we shall perhaps be bringing down deer meat from the North and making use of it to lower the cost of living in our towns and cities.

If the experiment in domesticating reindeer at Fort Smith had been successful it would have meant a great deal to northern Canada, and in time might have led to as beneficial results as in Alaska. Something may come of it yet, or another trial of the same kind may be made. But the native deer are there, at any rate, and it remains for Canadian genius to find some way of utilizing them. That Athabasca halfbreed has shown a very good example, as a beginning.



Deer team driven by half-breeds in Athabasca District.



F. V. Williams

"THE handle is fourteen inches long with double cork grip and our,"—

"Albert Kent you will kindly bring whatever you have in your lap that makes such interesting reading to *my* desk".

Albert Kent, aged thirteen, freckled faced, blue eyed, and sturdy of frame almost jumped from his seat where behind his desk he had been guilty of studying the latest catalogue from the Horton Mfg. Co. Bristol, Conn. This had come into his possession but the week before. Having seen their ad. in *Rod and Gun*, Albert had conceived the bright idea of writing for a catalogue. Said catalogue had arrived in due time and many the spare moment he had put in studying the different rods and different prices. Prices! that's where the 'rub' came in. Albert's choice had fallen on "Special Bait Casting Rod No. 27" and if you had asked him why he chose that particular rod, he could not have answered you even to have saved his reputation as a fisherman, which by the way was some reputation.

"Well!" demanded the teacher, "you know the penalty for amusing yourself in school hours? I believe I made that very plain some time ago."

"Yes sir!" answered the culprit still holding back on the catalogue, he was only a boy (even if he was a fisherman) and the loss of that catalogue was like the end of the world to him. However the teacher's look and action meant business and gulping hard at a big lump that seemed determined to choke him the boy handed over the precious pamphlet and returned to his seat. His seat-mate held a large school geography in front of his face and resting the lower edge on the desk and being safely hidden from the teacher's watchful eye took advantage of said cover to laugh derisively and make disparaging remarks. (He was two years older than the fisherman and noted for his sharp wit which was not always of the kindest.)

"Poor little man is he goin' to cry? Don't cry, p'raps his mama will let him go fishin' Saturday if he's real good."

This reference to his mother put the spark to the powder. Everett Osbourne, his seat-mate, should have known better. Once before Everett had made a slighting remark about the freckled faced one's mother, and barely escaped with it. The fact that Albert's mother was a widow with one

child younger than Albert made that young man feel himself the "head o' the house." On the other hand some of the others in the school who had heard their elders—who by the way, should have known better—speak of the widow's children as poverty stricken etc., thought it great fun to tease the boy about his thread-bare clothes, going barefoot to save shoe leather, and Albert had frequently suffered from the heartless little remarks of which children are capable. All these hurt, of course, but this Mama's boy stuff that the Osbourne boy was "pulling" was a little too much, for down in his heart Albert knew that his mother often let him go off fishing, not because she could spare him so well at home but because in her mother heart she somehow understood what it meant to this boy of hers to get away off up the wild trout stream and tramp, and climb, and tumble around through brush and over logs and breathe God's good pure air. It was better for him than loafing round the "corner", at any rate, and while engaged in this way he was storing up a splendid stock of vitality for future use if nothing else. Besides he surely did bring home some fine strings of fish, though sometimes Mrs. Kent looked at his torn clothes and wondered if she ever would be able to make them fit for school again.

"Spese muver will"—Osborne got no farther. The Kent boy pivoting in his seat put his feet against the other's side, and grasping the back of the old fashioned seat with one strong little fist, he caught the edge of the desk with the other, and with a shove of both feet sent seat-mate, geography and all, sprawling sideways into the aisle where he hit the floor with a crash.

The school roared, the girls laughed at Everett the harder because of his ruffled personal appearance (of which needless to say he was always very careful) while some of the older boys made no pretense at being quiet. They "haw, hawed" and "ho-hoed to their heart's content, and Everett picking himself up stood facing a wrathful teacher.

"Silence! Order!" thundered the teacher, glaring at each offender in

turn." As for you two, you stay after school to-night and I'll attend to your case in a way that you'll have cause to remember.

"But please Sir!" Osborne tried to explain, "I didn't do anything" and as the Kent boy simply glared at him he continued: "He shoved me off my seat sir, it wasn't my fault."

"What was you kiddin' him for?" demanded one of the larger boys who sat directly behind the pair. "You got what you deserved only there wasn't enough of it."

"That will do." Scott Wooster, you may stay in also. Now get back to your studies and not *one word more*." The wrathful pedagogue strode back to his desk. As principal of the advanced grades in the country school he had charge of, this was his first real case of broken rules, such as the forcible ejection of Master Everett Osborne from his seat and the resultant excitement.

The pedagogue, Herbert Barton, wasn't such a bad fellow at heart. He had, it is true, an exaggerated idea of his own importance, but then this was his first school. Brought up in a comfortable home, a great lover of the out of doors himself he had suddenly surprised his doting parents on the finishing of his college course, by deciding to teach school, and this school of rugged country girls and boys was his first appointment which he had taken with the feeling that he was a superior being, much superior in fact to most of the people with whom he came in contact. This feeling had been humored and encouraged by several ambitious mamas of marriageable daughters at the different "pie-suppers," and box socials and other high jinks affairs held in the town hall on festive occasions throughout the winter. But as we have said way down in his heart he was very much of a man, this same Barton, and presently you shall agree with me. Seated at his desk he looked over the faces before him for any sign of merriment that should call for squelching but beyond the suspicious shaking of a pair of shoulders over some school book (which he did not think it necessary to suppress) everything seemed fairly quiet again. His

survey completed, he glanced at the offending pamphlet in front of him; and it was his turn to smile. One of the girls in the front row nudged her companion and nodded toward the principal, and that young lady became so interested in what she saw that her curiosity got the better of her and she carefully raised herself to her tip-toes and peeked over the edge of the principal's desk to see the title of this book that was so interesting.

"Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Conn.," she read, and with a tilt of her pretty nose sat down and straightway lost interest in the whole proceedings. But such was not the case with the principal. The hour for dismissing school arrived and the three culprits, with something akin to fear, stole furtive glances at their instructor and tried to gauge the state of his mind. As the others filed out, some of the boys glanced back at the three remaining in their seats, and one or two of the more mischievous of them grinned appreciatively at the thought of what they'd have for fun on the morrow.

When the dismissed scholars were safely out of earshot and on their way home, the principal looked sharply at the three in front of him, then took a turn up and down the floor and went over and glanced out the window a moment. Then abruptly he turned and going to his desk picked up the catalogue which he laid on the Kent boy's desk.

"Now boys," he said, "I'm sorry for this disturbance, but this time I'm going to let you off and let's see that we all work together in future to prevent such disturbances as this. And you'd better go now as your parents will be expecting you I presume," he added, with a smile as he remembered how some fond mothers had praised their children to him, commenting on their punctuality, general good behaviour, etc.

Three astonished boys put away their books and as they passed through the door Barton called after them and asked Albert Kent to come back for a moment. Albert returned as the others passed on outside, expecting he knew not what, but his face broke into a happy grin as

Barton looked at him quizzically and asked:

"Do you go my way Albert?"

"Sure I do!" the boy responded, and the other closing his desk picked up his hat and remarked:

"Then if you don't mind I'll accompany you!"

They passed out of the building and down the country road walking some distance in silence. Then Barton who had seemed to be turning over in his mind some mighty problem said—"You fish,—I mean trout fish a lot do you not?"

"Every chance I get," returned the boy.

"Well then, remarked the teacher, this is Thursday. Now if there's any sort of a chance for this coming Saturday, I'd like to have you take me along and show me some good trout fishing. I've got a good fishing outfit that I've never used and this will be my first opportunity and it will be a pleasure to have you show me round.

"Show you round," Albert's eyed danced, "Say I've got some wood to cut but I'll dig in like everything and be ready Saturday morning sure."

"Well this is where I turn off, good-bye Mr. Barton," and Albert fairly raced up the fifty yards of lane that separated the house from the main road. Friday was an awfully long day to a certain young man in the school but the day—as all others long or short must—finally came to an end. At recess Mr. Barton had called the boy over to his desk and asked what they would do in case of rain for the weather had been foggy and overcast and was even then, in that condition.

"Oh we'll go anyway; sometimes they bite good when it's rainin'."

To this Barton had replied that if he was not up at six o'clock next morning not to disturb the others in the house but to go along without him and as the boy's face looked a bit long at this information he added:

"Oh never fear, if it isn't raining torrents I'll be up," whereat Albert had cheered up visibly.

Mrs. Kent smiled to herself as she worked about the kitchen late Friday afternoon to see the way the boy sawed and split away at the wood-

pile. He had told her of the teacher's intention and although she had planned to send him to a neighbor's with a dress she had finished for her, she had not the heart to ask him to postpone his trip, and decided that she would either go herself or send Mina, Albert's sister who although two years younger than the boy, was a great help to her mother.

At four o'clock Saturday morning it was raining, a fine misty rain, and Mrs. Kent, awakening in the downstairs bedroom, heard Albert go to the window and after apparently taking a long look at the weather go back to bed. At five-thirty she was disturbed again when he dropped a spoon, or fork, or some such other "feed-time" implement on the floor with a tremendous clatter. Shortly afterward she saw him hurrying down the road where he was presently lost to view behind the alders that fringed the roadway. It had stopped raining and the clouds lifted a bit but gave no promise of a pleasant day. This however was no obstacle to a good day's fishing and Albert walked briskly along, a goodly sized can of "angleworms," in his pocket and his line and two or three extra hooks securely fastened to the end of his last trip's "grown by the stream" fishing pole, which he had broken off as a spool for his line. A robin's nest about here, he remembered and a little farther along a ground sparrow had built, but aside from taking a glance at these places he kept on the move. Crossing the bridge he glanced down at the water of the big brook which had not risen during the rain perceptibly, a fact which gladdened his heart a bit for with the brook too high the trout seldom were in a biting mood. On past the old cemetery he went and grandfather Foster's place and, at last he was opposite Mr. Guptill's, but still there was no sign of the fellow who was to accompany him. He looked the house over carefully, but there was no hint of life about the well kept premises. He could not resist the temptation to give a low whistle but there was no answer and filled with disappointment he stood irresolutely in the middle of the road and then finally turned and retraced

his steps back across the old bridge and up over the hill past the parsonage to a road he knew of that led to two old mills called respectively by the local fisherman, the Big Mill, and the "Little Mill." Although missing the company he had thought so much about he was doing his best to forget this. In planning to work down stream from these old mills, he would thus be a long way from home before he started fishing and would end his trip at Gardner's mill a short distance above Mr. Guptill's, where he was to have met his companion. It was at this place—Gardner's mill—that the trip was to have begun but now he decided to reserve the day's travel and perhaps if he had good luck pass Guptill's house with some good trout to show if Mr. Barton should be about.

"I suppose he thought it too wet," mused Albert, "but Jimmy Crickets I would like to have seen his outfit, I never saw a regular fisherman sportsman's outfit in my life. Well here's the place now. I've got to see if I can find a pole." After ten or fifteen minutes' skirmishing round he found one and cutting it dragged it forth into the opening beside the stream and proceeded to strip off the branches, rewind his line, and fasten on a new hook. This latter he baited with a fat worm and crossing above the dam on an old piece of timber came down below and in a little eddy where there was a big patch of foam lying on the water he dropped his bait into the upstream side of the foam. There was a pause of perhaps a half minute as the line with baited hook drifted slowly through, then a vicious tug, and the boy jerking backwards with his clumsy tackle sent a trout whirling back of him on the grass. Running back he picked him up,—about ten inches long it was—and a fine fish. A smart slap on the back of the head and he was "strung" on a forked stick cut for the purpose from a nearby bush. A fresh worm and this performance was repeated with an eight inch trout as a reward. At a third attempt there was a pull "like a whale," as Albert would say, but upon trying to "slat" him out the fish's hold broke and he

fell back into the pool with a tremendous splash, and although he tried for ten minutes longer the boy could not get another bite.

Picking up his string of two he started off down the stream. There were not many likely places between the two mills and he scarcely wasted a "try" along there, but at the "little Mill" there was a drop of four or five feet of the stream, making quite a waterfall and below that a pool of about twelve or fifteen feet in depth. Here was another likely place, but patient fishing gave no results and as he was about to give up a huge snake-like creature—a big eel—swam out from between the logs of the old dam and he knew at once there was no trout in that pool. Down the stream he went and just here was a tangle of old logs and brush-wood such as is found on nearly every trout stream that flows through a country that the lumber men have worked. Right in the middle of this tangle was a nice, open spot but to reach it one had to reach away in with a rod and drop his line straight down. Now it would have been easy enough with a straight steel rod to have done this, but with the crooked (and it was as straight a young alder as he could find that morning) "cut-by-the-roadside" rod, with its stubs of branches where the leaves etc., had been trimmed off it was quite like playing "Jackstraws", to reach in there and drop the bait in the right place, let alone take out a fish. Right here the boy thought how easy it would have been to have lowered the tip of his rod and reeled an ordinary trout up on a short line to get out of this tangle. His shortened line with a freshly baited hook on the end had scarcely touched the dark bit of water before mentioned when with a gleam of blue, red, and gold spots a big fellow took the bait. Quickly lifting him out he shortened his grip on the pole and brought the struggling fish towards him and it was just within reach of his hand when with a last despairing jerk the trout tore himself loose and dropped into the brush pile where he soon flopped into a hole and back into the stream. A second trial brought forth safely out of the brush a little six inch

fellow, very game, but very small. Him the young fisherman dropped back into the stream as soon as he saw he was not injured from the hook. Another trial resulted in another lost fish and he gave it up in disgust. Down below this a long ripple gave him two more splendid trout, and from an over-hanging bank he captured another, but as he unhooked his prize he noticed that the big rain-drops had begun to fall and before he was ready for business again there was a regular rain falling. A glance at the sky told him this was no "shower" and as he had still three miles to go he concluded to start for Gardner's Mill at once. He had five nice fish and perhaps he might get another from the Mill pond, if he was not too wet. Not that Albert minded an ordinary wetting but the bushes would soon be thoroughly wet and that was worse than the rain itself, as one could not possibly avoid walking through brush shoulder high in a great many places along the stream. He was only a quarter of a mile from the mill now and there were the big boulders in the bend of the stream.

"Gee! I'll have to try just once," he thought, unwinding his line and baiting his hook as he hurried along. Arriving just opposite a big black boulder he dropped his bait in the shadow on the upstream side and let it drift with the current. He was rewarded with a mighty tug, and jerking back on his pole sent a lusty trout flopping and jumping onto the pebbly shore where it promptly fell off the hook and at every struggle landed closer to the water. Dropping his pole the boy rushed forward and attempted to catch the trout. Then his foot slipped and in he went flat down into about two inches of water. In a moment he had jumped to his feet holding the trout. He could not help but grin at his own condition.

"Well I guess I'll go home, I can't get any wetter," he soliloquized, "but these clothes are getting mighty uncomfortable."

Away he went, the water in his shoes sloshing over the tops as he half ran the remaining distance down the stream and around the edge of the Mill pond. There was a good bit

of shelter under the old dam and he made for this, intending to hide his bait can and cut off the end of his pole in the shelter before starting for home. Turning abruptly round a pile of old logs there in the friendly dryness of the under part of the dam sat Mr. Barton.

"Why hello, Albert." Say, that's some fine bunch of trout you've got there. By Jove, I did not know there were such husky fellows in this stream; and he held out his hand for the string of fish. It was about the same time that Albert caught sight of a real Steel Rod. The interest in his face was quickly noted by his friend but the friend gave no outward sign of it. Albert, his eyes on the rod, slowly wound his line about the end of the pole, cut off the pole just below the bunch of line and tossed the now useless alder away. He put the line in his pocket and hid his can of worms in a dark corner after throwing in a handful of earth and putting a flat stone on top. He straightened up to be met with the query:

"How much for the fish Albert?"

Mr. Barton was to the boy at that minute a very imposing figure. Dressed in a regular sportsman's outfit the school-master had lighted a cigarette and as he sat looking at the boy the latter shyly sized him up. Albert did not know what to answer. Truth to tell he did not want to sell those trout; somewhere he had read that real sportsmen never sell game or fish, that only market hunters or their like did that. Albert considered himself a real sportsman and besides he knew those were

extremely fine trout. Still he hesitated and the silence was becoming embarrassing, when the man with the cigarette spoke again.

"Now let me suggest, that as I disappointed you this morning and it has turned out to be such a gloomy day for us fisherman—here Mr. Barton made what he considered a very "funny face"—that you accept my Bristol Steel rod in exchange for these trout and, he added, rising and extending two fingers of his left hand to impress the boy, who stood pulling on the line and putting that precious rod into all kinds of graceful curves and bends, "The next time you go fishing, if I'm not up you call me even if you have to wake the whole household. Mr. Guptill gave me those instructions this morning at the breakfast table. He said he saw you from the barn this morning but could not make you hear his call. Never mind the reel, that and the line goes with the rod," he remarked, as he saw the boy looking at it—"and now you'd better start home as you're *soaked*. I shall stay here until it lets up a little.

"With a "Thank you very much Mr. Barton" the drenched little figure started off toward home. It was too good to believe. He could not have told you whom he passed that rainy day on the road home, but at any rate it was the most speedy return from a fishing trip he had ever made or is ever likely to make again and although there may be thousands of proud possessors of Bristol rods in America there are none happier than Albert Kent for it would be impossible to be so.





Robert W. Warman

AS the setting sun spread its crimson tints across the western sky, and the noisy crows gathered in the wind-worn tops of the ancient pines, the female fox came from her den at the base of a hollow tree and sniffed the chill, damp breeze of spring. It seemed to convey no message of importance, so she turned and made her way, silently and swiftly up the sheltered ravine. As she emerged from the thick bushes and skirted the meadow, at the rear of Jim Hackett's backwoods farm she heard the lowing of the cattle as they waited to be released from their burden of milk. She had a purpose in coming that way, so she lingered in the bushes at the far edge of the meadow until all was quiet. Then, silently as a shadow, she stole across the meadow until she was behind the barn. Her dark form then moved cautiously along in the shelter of the wood pile until she came to a small opening in the rear of the hencoop. She entered carefully, and seizing the nearest fowl by the neck she gave it one dexterous nip and turned towards the small opening through which she had entered.

But just as she was about to leave

the coop and start for the woods, she heard a sharp growl and saw Hackett's large collie not twelve feet away. She dropped the hen at once and showed her teeth viciously as her big captor approached. The dog ran quickly to the opening, barking fiercely as he came, and on reaching it he thrust in his long muzzle and growled savagely, for he had a hearty contempt for all foxes. The fox seeing that she was trapped, snapped quickly at that hated face and left a deep, red furrow in the collie's nose.

The farmer had heard the commotion by this time and issued from the house with a lantern in his hand. He ran quickly and closed the small door where the dog was, and then, suspecting a fox to be inside, for he had lost chickens before, he walked around to the small window in front and looked in. He could see the fox's eyes in the farthest corner, near the small door. He knew he could not leave the fox in with the hens until morning, so, after glancing in the window again he opened the door quickly and stepped inside. The sudden light of the lantern frightened the fox terribly and she jumped into another corner where

a broody hen was setting on some eggs. The hen flew out of the box with a loud cackle, blowing the chaff and dust thickly into the air. In a moment the hen house was in a terrible confusion. The lantern was put out and the atmosphere seemed to be filled with dust, chaff, foxes and hens. One of the hens flew directly into Jim Hackett's face, knocking him backwards. He tripped over the fallen lantern and losing his hold on the door it swung open. The fox saw her chance and with one long leap she cleared the intervening space and shot over the struggling form of Hackett. Out on the damp earth she lit, and in half a second was stretching herself across the meadow. The dog gave chase but after following her half way across the clearing, turned back at the sound of Mrs. Hackett's voice.

Like all other families the fox family had its giant and its runt; and in this family Rufus was the giant. He was the fox who, from the very first had outgrown his brothers and sisters and was always the first to welcome his mother home from the hunt; for she was usually more successful than on the night of her last visit to Jim Hackett's farm. The mother was now beginning to train her youngsters in the secrets of killing their own prey. Whenever it was possible she brought home live game and allowed them to kill it. One day she succeeded in capturing a live woodchuck and bringing it to the den. She then led her family out into an open spot in the woods near their lair; and let the miserable woodchuck loose in the centre of her five eager children. The woodchuck was already wounded by the mother fox and was not very vicious. The young foxes crowded around the poor animal and nipped at it. He returned their nips feebly enough, and in a short time the foxes were having their meal. The foxes continued to eat, sleep and grow without any interruption until one day a farmer boy found the den and succeeded in capturing two of them. The mother and the other three immediately moved from so hostile a neighborhood and took up their abode in a hollow

basswood tree, where they remained together until the family finally broke up, and each one went his or her own way.

II

Rufus was now a full grown fox. No more was he to play with his gentle mother or smaller brothers and sisters; but now he must bear all the responsibilities his mother had borne so long for him and he must now fight the great battle for a living. At first he was a little lonely but after a few nights of solitary hunting in the crisp October air he entirely forgot his loss, as Nature intended all the wild kindred to do, and he followed the trail almost as eagerly as his mother. Although his mother was a good teacher he had many lessons yet to learn, and the most important of all, the terror of the trap.

One morning at dawn he crept into his familiar den, after an unsuccessful night's hunt. It was midwinter now and the rabbits were exceedingly scarce: for not only Rufus depended on these innocent creatures for the greater part of his meals but also many other foxes and numerous lynxes. All day long Rufus lay in his snug den, his stomach paining him for want of food.

At the first approach of darkness he stole forth, the ruddy brown of his sides blending nicely with his woodland surroundings. He headed straight for a tamarack swamp near the settlements, where he had seen rabbits hanging in some snares about a week before. He was well fed at the time and being in a hurry had not stopped to investigate. But now, if ever, he needed nourishment and he quickened his pace as he anticipated a full stomach and, afterwards, a good day's rest.

As he approached the swamp he met a snowshoe trail leading in his direction and at once followed it up. The trail had been made during the day and after following it a short time Rufus came to a rabbit snare, which had not yet been sprung. He sniffed suspiciously at the slight scent of man, which seemed to linger there and then moved on along the trail. In a moment he came upon

the next set, which held a stiff, white body, dangling high in the air. Rufus ran under the rabbit and leaped; but it was far above his reach, and after a few unavailing jumps he followed along the line again. He passed three more snares but none of them had been sprung, and then after continuing on the trail for about half a mile he gave it up in disgust and turned off in a northerly direction. He hunted until it was broad daylight and only succeeded in getting a small sized muskrat, which had been caught in a trap and was struggling to free himself, when Rufus caught the sound and killed it.

In the meantime Jim Hackett had come to look at his traps. As he approached the spot he noticed the fox's tracks mixed in with his own, and on arriving at the snare he read the whole story of Rufus's unsuccessful attempt to rob him of his rabbit. He knew that the hunting was poor and that the fox would likely return, so he left the rabbit in the snare and came back in the afternoon with a number two trap. He cleared away the snow directly below the rabbit so that the trap would fit in even with the surface. Before placing the trap in the hollow, however, he laid a thin sheet of birch bark next to the snow to prevent the trap from sinking down and freezing. Then he put in the trap and cut another thin piece of bark the shape of the trap and put it on top. The top piece was small enough for the jaws to close around it and was to keep the snow from blocking the treddle of the trap; which, of course, had been smoked to remove the iron smell. During the whole process he wore gloves, which he used specially for trapping, and after sprinkling the snow over it again he started for home.

When Rufus awoke from his troubled afternoon nap he was very hungry and the sun was already sinking in the west, while in the eastern sky the moon was rising, spectral and glassy. He left his den at once and started for the rabbit snares. As he approached a swift flowing stream he saw a mink just disappearing in the water, where

it was kept open by the current along a steep bank. He hurried on and met the same snow shoe trail, but it seemed to have increased a great deal. However he decided that it was all right and started at a trot. As he drew near that fatal spot he noticed the dangling rabbit. It seemed to be lower to-night and after a slight pause he ran up and jumped. Hackett had lowered the rabbit and the fox's long jaws closed on his prize; but the moment his feet touched the snow there was a muffled click, and Rufus jumped aside only to be thrown on his shoulder as he reached the full length of the trap chain. He struggled violently for an hour or more; then lay down with exhaustion. When the first gray of dawn was showing in the eastern sky Rufus heard a faint sound. Listening intently he made it out to be the swish of approaching snow shoes. He rose on three legs and looked in the direction of the sound. He could see Hackett coming along the trail, and just then Hackett also noticed him and broke into a run. The fox became frantic at the approach of man and tore and bit at the trap, until in sheer desperation he began to gnaw off his two imprisoned toes. Hackett continued to approach and when within about forty yards of the trap Rufus raised his bleeding paw and trotted feebly away. Hackett stopped and looked in dismay at the receding form, which he had thought would be hanging from his shoulder in a few minutes. Hackett was too surprised to think of following so he returned to his farm. Rufus reached his den, feeble from loss of blood and it was many days before he could work at his hunting with any degree of comfort.

By the time Rufus's foot was totally healed spring had come upon the land. He ran about and seemed to rejoice for the sheer joy of being alive: and well he might for on every side life appeared in clusters. The trees were filled with birds and the whole atmosphere seemed to vibrate with their heraldings of spring and the happy days to come. The forest floor was flooded with the tide of sweet smelling wild flowers and as

Rufus trotted merrily up the old, familiar ravine his cute mind was not troubled with any cares and his stomach was full, so you could hardly imagine a more contented animal in all the spring-time woods. He was now in prime condition, and his only flaw was where he had lost the two toes from the left hind foot, and this was the way that Jim Hackett learned to know his track. The happy spring months gave place to summer and Rufus led an ideal life in the great woods. One warm August afternoon he was trotting past a small lake, when he noticed a large lynx lying on a log, which projected out into the water. The lynx was fishing and he lay without moving a muscle, until a large fish came within his reach; then with one sweep of his armoured paw he sent it flying up on the bank, and turning sprang upon it and devoured it. Rufus's were not the only eyes which watched the lynx, however, for just as the lynx turned to move away after his meal, there came a flash and a loud report from the bushes and the big lynx leaped into the air with a screech, and fell kicking on the ground. Jim Hackett burst from the bushes and ran to the struggling form.

Rufus, however, was so startled that he did not budge for a moment, and when he did Hackett's collie caught the movement and with a yelp darted after him. Under ordinary circumstances Rufus would have had little trouble in shaking off his pursuer; but at the very start luck went against him. He was heading for the swamp and after travelling a short distance, came to a creek with a fallen tree across it. The tree was rotten and was resting at one end on a smooth rock and when Rufus was nearly across the dog stepped on the other end. The combined weight of the two made the log slip off the rock and Rufus fell into the swift flowing stream. The current dragged him with it, while the dog ran along the bank snapping at him if he attempted to land. On the other side of the stream the bank was too steep for him to leave the water so he was

compelled to keep to the middle. A little distance below the stream narrowed and ran over a great many rocks and when Rufus came to this place he was knocked about and forced under water until he had to land. The dog ran at him when he came to the shore; but Rufus never turned, for although the dog was bigger he limped as a result of his fall from the log. The dog rushed at the fox's throat, but Rufus dodged and turning, he slashed quickly with his long fangs and caught the dog just back of the ear. Rufus did not want to fight, so seeing his chance, when the dog stumbled past him he wheeled about and made off quickly for the woods.

The long summer months finally wore away and the autumn days came, and with them came the hunters, who searched the woods in quest of the mighty moose and other game. This made conditions a little harder for Rufus, for although they did not come after him they were all willing to try their aim on his ruddy coat. But this did not trouble him a great deal for he was always on the alert and had never placed any confidence in man. One afternoon as he trotted leisurely along the side of a hill he heard a far-off clamour and straining his eyes in that direction he could see a group of fast moving specks coming in his direction. He ran a little higher up the hill to get a better view. That was enough. He turned and headed off towards his old den.

That same day about a dozen boys from the settlements had arranged for a grand fox hunt. They gathered a motley pack of about eleven dogs, only four of them being good hunters, and started off early in the afternoon. The dogs picked up the trail almost immediately and were now coming up the valley hot on a fresh scent, Rufus continued towards his den, glancing anxiously backwards as the dogs steadily gained on him. He had often been chased by single hounds but never had he seen such a pack as this on his trail before. He ran down to a shallow stream and splashed along for about two hundred yards and then came out on the opposite

bank. He crossed again farther down and ran along the ravine to his den.

Meanwhile the dogs all kept together while the farmer boys spread about the country in the directions they thought the fox would take. When the dogs came to the place where Rufus went into the water most of them spread out on the same side of the stream and endeavored to pick up the scent there but the four trained hounds followed along the banks in different directions, until they finally got the scent again after a great loss of time.

But Rufus was not using this time as he should have, and when he heard the far baying of the hounds again he crept out of his den and listened intently. Yes, they were coming and just as eagerly as before. He did not hesitate but fairly flew in his endeavor to put that awful din behind him. Although he was not doing his utmost he was certainly not killing time and he never slackened his pace until the sound had died away in the distance. Something must have delayed the hounds, for as Rufus crossed a bit of rocky country he began to think that he had shaken them off again and when he came to a hollow in the rocks he lay down to rest his panting sides. His rest was short however for he had not been down long before he heard that dismal baying again. He did not rise at once but lay there looking in the direction of the sound. Suddenly two boys broke from the thick growth and started straight towards him. The hounds were drawing much nearer now and the boys headed for the high rocks so they could watch their movements. Rufus lay perfectly still until the boys came too close for his comfort, then with a sudden jump he left his hiding place, just as the dogs came in view along the river bank. Rufus turned quickly and seemed to change from a fox to a reddish streak along the bank. The dogs gave tongue more loudly and quickened their pace at such a close glimpse of their quarry. But Rufus never slackened that gait for the next two miles. His tongue was out now and his feet were cut in many places and when he came to a

shallow part of the river he ran in it with a twofold purpose in view. First with the hope of shaking off his pursuers and secondly to cool his stinging feet. After travelling about three hundred yards in the water he came to a place where a small brook emptied into the river. He turned at once and started up the creek with new hope. He kept in the water nearly half a mile and then turned into the woods.

On his right was a steep hill, which continued for some distance in each direction. The side of this embankment were too steep for him to climb at that point, so he ran along the bottom until he came to a tall elm tree, which had been struck by lightning and whose top rested against the bank. The bank was about twenty feet high at this point so the tree trunk was fairly slanting. Rufus started up and although his path was very narrow he succeeded in reaching the top of it, which rested about three feet from the crest of the bank. The rest was easy. He soon found a footing and sprang to the top; then turned his head once more towards his favourite den. The hounds hunted hard the rest of the afternoon, but when they came to the side of the stream they separated; some going each way. They tried in vain to get the scent again, but after failing they turned back to the settlements, one by one, as the shades of night were closing upon the woodland.

Rufus awoke one evening after a good day's sleep. It was winter again and as he hunted alone on a still February night a feeling of loneliness and desire for companionship seemed to seize him. That night he robbed Jim Hackett's hen roost, just as his mother had done two years before. During the next few nights that strange desire for something seemed to grow on him, until finally on a still moon-light night he went forth, sat on a rock on the top of a hill, and lifting his long, red muzzle to the moon he poured forth a long, yapping wail which served him as a love song. Far away he got an answer, and slipping down from the rock he vanished into the darkness of the woods.



THE HAUNTS OF SMALL GAME, FISH AND DEER.

A Bagging Experience In The Bush With The Red Chalk Fishing and Hunting Club.

Simon Silverspoon

HAVE you ever taken a hop, skip and jump—like a red deer clearing a fallen birch—and with the aid of a train and couple of boats, found yourself catapulted from the workaday environment and limitations of noisy, congested “King and Yonge St.” vicinity to the heart of quiet places in the north before the exploding dream bubble rang up the curtain on your whereabouts? Never did, eh, but you think you would like the prospect! Well, affix your ear trumpet and out of the fullness of my lately acquired experience, please permit a “Tenderfoot” sufficient leeway to explain that the first entry in my log book was a reiterated invitation from one thoughtful member, endorsed by three or four others, of the Red Chalk Fishing and Game Club to inspect their hospitable habitation in the bush before expiry of the legal date, without recourse to the hunter’s period of three days grace.

This club is an incorporated international body of good fellows, who fish, resulting from spasmodic excursions

into the wilderness, made years ago by Burton H. Bennett, John L. Rose, P. G. VanVleet and the late Andrew J. Taylor and the limited personnel is recruited from “New Yawk” to Kalamazoo and Chicago, but well known Ontario railway representatives predominate.

The preliminary canter—circumspect in many ways—was throughout that get-a-way day devoted to licenses, to preparatory details and the requisitioning of a graceful “Fox” double barreled, hammerless fowling piece for “yours truly,” the embryo deerslayer, and for my companion, “pump” shot and shell firearms from Eddie I—, an expert nimrod and brilliant Cleveland member. They recommended to me lizard oil for emergencies and suggested some antidote for snake bite, claiming rattlers were not uncommon in the rocky fastnesses of Northern Muskoka. The committee commissioned to guide “the dogs of war” to the train, said we would suffer no shortage of fur and feathered game as the club’s pedigreed

bloodhound would locate and retrieve abundance. However, the best this back-tracking beast could do was to "give tongue" when the bacon ran out.

To the accompaniment of other such pleasantries we cast off from our Huntsville moorings. Fortified with genial W. J. Moore's documentary credentials, also his blessing and some home made bread for ballast, Fairy and Peninsular lakes were safely negotiated in Mohawk Belle, (the crew shipping with us), and that antique—the Corkscrew Special—which could adorn any man's watch chain, introduced the voyageurs to Lake of Bays' beautiful expanse and series of indentations. Mindful of the admonitions given by the President and Secretary, Dorset was commandeered for additional edibles and behind Jerry Clayton's silver grey fox carriage horses we did four miles and then away we trudged on shank's mare for exhibit "A" or the slippery portage of the dismal swamp. Following our sturdy guide Joshua, with multitudinous packages concealed and in evi-

dence, the trek to hill 60 was accomplished without skidding into the bayous, although the bloodhound, by running between his legs, did his utmost to precipitate the writer into the cypress bog—and it just crammed with alligators and crocodiles—so they told me. Personally, I had fancied the latitude too cool for such carnivorii. I had taken a "sponge" before starting, but scaling the hill burdened with impedimenta, (impedimenta is right), and garbed like Doctor Cook when he discovered that region, I went through all the motions of a Turkish bath except peeling down to "the altogether" and the rub. This experience awakened a lively conjecture in me as to the sensations of some of my acquaintances of greater avoirdupois, of embonpoint resembling a concrete mixer, when they rushed the kopje. My wide-a-wake pal showed me tracks where reynard did a fox trot, but my word, old top, I thought it was the footprints of our uneasy canine.

The green canoe glided over Clear Lake's transparent depths: comes



Red Chalk Lake and Lodge.

then another portage, more water and my mate cried "Head her southeast and run her on shore" as we were now at the centre of the universe. Mountains to the left of us, and nestling in their lap with placid Red Chalk lake at the door, was the Lodge of Leisure. This was no shingle shanty or log cabin where the wind whistles through your whiskers with the razor on furlough, where at reveille you find the snow has filtered past the chinks into mounds on your unshapely anatomy, but the backwoods home of thirty thoroughbreds, thirty doughty stags, including several wags, with hatches battened down and all made tight. Nor was it like my lady's boudoir or be-rugged for a Sultan of Bagdad. Though blessed with bawth and bas-

spectres and wailing banshees, visions of double-barrelled shot guns, mixed up with two pairs of socks and unmentionables, of owls' eyes peering in, hallucinations of wild cat duetts, of pumas, wolverines and skunks operating in unison made uncanny the nocturnal vigil—

"Like one that on a lonesome road doth walk in fear and dread, and having once turned round walks on, and turns no more his head because he knows a frightful fiend doth close behind him tread,"

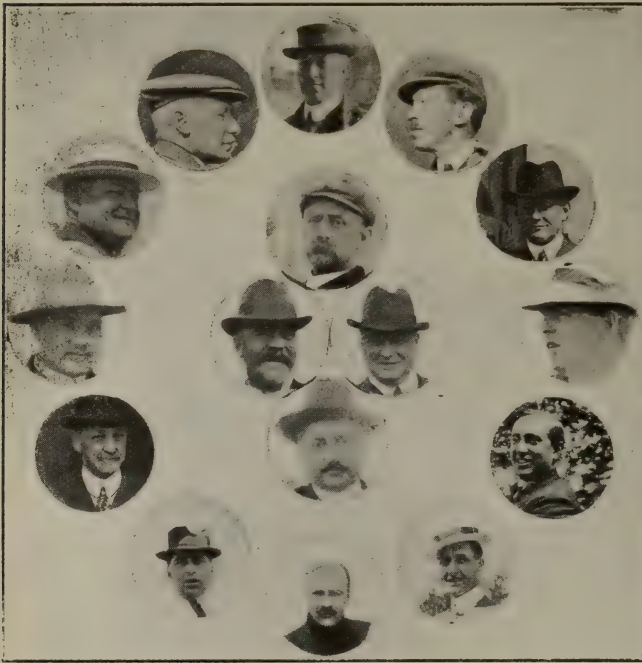
but impaired not the morning appetite. Betimes, we made for the bush and hit the trail goose fashion, the guide pointing the way. My chap—one and mentor, Frederic T—,

who is one of the most observing mortals and wild animals I have met, was able, by concentrating his hypnotic gaze on the knot of an ironwood tree, to transform it into a partridge and bag the bird each time. Learning wild fowl was everywhere scarce through destruction by rain, of eggs and young, my howitzer was fixed up as bravely as could be with birdseed for moose and buckshot for bear and reminds me of Peter B. Kyne describing the predicament of a hunter who left camp in the morning, saying he'd be home with a bear by sundown: he came back to camp with the bear, all right—he was just two jumps ahead of the beast.

Hence it came to pass, in the fullness of time,

that at this juncture a large drumming bird flashed from underfoot causing my solar plexis to skip a beat or two and then slide up and down like the plunger in a pump, but they wouldn't let me shoot for fear of alarming deer and they wouldn't let me invoke maledictions on them out loud for fear of cracking the twigs or commandments or something.

I had enough clothes on me to re-



A Loquet of Club Members.

ins; with pans and pots and pantry, elegance was *de trop* in that snuggerly, some six miles beyant the "Bigwin" and the "Wawa," where Old Sol carelessly splashes about at sunup more rainbow tints than there are in sunsets down south.

The wind stiffened to a gale, with snow, that first night we rolled into the blankets seeming to surround the silent spot with swarms of spooks,

stock a York St. second hand shop and the way the guide and that sociable Irish friend of mine—always with honeyed words and seductive chatter trotted me up hills, over crags and down beaver meadows made me wish I had enlisted for Gallipoli. Ere long, I developed a marvelous stamina and thirst and they were puffing, sweating, perspiring and in the loveliest ladylike glow, and all without a nurse and hot stove lids. Occasionally they'd lean me up against a tree beside the runway with Whiskey Jack for company, to whistle and wait for Katie, and leave me there for the small space of three or four hours until you got a cast in your eye expecting the flying quadruped or threw your ear out of clutch listening for the Yolp! Yolp! of that pesky pup. Later the guide would come back and pick me up like a "returned empty." It was then I appreciated wearing three pairs of socks and three pairs of—again those unmentionables, and didn't we wire into Josh's rabbit junket, hot toast and Ceylon that night.

"Have a heart," said I when my pal wanted to get into bed at 6 p.m. How we did eat and sleep and "smoka de fina segaar," under the blinking, twinkling stars shining away across to where the grayling and trout lay at the bottom of Island, Skeleton, Twins Eagle, Raven and Shoe lakes.

In much variegated but "chawming weathaw, old chap," we smelled about, traced deer tracks, tip-toed and pussy-footed the whole bailiwick, like Sherlock Holmes with his magnifier, until even our larrigans developed corns. They talked in my hearing of buck fever enough to make one peevish and at that, Dick Deadeye, who is really some woodsman and gunner—having pinked the wild pigs at Prang Prang—at first did the "hesitation" and thought the varmint bearing down on him through the slashings, which he got, was a rabbit or a humming-bird, but wasn't it tender and toothsome?

I saw the "flag," as large as your hand, of one nimble fellow and waited to pass my calling card, imitating that ingratiating Beau Brummel sal-aam of our dear friend Mac—but

he had pressing business elsewhere: should I spy the half of him next season, I may snare the beauty in the third heat.

Coming out we fell in—not in the bay or bog—but with a trainfull of homebound hunters and one thrifty man offered me a buck for Ten Dollars and seemed surprised I wouldn't give Ten Cents to bring out another man's game. The skeins of yarns they spun would crack the gloom of a gargoyle.



Some Dwellers of the Depths.

Lean and padded alike were eager to unload their ridiculous stories before the closed season set in. One raconteur remembered a fine buck that fell when shot and when he grasped the hind leg to hang and bleed it the deer scampered away. A heavy-weight hunter slept on the runway and pulling the trigger in a nightmare, woke up to find he had perforated a doe in the act of leaping over him. A third one suddenly met a big deer around a shanty corner so close that the game unwillingly skidded forward and coughed an "Au revoir" in his face. A fourth delegate claims a fawn butted him as a billy-goat would and he had to push it off with his rifle. It was then I heard the wild geese scream o'erhead. These ancient mar-

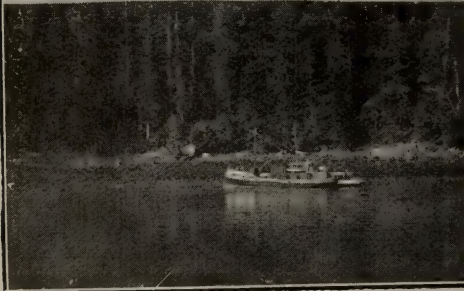
iners of the woods went after their prey in close formation and hollow squares. They pictured the deer vaulting from ridge to ridge over the tree tops and climbing the trunks. One novice told me that next year he will wear a white suit and another had advanced a guide One Dollar to salt a stump near the runway as an inducement. Can you beat them for imagination? I trow not. The anglers will have to lie awake nights as those fellows with the pea shooters

have it over them like a tent.

Bon voyage to the speeding sawbill, the soaring hawks and whip-poor-will: farewell to the silent night and the soft swish swash of the moonlit waters. Benny Beaver bubbles beneath his dam, and the hare's coat resembles the white mantle covering his warren. Down comes the Union Jack and for a space, the noisy jest, snatches of song and ringing echoes have departed from the lodge of Red Chalk Fishing and Game Club.

FISHING ON THE SKEENA RIVER

A. R. Ellis



1. Saturday no fishing is allowed. On these days fishermen are kept busy mending nets and gear.
2. By Sunday evening the salmon have got well up the river and the fishing boats are towed 10 or 15 miles up to intercept them. It is not uncommon to see a string from a quarter to a half mile long.
3. On the banks of the Skeena River.
4. Inverness cannery, Skeena River.

A HUNTING AND FISHING OUTING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA: A TRIP TO POWELL RIVER

John Landon Vallie

SATURDAY, October 2nd, 1912 was a beautiful sunshiny day in the great city of the last great West, Vancouver, British Columbia. It was also a red letter day in the lives of at least three young men of this same town. To the casual observer there was no apparent cause for this, no celebration, no great event was taking place on that day. But you fellow sportsmen, brothers of the woods and watchers of the trails, will understand and appreciate our feelings when I tell you that this was the day for which we had long looked, and for which we had long prepared, the day on which we were to leave for our hunting trip to the wilds of British Columbia. Weeks before we had made out innumerable lists of supplies, reckoned up the gross weight of the whole, and had then gone patiently over it all again, cutting out a pound here and several ounces there, leaving behind all luxuries, and taking with us only what we absolutely needed.

Now we were at last on board the S. S. Cheslakee with our packs, averaging some 85 pounds apiece on our backs, our trusty weapons in our hands and hope exultant in our hearts.

The weapons for our party of three consisted of one .44 Winchester, one .303 Savage, one double barreled shotgun, and one .22 Winchester for small game. We carried with us also, as may be imagined, a goodly supply of ammunition. Experience had taught us that, next to a rifle, an axe is man's best friend in the woods, so we took one of the single bitted species along with us. "Bonnie Latoh", a pup several months old, with the scent of a wolf and the appetite of a horse, was also included in our party.

Powell River, our destination, was some seventy miles distant by boat.

The most extensive pulp and paper mills on the Pacific coast were located there. Unfortunately Sunday was both the day of our arrival and our departure so that we were unable to see the interior workings of a paper mill.

The journey up the coast baffles description. Islands by the score nestled cosily in the water, with verdure clad, their loveliness intensified by the pulseless, steel-blue water that surrounded them.

At all our landings the population turned out en masse to welcome us, for the calling of the steamer was one of the events of the week. It was in fact the only link that bound them to the outside world. A curious lot they were too,—burly loggers, keen-eyed trappers, eager prospectors, lonely ranchers, and the aborigines themselves, the squat, stolid Siwashes.

Sometimes one experienced a shock on perceiving a white woman among the curious faces staring upwards; for in most of those small coastal places a white woman is a rarity indeed.

Once, too, on a lonely hillside near a small Indian village we saw the mission cemetery with its rows and rows of white wooden slats, mutely attesting to the ravages of some former scourge of smallpox among the natives.

About 11.30 that night we reached Powell River. Our original intention had been to seek some likely spot along the shore and, after getting something to eat, to roll up in our blankets and in the morning hunt up our guide, but it is one thing to plan in the daytime what you will do and another thing to carry out the same at night.

We were dog-tired when the boat docked. The night was jet-black and our packs in some strange manner had increased from the original eighty-

five pounds to about a hundred and eighty-five, so that it is not to be wondered at that we should direct our steps at once towards the only hotel the place boasted.

We were up betimes the next morning and after breakfast set out in search of our guide. The first person we met readily directed us to his cabin for he is one of the pioneers of the district. "Tom Ogburn, guide. Will furnish you anything from the cradle to the grave" was the notice

here forty miles long. Practically unknown a few years ago it is unexcelled for both shooting and fishing. Here, too, the all-round sportsman may have as much variety as he wishes. Deer, bear, goats, scrub wolves and cougars are comparatively numerous, while smaller game, such as grouse, ducks, etc. are as plentiful as the fleas on a "yaller dawg." Trout of several species, and exceedingly voracious, abound in the lake, the waters of which are dotted with is-



Homeward bound. The cub the dog got.

upon the little cabin which was guarded on either side by two huge, carved figures, graven images of some weird Indian gods.

We soon met Tom Ogburn himself, a grizzled old nickle-spectacled eternally smoking, shrewd, canny old veteran; a pioneer of the pioneers, the story of whose life and experiences, thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes would fill volumes.

After some moments of vain bargaining with him (for in many matters Tom can "put one over" anyone) we made arrangements for an immediate start for Goat River and lake, some twenty miles distant, where Tom had built a few cabins and where he also kept a number of boats for rent.

Powell Lake, or rather, river, is

lands, while along the shore there are dozens of ideal camping places.

About seven miles from the settlement is Cassiar Island, a clump of some few dozen trees set down in the middle of the lake flush with the waterline and having the appearance of being rooted on the bottom and sending their branches up above the surface of the lake.

The shoreline is very irregular, bay succeeding bay in rapid succession with here and there a tiny cape or peninsula jutting out suddenly from the land as though in a vain endeavor to reach the further shore.

A two hours' trip in Tom's launch brought us to his headquarters on Powell Lake, at the mouth of Goat River, where he has a sort of miniature hotel with accommodation for

some few guests. This is also his base of supplies.

We had now gone as far as Tom could take us as it is utterly impossible to get a boat of the lightest draught up Goat River to the lake. To this fact is ascribed the scarcity of sportsmen in and around Goat Lake as the majority keep along the shores of Powell Lake which is much easier of access.

After making arrangements with Tom to meet us in two weeks' time we shouldered our packs and hiked over the mile and a quarter trail to Goat Lake, where after a hearty dinner we commandeered one of the boats and started out for the head of the lake which was some six miles distant. Relieving one another at the oars the miles sped swiftly by and soon we were tying our boat up and packing ashore our various supplies. The mountain formation on either side of Goat Lake struck us as exceedingly curious. One side bare, precipitous walls of rock towered thousands of feet in the air, reaching down right to the water's edge. A few stunted trees, spared in some miraculous manner from the numerous landslides that are of almost daily occurrence, appeared here and there like the few treasured hairs on a bald man's pate.

On the other side of the lake, however, a green wooded valley stretched lazily to the densely wooded mountains in the background. It was on this range of peaks our guide had told us of counting as many as eighteen goats in one morning in the late fall.

Ahead of us the lake suddenly dwindled down to a couple of narrow streams, and away up the valley a mighty peak, crowned ever with eternal snow, dwarfed into insignificance the lofty mountains around it. This mountain was some two days' journey from us and our guide had given us full directions how to reach it. It was, he said, the Mecca of the nimble footed goats which were so unused to the biped, man, that it was a comparatively easy matter to get well within range of them.

Here, too, was the happy hunting grounds of that monarch of American beasts the redoubtable grizzly bear.

Many were the stories Tom told of exciting encounters and thrilling escapes from this beast.

Tom had himself accounted for the grand total of fifty-seven bears. These included the white or polar bear of the Arctico, the Kodiak bear of Alaska, the black and brown bear of our own forests and last but not least, the most to be feared of them all, the dreaded grizzly.

However, our time was limited, so we could only cast longing glances at the white peak in the distance, and inwardly resolve to get a longer leave of absence next year.

That night, after supper, we sat around a huge campfire and told stories, repeating tales our elders had told us of some hunting trips they had participated in years and years ago "back East", when the east was as wild and woolly as parts of British Columbia are to-day.

We also sang, our voices awaking strange echoes among the hills across the stream.

"Adam was the first man that ever
was invented,
He lived long ago and he never was
contented!
Made him out of mud in the days
gone by,
Stuck him up against the fence to
dry."

Chorus:

"Live a humble, live a humble,
Humble you'self for de bells am a'
ringing;
Live a humble, live a humble,
Humble yo'self to de Lawd!"

and so on through all the other dozen verses or so.

The dog got lazily up from his nap by the fire, stretched himself, looked curiously at us for several seconds and finally concluding that, though our actions belied it, we were still sane, turned around a couple of times and then went back to sleep.

On the conclusion of our singing we had some hot Bovril which cannot be too highly recommended for trips like these. It puts new life into a fellow after wearily tramping around all day; taken before rolling in at night, it fortifies a person against the cold

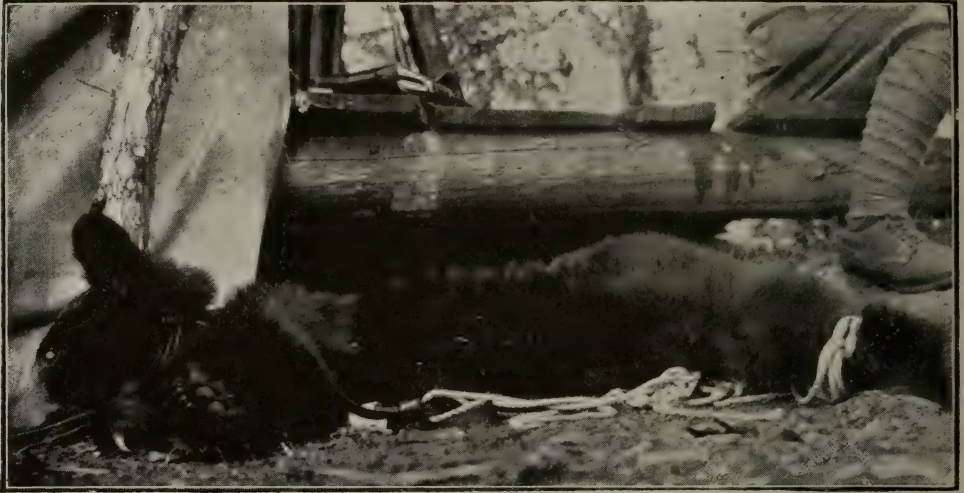
in the event of the fire dying out. In short, it has all the good qualities of the old fashioned ginger tea and a much more pleasant taste.

Earlier in the evening we had stored all our supplies in the cedar shake shack we had found here, but we disdained sleeping there ourselves, so arranging a couple of huge back logs to the fire and, banking it up for the night, we rolled up in our blankets and were soon in the land of dreams.

We had perhaps been asleep two

direction of the noise we perceived tons upon tons of rocks and debris bounding down the face of one of the cliffs opposite, to be engulfed in the waters of the lake.

It was indeed an awe-inspiring sight. Huge boulders, many of them the size of a small cottage would bound out from the face of the cliff, many feet in the air, turning dizzily round and round in their descent and finally landing with such a splash in the lake that the hole in the water made by



"Only the good die young."

hours when we all three awoke with the most infernal creaking and splitting and rumbling and roaring noise ringing in our ears. I babbled something incoherently about "The dam is breaking, flee for your lives." This had been one of my lines in some amateur theatricals once and in my half awake state it was the first thing that came to my lips.

The rumbling died away in the distance and one of my chums remarked: "It might possibly be the dam breaking, but, as there was no dam about, there was something d— funny about that." With this witticism ringing in our ears, we retired once more to our blankets.

In the morning, however, the mystery was explained, for while at breakfast we were again startled by the same rumbling, though the noise made was not so great as the night previous. Turning our heads in the

their passage, was plainly visible.

After breakfast one of the boys took the .303, and accompanied by the dog, made a beeline for the woods.

Barely a quarter of an hour had elapsed when we were startled by a shot and while we were idly speculating as to what he had bagged, he appeared himself, cussing everything in general and the dog in particular. The dog had, it seemed, raised a deer, but at such a distance as to make it almost impossible to get in an effective shot.

Ernie thereupon grabbed the other rifle and beat it into the bushes, though whether in hopes of getting the same deer or not, I cannot say.

I took the .22 and loafed up and down the river in the boat shooting squirrels and killing time. I discovered a rather extensive beaver colony, traces of them existing along all the streams in the vicinity. While in-

specting their workings I heard the crack, crack of the shotgun in the brush nearby, and a moment later Gordon burst forth with three dead grouse in his hands and his face radiant with pleasure.

"Come on in", he cried, "the woods are full of them". But I decided that he had enough for dinner already; besides, I was too lazy.

The grouse Gordon secured were almost too fat to walk. There was an abundance of wild crab-apple trees hereabouts and the grouse were so plentiful in and about them that one could almost knock them over with a stick. There were others besides the grouse that liked the crab apples as we discovered later.

Ernie presently returned without having seen anything of note and we had dinner. My, how good those grouse tasted, fat and plump; and tender as young asparagus; it was indeed a feast for the gods.

Shortly after dinner Gordon ran slam-bang into a family of snakes a few feet from the camp, which had, I presume, been interested spectators of our mid-day meal.

Snakes, I may say, are my pet aversion; I would rather tackle a full grown cougar I believe, than a couple of husky members of the snake tribe. We soon dispatched this family, however, which consisted of the old man or old woman and three young hopefuls. The old one measured between four and five feet and was about one and a half inches thick, quite a skookum looking customer. We shot him with the .22 four times through the head and three times through the body, but, an hour later when we went once more to gloat over him we were surprised to find he had dragged himself some twenty yards distant and was still alive. This time, however, I got the axe and we held a mock trial over his snakeship, where he was adjudged a spy and an enemy to the public welfare, and sentence of death was accordingly passed; whereupon he was dragged to the guillotine and the solemn headsman did his duty.

I spoke about a peculiar habit credited snakes of following the slayer of their mate, and said that in all probability we should find the mate of

the one we had just killed curled up in our blankets when we awoke in the morning.

That evening while I was fixing up my bed a little, I observed the other boys packing their blankets into the shack. It looked a lot like rain, they said, and anyway it was much more comfortable than sleeping outside. No, of course they were not afraid of the biggest snake that ever crawled but they were not going to get wet for nothing.

I thought I would have the dog at least for company but along about midnight he too deserted me and beat it inside the shack. However the snakes left me strictly alone and I awoke in the morning feeling greatly refreshed and with the appetite of an elephant.

After breakfast the two boys started out on a systematic hunt regarding the outcome of which I was extremely pessimistic. Ernie, whose experience in deer-hunting had been confined for the most part to comparatively open country, proposed the plan which was as follows: One was to proceed up along the stream, while the other was to pursue the same course, some few hundred yards inland. Each of them was to whistle from time to time on an empty cartridge shell so as to enable them to keep abreast of one another. The idea was that any game they scared up would pass either one or the other, affording the opportunity for a chance shot. I think however, they made enough noise in their efforts to keep up with each other, to scare away all the game for miles around. Eventually they returned to camp, late in the afternoon, thoroughly done out and utterly discouraged.

The next day we closed up the shack and proceeded to the farther shore in the boat where we climbed one of the mountains in search of goats. We went up some 6,000 feet but though the tracks were numerous they were all old, most of them having been made the previous spring. The goats were doubtless feeding on the slopes above, near the summit, which meant at least a two days' trip from camp. On our way back we came across a large porcupine, that im-

mediately rolled up in a ball on seeing us, spears uppermost, presenting a very business like appearance, indeed. We however decided that in this case at least, discretion was the better part of valor, so we left Spikes alone in his glory.

Porcupines are I may add, protected by the game-laws of British Columbia.

The next morning the other boys concluded to stay around the camp, one going fishing and the other after

make any great progress. Sometimes I would stop for ten or fifteen minutes while I closely investigated everything in sight. This I had found in the past to be a much more efficient method, than rushing pell-mell through the bush and scaring everything ahead of me.

The wind was dead in my favor and suddenly as I was proceeding cautiously up an old trail I got an unmistakable whiff of bear. There was no mistaking that; it was the old



Near the head of Goat Lake

some more grouse and ducks, so taking the Savage and some cartridges and bread along I told the boys if I were not back at nightfall not to be alarmed as I was going to keep going till I got something.

I now thanked my stars for having procured a pair of shoepacks, or oil-tan moccasins, having tried them and proved their worth on former occasions. They now stood me in good stead, for, through them I was enabled to proceed, with some little care almost noiselessly.

Twigs which otherwise would have snapped underfoot with an ominous twang were pressed silently into the earth by the invaluable shoepack. I proceeded cautiously trying rather to cover thoroughly the ground over which I passed, than endeavoring to

familiar Kootenay smell. A few seconds later I got another whiff and this time I thought I could locate him about two hundred yards ahead and over a little to the right. So down I went on my hands and knees, and having a big fallen tree ahead as an objective point I began slowly but surely to drag myself towards it.

If you have ever tried pitting your wits against those of a shrewd member of the Ursine species, you will appreciate the position in which I now found myself. One false move on my part, the inadvertent crackling of a twig, and it would have been good-bye, bear.

Slowly and carefully I dragged myself over that hundred yards removing all the twigs etc. as I went. At last I reached the shelter of the log

and removing my cap peered cautiously over it. Away over to the right I could make out the dim outlines of a shadowy form. At times just the top of his back was visible above the bushes as he moved noiselessly about and then suddenly as I was stealthily watching him he disappeared completely. Momentarily expecting to see him reappear I peered cautiously over the log but strain my eyes as I might, not a glimpse of him could I see.

I listened intently, inwardly hoping that some sound would betray his whereabouts to me, but the sigh of the wind in the giant firs was all I heard. Mr. Bear had completely and inconsiderately vanished.

I then heaped a torrent of abuse (silently of course) upon my own poor, innocent head, roundly cursing myself for not risking a chance shot before, and, then, just as I was about to start in pursuit, a black form quietly emerged from the brush, directly in front of me and not over twenty feet from where I crouched behind the log.

Utterly oblivious of my presence, unsuspecting of the danger that lurked nearby, he had halted irresolutely, undetermined which course to pursue. My rifle lay right to my hand, and, as he stepped into sight it was but the work of an instant to get a bead on him. Now with my finger pressing the trigger I paused a moment. The picture of clumsiness and withal the embodiment of grace, which he presented, with the apparent awkwardness of the elephant, and, when required, also the agility of the cat, made me hesitate, for it seemed rather a shame to shoot him as he stood, utterly unaware, of my presence with his head half turned away.

At least, I thought, let him see where the bullet comes from, so with my finger on the trigger I coughed, just a discreet little cough, but loud enough to reach the ears of his bearship. Then, as he swung around his head I pulled the trigger. The bullet struck him directly below the left eye, and penetrating the brain, came out on the other side near the right ear. He gazed at me for a brief second, then, opening his mouth, tried

to take a step in my direction, but his legs suddenly failed him and he collapsed all in a heap stone dead. I walked carefully over to him, knife ready if he should show any signs of life, but his spirit had already fled to its happy hunting grounds.

He was, I judged, not more than two years old and very thin, having just recently got his winter coat. The fur was in prime condition, the hair in some places measuring about five inches in length. He had I guessed lately raided some wasp's or bee's nest as I helped extricate several of these angry insects that had got entangled in his hide.

Fortunately I had brought some rope along for just such an emergency and soon I had him on my back and started on the hike back to camp. But a bear weighing between 100 and 200 lbs. is, as one may imagine, no light burden, particularly when the travelling is over country so rugged and forests so dense as was this portion of British Columbia.

Eventually, however, I reached camp and was accorded a royal welcome and a warm supper, and though my feet were tired and my muscles sore with the long pack, yet in a short time I felt as chipper as the best of them.

After supper Ernie took the boat and shotgun and rowed over to the mouth of one of the sloughs among the crab-apples, where, earlier in the evening he had seen some ducks.

Upon reaching the spot, however, in the early dusk, after infinite pains and all due caution he found to his disgust that his quarry had taken their departure for parts unknown.

As he was rowing slowly along near shore before returning, he heard a noise from out the depths, of a thicket of crab-apples and peering over in that direction, as his eyes gradually grew accustomed to the uncertain light, he presently perceived the shadowy outlines of a huge bear in one of the biggest trees. Bruin was evidently partaking of a light repast before retiring and so Ernie solemnly assured us, was thoroughly enjoying himself upon the, ahem, delicious fruit.

Disdaining to descend to the ground when desirous of a fresh supply he

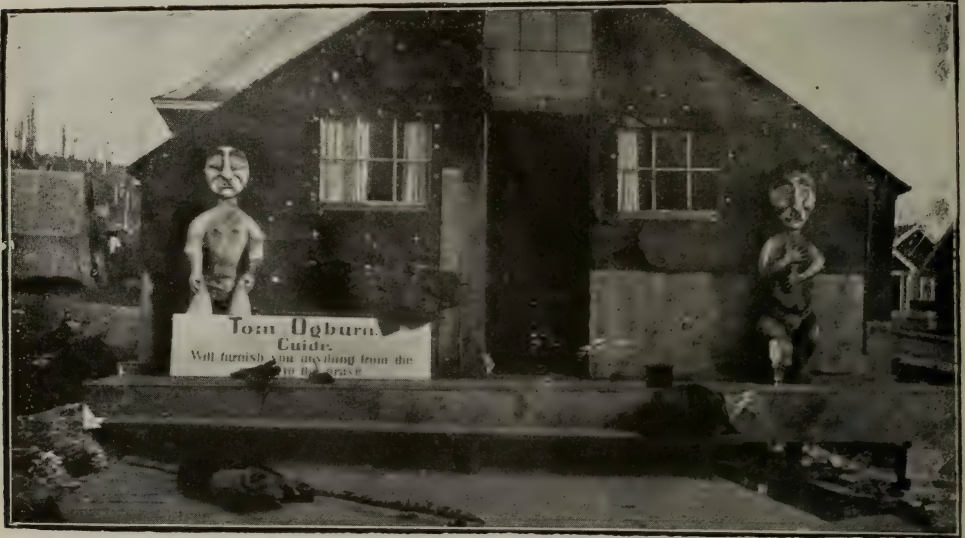
swung himself from bough to bough and from tree to tree as he changed his positions with the agility and ease of a monstrous cat.

Ernie was some fifty yards distant or more and the light was, as I remarked previously, very uncertain, but he let blaze with both barrels of the shotgun without effect, of course, and then put back pell-mell to camp for a rifle.

It was however, too dark to go in search of anything then, so we composed ourselves and sat about the

It is the exultant call of scores upon scores of primeval ancestors, which causes the rich, red blood of manhood to surge madly through your veins, until you would cry aloud from the very joy of living, as doubtless aeons and aeons ago those self same ancestors of yours shouted madly in the first joy of their triumph over the mysterious forces of fire and their subjection by its use of the brute beasts about them.

But you will doubtless think I am straying aside from the main issue



Huge carved figures, graven images of some weird Indian gods.

fire playing cards for a time. I then sprung a great surprise on the boys in the shape of a few choice cigars which I had packed carefully away before leaving town for just such an event.

They did indeed taste fine away up in that wilderness. They seemed to bind us by some strange, subtle, influence to that civilization which we had left many miles behind. No, we were not homesick, far from it. You who are reading this, who have, perhaps been deep in the wilds, who have heard and obeyed the call of the forest, will readily understand me.

It is not homesickness, rather is it heart longing for the free, pure wholesome life of the open, a sudden realization of the stupendous works of Nature, and a vague undercurrent of awe at the grim majesty of the wilderness.

and preaching sermons on Nature when I should be occupying my time to better advantage.

When our cigars had at last been smoked to the bitter end and our worship at the shrine of the goddess Nicotine of necessity concluded, we busied ourselves about the fire and soon had some rice pudding and some fried trout which the boys had caught that afternoon. After our diet of duck and grouse, perhaps those trout did not taste good fried to a delicate edible brown over some hot coals. We feasted like lords that night and it was away into the wee sma' hours ere at last we sought the refuge of our blankets.

And here I want to say something about the wonderful fishing which was available and which heretofore I have barely mentioned.

In waters near civilization where it requires the patience of a Job to become an ardent follower of Izaak Walton, I had made no effort to qualify. But here you did not have to come armed and primed to the muzzle with credentials and references in the shape of some few hundred extraordinary looking flies. Oh no, these trout were not so fastidious as all that. They were just dying to make our acquaintance and I regret to say that a good few husky ones did die through simply attaining their own ambition.

Trout, apparently, like us poor humans, always want what is not good for them.

You see, the way I had it figured out was that the lake being but a few miles in extent, the trout knew one another too well and were just lonely for some stranger to talk to.

Often while out rowing, some big fellow would stick his head right out of water beside the boat and want us to give him full particulars about the last election.

In matters of sport, however, they were sadly behind the times; the Jeffries-Johnson bout being the topic of interest with the fight fans of the trout tribe at that time.

However in point of numbers, gameness, etc., this spot cannot be excelled. If we merely wanted a meal in a hurry we would row out right opposite camp, bait our hooks with squirrel meat and in the space of a few minutes our dinner would be flopping about in the bottom of the boat. For sport we would go fly fishing about a mile from camp at the foot of some rapids. We did not catch more than we could use, but before leaving we caught quite a few and salted them down to take home.

Needless to say they were much relished by the old folks, for even in town, real, genuine trout are familiar in name only.

The second morning after I had got my bear, while we were at breakfast we noticed the dog suddenly making a beeline for the woods. This struck us as decidedly strange for, wherever else he might be during the day, at meal time you could always

stake your chips that he, at any rate, would be Johnny on the spot.

He was but a pup however and not yet arrived at years of discretion so that presently when we heard him talking away to himself in very excited tones we at first paid no attention to him but went on with our breakfast. But Lato, judging from the noise he was making was evidently not crying wolf for nothing this time, at least so Gordon thought for grabbing the .22 rifle he hiked off in that direction. In the course of a very few minutes we were startled by the sound of two shots in rapid succession. The dog's note of anger changed suddenly to one of joy, and presently Gordon came into view with a bear cub slung across one shoulder.

Poor Bruin, his inveterate curiosity proved his undoing for, doubtless attracted by the appetising smell of our breakfast, he had been an interested and envious observer until the keen sight or equally keen scent of Bonnie Lato had spelled disaster to his bearship.

The dog, too, realized just how much credit was due him, for he strutted about with a self satisfied look that would have done justice to a tin-horn politician. Ernie or I he would not condescend to notice at all and while he was a little more social towards Gordon, one could see he merely regarded him as a means to an end.

The cub weighed, I would judge, about 65 pounds and was certainly a perfect specimen. Gordon announced his intention of taking it back to town as it was, and getting it mounted.

For now, alas, our trip was rapidly drawing to a close. The following day we had promised to meet Tom at the junction of the Goat and Powell and then, back to town and the dull routine of every day life. And yet again we were not sorry. The two weeks spent in the wilds had given us a new grip on life, for after all to be able to leave this sham civilization of ours even for a time and get back to the heart of things is the best life insurance that any one can possibly carry.

And, while we were a trifle disappointed at being a little too early for deer and goats still we had thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and not come home exactly empty handed. If space but allowed I would tell you about the sport we had one night in trying to take flashlight pictures of animals along the shores of the lake by rigging up a powerful search light on one end of the boat; or about the night I slept by a waterhole in a berry swamp in the hope of bagging something; of how I nearly froze to death; about the wise old bear I *almost* got, etc. But space is limited. Before I close however, a few words about the game laws of British Columbia will doubtless prove welcome to a number of my readers who are, perhaps, contemplating a trip to this country. If not qualified, by at least six months residence in the province, a non-resident fee of \$100 is required. This applies to caribou, moose, goat and other animals protected by the game laws, the number of each available of course being restricted. Deer some little time ago were cut from three to two per head and a special license for each gun is also necessary.

Bear of all kinds are of course, unprotected and the same applies

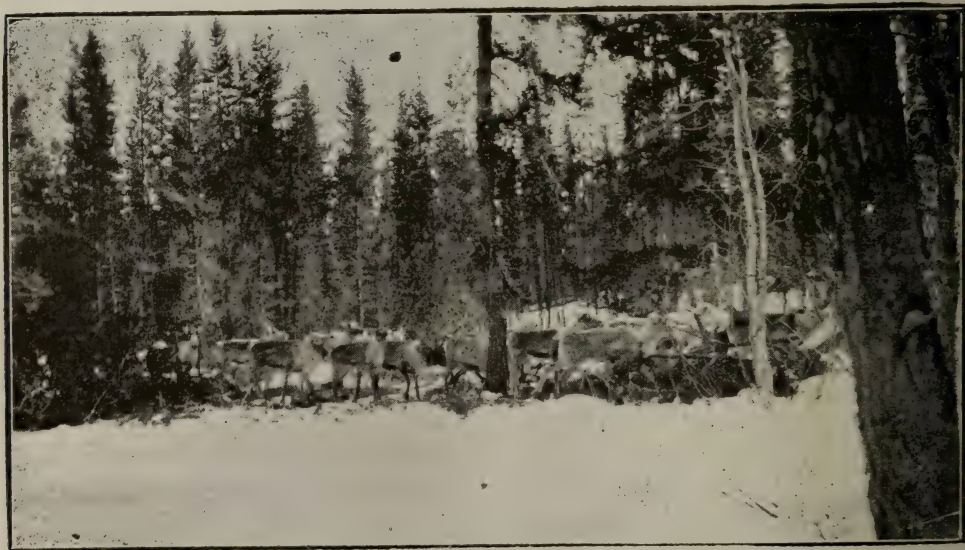
to cougars, wolves, etc., etc.

Of course it is a long cry from the Eastern States and provinces to British Columbia and this, coupled with the seemingly excessive non-resident fee acts as a deterrent factor in a great many instances.

But the possibility of any bona fide sportsman returning home without his due share of trophies of the chase, is so remote that it need hardly be reckoned with.

For British Columbia with its vast wooded expanses, its fertile valleys, numerous lakes and waterways and stupendous, awe-inspiring mountains takes its place in the front rank as one of the few remaining game regions of the northern hemisphere. Surely our Eastern cousins cannot blame us, if, with the lesson of their folly ever before us, we should take such steps as seem fit and proper to conserve and protect the native big game of our fair province.

The game is here, boys, and if the difficulties encountered in securing it are numerous, if the hardships of the trail are apparently insurmountable so also are the after-recollections of a hunting trip in the wilds of British Columbia, even more self-satisfying and agreeable.



A herd of deer in the Northern bush country.

THREE DAYS WITH THE MOON

Jack Walwyn

Five of us, with three dunnage bags in, two canoes, left Bala Falls one hot July morning.

A nice paddle it was to Moon Chutes, where we shouldered our freight and made that smooth portage. There we left behind all trace of the tourist in ice cream trousers or the civilized habitation of man.

The Chutes are wild and angry. The water comes dashing, swirling, churning over the rocky ledges to divide into two of the prettiest, most interesting rivers in Canada, on the left into the Mosquash, on the right the Moon. We chose the latter.

The first excitement was a little rapids which we shot nicely. As we came to a steady paddle again we saw a large heron "the shuh-shuh-gah." He stood contemplating the country-side from the peak of a tall pine. A scouting kingfisher warned him of our arrival. He stretched himself out for the fly and was soon lost to view.

Few rivers, I think, afford the variety of scenery, the contrast in woods or the excitement of rapids or fishing within easy access of Toronto, as does the Moon.

A distant roar warned us of Island Falls. Cutting across the swift current and running up beside a flat rock, we were soon out and

A little snooze and we were off. A shuffling porcupine never noticed us as we slipped along.

There's ever a mysterious bend on that Moon. It keeps you wondering all the time. Sometimes a lumberman's shack or a log chute are to be seen. Sometimes a ranger's corduroy bridge, or a campers' clearing comes in sight. Sometimes the laugh of the loon or the wierd call of the veery are the only sounds that break the silence.

Two or three more portages and the sun tells you it is about time a hot day's work is done. But there are those Seven Sisters yet, those laughing, gurgling, splashing sisters.

Steady! Faster and faster slips the canoe. Zip! Splash! Bang!

Steady! A few more strokes and we were into the next one. She was even more playful. Two big waves leap up to meet us. Splash! and the bowman is soaked. Thus we took the six of them. We pitched camp above the seventh on a high rocky point, clean and sheltered by a woody ridge behind. A stream trickled down the opposite shore, where was also lots of brush bedding. Everybody got busy, and in short time the tent was up, the water boiling for the tea, and everyone smiling. First we had a swim in the swift current above the last little rapids. A speedy swim it was. Faster and faster we went around the point until near the rapids we slid into the more shallow water and swam up again in the backwater close to the shore.

A few casts in the cool of the evening brought a pretty bass to the surface. He knew if he jumped above the water and could get a slack line, he had a chance of getting rid of the hook. He took his chances and got away.

Then came that bewitching hour of night around the fire, with mouth organ and songs, yarns and laughing. Jim was an ideal

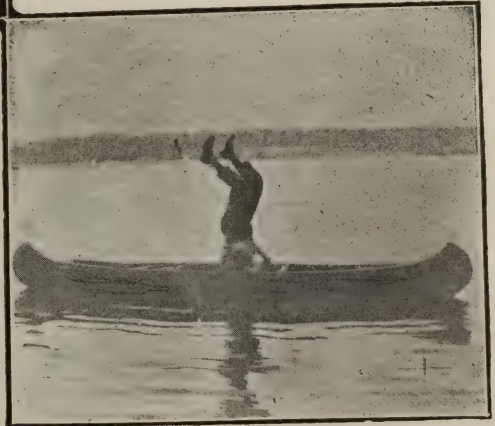


The Camp

ready for the rocky portage. This perhaps is one of the prettiest falls in the river. The water divides, one current going down a steep gorge, the other rushing over a ledge of rock. Then they splash into each other and rush on over the stony bed.

It seemed hardly worth while getting in again for the short distance was gravelly but the portageur is glad to take advantage of the smallest stretch of water.

At Annie Rooney we lunched. We were then almost ready to eat wire nails. Pork and beans, bread and coffee sound good most any time but down there beside that noisy gurgling water, in the shade of the maple, ash and birch, overtopped with stately pines, say, we wouldn't have traded for the "Frenchiest" menu the best hotel could boast.



Jim feeling good.

entertainer. His yarns were of the North, of the men he knew and had learned to love and his Irish songs were doubly sweet on the evening air. Then to bed, on a good soft mattress of hemlock brush and ferns, and a little smudge for the mosquitoes.

The first night, it's a little noise here, a little crackling there, a mysterious bump in the bed, a mosquito in your ear, and in the morning when you're starting to say you didn't sleep at all someone says, "Say Art, you have an awful snore."

Five a. m. was the popular rising hour. Until seven the fish were playful.

The following day was very hot and for that reason we desisted from our original intention of going to Georgian Bay, but a few miles beyond where we were. Apart from shooting a couple of rapids we loafed, just snoozed and swam or ate the raspberries and blueberries at hand, until six when came the meal of the trip.

Jim dumped Aunt Jemima's pancake flour in a pail. A stick and some water soon had it ready for the pan. We all had to halt our several activities to see Jim flip the cake, the size of the pan, and blow the ashes out and catch it again. Hezzie (that's short for Hezekiah) made buns and they were all right though they hadn't any currants in them but he said our currants had stones and he objected to using them.

Sunset found us watching the bit of colored sky in between the dark trees. It's a beautiful hour, that changing of the light into the dark, the rapids singing, singing all the while. It's the mosquitoes that chase you back to the fire, then all was song and tales.

When the laughs didn't come in the right place the yarner sniffed and despite our efforts to tell the last word or give the drift, insisted upon going to bed.

Oh! sweet sleep. If you haven't had that delicious awakening in the wilds after a good night's sleep, don't let another summer pass without it, unless you have strong reasons for not being an optimist. The blood tinkles in every vein.

"What's the time?"

"Seven o'clock, if you'd believe it." I had the only watch.

"Come on boys, a swim and eat, then Bala. There'll be a train waiting for us you know at eight."

"We're off at nine did you say?"

"Right you are, Bala at four."

And at nine we started. "We're on our way to Bala Bay." "Pull hard there." Trying to get up one of the sisters there was a rock in the way—the bow caught the current and the boat quickly turned around. Another try, —"Steady pull there," and away she went. The next one was not so easy, and we had to make two attempts.

"All right boys, we'll have to frog it," as we did the rest of the Sisters.

"What was that?" "A wee drap o' rain, anither an' anither." A lively little shower came along then a steady pour.

At Annie Rooney my watch said twelve o'clock so we stopped for lunch. The rain ceased and we dried out by the fire. Then more pork and beans for the inner man.

Two lumbermen, fishing below the falls,

partook of our meal with us. They had two nice pickerel about four and three pounds.

"What's the time?" said someone.

"Four o'clock," answered one of the visiting gentlemen.

"What!" All looked at me. I proved my ability to tell time by producing my time-piece.

"One o'clock it says sure enough." Didn't wind it last night is the verdict.

A little speed and we made the train, to find that we were an hour ahead of time.

We wondered, as many have wondered, why the up-trip seems easier and takes less time. Anyhow we came back with larger ideas, stronger purposes, and with much of that haziness of every day life cleared away.



1. Jim with a load. 2. [Sunset from the camp.

ROUND GRAND MANAN IN THE ROSE ANN

Marianne Grey Otty

GRAND MANAN is the happy hunting ground of tourists. The first of that ilk to visit Grand Manan was Samuel de Champlain, who took a little run across from France in 1613. Hotel accommodations on the Island were not as good then as they are now, and he stayed but a short time. The object of his stay was mainly to make repairs on his little ship, which had run on one of the sharp ledges which make coasting 'round Grand Manan so full of delightful interest. It was while engaged in their repair-work that his men found something that no one else, since that day, has been able to find at Grand Manan. Embedded in the keel was a big lump of beautiful blue lapis lazuli.

But, really, there are things at Grand Manan quite as valuable as lapis lazuli, and not nearly as hard to find. Suppose all winter long you had been living with books,—books on shelves all around you, people always coming and going, and continually asking for books, and not a speck of sky to be seen, except a peep out of the windows over the top of the bookshelves; no sounds but the turning of leaves and the rattle of the Elevated near at hand,—I just guess you would find something worth while 'round Grand Manan! Why, the people there are so healthy that they live to ages of Biblical proportions. Our host gravely told us of calling one day at a neat little house to get a drink of water. The white-haired man who opened the door admitted that he was verging on eighty. "Surely you don't live here all alone?" he was asked. "Oh, no," he replied proudly, "Father's upstairs, putting Grandpa to bed."

Grand Manan is up in the Bay of Fundy, off the coast of New Brunswick. It looks, according to the map, as if it ought to belong to Maine, but it is really a part of Canada. The Indians called it "Menan" long before Champlain came over, "Menan" being the Micmac for "island." Champlain promptly tacked on "Grand" to distinguish this island from Petit Manan, which lurks in behind its big brother and is seldom heard from.

When one approaches Grand Manan, the Island looks like a giant whale, lying at ease out there in the bay, its sides smooth and brown as if it had just risen from the sea. The first view one gets is only of the western side, which doesn't count. It is so different from the eastern side that you would hardly believe that they belonged to the same island. Just as soon as you round North Head and chuckle to yourself over the quaint wooden "swallow" perched on top of Swallowtail Light, you are in the midst of bays and inlets, rocky little islands, just large enough to accommodate one or two select families of gulls, smooth white beaches, and jagged rocks, sure to be full of real bona fide smugglers' caves.

That lovely landscape is one of many reasons why you should have been with us when we took that trip in the Rose Ann. We started on the east side first. Morning you see, is the best time to take in the beauties of the eastern side. By afternoon, when you are well sunburned, and a bit drowsy from the blow of the sea-air all day, you want to feel that you can slack up some in your observatory powers, so you should always leave the western side to the last.

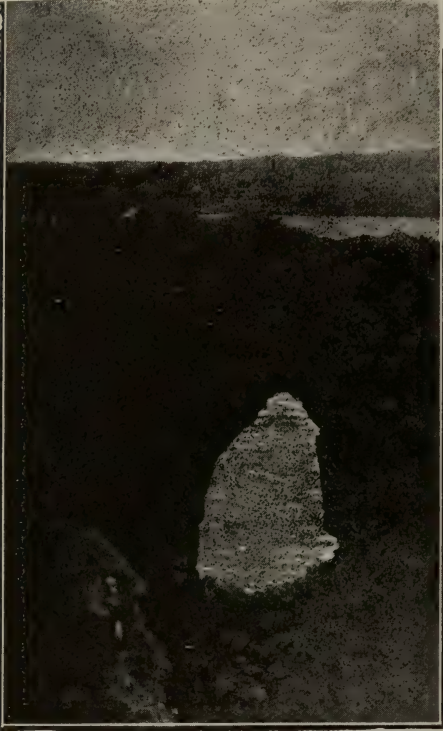
There were twenty-five of us on the good ship Rose Ann when we made our trip. We filed down the long gravel path to the beach, past masses of pink wild roses, gorgeous purple asters and royal goldenrod. Nature strives hard to cover up Manan's bare rocks with prodigal displays of wildflowers, and allows them to bloom later there than on the mainland.

We embarked gayly, sure of a Golden Fleece of sunshine and matchless air, with "Uncle Ira" waving to us from the shore. After the never-ending hardness of the floor in that big building, how grand to lie on the bow of the Rose Ann, at full length, and just as far out on the boom as possible, with the wind puff-puffing in your face, the vessel swaying up and down, and the sparkles and green of the water coming up to meet your eyes!

Flagg's Cove was our starting point. It takes quite a while to get out of it, and as you go, you can watch the pretty homes that people who love Grand Manan have put up close to the beach,—so close that the tide can meander lazily along the gravel, almost into the gardens. Further up the shore are the white roofs of Castalia, where the bronzed fishermen live, and watch the weirs for herring. These weirs are made in a great circle from slender young hardwoods stuck down into the sand, where the water is fifteen or more feet in depth. A long "leader," also made of trees, stretches up to the weir and finds a small inlet, about ten feet in width. The silly herring race along the "leaders" and find themselves in the weir. There is plenty of room to escape between the trees, but they never think of it, and by and by, the fishermen run out their fishing fleet and "seine the weirs," scooping up hogsheds of fish and pouring them down into the holds of their vessels. We spent a whole lazy afternoon watching them, one day,—but "that is another story."

Veering off from Castalia, towards the open sea, we passed brown rocks hung with seaweed and touched, that early morning, with fluffs of mist. You must look sharply, or you will miss seeing the sleek, dripping heads of seals, as they bob up and down around these little islands. Passing beyond the outward fringes on the garment of Grand Manan, one puts out into the open sea,—straight out into

the world of blue, till everything back there in the city is forgotten, as one watches the light strike a silver gleam on the wing of a



gull, or counts the varying shades that seawater can take in the morning light.

What a surprise, then, to see apparently rising from the midst of the ocean, a lighthouse,—Gannet Rock Light. One wonders how anyone can bear the loneliness of an existence there year after year. That bit of rock has a history. Years ago a great storm arose in the Bay, and day after day drove towering masses of wave up against the light, until it seemed as if their persistency would surely drag down the staunch building before

their hunger was appeased. But the keeper of the light did not fear the waves. They were a part of his life. A greater danger threatened him,—the Government supply boat was delayed by the storm. One day he woke to the realization that his store of food was reduced to only a few crusts. The boat was already overdue, but he knew that it would be days before she could arrive. Starving men must take chances, the keeper thought, as he watched the gannets wheeling and shrieking with joy at the storm. When next he climbed the ladder to trim his lamp, the keeper took with him the few remaining crusts. His thin hands spread them on the window-sill. A ravenous gull swept by, and snatched up one, before he could make a movement. He swore softly in his desperation, and watched more carefully. Soon a gannet poised for a moment on the sill to pick up a crust, and the keeper's quick hands drew the screaming bird within. So, for days, he subsisted on the rank flesh of the gannets, until the Government steamer could make its way across the Bay to the lighthouse,—Gannet Rock Light, now.

On we speed, the canvas aided by the six horse power engine which now prevails along the Island. Morning has changed to noon, and down in the hold is a basket, and in the basket is a lunch. One wonders where in this wilderness of waters a landing place is to be found, when, Lo! as by magic, encircled with hundreds of clamorous sea-fowl, Gull Island breaks through the fog that still lurks in the distance. Gull Island is the gull metropolis for the whole Atlantic Ocean. The spruces and firs that struggle out of its rocky soil are literally stunted and flattened to the ground from having had to serve as perching places for the gulls. Once there, it was all we could do to leave. We explored the little island from one end to the other. Securely situated in the heights were the breeding places of these mysterious white birds. It was fascinating to see how near we could come to a gull, as it sat viewing the landscape from the vantage ground of a gaunt gray stump; or equally fascinating to chase a fluffy yellow ball of a baby gull, till he was found hiding under a bit of brush, from which he was dragged forth,

protesting loudly, and forced to sit for his portrait.

But, "We knew the merry world was round and we might sail for evermore." We simply had to see Southern Cross before we got home. Leaving the heights of rock, where we seemed so near to that lovely blue overhead, we took a new path through the woods, past a solitary fisherman's hut, with a lonely child in the doorway, and reached the beach. Our tiny skiff had to take several trips back and forth



1. The Hole in the Wall.

2. Seining the Weirs.

from shore to boat, and meanwhile the Rose Ann sat rocking peacefully in the gentle swell, watching the antics of the Fat Banker and the dainty grace of the White Linen Lady.

Out again into the Bay,—passing from the olive tints of shallow water to the rich blue of the deep. As we neared Southern Head, everyone grew silent at the beauty of the scene. Do you know that green is nature's supremest mode of expression? To realize it in all its loveliness, you should visit Southern Head. A rampart of cliff meets the eye, clothed with a riot of green. Deep woods crown the summit, and down the sides of the rocks gleam the varying green of summer trees, the gray-green of curious mosses, and the delicate greenery of close-clinging fern fronds. And in the water, all this beauty is reflected in deeper tones that give it an added solemnity, a solemnity which is intensified by the first sight of Southern Cross.

Southern Cross stands, like a giant monument, on a ledge running out some yards from shore. It seems as if God had placed this sign here to be a guide to all those who traverse the dangerous rocks and shoals that abound in the waters about the Island. The Rose Ann glides on through the shadows, and finds us a trifle more thoughtful than we were; and so we round the southernmost point of Manan, and start homeward along the red, barren stretches of the western shore. Sometimes we strike a beauty spot, and everyone exclaims. Now it is a tiny cabin, set in a nook in the rocks, just large enough to accommodate a lobster fisher and the tools of his trade; again, it is a riotous wilderness of creamy boneset spilling down the side of a cliff. Our pilot tells us how the Indians and early settlers used to make a tea of boneset leaves, and administer it to anyone who had suffered a broken bone, secure in the belief that it would effect a speedy cure.

Five miles or so from North Head the beauty spots begin to jostle against each other. Dark Harbour is one of the best of them. It runs, long and dark and mysterious, half a mile inland, the rocks which encircle it casting dark shadows in the water. Our next beauty spot may more rightly be termed a "place of interest." It recalls vividly the long, uncomfortable physiography lectures of our younger days. Six Day's Work, according to the natives, took half a dozen days to construct. It consists of a ledge half a mile long, displaying to perfection the strata of six different periods of rock formation. It "gives one pause" to think of the gigantic force that

threw up this mighty arc of rock, and of the patient erosion of the sea through countless centuries. To the frivolous minds of the Rose Ann's crew, however, it suggested nothing so much as a prize Washington pie, the layers neatly divided with luscious interlinings of chocolate.

As the Rose Ann neared Whale Cove, speculation was rife as to whether we should see a whale. Even whilst the argument waxed hot, Madam Whale, as if scheduled to appear by express command of a movie manager, popped up and spouted with delightful abandon, thus saving the Cove's good name from scorn. The Rose Ann rocked with cameras, levelled at spots liable to be the whale's next point of appearance. "There she blows!" was our watchword for the rest of the trip.

Whale Cove contains a feature which must be approached from the land side to be fully appreciated. This feature is the "Hole in the Wall" which makes one think of smugglers, and pirates, and cannons levelled at ships coming around the point. It forms a picture frame for the pretty scene which lies across the cove, and, to the peacefully inclined, makes an inviting retreat where one may "lean and look on the waters."

Swallowtail Light meant practically the end of our journey but there still remained something to see. During the Rose Ann's absence from home, a big stranger had taken possession of the Cove. The Government cruiser, "Landsdowne" lay at anchor, her decks lined with jolly tars, watching the efforts of four of their number to right a bell-buoy, which the last storm had turned heels up. In the suddenness of the righting-process, two of the tars enjoyed an impromptu plunge, which brought roars of laughter from the deck-grandstand. Even the fat old chef ran up, arrayed in fine white linen, to share the joke. A hearty greeting met the Rose Ann as we sailed past.

Not the passing of the least shadow warned us that these jolly lads would one day take their part in a world struggle. Nothing remained with us but a spirit of vast contentment with ourselves, and enormous appetite. A sense of achievement cheered our flagging footsteps up the slippery gravel to Rose Cottage; for we were proudly conscious of having covered fifty miles in the one day.

There was but one rift within the lute. I realized, as I dabbed on the cold cream, that my rosy countenance would proclaim, for many a day, that I had been 'round Grand Manan in the Rose Ann.



A TRIP TO BURLEIGH FALLS, ONE OF CANADA'S BEAUTY SPOTS

R. A. Hayes

THE 26th of July arrived at last and our party consisting of Squire Laughlin, Edward Bettler and the writer were eager to get started. We had been looking forward to our Canadian trip as a kid looks forward to Christmas. Before leaving we were given a dinner at the Hotel Krick (New Kensington, Pa.) followed by a motor trip through the beautiful country surrounding the town. Leaving New Kensington we reached Buffalo at 7 a.m. and after sending a few cards took the train for Niagara Falls where we caught our boat for Toronto.

The trip across the lake was extremely invigorating and we reached Toronto in the best of spirits. From Toronto we took the train to Port Hope. The trip, though uneventful, was a very pretty and pleasant one. We changed cars at Port Hope and reached Peterboro, a beautiful little city, in time to witness the return of one of the Canadian boys from the front who was being given quite an ovation.

A further ride by train took us to Lakefield which we reached about 6.30 in the evening. Here we met Mr. Brown from whom we were to get our supplies, tents, skiffs, etc. Mr. Brown attended to everything for us and we were not put to any trouble at all. The train stopped at the boat wharf where the boat was waiting to carry us through some of the most beautiful lake scenery in Ontario. Quite a few stops were made on our way to Stoney Lake. So far our trip was proving very delightful. This was our first trip over the border. The air was bracing and we were glad indeed when supper was announced. We certainly did justice to the meal. Supper over we went on deck to enjoy the beautiful sunset, the most beautiful I think I had ever seen. Hundreds of islands dotted here and there with tents, cottages or hotels were to be seen and at each stop a merry crowd was ready to greet the travellers with a smile or other form of salutation.

We were nearing Burleigh and we were getting shaky. Squire told Ed. and me we would have to ford over an island and then make six miles in a skiff, anything but a pleasant prospect. A skiff trip through islands we did not know and over water sixty feet deep did not appeal to us just at that time.

At last the captain called out "Burleigh Falls." We had arrived. We were both glad, and sorry that our lake trip, for the time being was over. Squire, who had charge of the party, left poor Ed. and me at the wharf and went up through the woods we knew not where. We were actually in the country of Indians, bear, deer and bass and felt quite outside the pale of civilization. Ten minutes passed and still we were alone. All we could hear was the murmur of a waterfall which we imagined must be the one over which we were supposed to pull that skiff of ours. At last the monot-

ony was broken by foot-steps whether of man or beast we were unable to determine. However we took a chance, Ed. slipping behind a pile of empty cases while I sought refuge behind the boat-house. The sounds turned out to be not foot-steps at all but the wagon from the hotel coming to take our traps to the hotel we were to call home for two short weeks. Ed. and Bob crawled up over the rocks to the hotel and there we found Squire, big as life, and never giving us a thought. He had met an old friend of his, Mr. Underwood from California, Pa., whom we came to think of as one of the finest men we had ever met, a real sportsman the kind you don't meet in the city. We were then initiated into the order of Tickmo, which is quite a strong order among Canadian fishermen and fishermen elsewhere. At the hotel about twenty Indian guides were waiting to escort prospective fishermen to where the big-mouth and small-mouth bass could be caught. Jack Jacobs and his son, both Indians, erected our tent for us just above the Burleigh Locks and tried to make everything as comfortable as possible for us so that we could get an early start in the morning. Mr. Underwood having invited us to take a lake trip to Bobcaygeon in a launch. Bobcaygeon is thirty-nine miles up Deer Lake.

We slept soundly until 4 a.m. the next morning, when we were wakened by the sound of a bass hitting the bed, Mr. Underwood having been up before us and caught this specimen. We were out of bed in an instant. Meantime Squire started in to get the breakfast. Breakfast this morning was to consist of bacon and eggs, the kind you can get only in Canada. Believe me it smelled good and we had our mouths fixed for it. Unfortunately however the cook left the bacon in the pan on a rock for an instant and went into the tent to get the eggs. When he returned the fry pan was empty. The pup had eaten up our breakfast. As a consequence our first meal consisted of coffee, bread and some of Ed's mother's jam, which tasted fine.

We left camp at 8.30 and reached Chemong, an Indian village, at 10. One hour was spent here in looking for and at baskets and trinkets made by the Indian squaws. Mr. Underwood had some fun kidding the Indian squaws. Our party comprised Mr. and Mrs. Underwood, Miss Mildred Underwood, and her friend, Miss Rebecca Gross, Mr. Squire Laughlin, Edward Bettler, the writer and Abe Taylor our Indian guide. Dinner was ordered for the party by Mr. Underwood who called Oak Orchard on the phone so that when we arrived the dinner was ready for us, and needless to say we were ready for it.

We left Oak Orchard for Bobcaygeon at 1.30 and reached the latter place at 3 p.m. After spending a little time there we started back for camp which we reached at 7 the same eve-

ning. My advice is not to miss this trip if you go to Burleigh as it surely is a fine one.

While we were in camp our dishes were never washed. The hound cleaned them for us. Certainly a good dog, don't you agree? If the dog hadn't cleaned them Ed would have to have done it and he was too busy cleaning his shoes and shaving to bother with anything so trivial. Our bed consisted of boards raised off the ground on logs twelve inches high. Blankets covered the boards and blankets covered us. Bob was never troubled with mosquitoes as Ed snored and Squire employed his spare time during the night in striking out valiantly at the mosquitoes, thus keeping them away from him. Our cooking utensils consisted of two buckets for cooking potatoes and coffee and a frying pan for bacon and eggs. We used Wear-ever pie pans for dishes and, as Miss Underwood said, taking everything into consideration, we had a very clean camp. Jack Jacob's son took care of our bed and made it up every morning so that we had nothing to do but fish, cook and eat. Our milk and eggs and chicken we got from a farm house situated just above our camp on the lake. We made a trip up the lake most every day and had quite a number of enjoyable shore dinners, Mrs. Underwood acting as chaperone. We had one dinner at Mr. Nichol's little cottage, that we will long remember. Mildred, Rebecca, Ed and the writer had set the table with everything that looked good to a hungry crowd who had spent a good part of the day out fishing. Mrs. Underwood had just gone over to help superintend Bill's cooking when bang! Mildred hit Ed on the head with an orange. As Ed's head is solid ivory from the shoulders up the orange glanced off that piece of ivory and hit Bob's walnut. Bang! and down went the table, dishes, bread, butter and pie, the latter soft side up. Inside of thirty seconds the writer was picking berries out in the woods while Ed repaired to the hammock and affected sleep. Mildred and Rebecca stood spell-

bound in the presence of the ruins. We all expected Mrs. Underwood to appear on the scene at any moment but as luck would have it she did not and in two jiffies we had everything back on the table, Rebecca discreetly removing the dirt that attached itself to the butter. A little later we had "some dinner" including as it did fried bass, potatoes, chicken and chicken gravy of the kind that Mrs. Underwood makes.

Squire suggested going home in the rain and that trip back I will never forget. Ed and I were in one skiff, Mrs. Underwood, Squire and Bill, the guide, in a canoe and Mildred and Rebecca in another canoe. Our party left first, Mrs. Underwood's party second and the young ladies brought up the rear. The latter pair were barely rescued from an awful wetting and their canoe was then tied on the back of our skiff and we started down through Love-sick Locks. The waves were about ten feet high and the wind was blowing a gale. Commander Bettler stood up and looking the situation over advised me to just keep on pulling and we would soon be home. We made a transfer of the baggage at Love-sick Locks, Ed getting in Mrs. Underwood's canoe and Squire getting in mine. It was a journey and we did not arrive till about 5 p.m. Of course everything in the tent was wet so we made a hasty retreat and ran for the hotel which having reached we begged Mr. Dorsey, the proprietor, to take us in. We told him we could put up with cellar accommodation if nothing better were available. All we wanted was a hot bath and to get in out of the wet. The hot baths were forthcoming and afterwards Mrs. Underwood sent up some good hot tea which restored us to our usual state of health and mind. The next morning Squire decided he must leave for home. Ed and the writer stayed three days longer at Burleigh then left for home which we reached early Saturday morning. Notwithstanding the splendid outing we had had we were glad to be once more back in Home Sweet Home.

A BEAR HUNT IN SASKATCHEWAN

C. J. Brady

AT the time of this story the author was residing in the Northern part of Saskatchewan some forty-two miles north of the nearest town, that is by the winter road. In the summer time we had to go over sixty miles and the road was very nearly impassable there being so many swamps and sloughs to go through.

The country of which I write is a very pretty country, and very level except close to the river where there were lots of sand ridges and Jack pine.

The woods abounded with big game of all kinds, including bear, although I had never had the good fortune to see one though I had been in that part of the country for over a year and there were plenty of bear signs everywhere.

One beautiful afternoon in late September in the year 1914, a friend who was staying with me said, "Charlie what do you say if we go for a ride this afternoon and see if we can see anything?" "All right Jack," was my reply and forthwith we went to the stable and saddled two horses. We each took our rifles, mine being a 30-30 Savage and also took my two dogs, one being a hound and bird dog, the other one an old sled dog almost blind. We went north, up over the sand ridges and through the Jack pine until we reached the Saskatchewan River, a distance of about five miles, keeping a good lookout. Returning, we were over half way home when we met a wagon load of friends, who were out for the same purpose as we were ourselves. Like us they had seen nothing. Observing a nice

patch of blueberries we got off to pick some, our friends meantime going on home. Jack and I picked all that we could eat, then mounted our horses and made for home. We only were about a mile and a half from home, when I saw something out to the west of the road that looked like a big black stump. I drew Jack's attention to it and he also thought it looked like a stump. However I kept looking back and pretty soon I saw it turn its head and then I knew that it was a bear.

"You stay here Jack and I will go around him and see if I can drive him down towards you, as my horse is the swiftest."

I then started back as fast as the horse could go. The hound and bird dog saw the bear and the bear saw us and away he went westward as fast as he could go. I soon lost sight of both bear and dog, but the old dog was keen of scent and he soon struck his track. "Now" said I to myself. "I am all right if I can only keep the old dog in sight."

Of all the rides I ever had in my life, that was the roughest and swiftest. The way was strewn with logs from a foot to eighteen inches, through. I didn't take time to go around them, but went right over them for about two miles, and there found that the dogs had old Mr. Bruin up a big Jack pine stub. My horse and I were coming so fast when I dropped the reins for him to stop that he halted so suddenly I had all I could do to keep from going out of the saddle over the top of the horse's head. All I could see of the

bear was his head, as he looked around the stub at me. I tried to get a good shot at him but he kept going around the stub from me and I was obliged to take a shot at his head. The first shot I hit him in the mouth and broke his jaw; the second shot went down his throat, after I had shot the second time he backed down the stub. The steam was rising from him like a cloud. I have heard people say that when a bear is mortally wounded he will make for you, but this one did not. He just went away a short distance and dropped dead. The dogs were snapping at his heels all the time but he paid no attention to them.

As to Jack he waited and waited until he was tired, expecting me to drive the bear down towards him. Finally he struck out where he had seen me going last and arrived when everything was over. He laughingly said:

"You don't get me to wait until you drive any more bears down to me, next time there is any fun going on I am going to be there."

When it came to getting Mr. Bear home we found he was the biggest black bear we had ever seen. As we were about a mile from anyone, we went down to a neighbor's and he hitched up his team and drove up to where the bear was. Two other fellows that were at his place, came along to help us load the bear and to see him. It was all the five of us could do to load him in a low wheeled truck wagon. We got back home with the bear at about eight o'clock in the evening.



John Williams and Lloyd Travis and their deer shot near Bruce Mines, Ont.

Youthful Deer Hunters

Mr. Alex. West, of Schreiber, a subscriber to Rod and Gun, sends us a picture of his young nephew and another youthful hunter who started out to do some shooting with their .22's near Bruce Mines, Ont. Masters John Williams and Lloyd Travis, the boys in the picture, while out hunting in December last stopped to eat dinner and while they were seated a large buck hove in sight. As he was unconscious of their presence they had ample time to take good aim. Three shots were fired which wounded the animal seriously. Becoming enraged he charged young Travis, knocking him down and then proceeded to gore and trample him. At this juncture the dog that accompanied the boys took a hand in the melee and grabbing Mr. Buck by his hind leg pulled as hard as he could which somewhat diverted the deer's attention from his victim. Travis was thus able to crawl away to safety. Then a rifle shot from young Williams' gun rang out. The bullet found the heart of the deer and he fell to the earth slain and conquered. He was a beautiful animal weighing over 250 lbs.

THE STORY OF THE SKI: ITS ORIGIN AND INTRODUCTION INTO CANADA

R. S. Garrett

WHILE ski-ing is in its infancy in this country as compared to centuries of use on the European continent, it is no longer necessary for tourists to migrate to Switzerland and Norway for their winter sports. While many good ski runs and jumps are to be found in Canada there are many reasons to believe that on the new hill recently completed on Mount Revelstoke, Revelstoke, B.C., the world's record for long distance jumping will be broken.

At last year's tournament, Mr. Iverson, president of the National Ski Association, presided as judge of sports, and staying over another day, explored the mountain side. He discovered a natural jumping incline which, in his opinion, equals the famous Blumendal leap of Norway, and does not hesitate to say that on it, with certainty and safety, an expert jumper should make a world's record. The new hill has been perfected and the local club are endeavoring to establish it as a centre for ski-jumpers on this continent. In his first practices on this new hill Nels Nelson, champion ski-jumper of British Columbia, made 151 feet six inches which is 26 feet six inches in excess of the Canadian record and another 26 feet would break the world's record.

At present there are but few Ski Clubs in Canada chief among them being the Montreal Ski Club, Ottawa Ski Club, Quebec Ski Club, Three Rivers Ski Club, Sherbrooke Ski Club, Toronto Ski Club, Twin Cities Ski Club (Ft. William and Port Arthur,) Winnipeg Ski Club, Fram Ski Club, Camrose, Alberta; Edmonton Ski Club and Revelstoke Ski Club. The latter has as its home the superb Selkirk mountains, with Mount Revelstoke and its National Park, and famous mountain auto-road at its very doors, perhaps more favorably situated for the enjoyment and cultivation of the Ski sport than any club on the continent. Tours, runs, tramp outings, jumping hills, abound in every direction; and snow season can, by getting elevation, be found till early June. Indeed it is possible at the summit of Mt. Revelstoke, and its famous National park, to have (like as in Norway at Finse, on midsummer days) a summer ski tournament in all its features. Then, within say a month, to play golf or pick flowers; for on the crests of mountains like this, seasons are but two—winter and summer meet there.

The ski (in Europe pronounced shee) are gliders, first invented by peasants and hunters of northern, or snow countries, as a means of easy travel without sinking, when following the daily tasks or wild game in chase. Where and by whom the ski was first developed is an unsettled matter, but it is rather generally thought they came into use first in Central Asia by the Finno-Ugrian tribes, ancestors of

the Finnish race of our own day. In the migrations of these tribes they passed northward to the Arctic ocean, and overran the Scandinavian peninsula; while other branches spread eastward as far as Behring strait. Legend mentions that Nor (ancestor of the Norwegians and his followers, waited in Finland till snowtime, so they could use their skis on their way to Norway. All early Norse literature and The Sagas abound with references to the Ski, and their use. Skade, the giantess, who wedded Njord, one of the northern gods, left her husband and the coast to return to her mountains and the ski. She is known as the Goddess of the Ski, and Ulla as the god. If the ski originated with the Finns, and came first from Central Asia, they left it as a legacy and almost national emblem to Norway, which has to the present day been its home, and its people are the most notable, numerous and skillful followers of the ski for use and in sport.

In 1200 A.D., King Sverre of Norway had a military company of ski-ers; and old Norwegian papers show military competitions were held as far back as 1767. Such competitions are still kept up, and now are of international character. The military employment of the ski is prominently noticeable in this winter's campaign of the great war. Olaus Magnus, Archbishop of Upsala, produced a book about 1555 A.D., of travels in Norway, in which he dwells upon the use of skis; and Stephanus, 1644 A.D., also describes them. This is said to be the first correct drawing of the ski yet discovered. Valvasor, a German writer, about 1689 A.D., gives the first description of European (continenta) ski-ing, stating the natives of Krain, an Austrian province, used the ski and though some writers think their introduction to the continent occurred in the Thirty Year's War, when they were used (1618-1648) in a military way—other authorities think a development of the ski occurred in Austria in a manner distinct from that in Scandinavia.

DeJong visited Norway in 1796 A.D., and describes ski-ing in his famous book; and many other writers have added to his description of their use in Norway. Several splendid stories and traditions live in print of one, Trysil Knut, a champion Norse ski-er, who flourished about 1800 but space will not allow their recital here. Sir A. de Capel Brooks, in his book—"A Winter in Sweden and Lapland" 1827 gives a fine description of ski-ing, illustrated by a Norwegian artist.

The ski seems to have been used in Great Britain at an early date though not then, since or now, in any national way as in Norway. They are mentioned in "Lorna Doone." About 1860, Cumberland boys used them go-



Revelstoke Ski Club on a run.

ing to school and Weardale miners, going to work, and here and there, they have been handed down to descendants.

Thus from the utilitarian or practical point of view, skis have played a prominent part in the distribution of the world's people; they have been of great service in the life, vocation and means of living, such as hunting, of the people of early days; they were serviceable in military movements and are altogether worthy of special notice for their usefulness to the peoples of the northern world or wherever there is snow-country.

In our own day we see their worth and usefulness exhibited in the "First Crossing of Greenland" by Nansen in 1888; and Amundsen achieved the south pole in the winter of 1911-12 by their swift aid. We read of their frequent use by scouts and chasseurs in the great war of this year, and of the aid they have been to such in discovering positions of the enemy, and making quick report. The wonder is, if the Finno-Ugrian tribes reached to Behring strait, and the ski were introduced there, that their use did not extend into the American continent. The Laplander used them, and they are still in use in Asia as far south as Lake Baikal, the Altai mountains and Mongolia. They do not appear to have been introduced to the American continent for some reason, etymological or otherwise, till European (Scandinavian) emigration brought them with it. The slower and less graceful snowshoe still continues to be the hunter's, trapper's and back woodsman's means of travel in the snow belt of this continent and the Aborigines who handed it down to us, seemingly know nothing of the ski. Their use however, on this side of the world, is becoming much more general and a longer acquaintance must mean an equally greater field of usefulness.

The very much greater variety of movement possible with the ski over, say the snow-

shoe, their greater swiftness, ease and grace with dexterous management, is first, responsible for their introduction as a sport. Their sporting use requires a skilfulness and gives an exhilaration which the steady plodding 'webbs' neither call for nor give. Secondly, the introduction and general use of roads and their vehicles and railroads and their carriages had a weighty influence in changing the ski from a utilitarian to a sporting instrument. They have as eagerly met the call of the one, as faithfully they serve the other and first inventive need. Now, wherever there is snow, from Norway to Australia, east to west, no matter the flag above, the ski sport is followed with a zeal and devotion, as great as that of ancient Skade herself. Skiers are a circle bigger than country, a fraternity whose language is action. They are sportsmen and sportswomen, who with the enjoyment of sport, the pleasure of speed, the trial of endurance, the test of skill, the romance of adventure, have felt, too, the soul call Nature on earth's pillars somewhere.

As a sport it ranks in these essentials, with sailing, mountaineering and the chase of game; where, combined with exhilaration of the sport (the art), and the science of safety in the encounter with nature, mingles over the call of what is yet unrevealed.

From the viewpoint of sport the ski became popular in Norway and Sweden through the people of the province of Telemarken. They evolved a ski of a special type, and became very expert in its use in running, gliding, stemming, swinging and jumping. In 1870 a couple of them visited Christiania and gave an exhibition so marvellous as to attract immediate attention. The ski sport at once became popular and the Christiania Ski Club was formed in 1877, holding a very successful competition on Huseby Hill in 1878. In 1883 the Norwegian Ski Association was formed and held its first tournament on the same hill.



Nels Nelson, 1915 Champion of B.C.—151 ft., 6 inches.

It unfortunately possessed a southerly exposure frequently rendering the snow in bad condition when wanted. So in 1892 the scene of the national tournament took place on the famous Holmenkollenhill, which has been in use ever since. Ski-ing has long been in use in Sweden from early times, but its sporting introduction there dates from 1892, when the Swedish Ski Association was founded. The Todneau Ski Club, Black Forest, Germany was started in 1892, and it was the first permanent continental (European) ski club. It is now a branch of the Schwarzwald club, organized in 1895. The first Swiss Ski club was formed at Glarus in 1893 though the sport

had been attempted, in a small way, earlier than that. The first ski races in Central Europe were held near Vienna, Austria, in 1893, and were also run on the Feldberg in 1896. The first Italian club was organized at Turin in 1900 and an English club was started at Davos in 1903. Out of the many then active clubs in and about the Alps came the Swiss Ski Association in 1904 and the German and Austrian Associations in 1905. The latter two (again an alliance) afterwards united as the Mid-European Ski Association. To-day the Ski clubs and ski grounds of Scandinavia and Central Europe are too numerous to mention and the number of club members is



Crowd at the 1915 Tournament.

legion. In organized clubs Norway has some 20,000 members; Sweden about 10,000; Austria-Hungary about 14,000; Germany about 17,000; France about 8,000 and Switzerland about 4000. Nordmarken, Finse, Fefor, in Norway; Fiskar and Torket near Stockholm, in Sweden; Feldberg, in Germany; Kitzbuhel, Mittendorf and Stanton, in Austria; Nenzenheide, Villars, and Davos in Switzerland are some of the many places now famous as Alpine resorts and centres of ski-ing visited yearly by thousands of people devoted to this great sport.

On our side of the world the growth of the ski sport though nothing like that of the other side, has still been very remarkable. Its introduction is undoubtedly due to the Scandinavians. These settling mainly in the north-western states of America, though using the ski in an unorganized way for many years, found themselves strong and confident enough to form a central ski association in 1886. It included clubs from St. Paul, Stillwater, Redwing, Eau Claire and Ishpeming. From this sprang the National Ski Association of America in 1904. It commenced with five clubs and 135 members. In 1911 it covered twenty-eight clubs and nearly 1200 members and at this date has made gains in both in proportion to the lapse of time. On account of the ab-

sence of suitable natural hills the clubs of the States have had to erect immense trestle approaches to their hill jumps, and this artifice has had, too, to be followed in several places in Canada. Immense jumps are repeatedly made on these trestle leaps, but in many cases the snow condition is not always what it should be, snow having to be carted and placed to insure sport.

In Canada, though the sport has been followed privately for years, the first organized club was started by the Montreal Ski club in the fall of 1903. It is in a flourishing condition, holds jumping competitions yearly and following the British attachment to the sport, goes in strongly for cross country runs and tours.

Since the above was written Nels Nelson has held up a new mark for the Dominion in ski jumping. At the tournament on February 9th Nelson jumped 136 feet, thereby establishing a new Canadian record. Nelson had previously jumped 169 feet equalling the American record but as this was not at a tournament it was not official. His jump of 136 feet was with a sprained ankle, he having been in the hospital for days.

(The writer is largely indebted to Mr. B. R. Atkins, Secretary of the Revelstoke Ski Club for the material contained in this article.)

JAKE TO THE RESCUE

N. L. M.

THINGS had been going pretty slowly on the runway for George. It was half past nine and he had been there since the break of day. A keen north-east wind had been blowing down the cut and whistling about his ears, and searching out all sorts of tiny openings in his "outfit." He had heard the hounds running in an uncertain sort of way about 8 o'clock—once they seemed to be skirting the cranberry-marsh just over the ridge—close enough to mildly excite his interest. He had tired of watching a chipmunk hopping around a fallen pine, chattering and scolding him at the top of its strident voice, and now a heavy sleet had set in—adding a last straw to his restless discomfort. He began to wonder how Ed was getting on up at the "split rock," the next runway down the long cut which bisects our hunting grounds. Convincing himself that the dogs must have taken the deer down to the River away to the South, George finally sloped arms in the most approved "Home-Guard" style and wandered off over the rocks to pay a friendly visit to his nearest neighbor. He found Ed sheltering himself beneath an overhanging rock and wondering whether the trenches in Flanders were any more uncomfortable than a runway on the French River in a sleet storm. They exchanged views on the subject of the "run"—Ed naturally enough insisting that the deer had gone north instead south, had crossed the narrows round Dorothy Lake, had been shot by the boys up there and that George had better buy an ear trumpet. George returned that Ed had an imagination like a June sun-

set—and after that the conversation got down to all and sundry.

Then the unexpected happened. Crash! Crash! came the very evident sound of a deer running hard through the bush. The boys' rifles came up to the "ready", their hearts in their mouths—every nerve singing with excitement. Then suddenly out of the thick swale to the bare rock—forty yards away,—straight in front, leaped a magnificent buck, going like mad. Catching sight of the hunters the buck suddenly stopped, and wheeled. As he did so two shots rang out, then a third from Ed's automatic; there was a glimpse of a brown body leaping away through the bush, an ever decreasing crashing of underbrush, which finally died away in the distance; and all was silent again. George looked at Ed, and Ed looked at George.

"Well, of all the dunder-headed asses in North America—you and I should get first prize." Ed was too aghast to refute the compliment.

"George," said he solemnly, "If you should hunt for a hundred years, you will never get such a shot as that again. George, you're an old fool and should be running a shooting gallery on Agnes Street. As for me, I'm going back to camp. If I can miss a buck in full view at forty yards I ought to be"—and so on and so on.

There were no names too vile, no insults too deep, no reproaches too bitter for these valiant knights to heap upon each other, upon their respective rifles, upon the goddess of their fitful luck, or upon their heirs, adminis-

trators, executors and assigns, as they followed the long, wet trail back to the Club House. Here they sought solace by telling the doleful tale to the unsympathetic ears of some of the other boys who had just returned to camp.

Taunts, abuse and all and every shade of insolent mockery were leveled at their unhappy heads—culminating in a piping query from Allen.

"What will you say when Jake gets back?"

Jake is our captain-of-the-hunt, stern disciplinarian and unforgiving chief. All over Canada we are proud of him as the late champion oarsman of the world, but woe betide the miserable wretch who wanders off his watch, misses the blazed trail, or—crime of crimes—lets the quarry get past.

"Tell Jake he'll find me behind the stove. Ed, you'd better run and commit suicide. The deer came out to your stand so it's up to you to make excuses," said George.

Meanwhile, Jake, across at the "Death-trap" heard the shooting and the tardy dogs who—running far behind the deer, had not been heard by Ed and George—and figuring out that the deer was killed—skirted the big swamp, hit the head of the cut and bore down to help bring in the spoils. Tom and Bill from their respective runways coming through to the cut on the same errand, met one another and soon ran across Jake, who had reached Ed's deserted stamping ground, and was trying to figure out what had happened. The dogs had "come through" and their footprints in the light snow showed that they had taken the trail back to camp. The empty shells, and the track of the buck retreating into the bush told the tale as plainly as could be; but Jake was far from satisfied.

"Bill," said he, "Tell me—if the buck got away, why did the dogs go home?"

"Damfino," said Bill, laconically.

"All right, then," answered Jake. "Wait here till I skirt around a few." Following the buck trail into the bush for fifty yards, Jake came across a tell-tale drop of blood on the earth's white mantle, and his "Whoopie" brought the others to his side in a twinkling. Another spot further on—dog tracks—more blood—and still more—a place where the beat-



Scenes around Camp.

en snow showed where the deer had fallen in his mad flight—a long pursuit over rocks and fallen timber, through swamp and beaver meadow—Jake leading the way with long impatient strides, picking out that crimsoned path, and the others panting breathlessly in the rear. At length, close to a mile from where he had been shot, they found the object of their search—lying across a fallen tree in a thick slash—quite dead, with two bullet holes in his shoulder. How he had run so far is one of the mysteries of the hunt, but there he was, a sure-enough fine buck.

Can you imagine the scene in camp later on that day, when, having been reinforced by two more of our party, the little company brought the deer down the cut and to the club house door, where poor George and Ed were still weeping on one another's shoulders. Such a riot the old Club House never witnessed, such whoops, and cheers and laughter. Far down the lake an old bear heard the noise

and, growling complainingly, ambled off away from such unheard of tumult.

When another hour later—while dinner was progressing noisily—Ike and Joe staggered into Camp, soaking wet from head to foot—hungry, dirty, tired but triumphant, with another big buck to add to the growing string, all Bedlam was let loose and the scene beggars description.

Yes, it was a great day! Just one of those days one loves to picture in the long winter evenings, in the great city, when one sits in front of the blazing fireplace with half shut eyes and again sees the pines and the rocks and the silver lakes, hears faintly the music of the running hounds, and catches for a fleeting moment the old thrill of the chase. These are the dear memories which haunt and burn, and which will surely send our ardent footsteps North again when the maples turn to crimson and November comes once more.

HOW TO WRITE A VACATION STORY

HOW could the way to write about your out-door trip be more plainly and effectively shown than in this masterpiece of instruction, by Editor F. L. Johnson, of the *Michigan Sportsman*.:—

"In writing, drop into as easy a narrative vein as you can, bringing out the little incidents of the jaunt which made it delightful to you. Tell us how the crisp air of the pine slashings inspired you, what the tall, sighing pines whispered to you in the night wind, or the pictures you saw in the smoke of the camp curling up through snow-laden boughs. A swamp is merely a dismal, unattractive swamp the great sweep of hill and valley just a burned barren or a dreary waste, unless you people it with song and sweep of birds or the throb and thrill of animate wild things, or unless you get from far horizon rising to meet a blue vault of sky, a distinct message. Your reader doesn't want to know merely that you got a seven-prong buck or your limit of birds or fish. What will chain his attention is the incidents of the chase, kill or catch which gave you excitement and joy, and the beauties *you* saw which made the trip a dream in memory to you. He isn't blood-thirsty while reading, whatever he may become on the trail. Nor is your general statement that "it was good to

commune with Nature in her own domain" enough. Tell *what* was the message you got from Nature's God, and *how* it found its way to you.

"Write in your own language the excitement of tracking and finding your game, the thrill of the draw and of the shot—"buck fever" if you had it—the beautiful point of your dog, the sight and sound of whirring, brown wings, perhaps the sympathetic twinge at sight of a pair of hurt, deep, brown eyes pitifully speaking to you of a life going out. But don't as you prize your honor as a sportsman, gloat over blood and the struggling death agony. Picture the sun-lit lake or stream with its shore tracery of beach or bank, grass and drooping leaf and branch—it might as well be a muddy canal unless you give it to us in its beauty *as you saw it*,—then tell the thrill of the strike and relate every detail of leap, of sulk, of run or of successful wrenching of the leader over sunken logs. Not the writer versed in the use of the most perfect English, but he who feelingly and directly tells *just how he felt*, holds the reader.

"Lastly, write only on one side of each sheet, with wide margins at top, bottom and sides. If you can type your story, so much the better. But let it tell, unreservedly, your own joyful experiences."

A SYMPOSIUM ON MATTERS REGARDING CONSERVATION

One Hundred Game Protective Associations for Ontario By January 1st, 1917: Rod and Gun in Canada Their Headquarters.

E. R. Kerr

EVEN in the face of a cruel war abroad and great national unrest and anxiety at home, the preservation and increase of our national wild life must go on. To permit any serious neglect of the latter cause would be equivalent to going to meet half way one of the evil consequences of war. Of course the time may come, and shortly too, when every male defender of wild life will be needed on the present European firing line, but sufficient unto that day will be the evil thereof.

Along with the protection of wild life we are endeavoring to do our part in promoting the defences of this nation and our enlistments are increasing wonderfully.

At this hour, the cause of wild life protection in Ontario is moving forward with constantly accelerating speed. The splendid momentum that this cause is acquiring is a constant inspiration and encouragement to those who toil in that particular vineyard. Even the inland towns, cities and hamlets, which represent the plague-spots on the wild life map, show signs of awakening conscience, and a desire to be decent.

In these troubled days, the protectors of wild life need public sympathy and encouragement, more than in piping times of peace. To-day the public mind is in a state of war, but the killers of game are killing just as diligently as ever. Even though our Governments have to deal with some very serious national measures, revenues, etc., they appear to always have time to listen to us, and consider and pass sane and business-like legislation to assist to conserve the remaining fragment of our wild fowl, and also to listen to overtures respecting the creation of sanctuaries, for the sake of deriving from now profitless lands a great annual food supply.

The question is—Will the Canadian sportsmen and people in general handle this matter in a resolute and business-like way, or will they allow General Suspicion to defeat the plan?

The enormous annual increase in the number of men and boys who wish to go hunting, and kill something, is a condition that must be faced, whether we like it or not. Add to this factor the increase in the number and the deadliness of firearms, the rapid increase in facilities for getting at the game, and finally the craze for trophies, and the thoughtful man may well pause and inquire about the general result. The automobile has now

become a new and terrible factor in game destruction and to an extent not realized by the public.

The unavoidable influences that make for game destruction already are appalling. We refer to the utilization of all available agricultural lands, the drainage of marshes, the extensions of cities and towns, the destruction of cover for small game; the increasing of hunting cats, and the killing of female deer. Throughout this land of upwards of ten millions of people, every city, town, village and crossroads hamlet turns out its quota of hunters and killers of wild life; and with dogs, horses, automobiles, boats and guides, they ransack, every haunt of wild creatures called "game."

Rarely indeed does any body of sportsmen, or hunters, do anything to "increase" the supply of killable game. It is right here that the shoe pinches long and hard. The great mass of sportsmen and "hunters" in the past, have done absolutely nothing to increase wild life. Like the horse-leech they cry: "Give; Give;" and they give back nothing. Their annual hunting license fee is nothing in the world but a payment to have their favorite game protected from the other fellow until they themselves can get to it and shoot it. To-day some sportsmen are taking great credit to themselves and their kind, not because they and other sportsmen have increased the game supply but because they have passed laws "retarding the annihilation of it." And the men who now insist that things shall be done to increase the supply of game, and prevent species from being exterminated, are loftily spoken of as "fanatics."

One thing now should be apparent to the dullest mind. It is that unless a great number of game sanctuaries are made and maintained inviolate for the safe breeding and increase of game, the noble sport of game hunting fifteen years hence will be limited to deer around certain secluded areas, where deer are so preserved that they are breeding more rapidly than they are killed.

What shall it be in 1931—A large number of game sanctuaries or no hunting at all to speak of?

Every sportsman and citizen in Ontario should become fully and thoroughly acquainted with the "HORNADAY PLAN." Millions of acres of our national forests now are very nearly destitute of game worthy of mention. Over hundreds of square miles you now can

hunt till doomsday without finding enough to shoot as food. Vast opportunities to create a great annual supply of both large and small game are being wasted through lack of intelligence and resolute action.

The "HORNADAY PLAN" proposes an enormous increase in game that may legitimately be killed for food purposes. This can be secured without loss to any industrial interests. All that is needed is a safe and sane law, honestly enforced, and a little patience on the part of all, in waiting for results.

The "HORNADAY PLAN" translated for adoption to our terms of officialdom is as follows:—

(1). A federal law empowering the Minister of Agriculture to select and delimit areas in national forests suitable for game sanctuaries.

(2). These sanctuaries shall be established by proclamation of the Prime Minister.

(3). These sanctuaries shall be so located that they will not occupy lands chiefly suitable for agriculture.

(4). These sanctuaries shall be located where they will interfere to the least extent practicable with the grazing of domestic stock, especially the stock of actual settlers or farmers.

(5). These sanctuaries shall be established with the approval of the Ministers of Game, Fisheries and Agriculture of each Province concerned.

(6). It is expedient to establish a large number of medium size rather than a few large preserves.

(7). The ideal condition would be a chain of sanctuaries which, in time, would restore game to all the intervening territory.

(8). Administration will be vested in the Ministers of Game, Fisheries and Agriculture.

(9). Boundaries are to be settled after full consideration of all conditions.

(10). All predatory animals are to be killed.

(11). The object of these sanctuaries is to provide breeding places for game which will spread over adjacent territory, where it will be subject to the regular open season provided by law. This will prevent danger of overstocking and it will therefore not be the general policy to extend these sanctuaries.

In addition to the above, it is to be understood that the final success of the plan contemplates strict regulation of the game that may and may not be killed annually. A large stock of game must be kept alive so that the annual increase will yield a large food supply that will be permanent.

Now the question is—Is it worth while for the Canadian sportsman, and people in general to take the trouble to make the increase in their annual food supply that this plan proposes?

I am heartily interested in this plan. Regarding both the judgment and the executive power of a great many Ontario sportsmen, with whom I enjoy an acquaintanceship, and the Canadian people in general I am profoundly optimistic. Our silent thousands are quick to do the right thing when they are thoroughly aroused to necessities, and shown the way. We do not court a reputation for senseless destruction of nature's resources,

and folly in conservation methods. It is for this reason that the friends and the defenders of wild life feel that it is "worth while to strive." The best Canadians, who, God be thanked, are yet in the majority, distinctly do not wish to rob Posterity of its rightful heritage in the game of this country.

Now then I propose one hundred Game Protective Associations for Ontario by January 1st, 1917. Do not say that it cannot be done because it can and easily.

The Essex County branches of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Associations are the only active ones, apparently, engaged at present in the preservation of species. The original organization fathered by Mr. A. Kelly Evans, with headquarters at Toronto, has a set of by-laws and a form of constitution. The constitution and by-laws served their purpose at that time, but after all, by-laws and constitutions of wild life protective associations are mere matters of detail. The great thing is the platform and aim upon which each organization proposes to stand and to act. It is of little use for men to join an organization of game protectionists unless they propose to actually do something worth while for protection. We must start out right and on the right course to get further results and put Ontario on the map alongside the best states in the United States. If you want to make sure of the future game supply of Ontario, we must have everyone assisting, both actively and financially.

First of all we want more associations or organizations. Every man in Ontario can afford fifty cents or one dollar a year to help push the work and "back-up" the government. You need not, necessarily, call yourselves the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association, but you can if you wish. If you prefer you can name your association after some old and well respected citizen or sportsman. I would suggest that the man who is reading this article now, when he has fully digested it, go out and talk to a friend and ask him to join in getting ten more to form an association. When these ten have been secured call a meeting and elect the following officers:—Honorary President, President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, Executive Committee. Then I would suggest that you adopt the following platform:—

Platform—

(1). We stand for vigorous enforcement of the Ontario Game Laws.

(2). We stand for the Non-Sale-of-Game Law.

(3). We stand for co-operation with stockmen or farmers in a systematic campaign against predatory animal menace to game and livestock.

(4). We stand for the "HORNADAY PLAN" of Game Refuges.

(5). We stand for such an increase in game and fish as will furnish "legitimate" sport for every citizen" and a new continued material source of wealth for the Province of Ontario.

(6). We are pledged, individually and collectively, to observe the letter of the law and the spirit of good sportsmanship, and to report for prosecution, through and in the

name of this association, violations of the law which come to our notice.

Your Aim—

I would suggest that your aim be as follows:

(1). Our aim and purpose is to promote the protection and enjoyment of wild things. As the cone scatters the seeds of the pine and fir trees, so may we scatter the seeds of wisdom and understanding among men, to the end that every citizen may learn to hold the lives of harmless wild creatures as a public trust for human good, against the abuse of which he stands personally responsible. Thus, and thus only, will our wild life be conserved. Be this not done, and that quickly, it must forever vanish from the earth.

Now then, after you have done this, I would further suggest that you notify Mr. Alfred Sheriff, Deputy Minister of Game and Fisheries, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ontario, that you have organized and mean business. But before you do it, select some good stationery and use a type-writer and balance your letter in business form. Also notify W. J. Taylor Limited, Publisher of Rod and Gun in Canada, Woodstock, Ontario, as he is going to keep and publish a list of all the new organizations as they are formed.

After you have done this, let the twelve of you go out, and each procure another member. That will make your membership twenty-four. After these have pledged themselves, send them out for twelve more. When your membership reaches one hundred try and make it two hundred. Go to everybody in your neighborhood, whether he is a hunter or not; whether he is a millionaire or one who has not a cent. In the case of the latter get him in anyway if you have to give him a membership, as he might have some good ideas.

When you have done that you will find you

will have a yearly revenue sufficient to carry on your work and provide stationery, ink and postage stamps.

When a hundred associations are formed we should call a convention at Woodstock and have delegates in attendance. At this convention, after a thorough discussion of various conditions, we may find that Ontario requires three or four zones instead of two as at present, in order to meet climatic conditions. We would, therefore, have to group the various organizations and they would have to deal with all matters pertaining to that grouping.

Now, we know, of course, that the Canadian public is being "milked" for contributions for a worthy cause, but if our wild life is to be saved we must have only a little money and a whole lot of enthusiasm. That's all.

In asking the friends of wild life in Ontario, and Canada, to carefully consider the contents of the "HORNADAY PLAN" of Game Conservation, I do so only, after having given it a very careful study. We have had ample opportunity to watch the attitude of the Washington administration during the past ten years and we know that, link by link, the Hornaday chain of policies is encircling the United States with the result that game is fast increasing where, formerly, it was practically extinct. The United States to-day has passed the experimental stage in game-saving, and I feel we would be most wise to follow this plan wherever we found it adaptable because it would save us much time and money.

I should like to hear other game conservationists in Ontario express their opinions in these pages as regards the creation of One Hundred Game Protective Associations by January 1st, 1917. An exchange often works wonders in game conservation.

Let everyone begin now and see how many associations we can roll up by June 1st.

MR. KERR COMMENTS ON MR. SHAW'S AND MR. PRATT'S LETTERS

The March number contained a comment by Mr. John Shaw, Forest on my contribution to your February issue.

Regarding Mr. Shaw's remarks on our valuable little upland gamester. Mr. Shaw should realize that a covey of from twelve to twenty birds, provided food is obtainable or where it is furnished by the farmers, for this purpose, can withstand any ordinary western Ontario winter. But where a "shot-out" season has obtained and there are only four to six birds to a covey left to buffet the winter winds the chances for the preservation of Bob White are considerably slimmer. In the opinion of the writer, sportsmen of the right kind will not wish to be "allowed to compete with the elements" but rather will wish to offset the damage caused by rigorous winter weather by providing a measure of protection for these valuable birds. I would like to urge upon Mr. Shaw, the desirability of interesting his friends in providing both food and shelter during the rigorous winter months for "Bob White," the farmer's friend. In this way he

could materially assist our Government in its attempts to provide for the future.

Mr. Shaw also complains of his lack of opportunity to get more than thirty-five ducks a season, but is not this a better bag than he can hope to get in a few years if the ducks are allowed to dwindle down to a point that ultimately means the abolition of the sport?

I am well satisfied that Mr. Pratt can be of much service in the discussion of Game Conservation matters, and sincerely hope that he will continue to contribute to your pages. I regret, very much though, that Mr. Pratt's letter did not appear ten years ago.

I would respectfully draw Mr. Pratt's attention to my April contribution and would ask him, if there is no Game Protective Association in his vicinity, to organize one at once with a view to assisting us in the work we have undertaken. It would be an injustice to clog the machine and stall the action that has begun by dangerous delays and "watchful waiting." We must play "Safety First," then increase the number and quantity of killable game so that all citizens may participate with clear consciences.

Organization Meeting of the Fish and Game Protective Association of the District of Sudbury

WAR on the pot hunter and ruthless destructor of wild fish and game in general was declared at the inaugural meeting of the "Fish and Game Protective Association of the District of Sudbury," held in February. The meeting was quite large and representative, sportsmen from Sudbury, Copper Cliff, Coniston and many outlying points of the district being present, while the machinery of an active association was set in motion to follow up and act on the many good suggestions offered during the course of the meeting. Rev. Fr. Crowley of Copper Cliff is the President-elect.

Resolutions favoring a close partridge season for a period of one or two years and the appointment of two game wardens for this district were adopted and copies sent to the department and local member, Mr. Charles McCrea, M. P. P.

The new association promises an interesting time to the pot hunter and poacher. With a membership of fifty or more, which will surely grow, and an active executive, it is expected that many of the infractions of the law now passing unnoticed will be promptly reported to the executive, who in turn will take steps to prosecute, if deemed advisable. As pointed out at the meeting the success of the association, of course, rests to a considerable extent upon the alertness and activity of the individual members to fearlessly report every infraction of the law.

"Everybody seems to be racing with one another to destroy our game," was one of the remarks of Mr. A. E. Storie, who, with a few other prominent sportsmen, was a leading spirit in the formation of the association. "This ruthless destruction has been going on for ten years to my knowledge," said the chairman. "Animals are shot, and left lying in the bush simply to try out a new gun. Only a short time ago I saw the carcasses of five moose lying rotting in one stream and from one only had meat been taken." Chairman Storie quoted many other instances equally repulsive and glaring.

Among other abuses of the game laws practiced, and quoted from data and personal experiences of the chairman was the fact that lumber companies in this district actually hire men to go out and shoot deer and moose in season and out and create their own market for the same.

Settlers who have lived for fifteen years on their land have only a few acres cleared and have settled on the land for nothing more or less than for the purpose of fishing and hunting with absolute contempt for the game laws.

Another abuse quoted by the chairman was the annual race between the different factions of town sportsmen to see who is going to get out into the bush first. The result is that hundreds of partridge are shot before the season opens.

"I have had it called to my attention," continued Chairman Storie, "where partridge have been shot out of season while hatching

their young; where a net has been set across the mouth of a stream after the fish have gone up to spawn; where dynamite has been used to land one big fish and kill three or four hundred small minnows."

In conclusion the chairman pleaded for fearlessness on the part of the members in reporting infractions. In the past the informant had been looked upon and even considered himself a mean man for "squealing." Still another point was that abuses were reported too late—years after the offence was committed.

"It is the right of every man to see that offenders are brought to justice. If you men feel that you cannot inform without bringing a shower of wrath upon your head, then, I say, there is no use organizing this association," were the concluding remarks of the chairman.

Rev. Fr. Crowley, of Copper Cliff, an enthusiastic sportsman, was glad to see so many come to the penitence bench. Personally he thought he knew of two men in the meeting who had not broken the game laws, a jocular remark which greatly tickled the meeting. The reverend gentleman was convinced from the chairman's remarks that an association such as proposed was necessary.

"For the past ten years there has been a great commercial slaughter in progress for the benefit of about five per cent of the population. This association will be just what the individual makes it. We have a wonderful heritage and it is the duty of every citizen to aid in conserving our game and fish. Ten years ago you could get all the feathered game you wanted, and I venture to say that ninety-five per cent. of it has now been shot away. One point I would like to drive home is the fact that if this organization is to be made efficient there will have to be personal sacrifices made."

Fr. Crowley quoted from an article in *Rod and Gun* by Dr. Hornaday, Chief of the New York Zoological Gardens, pressing for the total prohibition of the sale of wild fish and game.

Officers Elected—

On motion of Rev. Fr. Crowley the meeting decided to organize under the name of "Fish and Game Protective Association of the District of Sudbury." The following officers and executive were elected, the latter of which is not yet complete:

Pres.—Rev. Fr. Crowley, Copper Cliff.
1st Vice-Pres.—Mr. C. R. Reid, Sudbury.
2nd Vice-Pres.—D. McAuley, Copper Cliff.
Executive Committee—Wm. Hall, Whitefish; T. M. Paris, Coniston; R. S. Mitchell, Sudbury; Geo. Craig, Copper Cliff; T. N. Kilpatrick, J. A. Mulligan, and Rev. Wm. McDonald, Sudbury; George Hudson, Copper Cliff and Rev. Fr. Brennan, Espanola. Other names from outlying points are yet to be added.

The membership fee was fixed at \$1 per annum and the drafting of the constitution left in the hands of the executive. It is the intention of the association to distribute con-

siderable literature on the subject of the conservation of wild game and fish, and an educative campaign of publicity followed. In this connection the aid of the local newspapers was solicited.

FAVORS STRONGLY THE NON-SALE OF GAME

Mr. Jas. E. Blea, of Toronto, writes as follows:

Seeing several letters published in your valuable magazine re the saving of the wild game from extinction, I take the liberty of expressing my opinion. I have been a sportsman, shooting here for twenty years, and have seen the game diminishing rapidly every year. Where the stores used to sell thousands of ducks, etc., they now only have two or three odd pair, not because they are saving the game, but because they cannot get them to sell, owing to their scarcity. It

seems to me it is high time the government stopped the sale of wild game, which was never meant to put money in any one's pockets.

The little money made on them does not warrant their sale and it is no sport to the murderer, who makes his living at some other occupation ten months during the year. I also believe that the open season for ducks in the spring that some of our neighboring jurisdictions enjoy is not only unfair to other shooters, but is the worst exterminator of any, as ducks are migrating north to rear their young, and in most cases the seed is planted.

There are some shooters who go out for game because they have a gun and not having any knowledge of how to get "em" deliberately shoot insectivorous birds, etc., These birds which are nearly exterminated not only help to make the woods entrancing, but help to keep the game birds with us.

A LAMENT: THE DAMNED BROOK

J. W. Russell

In the Highlands of Muskoka,
In the rear of Garryowen
Through a ferny gorge it gurgled,
Bickered where the pines have grown.

From an emerald lake it floweth;
Through a fairy woodland maze,
Many speckled trout, it laveth,
Tumbling into Lake of Bays.

Thirty thousand years it gurgled
In its vale, nor deep nor wide,
Till a booster bought its gurgles,
Bought the land on either side.

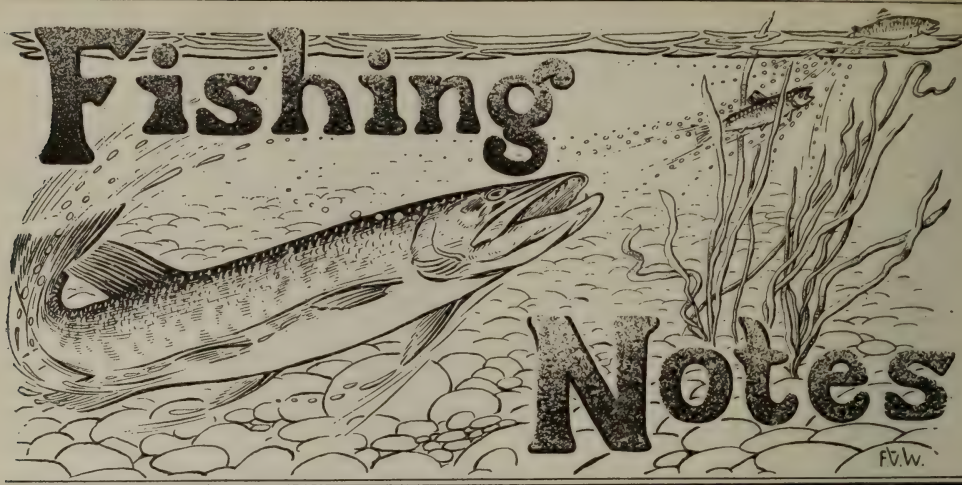
Then he built a dam across it;
Damned it back with wood and stone
Made its gurgles quite quiescent,
That it might be all his own.

In its iron pipes imprisoned,
Silent all its sylvan songs;
Silent all its mystic music;
In its shame, it's forced along.

In his house the languid liquid
Slakes the thirst of summer guests;
Slakes the thirst of cows and chickens,
Breeds a multitude of pests.

In his garden waters pumpkins;
Muddies all the paths and plots;
In his kitchen and his pantry
Washes up his pans and pots.

Every charm that nature gives us
Must be made to serve our wants;
Though a thousand gems be scattered
Thus are damned our choicest haunts.



THE LURE OF THE DRY FLY

Robert Page Lincoln

TAKEN as a matter of general opinion it may be said that the good wet-fly rod may also be utilized as a dry-fly rod, other things being equal, among the *first* to be considered being the value of the rod, and, *second* the kind of material that goes into the making of that rod. Naturally it goes without saying that any rod will not do and the true dry-fly rod has many points to its credit that the average wet-fly does not possess; this for the reason that a dry-fly rod is built mainly for that sort of fishing and not for general all-around work. Were the present editor partial, and favouring a certain class of moneyed people alone, it would be in order to mention a host of varieties of fishing rods, one for each species and sub-species of fish, but since I am at all times, more or less, impartial, remembering the average angler, there must be taken into consideration the fact that two-thirds of the men looking for a rod, if not purse-empty are obliged to be moderately economical. For these, then, the rod that is purchased will require to be *first*, a good wet-fly rod, and, *second*—a good dry-fly rod as well. Dry-fly men may hold that such a thing is not practicable, but then what dry-fly men say and what they do will always remain in the realm of the utterly mysterious. Some men of this school know little or nothing about wet-fly fishing. In point this may be said of Frederick Halford, the world's greatest exponent of the pastime of dry-fly fishing, who cheerfully admitted that he could not speak with any semblance of authority upon wet-fly fishing. It may be that the same could be said of some of our lesser dry-fly men, who have followed in the path of the great leader.

In the selection of the dry-fly rod, the weight of the appliance may or may not have much to do with the proposition. We of this country have used the very light rod, and we have used it successfully, in a number of instances, particularly in wet-fly fishing, but dry-fly

men will not tolerate the light rod, claiming that with it no general good results can be obtained. The desire on the part of American and Canadian anglers to use the light rod led to attention being given the subject in England and as a result the light rod was introduced there and was sanctioned by many anglers. Previous to that, however, the light rod in England was practically an unheard of thing. Halford comments as follows:

"I have discussed at some length the origin of what is often called the light rod, which has been adopted by our American cousins, and to some extent in this country. I have demonstrated the absurdity of grading rods by their gross weight in ounces and I have done my best to show that *mere weight is in fact no criterion*. A rod of four ounces may be, and often is, far more tiring to the hand, wrist, and forearm of the angler than a correctly balanced one of ten or even twelve ounces."

In this country it has been conceded that the use of light tackle is surrounded with difficulties, and the claim is that by far the greater degree of fairness is shown by such use. But whether as great efficiency is the result, is another matter. Hardy, of Hardy Brothers, the famous rod makers of England, outfitters to his Majesty the King, has this to say of the light rod, considering it as an adjunct to dry-fly fishing:

"During the last few years a considerable advance has been made in reducing the weight of rods, due to the hardness of the material and reduction in the weight of the metal parts. In reference to this it is worth while to consider whether we have gained much, and whether the reduction has been of any practical value, or whether in some rods it has not been overdone. In this direction the effort has been to decrease as far as possible the exertion required to perform a certain work, and so render the day's fishing less fatiguing to the angler, but we must not forget that nothing must be

sacrificed in point of efficiency. Actual weight is not of so much account in a rod as the disposal of it. Experiment has satisfied the writer, that, given two rods of unequal weight, the heavier has frequently proved to be the more pleasant and lighter in use, and less tiring to the muscles of the forearm than the lighter one. Balance, i.e., counterpoise, is the important point. Where the weight of the rod can be reduced without impairing its efficiency, something has been achieved. Some little reduction in weight, due to improvement in material, and the use of lighter metal fittings is quite practicable. With some men, however, the notion of light rods seems to be quite a mild sort of a mania and to such an extent is this carried that short rods of two and one half ounces are actually in use. These rods can undoubtedly place a fly within reasonable distance of a fish, and it may rise to the fly, and even be hooked but here the trouble begins. This little bit of bamboo has really become the thick end of the line and on the river you must follow Mr. Trout wherever he cares to lead, and woe betide you if there are snags or dangerous roots at the sides. The rod being very thin, lacking in power and very short, you have nothing with which to stop or hold the fish out of the weeds—therefore disaster is almost certain."

English dry-fly rods by the way will reach up to fourteen ounces in weight; whereas here our lighter rods, are universally considered as being the most correct for general use. That the well-balanced English rods have eminent points to their credit, there is little doubt—and that a captured trout can be well enough handled is another consideration that must be taken into account. It is a fact that two and three ounce rods are used in this country though such rods are not in universal demand. The rod most generally in use, I believe, weighs six ounces. In fact I consider the six and one-half ounce, well-made bamboo rod to be the correct weight for our streams, regardless of streams in other parts of the world.

In the selection of a rod that shall be useful for both wet and dry-fly fishing, some special points must be recognized. In my opinion, which I believe to be the average opinion among actual anglers, bamboo is much preferable to solid wood. But good material must be had, for poor bamboo is an abomination and where it is used a good rod cannot be manufactured. A handsome bamboo rod that will cost fifteen dollars, should prove eminently satisfactory. Such a rod will give lasting wear, and possess both strength and resilience. It has also pliancy and the perfect balance that should not be overlooked.

James A. Henshall in one of his books, comments as follows regarding the rod and the desirable features that go into it, to make it perfect:

"It is the continuous spring and yielding resistance of the bent rod, *constantly maintained*, that not only tires out the fish, but protects the weak snell or leader from breakage and prevents a weak hold of the hook from giving way; *this is the proper function of the rod.*"

Dry-fly men, will, however, hold that the rod should not have a tendency toward softness; that this constant resiliency is not an

all-around desirable quality. It has been said that the proper rod for dry-fly fishing is one that is *powerful*, and that has more or less backbone to it, somewhat of *stiffness* to be exact. This tendency toward power, brought on by this stiffness makes for speed, and, supposedly, helps toward placing the fly deliberately at just the right spot. However, the rod of noticeable stiffness is not one which is fitted for general use; and if one follows the words of Henshall in making his rod selection he will do well. Give us that rod of yielding resistance, that is "constantly maintained" and we will consider it both as a wet-fly and a dry-fly rod. In point of fact, I need go no further for my own part for I have used the rod that answers the Henshall description, and have found it entirely suitable. Praise as you will your rod with much backbone but give me the rod with the pronounced resiliency since, as Henshall points out—"The essential and most important office of a rod is that which is exhibited after the fish is hooked; in other words, in the playing and landing of the fish. In practical angling the act of casting, either with fly, or bait, is preliminary, and subordinate to the real uses of a rod. The poorest fly-rod made will cast a fly thirty or forty feet, which is about as far as ordinary angling calls for." This, in my opinion, sums up the essentials of the fly-rod, whether it be used for wet or dry-fly angling.

Nor do I believe it is necessary to be encumbered with a rod that goes over ten feet in length. At this, one has a rod that he can use fairly well in open environments; but it must also be remembered that many of our streams are surrounded by brush and a shorter rod is not a bad idea. For my part I would choose the regulation nine and one half footer. This is length enough for me, and with it I need not get entangled in the aspects of the landscape. Anyone who has roamed along brush-environed streams, in and among rocks, through woods and what not with a long rod will know why I prefer a nine and one half foot rod to the eleven foot appliance. I can fully sympathize with the feelings of the angler who said:

"The first thing to do is to pass over any rod exceeding ten feet—that is, for actual trout fishing. These rods are concessions to the English trade, and for the long-distance tournament fly-casters. Although it is possible to imagine circumstances under which one could use a rod of this sort to advantage on some particular occasion, for ordinary use it is quite out of the question. The choice of the rod should be made not only with regard to giving the fish a show, but also with due regard to the comfort of the angler. By way of experiment the writer once put in a day's fishing with a 11 1-2 foot rod. This was on a stream that could truly be called typical of our American trout waters. Morally the experiment was costly. By sunset the rod had attained a length of, approximately, one mile, and a duly proportionate weight. When going through brush its action was beautifully precise; it never failed to catch. However, the necessity of enlarging upon this is probably not imperative."

A six strip, hexagonal rod is the best, easily proven in the long run, having six points of

resistance in its makeup with the retainment, as noted in it, of the enameling; this enameling or surfacing material, that forms the outer part of the wood, and which is exceptionally strong and durable of fiber is especially desirable in a good rod. The round rod for this reason should not be chosen for the outer enameling, or fibre material has been sliced off in rounding it. This rod should have the regulation, recommended, three joints; the mountings of the rod coming in German Silver; the ferrules should be waterproof, welted, capped and serrated; the guides to the rod should be of the "snake" variety, and it is vastly proper that the reel guide, or the guide closest to the reel and the top guide should be fitted with agate; this for the eminent reason that it improves its efficiency in casting, allowing a smoother space over which the line may pass, it also saves the line, for it is against the tip guide and the reel guide that the line wears most. Ordinary, unagated guides often go hard on the line if put to the test in hard work. The handgrasp of the rod is preferable in solid cork.

Windings on a rod are of benefit for the reason that these improve the strength of the appliance, making it more durable. They should be in plain colors, green preferred, and not set too close together.

In selecting a rod that you intend to use for dry-fly fishing, and a general all-around rod at the same time, examine it well for flaws. Often the most insignificant spots will develop into disasters and the psychological moment may find you with a rod that will not be equal to the demands made upon it. In testing out the rod it is doubtful if I can improve upon the advice given by Samuel G. Camp in one of his books, "Fishing Kits and Equipment," about the best little handbook that has ever been put out on the subject. He writes as follows:

"If you hold the rod straight out in front of you, you will notice that it bends down slightly; if the bend is more than slight, discard the rod, *it is too whippy*, and the bend should be graceful and even. Still holding the rod in this manner, rotate the rod on its axis, and during the entire period of rotation see that the bend or dip remains constant. If, at some time during the rotation, the point of the tip moves upward, it denotes a sufficient fault of construction, or material, to warrant setting the rod aside. If the rod successfully passes the tests suggested, then fit it with a suitable reel and line, reeving the line through the guides as for fishing. Reel off a convenient length of line and attach the end of it to some substantial object or have someone hold it. Then, steadily, put a good, stiff strain on the rod and carefully examine the bend. As said above, the rod should bend evenly throughout its entire length from handgrasp to tip-end; the bend should not be entirely confined to the middle joint and tip as is often the case. An even, graceful bend spells equal distribution of strength, and equally distributed strength means long life to the rod. Put this strain on the rod with the guides both above and below the rod, and also with the sides of the rod held upward. The pull of a hooked fish and the strain upon the rod when casting are by no means from one direction only and the rod

must be capable of sustaining with equal resilience and safety, strains coming from any direction. After each of these tests for equality of bend see that the rod returns readily and at once to its normal straightness. If it does not, but seems to have a slight set, or to come back in a lifeless manner it lacks resiliency and backbone."

Messrs. Hardy Brothers of Alnwick, England, have long been recognized as among the best rod makers of the world. The Hardy rods are always to be depended upon, illustrating as they do exact and painstaking workmanship. These rods are made from a hard and tough bamboo which is called Palakona. This bamboo has stiffness; permitting rods light in weight to be used, *yet which possess distinct resistance*. The virtue of this is not lost upon one who has tested the question. The efficiency of the Palakona is its best recommendation. It is a purchaseable material well up to the standard. Hardy rods were at one time only made in rather heavy weights, and great lengths. However, the demand in this country for shorter rods has led this company to put out rods more nearly conforming to our own, yet being handmade, and personally tested by Hardy himself. These rods are in the Palakona material, coming in the following weights and lengths: 8 feet, weighing close to five ounces; 9 feet, weighing close to six ounces; 9 ft., 6 inches, weighing six ounces; and ten feet, weighing six and one fourth ounces. These rods sell for something like eighteen and a half dollars each, with one top; with two tops, they sell for twenty-two dollars.

The one big thing to keep in your mind in reading these articles is the fact that I am not coaching you to follow any set rules. I do not suggest that you fish the dry-fly entirely, making a pastime of that alone. Despite what desires you have in this line, *dry-fly water only obtains here and there*; and to pass such water by without trying examples of the dry-fly would certainly be to miss a good opportunity. For this reason, *obtain a good all-around dry and wet-fly rod*.

The reel used with the fly-fisherman's rod is of more use than merely to hold the line. It has been repeated time and time again that in fly-fishing the winch is the main object of this appliance, but a little careful study of the proposition reveals the fact that the reel is truly an important feature, the correct selection of which cannot but improve your casting ability. Then, too, it will be more agreeable, for casting with a rod and reel rightly and correctly balanced the work will not be as tiresome as will casting with a light rod to which is connected a heavy reel which frequently displaces the balance. Very tiny single-action reels will sometimes be noted on six and seven ounce rods. If the caster is a strong man he may accomplish his end but his wrist will tire twice as quickly as it would if his reel were carefully selected. Many things have to be taken into consideration even in the selection of a trout reel. What I shall speak of has rarely been touched upon by writers on this engrossing subject, *namely*: the reel as used when a fish has been captured and is being worked toward the ready net.

In trout fishing the accurate fishing of the

fly purports to deceive the trout, whether it be upon the surface, floating it, or under the surface, as witnessed in wet-fly fishing. Second comes the capture of the trout and the proper and timely setting of the hook. Upon this point many things depend and that experience counts for a great deal here there is little or no doubt.

The dry-fly man has the actual rise, with everything within the range of his vision to guide him; the wet-fly man must depend upon setting the hook when the swirl in the water signifying the strike of the fish is noted. The fish having been hooked, the playing of that fish is the third move. Just how this is done depends greatly upon the nature of the waters and the environment. Undoubtedly the fisherman angling on thicketed streams has by far the hardest proposition to contend with; on an open stream the angler is at a great advantage, in that the trout is easier to get at. Then, too, it must be remembered that snags, logs and other obstructions, not to mention the aggravating driftwood and scum are detriments to the landing of the trout, for, naturally, being hooked, the fish will make for these friendly aids to escape. Incidental with the setting of the hook must come the taut line and the endeavour at leading the fish away from obstructions; and it is sometimes the luck of an angler that he may lead that captured fish into a pool below, less obstructed and there bring him successfully to net. Then too the flowage of the stream must be taken into careful consideration. If the waters are rough and swift-flowing the tension on the line will be greater and the fish harder by far to circumvent. Here the reel, as identified with the fly-rod, comes in for a certain deal of attention. The reel will play a part in the hands of some fishermen like that of the larger or quadruple-multiplying reel, and the fish will actually be reeled in, at least reeled in within reach of the net. Just how the majority of the angling element manipulate the rod and the reel in a case of this sort is hard to say. In a case where the reel remains inert, and but holds the line, the fish is drawn in with the left hand, the line being allowed to hang, the angler watches the fight keenly and gives and takes in line equal to the strength of the fish, remembering the capacity of his leader. Then, if the fish is very close in, the angler reels his line in and bending the rod on high, reaches far ahead and nets the fish. The former method will do where the angler is far from the fish, and where, in dry-fly fishing he is using a light leader and must therefore safeguard its preservation and the fish, by releasing and drawing in the line till the fish is weakened.

All things considered, the proper reel for fly-fishing is the single-action winch; and an

added point is that the handle should lie close to the plate, in fact should be connected directly with the plate itself; it should never be outstanding, as in the bait reel, for then the line will surely foul upon it with inconsiderate results. The barrel of the reel need not be long as is proper in a bait-casting reel, but the plates of that reel should be fairly large. The single-action reel need not be exceptionally smooth-working but it should have a good action to improve reeling capacity when it is needed. The single-action reel need not have drag and click too, if a strong click is to be had upon that reel. And then comes the question of selecting the reel in lightness, weight to conform with the weight of the rod. That this is a question that should be considered there is little doubt. If you do not believe this take a light rod and place on it a too heavy reel; then take a heavier rod and place on it a very light reel. Cast with them both and you will know just what I mean. Says Southard:

"Having talked with many experienced and successful anglers as to the balance of rod and reel, and finding that their views were quite in accord with my own, I suggest to the beginner and others that they first start with the idea that the reel, without the line, should weigh at least one and one half times more than the rod and let the basis be a seven and one half ounce reel for a five ounce rod. As the weight of rod decreases, or increases, some deviation must be allowed to meet the change in weight and the individual requirements of the angler. The statement that a reel to be used on a fly-rod 'should be light, and cannot well be too light' is fundamentally wrong in principle; the greater the weight of the rod, line and leader forward of the casting hand, not balanced by the weight of the rod, reel and line back of the casting hand, the greater must be the strain placed upon the wrist of the caster. This is due to the fact that weight is added to the longer part of the rod which acts as a long lever with the hand as a fulcrum without sufficient weight back of the fulcrum point, or hand, to make a balance. If the reel used is as light or lighter than the rod, then the rod is unbalanced in increasing proportion as the reel used decreases in weight and moves the balance point toward the tip end of the rod and away from the handle end of the rod. From my experience and experiments with many different makes of split-bamboo fly-rods, I have reached the conclusion, after many years that the proper balance for any fly-rod can be very nearly obtained, as a general proposition, by using a reel which, without the line, weighs, as I have already stated, one and one-half times the weight of the rod, and this is irrespective of the length of the rod."



THE TRAIL OF THE ANGLING CANOEIST

Robert Page Lincoln

DESPITE the fact that some do not like the Baker tent with its rather open front, it is, nevertheless quite prominent in use among outing people and has been used by a great many canoeists, and with considerable satisfaction resulting. One point to its credit, as I have pointed out in a previous paper, is that it will accommodate as many as four men without any trouble whatever. Somewhat on the order of the Baker tent is the Dan Beard pattern, which some say is the best designed shelter tent on the market, and one that it is hard to duplicate. With it one is able to make the fire closer to the tent and it is said to retain the heat thrown inward from the blaze. The Dan Beard tent may be set up with either poles, or by stretching a rope between two trees. The roof of the tent is steep enough to throw off the rain well and the flap, or awning in front, may be either lifted out in front and connected to sticks set up for the purpose, thrown over the tent, or fastened down, forming of it a sort of tent. It is really a model shelter tent and may be had in many sizes, and in about three materials. A 7 x 7 Dan Beard made of Khaki costs about thirteen dollars; waterproofed khaki, fifteen dollars. A 7 x 7 silk Beard tent will cost not less than twenty-three dollars. Another tent that may be described is the Cruiser's Separable tent, and those who want a tent that is comparatively light, and somewhat unique in construction, will not make a mistake in selecting this tent; which will be found to give lasting service. This tent comes in two distinct sections; if you desire to travel and carry your tent, and there are two of you, then each man carries a section. One section of the tent alone may be set up, as has been seen in an illustration especially pointing out this unique idea, and then serves what may be called the purposes of a lean-to; the fire may be built in front of the tent and comfort is assured. Or, as seen in the illustration, the two sections may be adjoined, a canvas cap, or guard inserted over the top to keep out the rain and behold you have a real Figure A tent, answering your every want on a trip of the sort where lightness as well as efficiency is a factor. The Cruiser's Separable tent is much in use and to be recommended. It has a width of seven and one-half feet; depth three and one-half; height four and one-half. In one grade of waterproofing it will cost you six dollars and a half. Of the same dimensions, only in silk, it will cost about fifteen dollars.

A shelter tent of exceptional merit is the Canoe tent, which, I may say is really the favorite of two thirds of those who go on canoeing trips. Especially is this true where the canoeist desires lightness above all things, and is anxious that each factor in the equipment take up as little room as possible. The Canoe tent is comparatively light; and better yet it has

excellent headroom and a good floor space. The simplicity of it is better understood when it is noted that it can be erected with but one pole and a rope from the peak to the limb of a tree holds it well in place. Frankly this tent takes into consideration the demands of the canoeist more than perhaps any other make of tent. In this style of tents there are two designs, one having a round front; the other a square front. By its round front the circular fronted tent obviates the necessity of having a rope from the peak to a limb of a tree, as its canvas may be stretched and pegged down in front. By this process, of course the tent is held in place. The circular fronted tent should accommodate two men well, while the larger, square-fronted tent will hold a number, and is in fact a four man tent. In one material of lightweight waterproofed quality the circular fronted tent, size 7 x 9, 7 1-2 feet high at centre will cost close on twelve dollars; same tent in silk, twenty dollars. The square-fronted tent of this sort may be had in various materials at prices ranging from ten to twenty dollars. In my estimation the old and original Canoe tent, with the rounded front is the perfect tent for a canoe trip, if a selection is made between these two. Remember that if your tent is not in silk material it should be in a substantial waterproofed material and should have the required degree of lightness. Be sure to buy from good, reputable firms and not from cheap shops whose business is chiefly to fleece you with abominable imitations.

The Wedge, or A-shaped tent previously shown in an illustration is another well-known and highly appreciated tent, though if such a type be desired I certainly would procure the Cruiser's Separable tent which takes in all the features of this tent, and does not cost any more—in fact a good sized tent in Wedge type, of silk cannot be procured under twenty-three dollars. It is not therefore a tent for the one who wishes to economize.

On the other hand we have the whiteman's improvement upon the redman's teepee in the shape of the well known model, known as the Miner's tent. Of course this tent is mostly known in the west and throughout the mountain regions, where it is preeminently in its element, though it may be used anywhere for that matter and on a canoe trip is a factor of due and recognizable proportions. The Miner's tent is square at the bottom, coming to a peak, and is held in place by a single stick in the center. The pegging down process on all sides holds it in place. A seven and one-half, by a seven and one-half Miner's tent, height seven feet to peak; weighing seven and one-fourth pounds in absolutely waterproof silk will cost you the sum of thirteen dollars, and is about as good a tent for the money as you can buy anywhere. It has fine headroom and excellent floor space and is well worthy of

consideration. A fire built in front of it, with the flaps of the tent well shielded will throw the heat inward as well as can be expected in this tent. The Miner's style of tent is not the only one on the market. There is also the Frazer pattern and the Gypsy pyramid style and the George shelter tent is another type of this sort that is well known and used wherever you go in the northern woods. If you should look up these models I do not doubt but that you would find something suitable to your needs. And in another type, but circular as to floor plan is the white man's modification of the Indian Teepee, to be had in all weights of duck and in khaki. One having a diameter of ten feet, nine feet in height, weighing under ten pounds should not cost over twelve dollars. This is a very reasonable sum; and the weight of it being inconsiderate often finds ready favour, even with woodsmen.

It would be unsatisfactory if in concluding this talk on tents I forgot to mention the well-known Compac tent; which is really one of the lightest tents that money can buy and is purchased of the manufacturers at Indianapolis, Indiana, U.S.A. This tent is a marvel of its kind and will accommodate two inmates; its size when erected is six by eight feet; its size when folded up is four by sixteen inches; and the weight is not quite four pounds. It is absolutely waterproof; and since the floor cloth is sewed in and everything is tight it is considered also absolutely insect and snake-proof. It has four ventilators that are adjustable from the inside, yet when the door flap is drawn, the best of ventilation is furnished. The Compac tent is one of those tents that is especially acceptable to the hiker, and to the angler who wishes to travel along the streams carrying his outfit. Or, in the case of the canoeist where lightness is especially desirable, the Compac tent offers the best in this order and should in many cases be given much thoughtful consideration.

In the purchase of any of the above tents, especially if they come in silken material, sod cloths, and tent bags and other sundries are supposed to go with the purchase of the tent free. A sod cloth is of great practical value and should not be forgotten. A floor cloth is often a mighty important thing. For one thing it offers something between the earth and your body. There are a number of ways of constructing beds, within shelter and out, one of the common systems entailing the use of prowse. One of the common methods is to make a foundation with selected balsam twigs, over which a canvas is spread. Thereon your blankets may be spread, or your one sizable blanket may be pinned together to form a sort of a sleeping bag, allowing thus more uniform comfort without the waste of much blanket—also your feet and body will not be exposed by the blankets creeping off during the night. There are those who would not go into the woods, by the way, without sleeping bags, with waterproof canvas covers. The argument is that to keep perfectly warm something must be had besides the blankets and the covering of canvas will fulfill the purpose. The most practical usefulness of this scheme is that the blankets when rolled up are absolutely protected from the water, and are always dry. All the sleeping bags, clothes bags

and other duffle should be protected by some waterproofed material, to keep out moisture. When the material is in the canoe to protect everything, the tent itself is used as a pack cloth,—the same being wrapped over the other goods. Thus, if in stormy weather, you ship a sea, or if it rains, your goods are absolutely dry. That is one great value in having a silk shelter tent. It fulfills many purposes, and in the long run, despite the fact that you have paid a good price for it, you will find it the most valuable and economical. By all means, therefore, purchase a good silk tent—and it will last you for years.

On a well-organized trip along the flowing road, the canoeist-angler should use system in making up his duffle, and his load so that it will carry well; always remembering the prime idea of lightness. Blankets, or sleeping bags, and the tent are made up in one bundle. Food bags and clothes bags are other things to be considered, also the few utensils, ever handy and absolutely necessary. The larger bags hold the smaller bags containing the various things that are in demand upon your trip. A duffle bag of waterproof canvas (a convenient size is the 9 x 24) for your food bags, should cost not much over seventy-five cents. Small food bags, waterproof, each containing five pounds, to fit into the above larger bag will cost you ten cents each. These are 9 x 9 inches. Larger bags, 9 x 15 inches, holding ten pounds of food stuff will cost all the way from ten to fifty cents, depending upon the material that goes into them. The larger duffle bags, diameter 18 inches, by thirty-four in length are meant for the heavier duffle and will cost as high as two dollars the bag. The system is that the various materials, clothes, and wearing apparel, or the foodstuffs can be packed in the small bags, and the small bags in turn inserted in the larger duffle bags which are fastened around the top with a cord. Then if the silk shelter tent (acting as a pack-cloth,) is covered over these they are kept *absolutely dry*. There, in a word, is the virtue of the duffle and small bags. They afford genuine protection to your things. In fact no canoe trip, well organized and up to the standard is complete without duffle bags, etc., that will afford protection to the goods you carry with you.

For carrying your duffle, as, for instance, over the portages the use of the tump-line comes in for special mention. The tump-line is the carrying method of the north, and a few words in explanation of it are, of course, not out-of-place here. The tump-line is comprised of two straps of reasonable length connected to a soft leather band that passes over the forehead. The duffle is made up over these straps, or is so strapped on to them that they will hang over the back, well-proportioned, so as to carry in a balanced state. The leather band over the forehead, which partially takes the weight, supplies the means whereby the load is carried, and while it may seem a neck-breaking method, is, nevertheless, nothing of the sort, and one rapidly becomes familiar with the process. The loads that some of the Indians carry up north are sometimes staggering; often two hundred and fifty pounds are borne in this manner with apparent unconcern. This does not mean that you are

going to carry any such load as this. Don't try it. If you are not physically up to the test—don't do it. Therefore, see to it that lightness in a practical sense, obtains as far as your outfit is concerned, and do not stack up with a lot of unnecessary and ill-selected luggage. If you do you will feel it before your trip is half done. It would be all very well if it were clean canoeing the whole way, but portages are met with and they must be packed over.

A rather touchy problem to many men, and especially those who have not tackled the proposition of outfitting for the flowing road is the cooking kit and food problem; and yet this is no great problem if one will only use thought and make the right selections. In fact it is rather easily met with. If you are a red blooded man you can do without the hundred and one unnecessary luxuries and conveniences of civilization. If you do not belong to that clan, well, you will have to put up with it or learn it, or hire guides to tote your stuff. But I am talking to those who wish to go on their own path, be their own guides, and hunt things out for themselves. Now in considering a cooking and eating outfit, where lightness is especially desired, the diameter and weight of the whole must be taken into consideration—it should at the same time, take up as little space as possible. It is therefore desirable that the various units of the cooking outfit should nest within each other to take up but little space. Thus one begins with a large pot, a smaller one goes within that and so on. An outfit I have had good success with is the Miller suggestion, and while I have added some to it, in the main it is the most likely of all I have tried out. The Miller kit contains two gallon aluminum pots, seven and one fourth inches in diameter by six and one-half inches in height; there are two, 7 x 3-inch tin mixing pans, three, six and one-half by one inch baking pans that can be used as soup plates; also one 9-inch aluminum plate; two 7-inch aluminum frying pans, with handles, one aluminum cup; and one tin-tea pail holding about 7 pints. This kit without knives, forks and spoons weighs four and one-half pounds, and has a size of 13 by 7 1-4 inches. The only change I work on the above is the addition of enamelled ware in place of the plate, and I certainly demand white enamelled ware for cups. In an individual outfit such as the above I always add two plates instead of one, though for one man the one cup is plenty. At the same time the above utensils will and should cook for a party of three, additions of course, having to be made in proportion to the number that will use them. Thus for a party of three add three knives, three forks, three teaspoons, etc. I have always found it advisable to add an extra knife, fork, etc., for there are always chances of loss. The extra weight will not be noticed. In an outfit such as the above you have represented three wares: Aluminum, tin and enamel. This is just a hint on how to select your outfit. Be sure that they are so selected that they will properly nest within each other. This is the most essential, for less space is utilized, and coming in lightweight material the weight is not overly great. Some feel that more things should be added, but this is of course left to yourself and your in-

dividual aims. Some can get along perfectly well with an odd number of few things; others who are dismally careless make a mess of it with more than enough.

It is of course necessary that you have with you some style of a baker, for there is hardly a more needful thing than this on a trip into the woods. It is, in fact, the golden key to a rather baffling situation. The baker, coming in a light-weight is therefore a blessing. There are two forms to choose from, *namely*: the aluminum dutch oven and the well-known and highly appreciated reflecting baker, which can be folded up to take very little room in your outfit. The first form, the dutch oven, as seen in the illustration, is made in aluminum

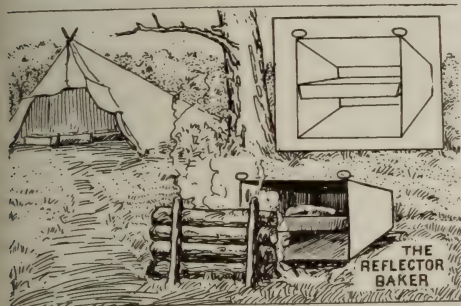


and you may boil, roast, or bake in it to suit your needs. It is ground down in the hot coals, the cover put on and coals are heaped all over it. *Result*: perfect baking efficiency. Ten inches in diameter, four and one-half inches deep, with iron top, weighing five pounds it costs something like five dollars. One 13 inches in diameter, six inches deep, with iron top, and weighing eight pounds, costs eight dollars. On the other hand we have the reflector baker, an appliance very much in demand, which, set alongside of the fire, open front to the blaze will readily bake or roast what you place therein, biscuits, bread or game, or fish. Any degrees of heat may be obtained by moving the baker to, or away, from the fire. A reflecting baker with a center pan 8 x 12 inches, weighing two pounds costs three dollars. One 8 x 18 inches, weighing 2½ lbs costs three and one half, one 10 x 18 inches weighing five pounds costs five dollars. The reflecting baker has my best recommendation and you certainly will make no mistake by supplying yourself with one of these. It is simply indispensable. A glimpse at the illustrations will show you both the highly valuable reflector baker and the dutch oven.

There are those who deem the wire grate, which can be pinned down over the fire for use in frying, boiling and cooking the coffee, unnecessary, yet anyone who has once used one of these good grates will not be without one, no matter where they go. There is, for instance, a certain grate constructed of heavy wire rods, with legs that may be folded up; when pinned in the ground it stands perfectly stiff and unmoving. This grate in a small

size will cost the sum of sixty cents, weighing a trifle over two pounds. A grate such as this has only to be used to find out its virtues. It makes cooking a matter of comparative ease when, on the other hand, one often makes a smoky mess of cooking on the coals, or over two logs with the embers between. I would certainly recommend the grate. It is a good thing in my opinion.

We have now reviewed the most necessary things that go with the cooking utensils, and the cook kit. You can of course work upon the practical outline I have submitted, subtracting or adding to suit your own tastes. There is always room for improvement, of course.



Next I shall touch upon the problem of food and this really is one that is puzzling—puzzling to some, easily gotten around by others. Here fastidious tastes or rough and ready tastes are first to be considered. If you are the *table d'hôte*, nibbling, sort, I will not talk to you, but if you can eat a fair-sized man's meal and take absolute delight in doing it you may find some things I have to say worth while. I may not add anything new to your experience, but I certainly hope I will be doing no damage. In the first place it is a mistake to take along with you too many provisions. The provender may be the most bulky part of your outfit, or by a careful, thoughtful selection it may really be one of the light units. The first question the prospective outer asks is, how many pounds of the various foodstuffs shall I take along? Naturally that depends upon the length of your trip, if two weeks, or a month; it also depends upon whether you are going into an utterly wild place where you cannot hit an outpost to take in more provisions, or whether you know that you will come in contact with a place along your trip where you can again stock up. In the latter case you need provide only enough to last you through the first stages of your trip. Fish and game are always reckoned as forming a goodly portion of the food supply, other things being equal. Some figure that fifteen pounds of provisions (which includes flour, pancake flour, pork, dried apricots and prunes) also coffee and powdered and compressed foods to the weight of fifteen pounds should last a man two weeks; with fish and game it should last three weeks. There are those who claim that the above is insufficient and that a better line of provisions should be taken. Of course the above list can be added to if one desires but I am giving here a list of provisions that should alone last two men well

over a space of three weeks, adding of course a proportionate length of time if fish and game be had. This list it will be found will weigh about fifty pounds all told, and it takes in some things of course that may be left out. My list follows, for two men, for a space of three weeks: Flour, 15 lbs.; pancake flour, 5 lbs. (Note: There are famous brands of pancake flour, to mix with which all that is needed is cold water. Such flour contains wheat, corn and rice in goodly proportions; it also contains powdered sweet milk. It is self-rising, and as I have said all that is needed is to mix it with cold water, and make flapjacks that are wonderfully nourishing. Flapjacks in the woods are a delight). Sugar, 5 lbs.; Coffee, 3 lbs.; Baking Powder, 1 lb.; Beans, 5 lbs.; Salt Pork, 5 lbs.; Bacon, 6 lbs.; Salt, 1 lb.; Milk Powder, 1 lb.; Egg Powder, 1 lb. Erbswurst, 2 lbs. This gives you the limited fifty pounds and you will find that it contains practically all that you need.

Changes and additions can of course be made, and other things supplied. For instance, if you shorten down your white flour to ten pounds, five pounds of corn meal can be added. Some want a pound or so of lard along, but the pork and the bacon I figure will do as well in supplying grease. Some reduce the amount of bulky things and in place of these try to bring along as much powdered foods, evaporated and concentrated foods, as they can. These compressed foods certainly have my recommendation. They contain practically all the valuable food elements in meats and vegetables, with the bulk eliminated. In this line, do not fail to bring along the *erbswurst*, or soup rolls. This is a strengthening substance; and making a soup of this, meats and fish may be cut up and added and you have a meal that will more than satisfy your needs. There are also bouillon cubes, coming in boxes of twelve that are excellent. At the same time there are the evaporated vegetables to be had in small five ounce packages, which, when dissolved in water, and prepared, contain no less than twelve times their weight in the green material. There are many who cannot see the values of these compressed foods; they believe that the only way to fill up is with the real thing, in the raw, or prepared from the raw. On the other hand it is just the rich juices of the various food elements that are of value. When the stomach has separated these juices from the bulk that is taken in, the unavailable elements are discarded by way of the intestines. Compressed foods go Nature one better by pre-separating these juices from the bulk, which in turn are powdered. In powdered foods there is absolutely no waste. All is useful—and entering the body at once it goes to make up blood, bone and muscle and the stomach is spared the vast eliminating process. I certainly suggest that you look into this matter; for if you intend to “go light,” then these various foods in powdered form must appeal to you.

The very best advice I can give in regard to your wearing apparel is that you have a long pair of woolen pants for daily use, reserving in the duffle a lighter pair. Also add a suit of woolen underwear; and you may add a lighter suit for use while you are thawing out the real estate from your heavy suit. Some go with-

out heavy underwear, using light underwear entirely but in the early morning and in the evening, in northern Canada, even in summer good heavy woollens are a blessing. In the matter of shirts, let me suggest one heavy olive green army shirt, and a lighter flannel shirt. A heavy sweater and a Duxbac hunting coat, waterproof should also be added.

Footwear is another thing to be considered. After a great deal of experimenting I have found that there is only one practical thing in this line, that being the well-known shoe-pacs, which are made of elk or moosehide. They give comfort to the feet, are the only thing on rough, stony portages, and do not slip beneath one but hold fast. In other words they allow the feet to dig in; they are

not compressed and tight like the leather shoe. These moccasins should have nine inch tops and good soles; some even hold that two soles are not amiss where much rock is encountered, but to my mind, the single soled affair is all right. One thing note: get these moccasins large enough so that you can wear two pairs of woolen socks in them. Nobody is going to point you out like they do in "civilization" centers, and jeer at your big feet. Two pairs of socks are not too warm on your feet. In fact they are just right. Get good sock material; and an additional two pairs in the clothes bag will allow you the means of a change. *And finally*, get only shoe-pacs, or moccasins to use upon your canoe trip; *but be sure they have good soles!*

'LUNGE FISHING WITH LIVE BAIT

T. Wight

"**M**ANY men of many minds." In nothing is this more strikingly exemplified than in maskinonge fishing. Almost every fisherman has his favorite lure which he is prepared to swear by to the exclusion of all others. He is prepared to give what he thinks sufficient reasons for his belief, but if he will carefully analyze said reasons he will generally find that it is because he has at one time or another been successful in making a good catch with it, and consequently uses it more carefully and persistently than any other. Another may have a bait the very opposite of it, which for the same reasons he swears by, and uses, and consequently considers the best.

After many years of fishing, and watching others I have come to the conclusion that there is very little difference in any of the artificial lines used and that it is merely a question of whether the fish are in a biting humor.

If I were placed in a position where it was necessary to procure a fish for dinner on short notice, I would certainly discard all artificial baits and take to the natural food of the fish and this, especially in the case of maskinonge, is small sized fish of the most available kind. Apart from the greater certainty of securing an early result I would consider that I had captured my fish by skill and not by chance, as I consider it nothing else but chance to drag an artificial lure behind one.

About twenty years ago slow trolling with the natural minnow was introduced into this district—the Trent River—and year by year has gained in favor until now, it is almost universally used, especially in the fall, and once used all other baits are discarded, as it requires more skill and is considered more sportsmanlike. For the benefit of those who have not tried it, I will give a short description of how it is used.

First procure your minnows—as large as possible—which in the late fall, of course is a difficult matter. Keep them as lively as possible. This is important, as the lunge is a natural born hunter and likes to catch his prey alive. He will often seize a lively min-

now when a half-dead one will pass by unnoticed. Use a good large-sized hook, a number 5/0 or 6/0 Bass hook, with a wire leader. The lunge's teeth will cut through gut. Hook your minnow through both lips with as little injury as possible; let out about 30 or 40 feet of line from your reel, according to the depth of water, and troll as slowly as you possibly can either along the weeds, or along the rocky shores. The lunge are sometimes along the weeds, and sometimes you will get them off the rocks, it depends where the minnows are feeding.

Immediately you feel your line running out—as you have no click on—ask your guide to back up, meanwhile reeling in slowly until you are directly above your bait; wait some little while, and you might lift on your line ever so easily to see if there is life there. If it is a lunge, there will be a distinct tremor in the line, if not you can determine you are caught in the weeds or else on a rock or limb, and therefore you disentangle your bait. Once you know it is a fish, you must give him



Two Days' Catch with a 5/0 bass hook and live bait at Trent Bridge, Ont.

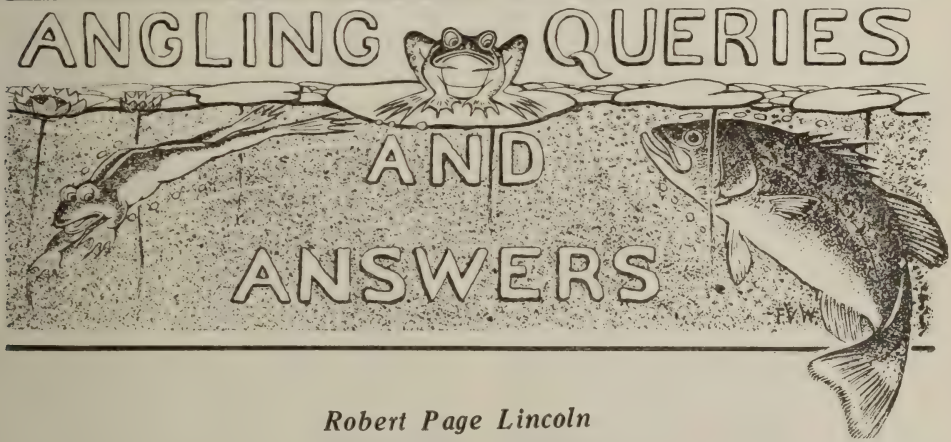
plenty of time to swallow the bait, as you know he seizes it by the belly and works it around in a see-saw fashion in his mouth to swallow it head first. If you are not accustomed to this kind of fishing the chances are that you will pull your bait out of his mouth, and farewell to your chance. Never on any account be in a hurry. In all probability as soon as you strike your fish,—and you do this when you see your line moving away fast,—he will make a rush for deep water and throw himself clear of the surface, in an attempt to shake the hook from his mouth. This is the most critical time in the whole game. If he does not succeed in breaking away at the first jump the chances are he is well hooked; and by careful management you may succeed in bringing him to the net, but never get over confident, or rash as you will sometimes find there is many a slip 'tween the cup and the lip". If your bait is lively you will generally see or feel a tremulous motion in your line just before it is seized; such motion being caused by the minnow in an endeavor to escape from its foe, which it evidently sees.

We find that after a frosty night in the

latter part of October or the beginning of November the lunge generally bite best; but every fisherman knows there is no telling to a certainty when or under what conditions of weather they will bite, and therein consider the glorious uncertainty of fishing.

When the water is shallow, it is necessary to troll a little faster, and you will generally find that your fish requires less time to take the bait. In very deep water they seem to be surer of their prey and consequently are not in such a hurry to swallow it, often acting very much like a cat with a mouse, seizing and letting it go again. I have sometimes found it advisable when they are acting this way, to pull the bait away from them for a short distance, when they will make a rush at it. In this way I have had them follow the bait, clear up to the surface of the water and then seize it and plunge to the bottom. This is a good time to strike before they have time to throw it from their mouth.

If you succeed in capturing your fish accept the congratulations of your friends with a good grace, but if it gets away don't swear but try again. It takes practice.



Robert Page Lincoln

No. 55.—Could you give me any information on where I could obtain colored leaders—leaders that are colored to harmonize with various waters, and environments of streams, the theory being that by using leaders like your surroundings the trout are the more easily outwitted. For instance, if the sky is intensely blue and the sun is bright and warm, I have read that then the sky-blue leader should be used. If there is much green grass and moss along the stream, a pale green one comes into use. A favorite color seems to be orange, not dark orange, but rather shading from medium to light orange. It is claimed for this latter one that on some days it is almost invisible to the fish. I have been rather interested in this topic, and if you know of a manufacturer who puts these out, can you give me the necessary information, and his address? Do you know of any system for coloring leaders to make them mist-colored or more in harmony with the water? I

should be greatly interested to hear from you upon this topic.

Truly yours,
F. D. Greer, Toronto, Can.

Ans.—I am sincerely sorry that I cannot give you the address of any manufacturer who puts out such leaders as you mention; though I will admit I have heard of these colored leaders, but have never had any in my hands, and have never used them. They are quite foreign to my knowledge, so that I cannot tell you whether they are worthy or unworthy. However, I cannot see that such leaders need be used. Of course in streams where trout are ultra-civilized, and ultra-keen it is different, and fine leaders in these colors might work all right, and perhaps even better than the regulation shades, but the latter work as well along our untamed streams—so why bother with these dyed leaders, ever changing and fussing. The regulation mist-colored, or tea-colored leaders will fully answer your purposes.

Personally I have never dyed leaders but I can give you information as to how it is done, and since the explanation comes from an acknowledged expert, Charles Southard, it is worthy of trying out. Southard says:

"Personally I am a believer in coloring the finished leader, not the separate strands of gut out of which the leader is made, because my experience and experiments have convinced me that better results are thus obtained. Leaders can be given almost any kind of color with hot dye, and the color can be made fast to a greater or less extent, usually the faster the color the weaker the leader is made, owing, in a great measure, to the heat of the dye and the length of time consumed by the process. There are, in my judgment, just two leaders to use, the white and the mist; the former requires no coloring, while the latter does. The mist-colored leader, to my mind, is the best color to use, and it can be made any shade from very light to very dark, depending entirely upon the desire of the angler, and without detriment to the gut. The shade of the mist-dyed leader depends only upon the length of time it remains in the solution, provided it is properly prepared in the first place. Before dyeing a leader mist or any other color the leader must first be thoroughly washed and wiped to remove all dirt and any oily or greasy film that may be on the gut. This can best be done with a piece of clean chamois and ninety-five per cent. pure alcohol. After the leader has been cleaned it should be soaked in cool water for at least one half hour, then taken out and pressed gently between two pieces of cotton cloth to remove all surface moisture. After this it should be submerged at once in the cold coloring fluid until the proper shade is obtained. Either Arnold's or Stafford's writing fluid can be used as the dye, and I have found little, if any, choice between them as both answer better than other dyes, with less bad effect than any I have been able to discover. To make the proper dye solution, take one pint of Arnold's or Stafford's writing fluid, pour it carefully into a two-quart china or enameled ware pitcher, avoiding, as far as possible, getting any sediment into the pitcher, if there is any. To the fluid in the pitcher add a full pint of clear, cold water (not ice water), now stir the ink and water with a clean white pine stick or paddle, afterward strain the solution through at least four thicknesses of cheese cloth. The dye is now ready to receive the leader that is to be dyed, and it is best to suspend the leader in the solution in such a way that it can be raised from time to time so that the effect of the dye upon the leader can be observed. When washing the leader taken from the dye great care must be observed to remove all of the free dye clinging to the leader, and this is best accomplished by using three sets of cool water. After washing, press the leader between two cotton cloths to remove all moisture, then stretch the leader out to dry, preferably in such a manner that it will not come in contact with anything except the hooks that hold it at each end. When the leader is thoroughly dry, take it down, coil and put it away to be tested in about a week in the manner already described. Any number of leaders can be dyed at the same time.

It is my custom to dye about twenty with one solution."

I trust the above information will prove of value to you.

R. P. L.

No. 56.—I have just read in your last number a remark (an excerpt from the writings of one Warren Smith) to which I beg to take exception. That is where Mr. Smith says: "One sometimes reads of a speckled trout leaping from the water when hooked, dancing on its tail, etc.,—an absolute falsehood I believe. I have been a careful student and trout fisher for twenty-five years and I have yet to see my first speckled trout leap from the water on slack line—the char will never go into the air of his own free will."

Now I beg to say, after the greater portion of my life spent along Canadian streams, east and west, that speckled trout do leap from the water upon slack line, and I have actually seen them dance upon their tails if we are allowed to use that phrasing. Not once or twice have I seen this done, but any number of times. On some of our northern streams, which have been but little fished I have taken speckled brook trout that have gone into the air two or three times upon the slack line, the very demon of pugnaciousness getting a grip upon them; such fight as some of these little fellows put up is as worthy of commendation as the fight of the rainbow, which is no gamier, in my estimation, than the alert speckled-brook-trout. Mr. Smith, in my estimation takes a great deal for granted in making a remark of this sort. I do not know where he obtains his fishing, whether north or south, but surely where he fishes the trout must be very sluggish, for in the cold, crystal clear waters of some northern brooks I can prove my assertion that speckled trout leap on the slack line time and again—that is, upon a loose line, and not a line drawn taut, or forced.

Henry Pennington, Quebec, Can.

Editor's Comment:—When I quoted O. Warren Smith with his reference to the speckled trout and the rainbows, and added his bit about brook trout not leaping on a slack line, it did not cross my mind at the time that this would bring forth any comment, but here I have your letter before me. I am answering the latter half of your letter through the mail, and have put in print your reference to the trout and the slack line and am herewith commenting upon it, as I no doubt will receive other letters on the heels of yours. I am therefore answering it, and giving some additional information along this line through another source that should prove interesting.

That brook trout will leap upon a slack line I have known to be the case, not so much in eastern and northern waters as in the streams of the mountains of the west. These small trout of the high altitudes, the Dolly Vardens, also the introduced native brook trout are the very demon of fight; and will often leap at the prick of the barb; or will run a trifle and then leap at an angle, often essaying a real typical, magazine cover trout curve; in other words an absolute somersault with the slap of the tail added, from whence comes the phrase, "*dancing upon the tail.*"

Naturally trout in cold waters have more vigor and ability to fight than trout in calm, more or less slow water, and in such calm waters it may be a rare occurrence to have a brook trout leap upon a slack line; this apparently is Mr. Smith's experience, which, he says, extends over twenty-five years of fishing (in Wisconsin streams by the way.) Mr. Smith claims for the German Brown trout, or fario, that it is more active than the brook trout when hooked and that it will break water any number of times.

Mr. Edward Breck of Nova Scotia, the well-known out-door man and authoritative writer on fishing and hunting questions, took exception to this, claiming that "in all my experience the lovely American Char has the German Brown trout stung to death for liveliness and fight. I have never seen a brown trout jump out of the water at all, but I will show you that trick here any day you care to go out with me, and it is a common thing to see the fish, especially the little fellows, turn somersaults in the air, trying to take the fly, and be so enthusiastic that they will jump clean beyond it. I cannot imagine the brown trout doing such a thing. The brown trout does not commonly leave the water on a slack line, and yet I have seen it do so time after time. Those who state the contrary please take notice: I have seen, when the mayflies were on the hatch, a pool near here where the trout were jumping out of the water (after flies, not hooked of course), in such numbers that the effect was a half dozen standing on their tails at the same time, and this is no exaggeration whatsoever.

Mr. Smith defended by saying, "I have seen trout leap from the water when rising for flies, but that is not on a slack line." He repeated that, in as far as his experience went, he had never known a brook trout to do this.

Mr. Breck rejoined by asserting: "My experience with the brown trout in America (Mr. Breck, during twelve years spent in Germany fished a great deal for the brown trout) has been inadequate to judge, but I am sure that those who know the two fish, in lower latitudes, have never fished much in Northern Maine or the Maritime Provinces. The brown trout is a logy loafer compared with the Northern *fontinalis*, according to my past. I never saw one go clean out of water where *ontinalis* jumps high out. Now of course the brook trout does not commonly jump on a slack line, but I protest against saying, as ninety-nine out of one hundred writers do, that it never does that, for I have seen it do so scores of times; usually smaller fish of course, but several times those of over a pound in weight. I object to such incorrect generalities. And as for the impression of "*trout dancing upon their tails*," I have seen many times here in spring pools or stretches of still-water, so many trout, mostly small, out of water at the same moment as to give the impression of a trout dance on the surface. The smaller ones would often turn complete somersaults in the air. Compare this with a brown trout in England, or Germany, lazily sucking in the fly while hardly showing himself."

I note that Mr. Breck also asserts that it is the smaller trout that are liable to leap on the

slack line. Angle in the western mountains for the small, arrowy, strong-finned, dashing, current-stemming speckled trout if you want an exhibition of brook trout leaping on the slack line. *That is all I have to say!*

R. P. L.

No. 57.—There is a subject that I would like to call your attention to, and that is as to the Province of Quebec and the system I understand they have there of fish and game clubs, on the order of leasing privileges which practically shut out the average fisherman or sportsman from entering that province only save where great sums of money are laid out. Does this not seem an unfair monopoly; and is this the manner in which Canada will eventually shut out the average sportsman from getting a share of the bounties of the earth, which should be, and are the property of all the people, to do with as they see fit. If it is true that game clubs are taking over, and have taken over all Quebec Province, in this manner, will this not also be the fate of Ontario and the rest of Canada where good fishing and hunting is to be had? I hold that the land should be free for the people to enter, with a moderate license as is the case elsewhere, that all may have equal chances. As it is, Quebec is not for the average. The sportsmen of Canada and the United States are shut out because of the high rates demanded of them.

Sincerely yours,

S. B. Hadley, Winnipeg, Can.

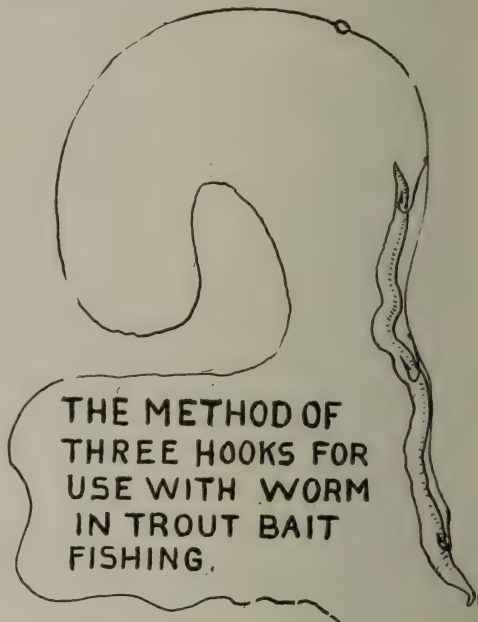
Ans.—I must say in answer to your letter that you have an entirely wrong impression in regard to this matter of leasing by the Government, or the Crown, of land to clubs; and because you have touched upon a rather important matter I shall here take space to show the advantages of so-called clubs; attempting to prove that they are not harmful, and that they are not run on such a scale that men of ordinary means cannot enter them. And one thing I wish to make plain is that the whole of the Province of Quebec is *not* taken up by preserves. This is absurd, for the territory yet unsettled is enormous in extent, though parts of it are open to rental in the form of preserves to parties, or clubs, wishing to have these extraordinary privileges extended to them. Fishing rights to certain tracts of land, greater or less in proportion are certainly reasonable, when one considers the good sport that is to be had. Naturally I refer to average fishing, and I can see where you have obtained your impression that it costs so much to fish in Quebec, or become a club member of some preserve. You had in view the salmon fishing rights along some of the famous rivers there. I will admit that this is way and beyond the average person, and is resorted to only by those who have sums of money, to which this annual fishing would seem but a slight touch upon the purse. Note for instance the salmon fishing along the famous Grand Cascapedia; no less a sum than twelve thousand dollars a year is paid for the angling rights on a portion of that river. One American fisherman, who angles for the festive salmon, pays out four thousand dollars on each of his trips north. But you must not gain the impression that all

fishing privileges are operated on that scale. That would truly shut out the people. One may become a club member of certain clubs, or organizations (there are over five hundred in Quebec Province,) at low expenditures, and there is no one stopping new parties from getting together and renting land, and forming their own clubs. Just to show you the leniency of fishing privileges I shall mention the rentals demanded of certain clubs. Pontiac Club, in Pontiac County, Quebec, pays an annual rental to the Crown of one hundred and fifty-three dollars. The Pytonga Fish and Game Club with a preserve 64 miles square, forty miles from the railroad, pays for its fishing privileges the sum of \$150. On a smaller scale we have the Jovial Fish and Game Club, leasing eight square miles of territory—good fishing grounds—for the sum of \$80.00 per annum. The McFall Fish and Game Club have ten square miles of territory, rental \$87.50 per annum. These are selected at random and just go to show that everything is worked on a moderate scale, evenly divided among members of the clubs. The advantages to club members are many. To the non-resident angler the license fee is ten dollars; if belonging to a club it is reduced to five dollars. Clubs have the control over their especial territory, and are not overrun by outsiders. The object of the clubs is to better protect the fish and game in the Province; the main condition in the granting of a lease is that the game be strictly protected and the law enforced. It has been figured that the province of Quebec would now have been barren of game, etc., had it not been for the entrance of the leasing system, which has meant universal protection for feather and fin. This protection of the game upon these preserves has meant, and will always mean an appreciable overflow into adjoining territory thus helping to keep everything at an appreciable standard. I cannot really see anything wrong in this system. It does not shut out those who desire to enter; and the fact that it is actually beneficial to the perpetuation of the game makes it a proposition to be given every consideration. It must not be supposed that all the land in Quebec is open to lease. There is land that cannot be leased. This land will always be held open to outsiders to enter as they see fit; and the only charge that will be made on non-residents will be the fee, or license. This large territory is perfectly wild; the lakes are in abundance, and exceptionally good fishing may be had. I do not know whether this leasing system will ever be worked in Ontario. That is far beyond my knowledge though I doubt whether this will ever be the case.

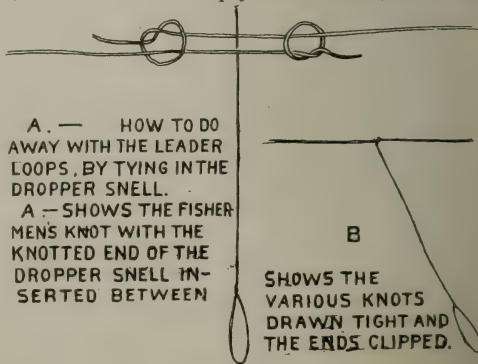
R. P. L.

No. 58.—I am a great devotee of the bamboo rod and the trout line, and am both a bait-fisherman and a fly-fisherman as the seasons for each swing around. I am not a crank. I am not prejudiced against the baited hook, believing it unsportsmanlike, which by the way is all bosh and foolishness. I like to get out with the early fisherman and try my luck. Some of my happiest recollections center around early season fishing, when all the world is turning to green again and the trout are

getting out of their winter's dormant state. That there is somewhat of knack connected with even bait fishing all must admit. The trout are sly, and if one makes a noise around the stream they are liable to scoot for safety and not show themselves in the neighborhood again. Care and patience must be taken. In the spring the trout are lying in wait for the worms and such like, dead or alive, that are washed downstream, upon which they feed. Now is just the time to use the lively earth worm upon the hook. My system may be somewhat different from what others use, and I give it here, and suggest that you try it out.



You will note by the illustration of the worm upon the line that it is impaled with three hooks. These hooks are fastened to a light gut leader, the hooks being about an inch apart. The worm is then hooked on as shown in the picture, and when wiggling is instantly seized by the trout with successful results. The reason why many fisherman do not have success fishing with bait is that they let the bait sink to the bottom of the stream. Now, if the worm is wiggling well, if you let it sink to the bottom the fish will take it, but otherwise it is left alone. Keep your bait moving in the



water off of the bottom and your results will be far greater. I am also sending you an idea on how to tie in dropper snells to a leader which I have no doubt you will be interested in. I long ago discarded the looped leader, on which one might connect the ready snelled flies. It gives cumbersome work, and does not cast light, whereas, by tying in the dropper snell, eyed flies may be used with great success. As shown in the illustration, the end of the dropper snell has a knot to it; this is inserted when you are connecting the leader with the Single Fishermen's Knot. Simply draw these knots tight, and clip off the surplus ends, and you will have work something like in Figure B.

Could you give me any information as to how a line might be oil-proofed?

Yours truly,
Harry M. Nye, Nova Scotia.

Ans.—Your letter is indeed a good one, and I am interested to see your way of hooking the worm on, when bait fishing. I must admit that I have never used this system, and you can well imagine that I am impatient to try it out, but must wait a trifle yet. Ordinarily I use one worm and I impale it in the middle, allowing the two ends to squirm as they will. At other times I have hooked on as many as three worms, in the same manner, on a rather long shanked Carlisle hook with good results. I note you mention that the bait should not sink to the bottom. Of course where the bottom is muddy, or when the waters are roiled, as in the spring, it is best to keep the bait off the bottom, and in the water, moving, but where the water is clear, and the bottom is sandy, the rolling down process is as good as any. I like, in such a case as the latter, to hook on two wriggling worms, and it is sure to get them. Of course great care must be taken where the water is clear; and one must not let his shadow be ahead of him, and he must not make any noise, especially in the water. Land noises do not seem to effect the trout, but a movement in the brush that fringes the stream is readily seen, for the trout are inordinately keen as a rule, especially along streams that have been long haunted by human beings, and where the trout are more or less civilized, if I am allowed to use that term. In bait fishing beetles, crickets, and crawlers of all sorts, and especially small crawfish are exceptionally good. As a rule I let them drift down over the bottom, occasionally of course drawing them up.

Your method of tying in the dropper snell is a good one. I had intended using just this method in my article upon leader-tying but I deemed it unnecessary. However we are having our artist make a drawing of it, and we are using it herewith. As you say, with the loops upon the leader, using snells already whipped on flies, bungling work is had; whereas by tying in your own dropper snells this may be sidetracked.

In regard to the oil-proofing of lines, I am not sure but I think I touched upon this once. However at the risk of repetition I am giving the method again. Heat three ounces linseed oil; stir in some melted camphor, a bit about as big as your thumbnail. Add to this a part of oil-copal varnish, in proportion to the

above. When this is thinned out well, soak the line in it. Now take out the line and wipe it very dry, taking out all the mixture that is in it. The line is then dried in a room by stretching it out. About three days after this soak the line again in the warmed mixture. Again dry it; and after three days dip a cloth in the mixture and rub the line down with it, and then with a woollen rag wipe it dry. When the line is now dry, *perfectly dry*, rub it down with paraffine. Now in using the above be careful to have the line dry each time you repeat the process of soaking, as this is essential, and also it must be absolutely dry when you finally rub on the paraffine. It will take about three weeks to properly oil-proof a line. Of course many of these lines can be fixed out at one time, and this is of course what a person should do, for then he will always have preserved lines on hand.

If you merely wish to waterproof a line you can soak it in fish-oil for a day, let the mixture drain off during the night, then wipe it with a wollen rag.

Bait casting lines can thus be treated, and Three in One oil is often good rubbed on in scant portion with a rag.

In dressing a trout line either for wet or dry fly fishing there are of course many systems, some efficient, others partially so. To obtain genuine perfection in this matter it must be remembered that time is required, and a great deal of patience; one writer holds that "it will be found a line cannot be turned out in less than a year's time, or from the date of the first immersion in water-proofing fluid." This may be a trifle too long, but it is well known that the longer you immerse, rub down and dry your line, the better it becomes. The best water-proofing oil is found to be the green linseed oil coming from the Baltics; having a number of points to its credit that the yellow oils from Calcutta do not possess. Lines may be stretched on racks or frames in drying; the point of contact of the line on the frame rods being shifted to a free space the next time you dry the line; thus all parts of the line will be attended to. It has been suggested by the way that as soon as the outside of the line is dry it should be collected up in coils and hung up in a warm room to further dry. The frames are made so that too many places will not be offered for points of contact; and a lining of gauze where they do touch the frame keeps them directly from the wood and allows air to come upon even those parts. Double-boiled Baltic oil may be procured from Naylor Bros., Southall, England. This oil is absolutely pure, and is recommended.

It is needless to mention the air-pump which is used for taking the extra air out of the lines when proofing them. These vacuum pumps, however, are not to be obtained everywhere; hence no mention need be given of that process here; the average process being taken into consideration. The line, taken from the oil, is wiped, *not rubbed*, until thoroughly dry; the less oil in it the better. According to this system it is allowed to dry for one month or two, when working the line, no oil can be forced through. If the line is stiff it is worked between the hands till soft. After the fourth coating of oil the line is ready to be rubbed down well, which is done with a

woolen cloth. If any rough spots show up, a fine piece of glass rightly employed will take this off, care of course being used not to go too deep. At about the ninth coat the line is rubbed down with pumice powder, thinned with water; when the line is perfectly round and free of any dents, this pumice may be washed off with water; and finally a dewlike portion of the oil on a rag may be rubbed over the line which brightens it up. The use of too much oil in this last rubbing may undo your work; and you will have to go over it again with the pumice. When the line is now finished, with no dents, or places left along the line by contact with the bars of the frame, it is hung up to dry, and the longer it dries, naturally the better for it.

It can be seen from the above that the water proofing of trout lines is no thing to be passed over easily. It is because of the great amount of work that is done to each line that you have to pay as high as five and six dollars for one; as for instance the famous, high class Hardy "Corona" lines, and in our own country the lines put out by Perry D. Frazer, of New York. These lines receive extremely good care in their making, and the use of the air pump, or vacuum, to take out all the air in the line before drying it constitutes the best of all processes. You can hardly expect to accomplish this business in a short time. It is quite impossible to do so and expect to have work anywhere near that attained by the manufacturers.

R. P. L.

ANGLING NEWS AND VIEWS FROM A TORONTONIAN

L. C. Cain

THE fisherman abideth nigh unto deep waters; he smelleth of the swamps but the truth is not in him, and this is a fishing article by a fisherman.

Having at the beginning of the season sought in vain to get in touch with an Angling Club that made the waters in and around Toronto its fishing haunts, the writer determined to make a series of experimental trips for the purpose of gleaning as much information as possible. The result has proved exceedingly interesting, and I trust will prove useful to those Torontonians who, while they are keen anglers, are barred from taking long and expensive trips in search of good sport.

CENTRE ISLAND—

Probably the best known and most frequented spot is Centre Island, but sport here proved exceedingly poor, and in the opinion of the writer, this is a good spot to keep away from, during the summer months at any rate.

KEW BEACH—

The cut leading from Ashbridge's Bay to the Lake, at Kew Beach, is pretty well fished to death, yet, during the summer of 1915, it yielded some very good results, chiefly perch. The great drawback to this spot is that for good fishing it requires a perfectly calm day. If there is only a moderate wind blowing, fishing on the lake side is impossible, and after about a dozen trips, the writer has come to the conclusion that this is the only side that provides any real sport. Given a fine day and clear water, good lake perch are often plentiful and now and again small bass put in an appearance. Sometimes large eels may cause trouble, especially if minnows are being used as bait. Live bait is undoubtedly the best bait to use at this spot. Early in the season

large numbers of carp could be seen swimming around the stones, but I never heard of anyone catching them.

PORT CREDIT—

The Credit River the past season was very poor, and although the writer heard of several good catches of perch, small fry, no great success attended his own efforts.

HIGHLAND CREEK—

This is a place that is supposed to be no good for fishing at all, but with the optimism of an angler I determined to find out for myself. The result was very gratifying. To the man who is not particular about landing the big 'uns, I can confidently recommend a trip to Highland Creek. He may be lucky enough to get a small trout or two, and he certainly will get a good bag of Chubb—fair sized chubb at that—if he fishes correctly, and chooses the right spots. On the East side of the Kingston Road, and close to the Bridge is a fast running stretch, and this is undoubtedly the best place, although there are many other good spots for those who like to follow the stream. Between two of us we took some two hundred chubb in about six hours, (within a quarter of a mile from the Kingston Road) as well as some small bass, and a couple of suckers. It is necessary to get permission from the farmer before using this place, but it is most readily given. (Kingston Road cars to Westhill.)

ROUGE RIVER—

The Rouge River was not over good last year. At the part nearest the Kingston Road pike were fairly plentiful and on one or two days—early in the season—good catches of bass were taken, but perch were for the



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most part conspicuous by their absence. Carp were caught on two occasions and catfish once. The pike were taken with minnows caught in Toronto, and chubb caught at Highland Creek. At the mouth of the River, sport was at times faster, and the perch plentiful, and in good condition. A good plan when the weather is warm is to wade out into the lake as far as possible (it is always difficult to get a boat) and fish in the lake, opposite the mouth of the River. Minnows were found to be the best bait here, and some very fine perch were taken on each occasion. (G.T.R. from Toronto to Rosebank Station 7.15 a.m. and 1.50 p.m.)

FRENCHMAN'S BAY—

Frenchman's Bay is too well known to need anything but a brief notice. The year's results as far as the writer is concerned were not ideal. Catfish seemed always present, perch scarce and pike not much better. Several parties, however, spun some very tall yarns of the big bags taken. (G.T.R. from Toronto to Dunbarton, 7.15 a.m. and 1.50 p.m.)

PICKERING—

Along the base line from Pickering Station which is about twenty-five miles from Toronto there are several creeks. Most of these will yield a plentiful supply of Catters in the deep places; but what is known as the arm of the Lake, and which is the first water along the road, should if conditions are good, yield some fairly good perch, bass and pike. (G.T.R. from Toronto to Pickering 7.15 a.m. and 1.50 p.m.)

The Lake Erie Fishermen's association, at its concluding session on Feb. 11, passed resolutions asking the government for a number of changes in the fishing laws and concessions to improve the conditions of the fishing industry. Among the changes asked being: Reduction from 3 to 2 7-8 inches in the size of the gill net mesh for the catching of herring; extension of the fishing season to enable fishers to take advantage of the full herring run and enjoy the same privileges as the fishermen on the south side of the lake; removal of the five-mile limit along the south side of long Point, but to leave the five-mile limit east of Port Stanley and the ten-mile limit west of Port Stanley.

It is estimated that one person in 20 in the entire empire of Japan is more or less a fisherman. A thousand species of fish have already been identified in Japanese waters and almost every one of them is edible. The prominence of fisheries is attributed to the encouragement of officials who have studied the fishing industries in the United States.

Though fox ranches have for some time been a prominent industry in parts of Canada, yet hunters are securing them in the forests of Nova Scotia. A centenarian at Sheet Harbor and an octogenarian at Gay's River, it is said, lately trapped each of them a fine red fox.

WHAT ABOUT A CLUB?

By the way is it not time there was a good Angling Club for working men formed? Surely there are enough old country fishermen in Toronto who are familiar with the delightful rambles along the Thames Valley, that the London societies arrange, to be keen on forming a Toronto Society that would provide real good fishing trips and seek out the best places near home, and possibly preserve a private fishing ground for its members.

In this connection, the writer called a meeting of a number of anglers, and the question was discussed, but the majority of those present were of the opinion that an Angling Club in Toronto would not be a success, because it was illegal to fish on Sunday and Sunday is the only day that anglers who have business to attend to all the week, are free to "follow the stream." The matter therefore, dropped.

Since then, however, the writer has received the following letter, from A. H. Sheriff, Deputy Minister of Game and Fisheries, Toronto:

"In reply to your letter of the 22nd, inst., I beg to say that the Dominion Government is the authority that has jurisdiction in the matter of prohibiting fishing on any day for days during the year. At the present time there is nothing in the Dominion Statutes prohibiting angling on Sunday, unless it happens to be an angler's ordinary avocation by means of which he obtains his livelihood, in which case it might bring him in conflict with the Lord's Day Act."

The crown Lands Department of Nova Scotia reports a total of approximately 13,000 acres burned over by forest fires during 1915. On a considerable portion of this area, no merchantable material was destroyed, so that the total estimate of damage from these fires is but \$15,000. Nearly all of this damage was caused by a single fire, in the vicinity of the Intercolonial railway.

The system of forest fire protection in Nova Scotia is among the most effective in Canada. An important feature is the provision that no person shall start a fire for the purpose of clearing land, or other like purposes nor operate a portable steam engine within 990 feet of any woods, between the fifteenth day of April and the first of December, without first having obtained leave in writing from the chief ranger or sub-ranger. Such leave is granted only when, in the judgment of the ranger, the action may be taken safely.

Similar provision for the regulation of the setting out of settlers' fires exists in British Columbia, on Dominion forest reserves in the west, in Quebec, and in a portion of New Brunswick. It does not exist in Ontario, nor on Crown lands or lands in private ownership outside of forest reserves in the Prairie Provinces.—C. L.



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4. A morning's catch by Wallace H. Fuich, Ossining, N.Y.
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The Publishers of Rod and Gun Magazine invite readers of the magazine to contribute articles and letters to Mr. Geikie's department on matters pertaining to guns and ammunition, but do not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed therein by these contributors.

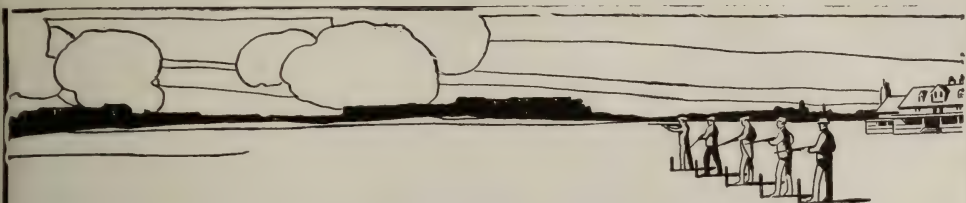
A FIVE AND ONE-HALF POUND DEER RIFLE, BUT STILL NOT LIGHT ENOUGH TO BE CHRISTENED THE TRUE FEATHERWEIGHT

By Ashley A. Haines

In the December number of Rod and Gun I mentioned, among other matters, the fact that the *real* Featherweight in rifles that would appeal to many of us for deer hunting was yet to appear; also that, while Mr. Woods had reduced the weight of a six-and-a-half-pound .30-30 Winchester carbine to five pounds and a half, this weight was still one-half pound in excess of what it should be to make the advocates of the *real* Featherweight deer rifle perfectly happy. Furthermore, I also mentioned, I think, that while this reduction in weight was very desirable it was also a fact that the *real* featherweight could never be produced by building on any existing foundation. Fact is, when the *real* featherweight appears, it will be a gun built on a foundation which has been laid for a rimless cartridge, this type of cartridge being necessary in order that the receiver and component parts to be contained therein may be of the smallest, and therefore lightest weight, possible to handle the cartridges with certainty through the mechanism. And in order to produce a gun having all the desirable features desired, all material entering into its construction should be of the very best possible that money can buy. When such a gun, of proper design, is produced, we will have the *real* featherweight, but not before. Until such time arrives, however, those of us who fancy a nearer approach to the featherweight than can now be regularly had will have to take matters into our own hands and work

over, as best we can, some of the existing models living in hopes of the *real* featherweight appearing at a later date; and such date, probably, can hardly be expected until well after the present war has ended when, naturally, more attention may be expected to be given to the arm of the type desired than at present, due to the energies of arms manufacturers being so largely devoted to turning out arms for military purposes that matters of minor importance are practically ignored.

I believe that I realize about as well as any of the many readers of Rod and Gun the fact that to advocate such a light weight rifle as I have suggested will be almost certain to invite ridicule from those who only see their ideal in rifles of heavier weight. Let me emphasize one fact at this point as clearly as possible, and that is this: Among the many readers of this magazine it will be difficult to find a single hunter to whom the heavier weight rifles appeal more strongly than they do to the writer. Take the old sixteen pound Sharps "Buffalo Gun," or the heaviest of the old "Rolling Block" Remingtons, or the famous Ballard Pacific rifles of twelve pounds weight; or the "Old Centennial" Winchesters, either standard weight of just over ten pounds, or with its extra heavy barrel which could be had in the '80's bringing the weight up to nearly that of the old single shot Buffalo Guns, and the writer will always be found among those who will handle them with almost reverential touch. They were the best among



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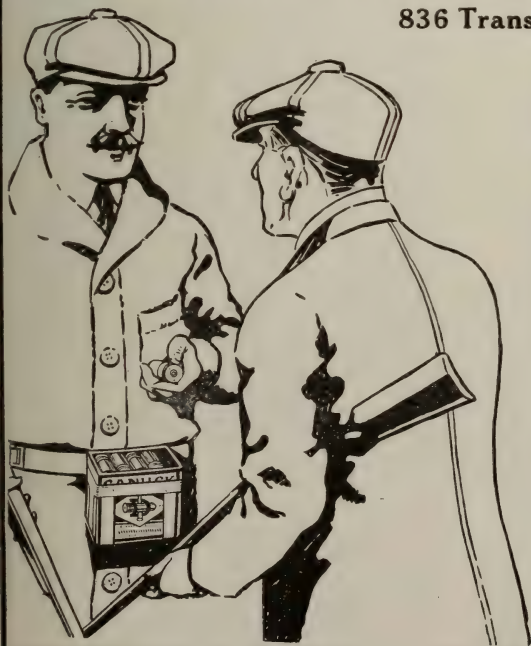
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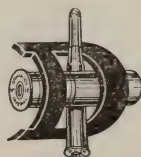
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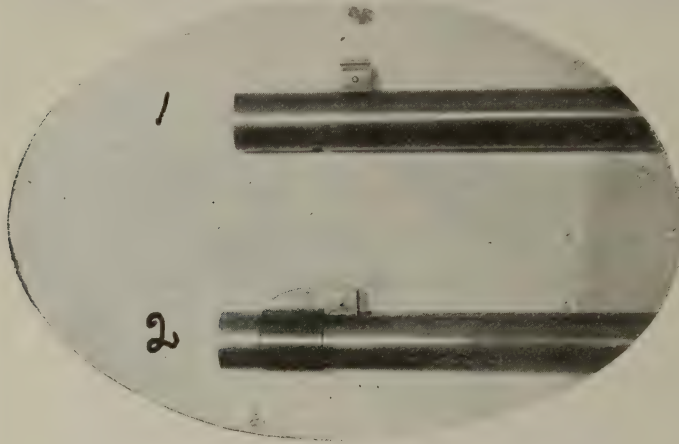
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the *real* hunting rifles; but their day was in the dim past—a day when game was far more plentiful than at present; and a hunter living under such conditions which, unfortunately, will never again be encountered in the Western Hemisphere, was not far off when choosing such arms for the game of that period.



Cut A: Showing Mr. Wood's plan of fastening the front sight.

But the conditions that then prevailed are with us no more. The rifles then in vogue, however well they met the conditions of their day, are too heavy for present day conditions. While it is true that much lighter rifles can now be had that no doubt suit the majority well enough for hunting purposes, still it is a fact, I believe, that there is a class of hunters who are living in hopes of still lighter weight rifles appearing that would be suitable for hunting deer and similar game in many sections where such game is to be found. And the nearest approach to such an arm I have become acquainted with I shall now write about.

I have seen it in print several times that the popularity of the .30-30 Winchester carbine was principally due to the fact that, being so light, a stream of bullets could be fired from it, or words to that effect. As I understand the writer of the statement, the impression that was intended to be created was, that due to the light weight, the carbine was selected by many due to the fact (as he would have it appear) that it was possessed of superior advantages from the speed-of-fire standpoint. If this interpretation is right, then I am inclined to think that if it came down to splitting hairs over the matter that the carbine would prove slightly slower in making close groups than the heavier rifle due to the slightly heavier recoil of the carbine making it slightly more difficult to keep under control than the heavier rifle. Whether my opinion as to the relative speed of fire of the two types is right or not, I am pretty thoroughly convinced that the .30-30 Winchester carbine does *not* owe its popularity entirely to its superior rapid fire propensities but rather to its convenient length, light weight, (though *not* as light as it well *might* be) and thoroughly demonstrated reliability and effectiveness on most of the game to be found in the two Americas.

To head off possible criticism, let me say right here that I do not fancy the 1894 action as well as the '92 and '86 actions made by the same firm. But as we cannot get what we have often asked for, rifles made by the Winchester Company patterned after either of the above mentioned models, but adapted to, and proportioned for, the cartridges used in the 1894 model, those of us who have found the .30-30 well adapted for deer hunting under average conditions can do nothing but adopt it. And if we want the lightest weight arm possible in this model for the .30-30 cartridge we shall have to tie to the carbine. To produce a still lighter arm said carbine will have to undergo the whittling process. And after this it will not shoot any better, will not be any neater in appearance, and the magazine capacity will be reduced one-half; but it will

be one pound lighter, and this is the main thing to be desired by the crank casting wistful eyes featherweightwards. But even after we have whittled it down at every point it will not be the *real* featherweight for the reasons I have several times mentioned; but it will be as near that desirable point as we can get without a new foundation to build on.



Cut B: Showing parts worked over by Mr. Woods.

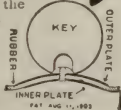
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Wins high amateur average in the 1915 Interstate Registered Tournaments. Mr. Woolfolk Henderson, winner, shot at 2800 targets and broke 2731,—average 97.53%. This is the PARKER double gun's second successive winning of the Interstate high average. Mr. Henderson having won in 1914 by shooting 96.63% for the season.

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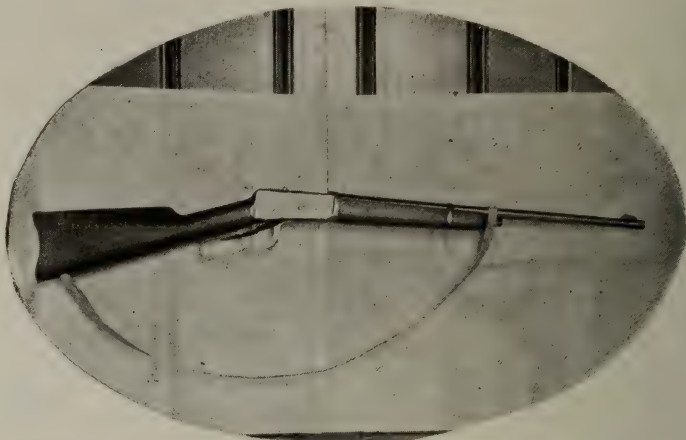
Mr. Woods has insisted on tacking my name to this worked-over carbine, but this A. A. H. is not entitled to; the idea is almost wholly one belonging to him. I had thought when Mr. Woods first mentioned the matter to me, that by cutting to one-half magazine, thinning down flanged portions of the receiver at each end, narrowing butt plate proportionately and dressing stock and fore-arm down to fit properly the reduced dimensions of the metal parts, the five-and-a-half pound mark could be reached. I am now convinced, however, that while such changes in the outside dimensions would have produced a somewhat neater appearing arm, the reduction in weight would not have been more than a half pound; and Mr. Woods' method beats that twice over as he has reduced the weight exactly one pound and a quarter of an ounce.

While I had calculated on retaining half of the steel magazine, Mr. Woods, from former experience in reducing the weight of .25-35 carbines, knew that this could not be if the weight were to be lowered to the five-and-a-half pound mark. While several different kinds of material were considered for magazine tubes that would reduce the weight, the real thing was not found until a piece of light aluminum tubing was located which weighed, I think Mr. Woods said, exactly one ounce. The magazine plug was discarded and one of hickory substituted. To hold securely in place, a hole was drilled through fore end of magazine, and magazine plug, and pinned firmly with suitable pin inserted.

The butt stock was greatly reduced in weight by hollowing out until quite thin up to the wrist of the stock at which place it is left solid. Discarding the steel butt plate and

substituting one of sole leather still further reduced the weight.

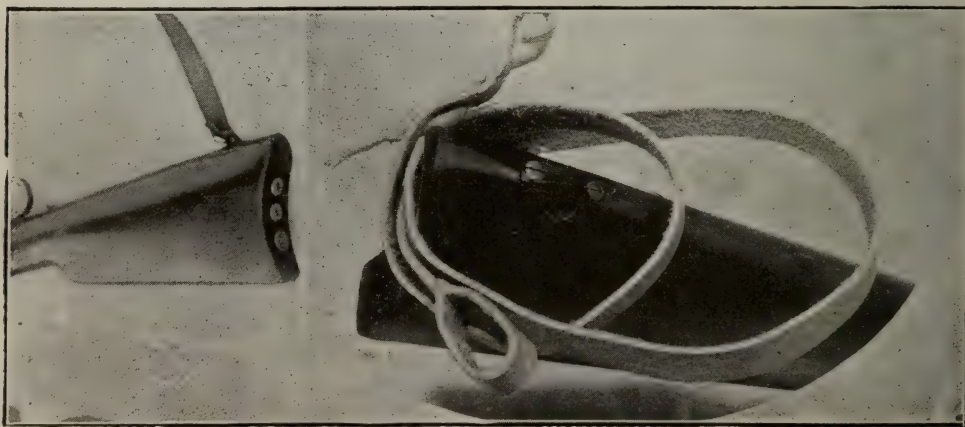
The front sight base on these carbines, to me, always have seemed at least one-half inch too far from the muzzle to present the neatest appearance. Mr. Woods overcame this by making a light, neatly turned steel band which



Cut C: Sling attached at both ends, also showing the .30-30 carbine full length.

was driven on muzzle back against the sight base as shown in Fig. 2, Cut A. This covered the half-round screw hole in under side of the barrel for the front magazine screw and after the long-bladed front sight Mr. Woods made and fitted was added, the too-far-from-the-muzzle effect of the front sight disappeared. (See Fig. 1, Cut A.) This front sight is made of steel. As Mr. Woods had it, it came up to a perfectly sharp corner at the tip. To bring the light to the very tip of the sight, I rounded very slightly, which I consider at least a slight improvement as it can now be seen quite plainly in most lights.

In Cut B the parts numbered 2 are the ones altered by Mr. Woods. In this cut parts numbered 1 are shown before alteration. Fig. 3 shows an experimental main spring which gave one hang-fire in 20 shots when



Cut D: Showing method of rear attachment. Butt-plate as author has arranged it to hold matches, cleaner and oil



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in the field



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tested with regular firing pin. Mainspring No. 2 is the one now in the gun. This is 2-3 as strong as the regular mainspring and is used with No. 2 firing pin, which has been reduced in weight, and with this lighter firing pin gives practically same primer compression as standard firing pin with standard mainspring. Hammer shown by Fig. 2 in Cut B is as altered by Mr. Woods. The spur has been shortened, old checking removed, and rechecked. Since the little gun came into my possession I have slightly altered the shape of the hammer spur, worked off Mr. Woods' checking which, due to the exceptionally hard surface made uniform checking out of the question, and re-checked until it suits me rather better than as Mr. Woods had it; but neither of us have improved on the original hammer spur, in my opinion; at least in appearance or shape; though the sharper checking is an advantage over the rather smoothly checked factory work.

Fig. 1 in Cut B shows shape of factory extractor. Fig 2 shows how extractor "bite" should be rounded to properly grasp cartridge rim.

The spring cover (not shown) has a slight groove cut in it about 3-16 inch to rear of its forward end and running across its hollowed side, this serving as a very convenient stop to hold the head of the cartridge in loading succeeding cartridges into the magazine. This groove needs to be very slight in depth, and is easily ground by a $\frac{1}{2}$ inch rod of brass spinning in a lathe and fed with oil and emery flour while the spring cover is pressed lightly against it, and right here I want to emphasize one thing, and that is that this groove is an excellent feature. In loading, one will, at times, have a cartridge, partly inserted, forced out of the magazine while he is reaching for another. With this Wood's arrangement, all one has to do is to shove a cartridge in to magazine until the rim of shell snaps into groove of spring cover where it will be securely held while the shooter is reaching for another cartridge. The last cartridge is forced clear in the magazine after which the spring cover springs out to its normal position as usual.

Mr. Woods does not favor swivels, snap hooks, or buckles, in connection with a sling. To get around all this he devised the sling as is shown in Cut C and Cut D of the gun as it appeared as it left his hands. Cut C shows the sling attached at both ends. As Mr. Woods had it, the magazine plug projected beyond the end of the fore arm as shown in photo. Front end of the sling was formed into a loop which was passed over muzzle and slid back over barrel and magazine. Cut D clearly shows method of rear attachment. When not needed sling may be carried in pocket.

Mr. Woods reduced the trigger pull to a light, clean pull of about three pounds. This is exactly as it should be and should suit the most cranky shooter.

Mr. Woods reduced the strength of the extractor, the ejector spring and the spring cover in order to produce an easier working action and to facilitate loading. Personally I do not care for the reduction of any of the springs having found springs to Winchesters

just as they leave the factory of about the right strength. It is true that occasionally I alter the tension of the mainsprings by adjusting strain screw to suit.

The little gun was one of those that had undoubtedly been over many a rough trail as was plainly evident from its appearance. It worked, and still does, and I think will continue to work, properly for years, but it is a gun in a condition that a *real crank* could never fall in love with. The barrel is in what I consider rather poor second hand condition, though it has made plenty of groups well worth showing. Also has accounted for three deer, one coyote, and, with the light loads, many ruffed and blue grouse have been taken in with it. The deer and coyote, so far as I could discover, were killed as readily with this $5\frac{1}{2}$ pound .30-30 Winchester as if the gun had been a full grown one of the same caliber. It has been put to a practical test and has shown up so well that I am stronger than ever for a five-pound featherweight, but built on a featherweight foundation.

Since the gun fell into my hands I have added a couple of swivels such as are made for the .38 Colt Military model automatic pistol and to these riveted a light sling which, of course, is a permanent feature. Many would object to this not being removable, or adjustable, but for my purpose it suits nicely, and I have used the little gun under a great many different conditions.

The sole leather butt plate I have perforated in three places, the upper being for a .45-70 shell filled with matches, which is tightly corked. The centre hole is for string cleaner. The bristle brush is inserted in an empty .30-40 shell. The slotted end of cleaner is shoved in hole in butt plate after which the snell containing the bristle part of the cleaner comes along and plugs everything snug and tight. The third perforation is for another .30-40 shell filled with oil and tightly corked. Not as elaborate an arrangement as some of the traps found on the expensive rifles that come from across the "briny deep" but in every way a *practical* rig. The shells fit just tightly enough to be secure against dropping out though not so closely fitted as to require more than the thumb and finger nails to remove when wanted.

The stock has been refinished as well as the old rear sight slot in barrel "blanked" and a new slot carefully dove-tailed farther forward and gun fitted with Winchester sporting rear sight which has been worked over to prevent glitter in bright lights. As neither Mr. Woods nor myself had any use for the sling-ring on the receiver, he had disposed of the unnecessary ring by cutting off shank of screw that carried it leaving enough of the flanged portion in which a slot was cut like any ordinary screw head. This I have slightly altered and the ordinary observer would hardly know but what that screw was there for some purpose other than to fill an unnecessary hole. (Pointer: If ordering one of these carbines from factory stipulate that ring on frame be omitted).

From results secured at the target at various ranges with the regular high-power .30-30 cartridges, I am of the opinion that this $5\frac{1}{2}$ pound carbine would show as close grouping,

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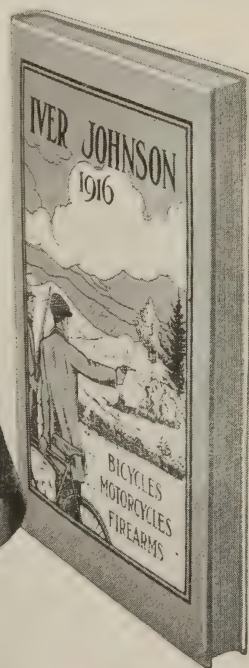
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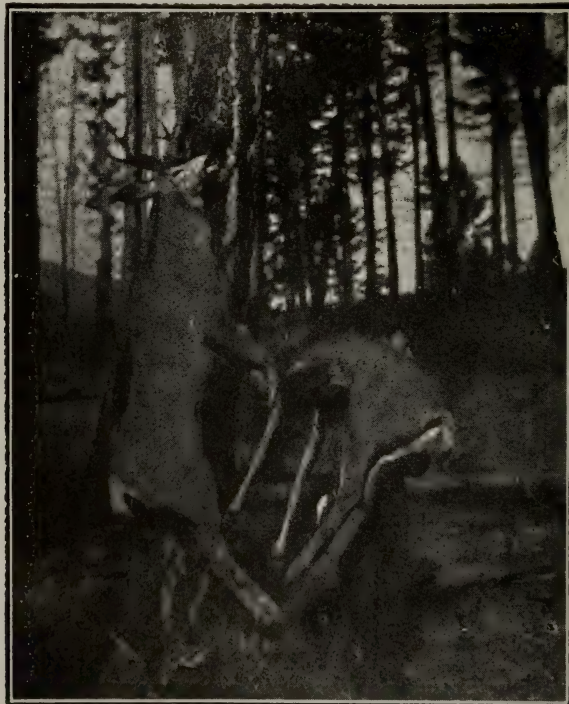
if the barrel were in new condition, as the regular weight carbine for the same cartridge—and I have several times made five-shot groups under five inches with these guns, from rest, at 200 yards, open sights.

On small game I used several light loads with excellent results. Any of them gave better killing results than any of the .22 rim fire cartridges with solid ball. (Too bad, I often think, that the merits of the hollow point .22's were not better known as *sure* killers of small game. Those who have never tried them, permit me to suggest trying some of the Lesmok, R.A.—U.M.C. hollow point .22's).

The lightest loads I tried in the little carbine were loaded with the insignificant charge of 1.1 grains Bull's Eye powder and a buck-shot. (Mr. Woods uses 1 grain B.E. with buck shot and gets good results.) Same charge of powder and the Ideal bullet 308252 also accounted for a good many grouse at distances under 30 yards. These I christened the "whisper" loads. Not much noise—a very desirable feature when hunting in deer districts. Not as accurate, of course, as the 2-grains Bull's Eye load and the Ideal 308252 bullet which the Ideal people strongly advocate for small game and target work at short range. Just before beginning this article, 30 shots were fired from the little carbine with this last load, from rest, open sights, at 50 feet. A dime will cover or touch

each of the groups, while I think if all the 30 shots had been fired on the same target a dime would cover or touch all 30 shots but of this cannot be absolutely certain as targets are torn a trifle making it difficult to plat on one target to determine the point. Am certain, however, that there would be no more than one shot that would not touch a spot the size of a dime. And this, remember, with open sights, a barrel in not better than average second hand condition, and a brisk wind blowing not to mention drifting snow to further make conditions worse.

In closing permit me to again state that this gun, nor any other that could be worked down to its Avourdupois, is, or would be, the gun that either Mr. Woods or myself would consider the best possible to produce for the really satisfactory lightweight deer rifle. Permit me to emphasize one fact, however, and that is that the practical tests made with it, incline us more than ever to the belief that the five-pound featherweight is *not* an impossibility, and should it ever appear it will not necessarily carry the hollowed-out butt-stock, the sole leather butt-plate, the aluminum magazine tube and wooden magazine plug in order to come within the specifications we have laid down for it. If built on the right foundation, the five-pound Featherweight deer rifle is easily possible, is in every way practicable, and for one I shall be ready to welcome the day when it is placed within our reach.



Author and last two victims of 5 1-2 lb. .30-30 Winchester carbine.

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THE .22 LONG RIFLE AS WOODCHUCK MEDICINE

By F. G. H.

I WAS much interested in the article appearing in a back number of Rod and Gun on the subject of the .22 long rifle cartridge used for shooting woodchucks. The writer of that article asked for the opinions and experiences of other readers along this line so I will say a few words on the subject.

I have made careful tests in this connection and have finally arrived at the conclusion that no .22 rim fire cartridge is suitable as a regular woodchuck load. The percentage of animals that get away wounded will greatly exceed the number of 'chucks actually secured and I am of the firm opinion that we ought not to use for hunting, rifles and ammunition that wound more times than they kill. The hollow point bullets in the long rifle size gave slightly better results than the solid ball but on the whole the remarks above apply to all types of .22 rim fire ammunition. A .22 Hi-Power Savage is the only correct 'medicine' for woodchucks unless one selects another arm of the ultra-high velocity class. As pointed out by Mr. Newton through these columns, a low velocity black powder rifle is not a safe arm to use for woodchuck hunting in settled districts and it is a fact that these arms cannot be speeded up to the 2800 f.s. velocity mark by reason of their design and the very limitations of the rifles themselves in which the black powder cartridges are used. Short, blunt pointed bullets speeded up are usually wanting in accuracy, take for example the 200-grain jacketed bullet of the .44 H.V. Winchester, this is a useless rifle for target work as those who have tried it out well know.

A woodchuck struck with a 70-grain .22 Hi-Power soft point bullet will be littered over the landscape. No crawling into holes if fairly struck. This is as it should be and though Mr. King in his excellent article on target rifles has commented on the meat-destroying propensities of the high velocity bullet, we are still firm in our belief that a woodchuck can hardly be killed too dead. Note in Mr. Newton's article where he gives some valuable facts re the comparative shocking powers of the slow velocity lead bullet, and that of the soft point, jacketed missile sent on at a high clip. Imagine a woodchuck making a get-away with a 500-grain .45-caliber lead slug in its body whereas a 70-grain .22-caliber soft point bullet at 2800 f.s. would have littered it for a fair. We believe in this same "littering" process in the woodchuck game as we believe in doing such business with neatness and dispatch. We dislike leaving a trail of suffering after us.

I use a .22 Hi-Power Savage fitted with Lyman tang sight 103 used in connection with the V-M front sight. This is the combination for my purposes though I am willing to admit that a telescope would be an additional advantage. But for metallic sights the Lyman and V-M will get my money. The rear sight regularly furnished on the arm has been removed and the slot filled in with a piece of hard-wood. The latter method of filling in the unsightly slot leaves as good an appearance as a steel slot as regularly used and saves one 'two bits.'

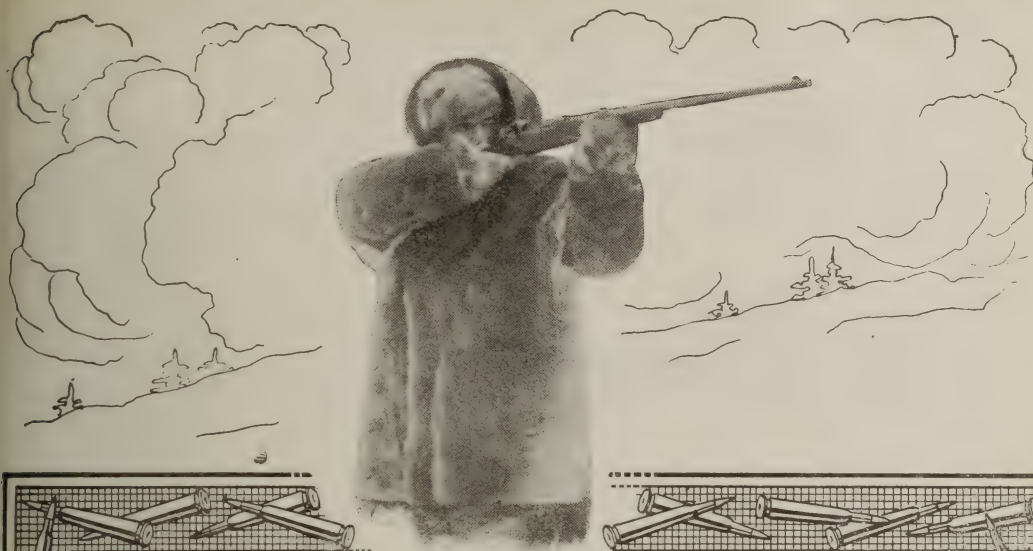
MR. A. L. KING'S ARTICLE IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

By H. G. B.

I HAVE never read an article in my life in the columns of the gun departments of any of the current magazines with such gripping interest as the article on the single shot target rifles by Mr. A. L. King in the February number of this Guns & Ammunition department. His remarks re the single shot proposition are both sane and logical and his opinions are such as will be shared by many. There is no comparison between the heavy barrelled, single shot target rifle and the light barrelled repeater handling the same cartridges. The single shot is the arm of the good rifle shot who, as Mr. King truly states has learned by aid of this excellent type of

arm, to hold long and steady and to 'let her off' only when good and ready.

His remarks re the Sharp's and the Ballard bring me back in memory to the days of the '80's when the newest thing in rifles was either a heavy Sharp's "Old Reliable," or an equally accurate-shooting Ballard. All the hardware stores from Toronto to Vancouver, and from New York City to 'Frisco handled these fine guns. Shining in their blued steel glory they lay in their racks serenely unconscious of the short span of life open to their kind. I have seen and handled hundreds of these rifles I dare say, and I have yet to see their equal for all-around reliability and kill-



"This gun does what I have read that other guns would do but they all failed me in the test, until I bought this gun of yours. No more misses within shooting distance; no more long tramps after wounded animals. I can now go out with the satisfaction of knowing that if I hold the gun true I can kill any of our animals as far as I can see to hold a rifle. And I want to tell you another thing, you hold the gun better and shoot better when you have the confidence that the Ross inspires."

RALPH EDMUNDS, Lawyer,
Idaho Falls, Idaho.

The above extract indicates better than anything we can say the reason why the most experienced sportsmen use the Ross .280. Accuracy, low trajectory and tremendous power make it an essential factor towards a successful hunt.

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For target shooting, the Ross .22 Cadet Rifle is unexcelled. Young and old alike find the greatest pleasure in its use. It has been adopted by the Canadian Government for use by Cadet Corps.

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ing power. They were absolutely *the thing* in guns in the eighties and no sportsman's collection of shooting irons was complete without one or more Ballard or Sharp's. They surpassed any rifle made abroad in their time.

I remember with delight the first Sharp's rifle which came into my possession. It was a rifle after the model illustrated in Mr. King's article—the hammerless "Old Reliable"—but of .45-70 caliber, shooting the United States Government cartridge with its 70-grains of black powder and 500-grain lead ball. This combination was a killer. No second shots were usually required to bring down a deer, and the recoil, due to the splendid proportions and excellent balance of the whole arm, was not nearly so great as that of rifles of to-day firing the same cartridge—the 1886 Winchester "Extra Light Weight" model for example. This latter arm has a reputation for 'kicking like a steer' and lives up to it fully.

To return to my .45-70 Sharp's I want to state that in the supposedly 'improved' form of Sharp's now obtainable most of the so called 'improvements' were in reality nothing but backward moves. No one can honestly claim that the single shot hammer Winchester is locked any stronger (if as strongly) than the old Sharp's hammerless. Also who will claim that the appearance of the Winchester as it stands to-day is more pleasing than that of the hammerless arm of Christian Sharp? The old Sharp's model is to-day perfectly worthy and capable of being made over to modern requirements, provided the old arm is in good enough shape to warrant such expenditure. A nickel steel barrel fitted to the frame, the firing pin worked over as also the breech-block—and there you are gentlemen. An old Sharp's fitted with a 30-inch round nickel steel barrel chambered for say the .30-30 cartridge makes a very desirable combination and in all respects equal to the .30 W. C. F. single shot gun made nowadays at the New Haven plant.

Yes, I plead guilty to a fondness still for the "old-timers." They did their part well and faithfully and since, in the hands of a good gunsmith, they have proven themselves perfectly capable of being worked over to meet modern shooting requirements I am just con-

servative enough to come out plunk and plain with the assertion that such rifles as "The Old Reliable" Sharp's are by no means back numbers, even in these days of 1916.

(We too, are interested in the old 'peace-makers'—the Sharp's Henry, early model rim-fire Winchester of the vintage of '66, the later model of '76 put on the market by the 'Red W' people and yclept "Centennial", the early model Remingtons, etc., etc. We believe that these arms are entitled to a place in the archives of gun lore and with this end in view have secured the promise of Mr. Ashley A. Haines to contribute a series of articles on these old rifles,—charcoal burners though they may be,—in the very near future.)

We believe that such a series will be of great interest to the readers of this magazine, the more so when we consider that we are standing on the threshold of a new era so far as advances in guns and ammunition are concerned. Newer types are constantly replacing the old but as H. G. B. says, it is with a spirit of respect none the less, that we look back on the staunch old favorites of another age and realize that so far as their active manufacture is concerned their day is indeed ended.

It is true that the old Sharp's can be 'made over to modern requirements' but nevertheless does the old gun savor entirely of the days when the buffalo were with us in numbers a transcontinental railroad a thing yet to be, and the Sioux Indian a factor with which to contend. Nothing can bring back to us the bands of wild life which roamed the plains at the time when the Sharp's and the Spencer first came on the scene any more than can the type of men who handled those weapons be brought forth from their graves to look upon the desolation wrought on the old hunting grounds.

It is not necessary here to speak of the ability of Mr. Haines to conduct such a series. The opinions of this authority are listened to with respect wherever the word 'fire-arm' is known and he has long made a study of the old types of American 'nation builders.' For it was indeed by the aid of the smoking rifle that the west was conquered and the frontier pushed off the map—Editor.)

A STUDY IN PEPPER-BOXES

By S. L. Doolittle

ONE of the earlier ancestors of the modern revolver is the pepper box pistol, in use a century ago. Preceding the successful assimilation of the revolving chamber with a single barrel, the pepper box adopted the first principle and appropriated to itself a distinct barrel for every shot in the chamber. The illustration sets forth a family group of these chubby mouthed, multi-barreled all-revolving fellows. The central piece answers to the little sobriquet of "My Friend." It is a ferocious rascal, for not only has it seven shots to dispose of, but by grasping the cy-

linder in the hand and putting the little finger through the hole in the stock it becomes a formidable "knuckle duster." It is .22 caliber. The large one in the photo is similar but goes one better, being .32 caliber. Just below the central one and a little to the right is a three barreled pepper-box (one of the rarest of the pepper-box family) made by the Manhattan Mfg. Co., New York. It has to be turned by hand from one barrel to the other, a spring stud stopping the barrels at the proper places.

Next above this is a four barrel piece em-



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bellished with brass frame and ivory stock grips. It has a folding trigger, the barrels being stamped "Pecare & Smithy's Patent, 1849, New York." Over the end of each barrel is a small front sight, the hammer being sufficiently at one side to allow sighting past it; this is a rare one.

Among the number is a very patrician chap a six-shooter made by Allan & Thurber of Worcester, Mass. and patented in 1837. It is in beautiful condition and boasts silver insets in the stock. A more freakish pair made by Bacon & Co., Norwich, Ct., have "under-hammers"; the act of cocking turns the barrels. A short barrel, five shot, and a long barrel, six shot (anonymous) have ring triggers which when pulled back turn the barrels and pull back the hammer which at the right point slips off and shoots the under barrel.

Beautiful engraving and finely checkered grips are the glory of an English one which comes from "Smiths, London." Another is similar but has no name. A very excellent specimen of the gunmaker's art is a six shot made by "W. Chance & Son, London." It has German silver frame elaborately engraved and grips of the very finest checkering, being in very fine condition. A similar nameless one has English proof marks but is however so traitorous as to have its knob butt stock of German silver.

It took me a long time to secure a hammerless one, made by Robbins & Lawrence, Windsor, Vt. (Leonard's Patent 1849) but I finally secured the fine specimen in the illustration; it has five barrels about .32 caliber. An interesting little piece is the six shot (pinfire) forefinger just in front of the central pistol. It has folding triggers and is in good condition. The smaller one above is a five shot for .22 caliber cartridges and has a device for turning the barrels while the ring trigger is being pulled. This is a choice rarity; Remington's (Eliott Patent) are responsible for it.

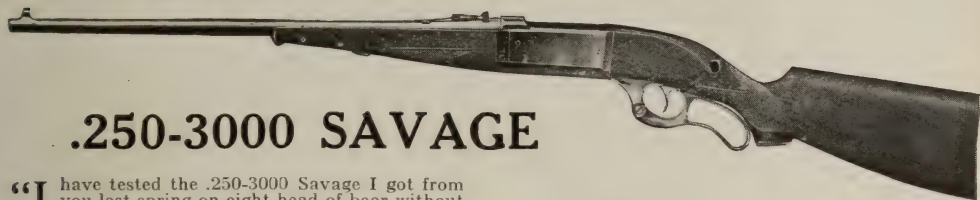
The pepper-boxes have served their day, rudely, crudely but faithfully at least. Their bulk rendered them difficult to carry but after all they would shoot (somewhere). It is remarkable with what artistic and clever workmanship many of them were placed upon the market, especially by the English makers. In my boyhood a long barreled pepper-box—six inches in fact—caused me considerable diversion, more or less harmless, at least to my target. The old pepper box has long since been replaced as my target pistol, but as a student of firearms I still find it most interesting as a picturesque relic of the past.

In a later issue I will show some highly interesting pieces in early makes of rifles, guns and small-arms from my collection of some seven hundred pieces.



A Study in Pepper-boxes: part of the collection of Mr. S. L. Doolittle, St. Marys, Ont.

Eight Bears with Nine Shots



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"I have tested the .250-3000 Savage I got from you last spring on eight head of bear without a miss, and only shot one of them the second time."

That is the work the .250-3000 Savage did for Mr. James R. Gill, an experienced Idaho hunter, and is the sort of work this remarkable gun has been doing this year all over the country.

It shows the .250-3000 Savage's accuracy is worth while—every shot was a hit.

It shows that its flat trajectory is worth while—no over or under shooting, and Mr. Gill says the ranges varied up to 400 yards.

It shows that its terrific killing power was worth while—only one bear out of eight needed a second shot.

In details and finish the .250-3000 Savage is fully equal to the expensive European rifles which it totally outclasses in accuracy, convenience and efficiency. It has the original Savage solid breech, hammerless six shot repeating action, the only American action strong enough and safe enough for the highest concentration.

Takedown pattern, 22-inch tapered round high-pressure steel barrel with integral front sight base, checked extra full pistol grip stock and forearm, checked trigger and corrugated steel butt-plate, weight 7 lbs., price \$30.00. Cartridges with soft nose or full metal cased bullets, \$4.20 per hundred.

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AN IMPROVEMENT FOR THE MODEL 1914 .22 CALIBER SAVAGE

WHILE to many without a doubt, the stock model 1914 Savage tubular repeater of .22-caliber as issued from the factory, is an arm capable of no further improvement, still to at least one gun crank there has always been one feature of the arm which, to him, could be greatly benefitted by a slight overhauling. I refer to the pistol grip as supplied on this model.

Short, full, sharply curved and square at the bottom, it left nothing to be desired as regards shape and general outline, it was in truth a miniature Wundhammer grip, put on the gun to steady the hand and to keep one's fingers from slipping down the stock—but it was not protected, and a slight blow on this portion of the stock will often chip a neat sliver of the finest of pistol grips be the latter not covered by a horn, steel, or rubber cap.

We took up the matter with the Savage Arms Co. of Utica, N. Y. and through the courtesy of Mr. De Angelis, a made-to-order .22-caliber tubular repeater was soon on its way 'uswards'. When the arm arrived we found that it was fitted with a selected walnut stock of a beautiful dark curly grain, beautiful to behold, and the excellent Savage pistol grip was *rubber capped*. Yes sir, a neat cap of rubber was screwed to the bottom of the grip leaving an appearance most aesthetic and affording absolute protection to the projecting wood.

The arm as it now stands is equipped with Lyman tang 2A and V-M front sight—the latter being manufactured by the Marble

Arms & Mfg. Co., of Gladstone, Mich. It may be of interest to the readers to know that this combination of front and rear sights is a most desirable one for an arm of the .22-caliber repeater type and with this particular arm, tests from muzzle rest showed surprising accuracy using Long Rifle 'Lesmok' ammunition.

As to whether the manufacturers will see their way clear in the near future to regularly supply their model 1914 repeaters with the rubber capped pistol grip, we are at present unable to state. Certain it is however that at present nothing of a special nature will be undertaken by the folks at Utica, buried as they are in war orders up to their ears. All of which bothers us not in the least, we have our rifle and moreover we intend to hold on to it as it looks to us as something really worthy of a rifle crank's admiration. The long tapering fore-end, the neat unobstructive magazine which also is of decent length, the uncomplicated shotgun safety, simple take-down feature, beautifully shaped stock of a grain rarely met with in these days of varnished basswood slabs turned out by the million, termed 'walnut' and fitted to tangs, and last but not least the short full rubber-capped pistol grip, all these features and others of an equally worthy nature go to make up what appears to us, to be a mighty desirable .22-caliber repeater.

In a subsequent issue of this magazine will appear photos of this rifle showing the features touched upon above.

THE FAVORITE HUNTING ARM OF THE NORTH

By G. H. Burton

I HAVE been an interested reader of this magazine ever since the gun department came into being and I have followed with the greatest interest the various interesting discussions which have been held from time to time through these columns.

Right here in the Peace River district the favorite arm of the hunter, trader, trapper and homesteader is without doubt the .30-30. Why it should be so I cannot definitely explain unless this caliber has been so thoroughly proven to have the 'punch' necessary to knock over coyotes, timber wolves and other game of these parts that the conservative hunters prefer to pin their faith to a proven game-getter than trust their luck to newer fads in the rifle and ammunition line.

That the .30-30 carbine in Winchester, Savage and Marlin makes meets with the most general favor is also unquestionable.

The carbine has almost identically the same accuracy as the longer barreled rifle, it is most decidedly handier to carry and quicker unlimbered and gotten into action. A .30-30 carbine will be found to have equal killing power at all game ranges with the rifle, this has been tested out repeatedly and any slight falling-off in theoretical feet lbs. energy of the carbine at the extreme ranges cuts practically no ice so far as actual getting the bacon is concerned.

The greatest reason for the popularity of the .30-30 ammunition itself is not necessarily because of any excess of power in this caliber. While the .30-30 is undoubtedly powerful enough for practically all large game found in these parts, there are however times when a slightly more powerful caliber is desirable. The reason for the popularity among northern hunters of the .30-30 lies principally in the

The Wagon Shop That Became the Largest Automobile Factory in the British Empire

Back in 1903, the town of Walkerville, Ontario was possessed of a concern called the Walkerville Wagon Company.

If, on some day when business was not rushing, the general manager, Gordon M. McGregor, wished to take a little stroll, he could walk around his shop in about 2 minutes by the factory clock.

Nobody would have believed at that time that this shop would, in a few years, develop into the largest plant of its kind in the Empire having a floor acreage of over 435,000 square feet and making 3 times as many cars as any other automobile factory in the British Empire. But so it has come to pass.

Through the efforts of Mr. McGregor and his Canadian associates, this wagon shop has been turned into the great Ford plant at Ford City, Ont.

The factory today is one of the industrial show places of Canada.

Here are the highest paid automobile mechanics in the Empire who put their best into the building of a car that has won its way into the confidence of the Canadian public.

Here are hundreds of machines designed by Ford engineers, which are marvels of the industrial world.

Many of them would do the work of an ordinary sized automobile company in a week or so. But because of the demand for Ford cars they are kept busy the year round.

Here a new Canadian Ford car is born every three and one-half minutes.

Here workmen are busily engaged in making additions so that the production of cars may keep pace with the demand. There never has been a time since war began when gangs of men where not at work expanding the plant, literally building for the future.

Look in at the power plant and you will see two monster 650 horse-power gas engines. What a contrast to the early days when the factory power was derived from the hind wheel of a Model "C" car!

In the immense heat treatment plant, Vanadium steel, the most expensive and best of steels, is heat-treated the Ford way. Here each steel part is especially prepared for the stress and strain it will have to withstand in the completed car.

The machine shop contains many wonderful sights for the visitor. There are long rows of very expensive gear cutting machines. And there is the great machine that mills 48-cylinders at one time! And another that drills 45 holes at once in a cylinder casting from sides, top and bottom. Marvelous speed and equally marvelous accuracy!

Then there is the handsome office building in which close to 200 workers are employed. In all there are over 30,000 people dependent on the Canadian Ford Plant for their support.

In this plant the Ford car is constructed practically in its entirety—even the steel, as mentioned above, is refined here.

Furthermore, and here is a record rarely found in other large Canadian factories, all but \$16.88 worth of material used in the making of the Canadian Ford is bought right here in Canada. Few products can lay claim to being so strictly "Made in Canada" as the Ford car.

Consider what this means to Canadian industry when it includes such immense purchases as 25,000 tons of

steel, 1,500 tons of brass, etc., 120,000 wheels, 200,000 lamps, and other materials in proportion. Practically the entire output of several large Canadian factories employing hundreds of workmen is taken by the Ford plant at Ford City, Ont.

But great as this influence is for the increased prosperity of the Empire, it does not stop there. All over the Empire are Ford Dealers who are important factors in increasing the wealth and prosperity of their communities.

The spirit of faith in the future that has prompted the Ford Canadian Company to proceed with a policy of full-speed ahead in times that have seemed to many to require the use of extraordinary caution and conservatism is a happy, progressive, enthusiastic spirit that is radiated in every city or town of any size in the whole Dominion and in the Empire over the seas through the Ford Dealer whom you will find there.

Besides this there are the nine branches in Canada and one in Melbourne, Australia, four of which have been rebuilt since war began at a cost of over \$1,000,000, that are powerful supports to these dealers in being elements of first importance in adding to the wealth and progress of the nation.

But, phenomenal as the development of the Ford Plant has been, its great success was not attained without its share of great difficulties.

The first three years of its existence were somewhat precarious. The first car was not shipped from the factory, until six months after the company was organized. Nowadays, 20,000 cars would have been shipped in that time.

The first main building was a two and a half story brick structure and the entire plant occupied about one acre of ground. The machinery consisted of one solitary drill press.

But from 1910 on, the business increased so fast that it was difficult for the plant capacity to keep pace with the sales and additional buildings and equipment were constantly being constructed and installed.

In 1911 the output was 2,400 cars, in 1912, 6,500 cars were built, and so on up to this year's estimated production of 40,000 cars.

The executives of the Canadian Ford Company make no consideration of the war. They are so thoroughly Canadian in their ideals that they take the prosperity of Canada and the triumph of Britain and her allies as accomplished facts.

No stops have been made in their plans for progress—not the slightest hesitation has been evidenced in developing this great Canadian Plant to its highest degree of efficiency on account of the war.

As evidence of this \$652,000 has been spent on new buildings at Ford City—a million dollars has been spent on new equipment—over a million dollars was expended on branches in four Canadian cities—and 900 men have been added to the payroll—all this in a belligerent country during the progress of the greatest war the world has ever seen.

In addition, the price of the Ford car has been reduced \$120 since that memorable August 1, 1914.

So then, this is the story of the wagon shop that became the great Canadian Ford Plant. An industry that is proud to say that it builds its product from Canadian material, with Canadian workmen and that backs its Canadian patriotism with its hard cash.

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited Ford, Ontario

Ford Runabout	- - -	\$480
Ford Touring	- - -	530
Ford Coupelet	- - -	730
Ford Sedan	- - -	890
Ford Town Car	- - -	780
f. o. b. Ford, Ontario		



2-F

All cars completely equipped, including electric headlights. Equipment does not include speedometer.

fact that not a store or trading post even in the remotest regions but carries this ammunition, something not the case with such sizes as the .401 Selfloading Winchester, .30-40, .30-caliber 1906, and others. No Peace River trapper or hunter ever fears running out of .30-30 ammunition provided a trading post be near and the money or credit wherewith to lay in a fresh supply of shells at his command.

Occasionally we run across hunters who use the 1873 Winchester of .44-40 caliber, but

these cases are far and few between. This size is a hopeless back-number and is not suitable for the requirements of the northern big game hunter. The few trappers who cling to these ancient arms are usually ignorant half-breeds or stolid Indians whose familiarity with firearms is born chiefly of experiences where shots at 'yarded' moose unable to get away, and at trapped game figured. Even these are learning the superiority of the more powerful arm.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

Some .250-3000 Savage Experiences.

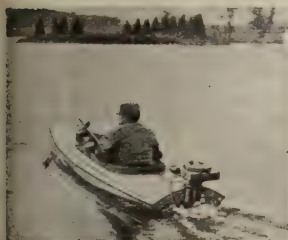
Editor, Guns and Ammunition: Yesterday I discovered the first copy of your magazine that has come to my attention, and was immediately much interested,—so much so that I would be glad to have you put me on your subscription list for the next year.

I read with much interest T. R. G.'s article entitled "The .250-3000 Savage not a Rabbit Rifle." I had much the same experience with one of these powerful little guns, which I purchased in November. The first living thing I shot with it was a cottontail rabbit, which was moving rather slowly away from me a quartering to the left, at a distance of about forty feet. The bullet struck the rabbit on the ham and the rabbit disappeared. I walked over to the spot where he had been and found his entrails festooned over the bushes for a space of ten feet square. Bits of fur and flesh lay all about. The skull had been broken to pieces and opened out flat, the scalp holding it together and the ears still attached. That was all that was left. The

following morning we started out after venison. I left the camp about 6.30 and found nothing of interest until about 8.30, when I was walking along the edge of a precipitous bluff, which descended about 300 feet down, straight into the river. Before me and behind me about two hundred yards each way were hardwood ridges, the tops of which were slightly elevated above my position. The ground was covered with fallen leaves, making walking, even with great care, a noisy business. As I moved slowly along, I heard behind me the leaves rustling, and turned quickly and dropped down behind a little cedar tree, throwing my rifle forward as I did so. Coming down the slope directly toward me was a very large whitetail buck, running rapidly, evidently having been alarmed by some of the other hunters in the party. At a distance of about 150 yards, I centered the bead on his chest and fired. With the shot he fell end over end for a distance of about thirty feet, as I have seen shot rabbits do, but never before did I see a buck deer execute such a



After the buck was cleaned and brought into camp: "Me" with satisfied smirk.



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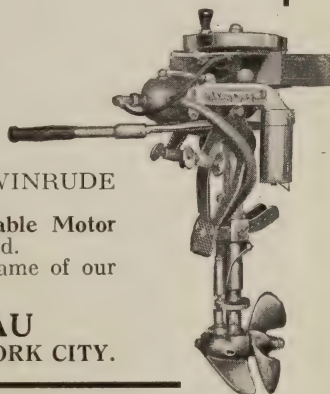
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tremendous flip-flop. He landed with his forelegs doubled under him, but recovered himself and immediately plunged down the hillside. He made about two jumps and I put him down again to stay. The last shot fired struck him in the back of the head. When I opened him up I found that the first shot had hit him right in the "sticking place" in the chest. The heart and lungs were simply blown to bits, not a piece remaining of either larger than a finger, and the entrails were full of such pieces. The stomach had been filled with acorns, and several of these were driven through the flesh between the ribs and up under the skin on each side. The body cavity was completely filled with blood, bleeding having been entirely internal. This buck weighed a trifle over 200 pounds dressed, and was in prime condition; just as fat as butter. He was what we call a "four point" buck; that is, four points to each antler. He had been shot at several times before, as I found BB shot under the skin on his legs and one in his ear; a buck shot in one leg just above the knee, and the scars on skin and in the ribs showed where he had been shot through from side to side a long time before with about a .32 caliber ball which did not spread or mushroom, as both scars were the same size, and where it passed through the rib bone it drilled a clean hole without splintering or breaking.

I have killed several turkeys with this rifle, and in each instance the turkey was extremely dead, as I took body shots—for I can't depend on hitting a turkey's head at any great distance, and would rather have a turkey torn up a little than no turkey at all. I shot

several squirrels with it, but as they were plentiful I did not shoot at any which I could not either "bark" or shoot in the head, so they were all right. This is the third Savage rifle I have used, the others being the .30-30 and .303 Featherweight models, which I used in Panama in 1912 on deer, jaguar, peccary, ocelot, monkey, and other animals. The .250-3000 has a terribly explosive effect which neither of the other guns possessed, although they were killers. I have lost deer down there on account of the thickness of the bush which I believe the terrific "punch" of the .250-3000 would have prevented from travelling so far.

The only disadvantages I have found in this gun are, first, that it seems to be chambered so tightly that any variation in the size of the cartridge case makes trouble. I had one shell stick so hard that I could not close the breech, and lost a shot on account of it. Second, on account of the extremely sharp twist of the rifling, there is a little tendency to foul, especially with the copper jacketed bullets; however, Winchester Crystal Cleaner takes this out with almost no more trouble than is necessary to simply clean the gun, so that doesn't count for much. Its power, accuracy, thorough-bred lines, the rapidity with which its mechanism can be handled, all combine to make it an ideal weapon for use on all game up to and including elk, in my estimation.

I enclose a couple of not very good photos.

Yours truly,

H. A. S.

Carthage, Mo.

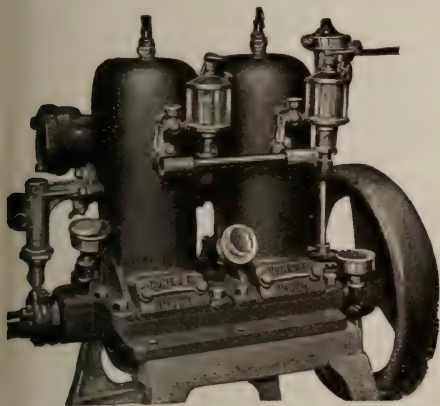


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16-oz. \$2.25. Bovril Cordial, large, \$1.25; 5-oz. 40c. 16-oz. Johnston's
Fluid Beef (Vimbos) \$1.20.



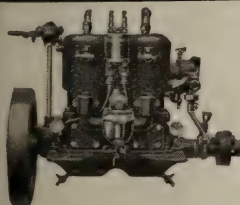
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Why have you not written for our latest catalogue? You will want a motor in a hurry some of these fine days, and you will want the Honest Injun, and we will be behind in our orders. They are coming in from coast to coast, why not yours? No other firm in Canada is in a better position to give prompt delivery than we are at present. From a 3 H.P. to a 28 H.P. we make 9 different combinations and can fill orders at the earliest possible time for 8 different sizes. We want your order and will use all fair means to get it. Write to-day for our catalogue and see the most up-to-date engine made of the 2 cycle type and the most reasonable in price, and be convinced as others are.

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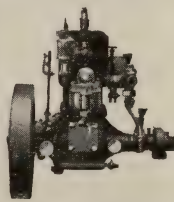
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A Letter from Lieut. Townsend Whelen.

Following is a paragraph from a letter received at this office from Lieut. Whelen, U. S. A. now stationed in the Canal Zone. We feel that the Lieutenant's account of the hunting conditions down in Panama will be of great interest to the readers of the Guns and Ammunition Department, so publish it for their benefit.

Nov. 26, 1915.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition: I am having the time of my life down here. Last Sunday I had a regular battle all day long with the giant Iguana lizzards and crocodiles. I had two 6 foot Iguanas drop in my canoe, and at least 10 drop within five feet of it. When a 6 foot Iguana jumps from the top of a 60 foot tree alongside your canoe there is something doing in the way of a splash, to say nothing of when he drops in the canoe itself. I shot these Iguanas with the Springfield loaded with the 150 grain service bullet and 17 grains of Marksman powder. It is a dandy load for small game where you don't want to tear things all to pieces, and moreover it will shoot accurately in a rifle which has fouling in it from a high power shell, which no lead alloy load will do. I saw one crocodile about 16 feet long. He dived within 10 feet of my canoe. I shot another slightly smaller crocodile with my Springfield loaded with the Newton, copper jacketed, protected point, 170 grain bullet backed with 47.5 grains of Du Pont No. 20 powder. That certainly is a killing load. A crocodile is a very hard reptile to kill instantly. You practically never get them when they are shot as they almost always manage to struggle into the water. This crocodile was lying on a log in the water. I hit him in the side of the neck. The bullet turned him around so that he was balanced crosswise on the log, both head and tail in the water, but killed him so instantly that he was unable to struggle sufficiently to get off the log. Where the bullet came out of the side of his neck was a hole large enough to get my big fist into. The bullet did not cut the back bone. I notice that while there seems to be no difference between the suddenness with which this load and the .250-3000 Savage kill deer, yet with this 170 grain bullet the bullet seems to hold together and always goes clear through a deer, leaving a big hole on the opposite side, while the .250 never goes clear through on a body shot."

Very sincerely,

(Signed) Townsend Whelen.

Camp Gaillard, Culebra,
Canal Zone, Panama.

Removing Lead from a Rifle Barrel and the .25-20 H. V. for Deer.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition: I have been a subscriber to this magazine for the last two years and have always taken a great interest in Queries & Answers and by so doing have learned a lot about guns and ammunition of which I was ignorant before. I want to take the liberty of asking you a question or two. How is the best way to get lead and rust out of a rifle barrel? Do you think a .25-20 Winchester model 1892 using U. M. C.

smokeless powder is strong enough for deer? I would be very pleased if you would answer these questions.
Toronto, Ont.

H. A. A.

(I have your favor of recent date and in reply to your query as to the method of cleaning out a leaded and rusted .22-caliber barrel would advise that a barrel in this condition can never be doped into satisfactory condition again and a new barrel to be fitted to the gun is the only remedy if you wish to have an arm capable of anything like accuracy.

'Quicksilver is only half-way efficient' states one of our authorities, and we agree with him. The quicksilver may indeed remove the lead in a fashion but it cannot remove the rust set up under the leading and which will, in the course of a few days, ruin the accuracy of the finest Pope or Schoyen barrel.

Lieut. Whelen went pretty thoroughly into the matter of the .25-20 model 1892 Winchester using factory loaded high velocity ammunition and we hardly think it necessary to add much more to his statements.

We will say however, that we consider an arm possessing much greater energy strongly indicated. We are firm in the belief that deer shooting calls for an arm possessing real shocking and lacerating power and these features are present on but a puny scale in the case of the .25-20 H. V. We agree with those hunters who believe that a rifle capable of stopping the big buck with one shot is worth a car load of those arms whose most obvious capabilities seem to be limited to inflicting painful wounds and ultimately furnishing free lunches for the wolves. No arm within reasonable limits possesses any surplus killing power.

A .30-30, .303-Savage, .35 Remington, .250-3000 Savage, .33 Marlin or .303 Ross would be much more satisfactory arms in every respect and there are those amongst us to-day who are of the firm belief that rifles of the .30-30 class are insufficiently powerful for deer. We have had much matter on this interesting subject in the past and have much of a similar nature on hand for future publication. We hope this will interest you.
Editor.)

The .401 Winchester Self-Loader not a Target Rifle.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition I would be extremely obliged if you would help me in the following—I have a .401 Winchester automatic and am by no means an expert and the sight with which the arm is now equipped is the usual one they put on these rifles.

I want you to recommend me a tip-top sight. Do you consider this rifle heavy enough in its striking power for Canadian big game?

Also, I want to get a first class .22. Will you give me your advice in the matter?
Kelowna East, B. C. F. L. H.

(I have your favor of recent date enclosing stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Right here at the start allow me to advise that the .401 Self-Loading Winchester is not, will never be and has never been a desirable target arm by merit, not only of its mechanism, but also by reason of the nature of the am-

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munition to which it is adapted. For hunting purposes at short range it is used by some hunters to good advantage but all things considered this arm is not what we could call an ideal hunting rifle.

A set of target sights on a rifle of this model would in our opinion be very much out of place. However, taking it for granted that you are satisfied with the arm as it stands and taking it for a fact that the gun is at present fitted with the ordinary buck-horn rear and blade front sight, we would suggest as a beginning that you remove the regular rear sight from the barrel and insert a Lyman or Marble blank slot piece made for your arm. The next move which we would suggest would be to have the rifle fitted with a Lyman Receiver sight No. 41. This is a very desirable rear sight for this arm and is, in fact the only special rear sight made for the gun. It is adjustable both for windage and elevation. For a front sight we would suggest either a gold, ivory, brass, steel, silver or other form of bead sight or the chances are that a V-M-front sight as made for this rifle might give good satisfaction. The latter sight is at present manufactured by the Marble Arms & Mfg. Co., Gladstone, Mich.

The above description constitutes what, to our mind is a "tip top" front and rear sight. They are much in advance of the rifle to which we are considering having them fitted. If you wish to turn your attention to an arm capable of far greater accuracy we will be most happy to put you on the way to securing such a weapon.

We are publishing much matter in this department on the .22-caliber rifle topic and if you would read up these discussions carefully we believe that your query re the choice of a suitable .22 rifle will be answered. We would suggest that you refer to our reply to "A. W. MacG." in the February issue in Queries & Answers. This may go a long way towards helping you to a selection. In your letter you do not state for what purpose you desire the arm. Any of the standard makes are on a par so far as workmanship and material are concerned.

If you would write me again advising fully as to what style of shooting you intend to indulge in with your .22 we will be pleased to give you all the hints which may possibly aid you.

We would also like to help you out further in locating a decent hunting and target rifle as I believe in fact I am certain, that the .401 Winchester is not the gun for your work. Fine Lyman target sights are as out of place on this rifle 'as a Rembrandt painted on a chicken coop'. The comparison in quotation marks is one of Mr. Crossman's but we believe bears equally on this case. Editor.)

.25-35 or .30 1906 Necked Down to .25-caliber

Editor, Guns and Ammunition: I read with interest the article "Small Game Rifles" by Lieut. Whelen in the October and November numbers. In regard to the accuracy of this special rifle using the .25-35 W. C. F. cartridge and its being able to hit the head of a squirrel up to one hundred yards would say that I have at present a Springfield 1906 and wish to have Mr. A. O. Neidner of Malden, Mass. fit same

with one of his .25-caliber barrels, 28-inches in length using the Niedner chamber and the .30-cal. U. S. G. 1906 shell necked down to .25-caliber. Now what I want you to tell me is this—will this rifle using proper load give as good accuracy as the .25-35 single shot rifle described by Lieut. Whelen in the November and October issues?

Enclosed please find stamped envelope for reply.

Jamaica, N. Y.

E. T. G.

(I have your favor of the 27th of December enclosing stamped addressed envelope for my reply to some queries as to the relative merits of the .25-35 single shot rifle described by Lieut. Whelen in the October and November issues and the special arms turned out by Mr. Niedner using the 1906 U. S. Government shell necked down to .25-caliber handling the 117-gr. jacketed bullet.

We would advise that the .25-35 single shot Winchester even when re-chambered on Mr. Niedner's excellent system does not develop sufficient energy to adapt the arm for other than small game among which may be mentioned woodchucks, foxes, coyotes, etc., while on the other hand the necked-down .30-caliber 1906 shell loaded with a suitable charge of powder and the 117-grain bullet develops a killing power which would almost lead one to believe the arm suitable for large game.

As to accuracy would say that from all reports Mr. Niedner's special .25-caliber rifles are in a class by themselves and we believe that you will find the necked-down .30-caliber 1906 shell a more generally satisfactory proposition inasmuch as you will be able to hand load this shell in such a manner so as to duplicate the performance of the regular .25-35 load, but you cannot work up the .25-35 so as to produce the results of which Mr. Niedner's 1906 necked-down shell is capable. We have described the .25-35 as suitable only for small game notwithstanding the fact that many hunters use this caliber as their regular deer rifle. Personally we do not consider it a suitable rifle for such game though under favorable circumstances it has brought in the venison. I trust that this will be the information you desire and will be pleased to hear from you again on this interesting subject. Editor.)

Supplementary Chambers.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition: I may say that I take an especially keen interest in the gun department and would be pleased if you would see your way clear in some future issue to give any information you can about the use of supplementary chambers and revolver cartridges used in high power rifles, say .30-caliber pump action Remington.

Stratford, Ont.

W. O.

(We would advise that fairly good results can be obtained in your high power rifle by means of auxiliary chamber and pistol cartridges. This method of indoor shooting is used by many military organizations here and in the U. S. and some really good scores are turned in under these conditions. Taking it as a whole however, we generally prefer to work

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For full particulars see "WHERE TO FISH AND HUNT" or write to
General Passenger Dept., 68 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.

up suitable short range charges in the regular shell and would suggest that you consult your *Ideal Hand Book* on this interesting subject. See page 32. Editor).

Some Boquets, also some Suggestions.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition: I esteem it an honor to have my recent offering accorded a place in your department, as to which I will go you one better, and say it is the best thing of the sort, bar none. Its one and only object seems to be helpful to its readers,—not to impress them with the infallible wisdom of its Editor and contributors, or the super-excellence of any particular arm. The gun department is the best part of *Rod and Gun*. By the time I get to the end of the story, I neither remember nor care whether that fish weighed 7 lbs. or 17, or whether it was in Lake Scugog or in Lake Nipissing the lucky guy caught it. But a practical pointer in the guns and ammunition line which I can make use of to my own advantage and satisfaction;—that is worth remembering.

Accounts in many local papers of rifle matches being held throughout the country seem to indicate a revival of interest in what may be called "elementary marksmanship", in which low-priced .22-caliber rifles are used at point-blank ranges, free from problems of trajectory and wind influence. You have already given some excellent practical articles on the use and care of the .22-caliber and the choice of ammunition. Summarize it and put it over again. It will be new to the 1916 crop of marksmen. If the boys are using the .22-caliber guns in local contests, they will be interested in articles dealing with the subject.

I have noted with pleasure your evident dislike at attempts to "put over" on you extracts from catalogues. Your point of view is very different from that of the catalogue writer and his plagiarists. Catalogue literature is too much of the "special pleading" type. No one would ever learn from it that the .22 long rim fire is a punk cartridge, but would be led to believe that it has all the good qualities of the .22 short in an increased degree and some others as well. Such a small matter as serious loss of accuracy is altogether too trivial to be mentioned in an arms catalogue.

Existing literature on the .22-caliber, (and some others), runs a little towards recording instances of its extreme possible efficiency under ideal and exceptional conditions. You might strike a new note, a practical and useful one, by treating the .22-caliber arm from the opposite view-point,—its limitations, what not to expect of it. You might discuss the various conditions which prevent any rifle from displaying its maximum efficiency; and the best remedy for each wrong condition.

By way of friendly criticism I would remind you that through long experience with firearms you have absorbed a lot of knowledge which now seems to you to be obvious to everyone. You cannot recall when, where or how you learned some points. You did not read them. The moral of this is:—don't be afraid of making your department too elementary. Put over plenty of stuff for the advanced classes, but make things plain and easy for the beginners as well. You might often clear up

some point for an old-timer who did not want to display his ignorance by asking questions about firearms after having posed as the man who told the inventor how to make them.

The owner of the .22-caliber rifle may easily determine for his own satisfaction the limit of accurate flight of a .22-short bullet fired from it. A box of semi-smokeless or Lesmok 22-shorts; and a good steady rest, will put the problem up to the rifle. If it is up to the average and in good order, he should be able to cut the standard bullseye at 25 yards with every shot of a string of 5 or 10. The sight-adjustment being O.K. at that range, he would best leave it alone and adopt the "group" test at longer ranges. If he shoots a string at a longer range there will be a group or cluster of hits below the center, and if the rifle has been as well held as at 25 yards a bullseye of proportionate size should catch all of the shots if the bullets maintain their accurate flight up to that distance. Bullseyes may be cut from cardboard of appropriate size, the standard being a diameter of one inch at 25 yards. The best holding and pull-off cannot keep a string of 5 shots on the 2-inch bullseye at 50 yards. A good many .22-calibers will be found to be "all in" at 30 yards.

You know that to get the best work out of your own rifle you must load your own cartridges with a certain sized grain of a particular brand of powder and probably weights of powder and lead varying from the factory standard. Can you not run a series of talks on the general principles by which each of your readers may work out for himself the best combination for his own rifle? You have a clear field and no competition that I know of, and such information would prove both helpful and interesting to the younger set. If a boy learns early that it is possible for him to load cartridges that will do better work than any he can buy, he may study out a likely combination and try it out. He is sure to try hard to justify his judgment by making each hand-made bullet drive the tack. No matter what the result is, he will be acquiring the habit of careful aim and trigger-pull more quickly than he would if using only factory-made ammunition in which he has no personal interest.

My experience at the "Scheutzen game" has been more limited than I could wish, but I do not recall having met a single marksman who used powder of the size of grain recommended by the arms catalogues as best for his particular caliber, twist, shape and weight of bullet, etc.

I trust that in his coming series, Mr. Haines will do full justice to the old reliable Sharp's "Buffalo Rifle" in vogue about 1880-1885. Loaded with four fingers of "Curtis & Harvey" and a big slug of lead, it far outclassed in accuracy, range and killing power the military rifles of that time. The only complaint I ever heard about it was that it would kill a buffalo or antelope at so great a distance that the meat would spoil before you could get to it. It certainly had the Martini-Henry and the U. S. Springfield out-classed by at least 50 per cent.

If you care to use any of the foregoing in any way, do so and blame it on

Chatham, Ont. Yours truly,
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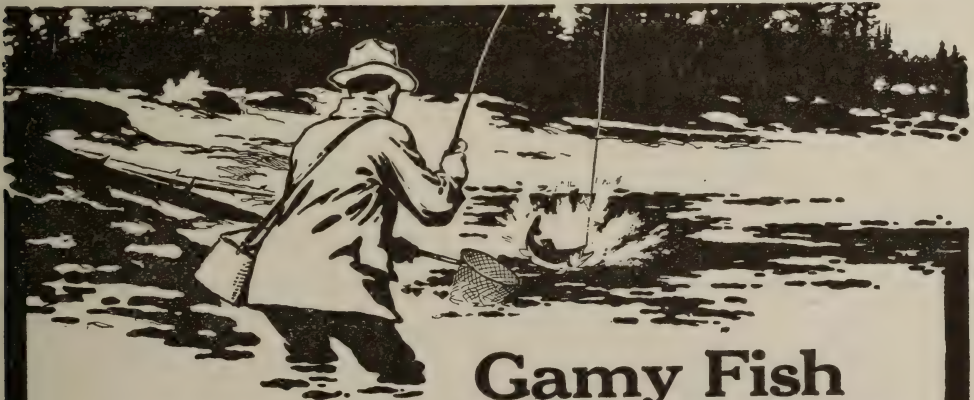
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THE CANADIAN ALPINE JOURNAL

1914-1915

THE devotion of our race to sport is a trait that astonishes other nations. Why seek pleasure in strenuous contests? Anyone interested in the ethics of sport would do well to read the Journal for 1915 of our Canadian Alpine Club. This work is the official record of mountaineering in the Rockies for the year and is excellently illustrated.

The Rocky Mountains are far away from the more populous parts of the Dominion and one of the objects of the Alpine Club is to make a visit to the mountains possible to the many by reducing costs to a minimum.

What then is the attraction of mountaineering? In reading the various accounts of ascents we are struck by the spaciousness of the outlook. From Mount Robson the highest known peak in the Rockies "the vision, bounded only by the horizon, must have included eight or nine thousand square miles of Alpine territory."

It is the far horizon that draws the heart. The sea, the desert, the prairie—all stamp themselves on men in a way altogether different from the intimate home scenery of our daily life. Something of the feeling of the sailor for the sea, of the Arab for the desert—something of the very immensity of the defiance by Nature is part of the appeal of the mountains.

To the tired brain worker mountaineering appeals most strongly. The small worries and anxieties of every day life drop away and are forgotten. New healthy life for the body and fresh vision for the mind take their place. No Club in the world has a higher intellectual membership than the English Alpine Club. It is from the class of brain workers that the Canadian Alpine Club should find recruits.

The Journal is full of good things, but the main interest centres round Mount Robson the highest peak in the Rockies.

The *first complete ascent was by Foster, MacCarthy and Conrad Kain, a notable achievement in Mountaineering. Subsequent attempts on that storm bound peak by Darling and others were only foiled by impossible weather. We are told that the drift of the blizzard on the mountain was so dazing that the ice axe had to be kept trailing to make sure which was the up-hill side on a sixty per cent. slope.

But mountaineering is not usually such grim work—weather goes to extremes. Good weather on mountain tops has a supreme quality of its own, and is to be expected in the right months. The Journal seems to indicate that weather conditions are altogether better in the Southern Canadian Rockies than in the Northern.

Several articles stand out as important from an exploratory point of view as well as that of mountaineering. The ascent of Mt. Natazhat in Alaska by H. F. J. Lambart is in some degree suggestive of arctic work. The Southern Selkirks, or more accurately, the Purcell Range, are gradually coming into their own. Two different articles by A. H. MacCarthy and E. H. Harnden deal with this most attractive but little known region. Messrs. Howard and Mumm give a most interesting account of their journeyings in the Athabaska and Whirlpool country; Dr. Stone relates an all night experience on Whitehorn and there are two accounts of Mt. Alexander Mackenzie in the little known district north of Robson.

One scarcely expects to find a cabinet Minister among Alpine authors, though they also have climbing ambitions. Mr. W. R. Ross the Minister of Lands in B. C. has an interesting article on National Parks as an Asset which will perhaps afford a new point of view to many readers.

* Note—The ascent by Kinney and Phillips is accepted but does not technically rank as a complete ascent any more than the ascent of Mt. McKinley by Parker and Belmore Brown.



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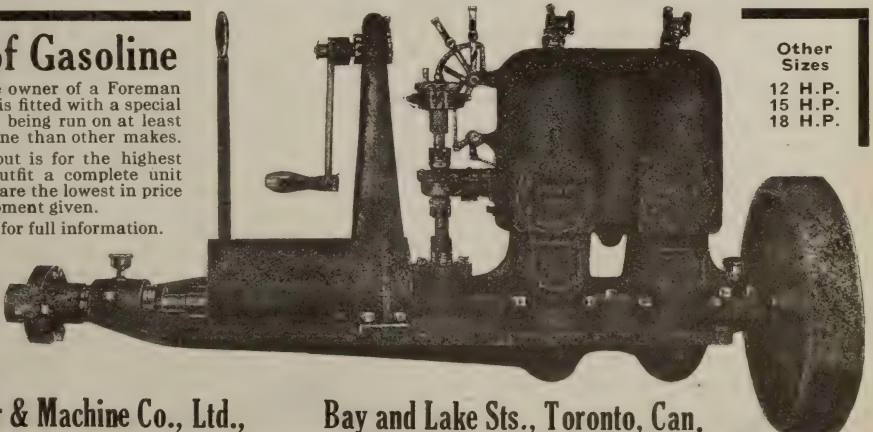
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Mr. James White of the Commission on Conservation has a long article of historical value on the origin of Place names in the neighbourhood of the Yellowhead Pass. The godfather of Mt. Robson is still unknown.

Mountaineering however does not alone deal with the severity of serene summits. We read between the written lines of lower levels, opening out every variety of scree, Alpine meadows, fresh woods, new flowers and tumbling brooks on every side, colour shading over well known views creating new aspects and associations.

Two things impress us in the Journal. The straight-forward, unsensational style of writing; and the personality of Conrad Kain, the guide. We expect, and find, in all these Alpine guides skill, endurance and courage in high degree; but Conrad's imagination is a gift of the gods.

The Journal ends, fitly, with a long list of Club members at the front. We wish them God speed in their high adventure among the stern rocks of duty and the white peaks of sacrifice.

N.B.—The above review of the Journal was kindly furnished us by Judge Galt of Winnipeg.

ALPINE CLUB NOTES

Captain E. O. Wheeler, who is now in Mesopotamia, has been presented with the Military Cross.

In this country and in the United States the policy of National Parks is familiar. New Zealand, however, has elaborated the idea and there is a special Department of the Government, with its own Minister in the Cabinet, which controls Tourist and Health Resorts. Tickets are sold, hotels managed, guides paid, in fact the whole tourist system is administered from a Government office.

This Department has been good enough to present a number of books to the Alpine Club library, a gift which will be increasingly appreciated as the members become acquainted with it.

First in importance is "The Conquest of Mt. Cook" by Miss Freda Du Faur, one of the Canadian Club's own members. Miss Du-Faur, an Australian by birth, has become an accomplished mountaineer under the training of the New Zealand Guides who found in her an apt and enthusiastic pupil. Her account of the first complete traverse of Mt. Cook, the best known mountain of the Southern Alps is fascinating and reveals her skill in every paragraph. A recent number of *Rod and Gun* contained a most interesting account of a climb on this mountain, known also more musically by its Maori name of Aorangi, the cloud piercer.

There are stories of many climbs in this attractive book, but the enumeration would be of little interest; the book should be read.

Miss Du Faur, after much experience is strongly in favour of women climbing—sensible women.

Another book presented is "Picturesque New Zealand" by Paul Gooding. This may be described as New Zealand made easy for American citizens. It is finely illustrated from photographs and contains much information about the different parts of the country its government and its people. The national point of view is described as Democratic Imperialism. The much discussed labour

arbitration enactments do not seem to be as perfect as newspapers affirm, but have their uses. Unlike the United States the legal mind does not seem to dominate politics. The author declares that the evident prosperity of the country is due to the large national debt, a paradox which will bear thinking about.

The New Zealanders, like the people of Australia, are devoted to sport and appreciate the open air.

It is amusing to find the familiar puttees called leg cloths; the author sighs for pies of the American style, and for pop-corn waggons in the streets.

The book is well printed and has a useful map of New Zealand as end paper.

Enclosed in the same parcel was the New Zealand Year Book, also several copies of the Government Guide Book for tourists and many folders and pamphlets giving detailed information about different parts of the country.

Miss Fifflayson has presented the library with two parts of the exceedingly rare Palliser Reports of exploration between the Red River and Rocky Mountains in the years 1859 and 1860. These pamphlets were blue books presented to the British Government by Captain Palliser giving account of the surveys made under his direction by Dr., afterwards Sir James Hector, and others. The parts have been sumptuously bound together in blue calf. They are invaluable and of the greatest interest to any interested in Canadian geography. The copies in Canada could probably be numbered upon the fingers.

The members of the Toronto Section of the Alpine Club had a successful evening lately when, after supper, Prof. A.P. Coleman gave an illustrated lecture on "The Wonders of Labrador," descriptive of an 8,000 mile trip he made last year. The slides were from his own negatives and were not only strikingly beautiful as to scenery but equally interesting as revealing the life of the natives along the coast.



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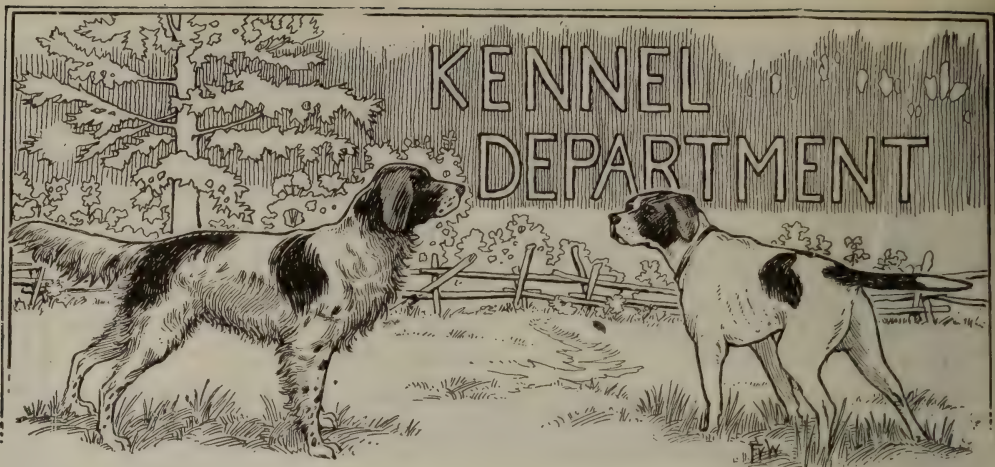
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Conducted by Arthur Ellison

The Airedale Terrier.

CONSIDERING the fact that this dog was practically non-existent until about forty years ago, his progress in public favor has been marvellous. A great deal has been said on the matter of his origin, but no two authorities seem to agree exactly on the matter; however, it matters little how he came—he is here. As his name would denote, he originated in the district around the river Aire in Yorkshire, England, where he was used as a destroyer of vermin, and more than likely, was occasionally matched to fight. Gameness was the one desired quality in those days and like most game breeds the Airedale was then decidedly bad-tempered. The first Airedale to come to this continent was Bruce owned by Mr. C. H. Mason, the noted judge. This dog was finally disposed of at an auction sale, on account of his abominable disposition, where he was sold for a trifle. The Airedale's disposition of course, has been modified, until at the present day he is as good tempered a dog as lives.

No breed of dog has been exploited to the extent that the Airedale has, several books on the breed have been written and many clubs formed in the interests of the breed, all of which tends to increase the demand. No breed is more prolific, than it is if we take into consideration all puppies living to maturity.

The popularity of the breed is however, likely to prove its own downfall, inasmuch as so many persons have been attracted through purely mercenary motives. They are out to make a dollar, caring not a rap for the interest of the breed. So long as they can sell "scrubs" they will not try to breed typical specimens. The root of the trouble is that too many "scrub" bitches are sold, in many cases for five or ten dollars. Now few people buy a bitch unless they intend breeding from her, so that fully ninety per cent of these miserable "skates" of bitches are bred, often to the cheapest stud dog that can be got. The results need no pointing out to the densest individual.

Probably the most noted dogs of this breed to come to this country, prior to the arrival of "King Nobbler's Double," were the famous brace of Champions—"Master Royal" and "Miss Royal" owned by the late Jos. Laurin. We well remember seeing the former in England when at his best, and on seeing him some years after at Toronto Exhibition could hardly recognize him, he appeared so shrunken. About the same time "Coluc Lucky Baldwin" was in the same kennels, a very good terrier in his day. "Columbus" owned by Jas. W. Bain of Toronto ruled the roost around Toronto for some time but had to give way to youth. "Ch. Birchcliffe Ovrang" (same owner) had a most successful career. "Tintern Tecumseh" owned by Jos. Perkins, Toronto made things very interesting until his sudden end on the bench at New



A farm-raised Airedale 6 months old, weight 39 lbs. Bred by Walter M. Berwick, Shelburne, Ont.



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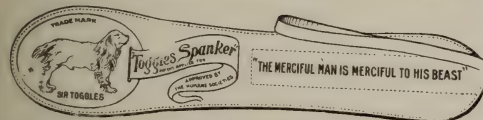


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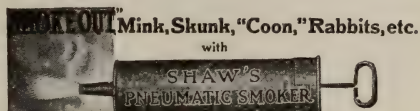
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York show 1913. Sid Perkins, famous as the breeder of "Champion Rockley Ovrang," always has a few good ones in his kennel, about the best at present being the bitch "Ch.

Rockley Paragon." E. W. Billenger of Toronto has a very high-class dog in "Morning Admiration" whilst in Mr. McKenzie's "Ch. King Nobbler's Double" we have one of the best.



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THE AIREDALE TERRIER

Wm. A. Goodwin

ABOUT seventy years ago the working men of Yorkshire, England, crossed the otter hound with the broken hound terrier in an endeavor to get an all round hunting dog, who would be a faithful pal and guard. That they succeeded is amply proven by the world wide popularity of this dog to-day. From the waterside terrier, as he was first called in Yorkshire, he has now become recognized by the Kennel Clubs as a distinct variety or breed, named the Airedale Terrier from the valley of the River Aire in Yorkshire where the breed originated.

At the shows in England as well as in Canada and the United States the Airedale is one of the largest entries and sales for leading specimens often run up into three and four figures.

The leading specimens are yet produced in England, where the breeding of pure stock is more thoroughly gone into, but Canada and the United States are rapidly coming to the front. We might mention a Toronto bred dog, "Morning Admiration," who has lately beaten many of the United States Airedales as well as recent importations from England. Next to the fox terrier and collie which have now become quite common, the Airedale is the most popular breed to-day. This is owing to his superior intelligence and adaptability to any use to which a dog can be put. A common saying about the Airedale is that "they can do anything any other dog can do and then beat the other dog." Some breeds are used for some one particular quality, such as hounds for trailing, spaniels for birds and collies for cattle while other breeds are of no particular use but merely kept as pets. The Airedale however can be used for any one of these purposes and at the same time he is a more faithful and reliable pal.

The largest of the terriers (forty to fifty pounds), he has all the dash and fire of his smaller brothers and is just as quick after rats while for larger vermin such as woodchucks, coon or even bear the Airedales are, owing to their scenting powers and greater strength, far superior. Trappers and hunters in the west have found them the best dog yet for trailing and treeing coon, lynx, cougar and bear. The courage and keen scenting powers of the otter hound, combined with the quickness and grit of the terrier make the Airedale the ideal dog for such work.

However the Airedale is preeminently a water dog inheriting this fondness for the water and marsh from the otter hound. He is being used extensively as a duck retriever, in which work he ranks similar to the celebrated Chesapeake Bay retriever, having the same courage, strength and intensity of purpose while his hard close, double coat combined with a hardy constitution enables him to withstand any cold or exposure. It is in strength and courage to withstand heavy and cold weather and in keenness of pursuit that the Irish water spaniel fails as a duck dog.

Whether hunting birds or animals it must be remembered that the Airedale is endowed with keen scenting powers, this with his bright terrier intelligence making him quick at learning, his courage and grit, makes him the best all round hunting dog to-day.

Here is an instance of his scenting powers. During the war between Russia and Japan, the Japanese imported from England a number of Airedales for Red Cross work in finding the wounded. They worked to the satisfaction of the Japs except in one important particular, the Airedales being a white man's dog invariably picked out the Russian wounded.

For a number of years the Airedale has been used by British and continental armies for

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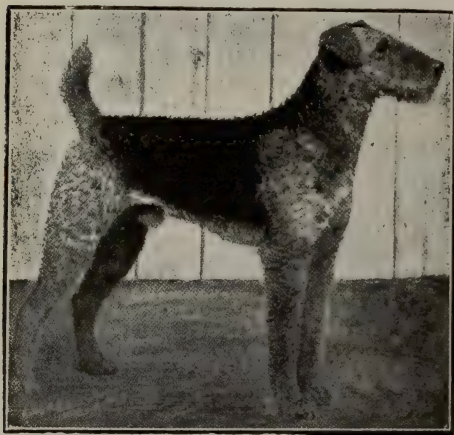
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scout and guard duty and to-day many of them are being used by the Allies as well as by the Germans. He is also used as an assistant to the civil police in England and the United States.

For just a pal dog about town or around the house the Airedale, while a bit rough looking in coat yet has many points of merit which endear him to his owner. On the street he is noticeable among other dogs for his upstanding straight cut racy build. He is not running around looking for trouble but being very obedient stays close by his master. Should occasion require then he can more than hold his own with any dog or animal. His jaw, of wonderful length and punishing power, soon does its work and he will die ere he turns tail.



Stud Airedale, "JUST TEDDY"
Sire, Rockly Dark Saint; Dam, Princess Sadie
Owned by Geo. Goodwin, Lindsay, Ont.

This young dog bred and until lately owned by Jos. Perkins, the well known Toronto fancier, is the excellent result of a judicious crossing of one of the best United States strains with one of the best Canadian strains, height 24 in.; weight 50 pounds.

At home he is docile in the extreme, fond of children, a good guardian, and obedient to a wonderful degree, which coupled with an intelligence almost human, make him a most enjoyable companion. He has an unassuming reserved manner and is noted for his attachment to one person.

Moving pictures are taken showing the Airedale as used by the military and civil authorities illustrating this dog's superior intelligence. From time to time cases are cited in the press also of intelligent and courageous acts performed by this dog and more than one Airedale has received the Royal Humane Society's medal for saving and protecting life.

Altogether he is one of the most useful dogs living, of many sided character with a personality all his own, it is therefore no wonder that he becomes more popular the better he becomes known.

Description—

The Airedale has a hard, close coat; long, well shaped expressive head; strong muzzle;

neat V-shaped ears; bright dark eyes; well defined and strong neck; long sloping shoulders; chest deep and narrow; fore legs straight as gun barrels with plenty of bone and well padded cat foot; ribs well sprung; loins strong; hams and second thighs full, powerful and muscular with no droop and hocks well let down; tail docked and carried erect; back level; action free and showy as if always on the alert and never tired; Color black or dark badger, grizzled on back and neck; head, ears, chest, legs, thighs, a rich deep tan. Coat on quarters, body and neck may incline to curl or wave but soft silky coats and curl on head are objectionable. One peculiarity is the whisker which when brushed out gives the head a square cut appearance. Size: 21 to 24 inches at shoulder, length the same or less.

Dog lovers throughout Ontario are of late years going in more for pure bred sporting and pet dogs, writes Mr. Goodwin. "This may be owing to the government tax and regulations, thus putting the unclaimed mark on the mongrel street dog and it may be owing to the breeders advertising their stock and booming dog shows and in other ways educating the public on the advantages of owning pure bred dogs.

The incorporation of the Canadian Kennel Club under the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, thus necessitating the registration of all pure bred dogs in the National Live Stock Records and imposing heavy fines for misrepresentation, will be of great benefit to the fancy. Breeders of pure stock obtain a license through the Canadian Kennel Club and thus come under government regulations. One can now feel satisfied that when they purchase a pedigreed dog that it is as represented."

A community (or for that matter, a man) is known by the dog it keeps and there is no doubt that there is far more satisfaction to oneself as well as to the community, in owning a thorough bred animal."

We shall be very pleased to receive contributions to the Kennel department from any of our readers who have something of interest for readers of this department.

Mr. Bawden of Ridgetown writes:

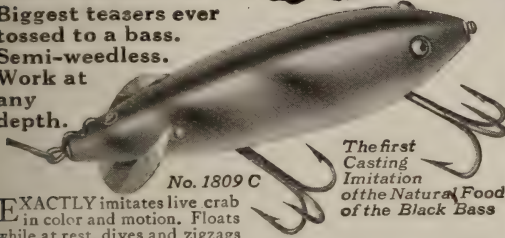
"It may interest the readers of Rod and Gun to know that Caerphilly Marvel, the well known Airedale and sire of a great many good ones—went the way of all good dogs. and we put him away on Feb. 4th.

"His successor Caerphilly Master Crack has just reached me from the Castle Kennels Caerphilly, Wales, and will shortly be advertised in your columns. This is a young dog, and has only been shown a few times, but with success. At Newport as a puppy, he was winner of 3 1sts, 1 2nd."

Everyone interested in the Airedale should have a copy of Mr. Palmer's interesting book, "All about Airedales" which was reviewed in these columns a few months ago and which may be secured from Rod and Gun, the price being \$1.00 in paper binding.

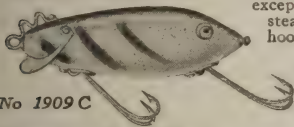
Crab Wigglers

Biggest teasers ever tossed to a bass. Semi-weedless. Work at any depth.



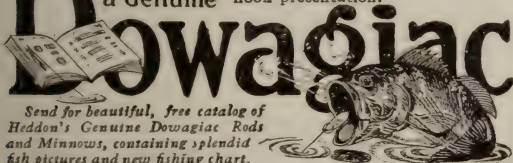
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EXACTLY imitates live crab in color and motion. Floats while at rest, dives and zigzags when reeled in. Last season's success proved this crab idea to be the sauciest lure and deadliest killer of all the Heddon inventions. The New "Baby Crab." Same in style, principle and action, except smaller. New double instead of triple hooks. Surer in hooking, more weedless and easier to cast—the Heddon masterpiece in effectiveness and all-round utility.



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By R. M. Palmer

A Book of General Information

Valuable alike to dog lovers and owners, breeders and fanciers. Illustrated from selected photographs of noted dogs and rare scenes. Interesting alike to the novice who is a fancier of other breeds than the Airedale and of particular interest to the Airedale fancier.

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Box 51, - Magnetawan, Ontario, Canada



Gun Club secretaries who would like to see the records of shoots which they hold from time to time in, Rod and Gun are invited to send these in as soon after the shoots take place as possible. If enclosed in an unsealed envelope addressed to the Trap Editor, Rod and Gun, Woodstock, Ont., and marked "Printer's Copy," written reports or newspaper clippings giving the scores of shoots held may be forwarded for one cent postage. Please be sure to mark on the copy the date when the shoot was held.

Dominion Game Protective and Trap Shooting Association Tournament to be held at Cobourg.

Officers of the Cobourg Gun Club are determined to make the coming shoot of the Dominion Game Protective and Trap Shooting Association, which is to be held at Cobourg on June 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th one of the most successful shoots ever held in Canada.

The officers of the Cobourg Gun Club have the arrangements for the tournament in their hands and intend sparing no trouble to make it a success. Following are those in charge of the arrangements: Pres., Geo. Armour, Sec'y., C. McCallum; Executive: J. D. Hayden, E. W. Hargraft, Thos. Green, W. H. A. Sample, O. F. Allison, W. J. Maher, F. M. Field, J. B. McColl, J. K. Fraser, Geo. Bonce. In charge of the advertising and program are C. McCallum, T. S. Chatterton and A. J. Gould; on the reception committee are J. G. Jackson, S. S. Purser and E. Vivian; in charge of the prizes are W. L. Allen, H. McCullough and H. Field; while G. Armour, T. J. Yorke and G. Crowther are to look after the grounds.

June 5th is practice day. \$1200 cash in prizes is to be offered during the progress of the shoot. Further details will follow when the arrangements have been got under way.

Tournament Dates.

April 21, 1916—Galt Gun Club Registered Shoot, J. E. Fulton, Sec'y., Galt, Ont.

April 21st—Ruthven Gun Club Registered Shoot, Ruthven, Ont.

April 24—St. Hubert Gun Club Patriotic Tournament, at Ottawa, Secretary, O. T. Ring, Ottawa, Ontario.

June 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th.—Dominion Game Protective and Trap Shooting Association Tournament at Cobourg, Ont. Secretary of Cobourg Gun Club (which has charge of the Tournament) C. McCallum, Cobourg, Ont.

Some Reminiscences of a Toronto Shooter who Entered the Trap Shooting Game in 1871.

The following reminiscences of an old and prominent Toronto shooter, "Johnny" Townson, furnished at the request of Rod and Gun, should prove of interest to trap-shooters throughout Canada.

It is a long way back to 1871 when the writer first remembers shooting at wild pigeons from a trap with a muzzle-loading shot-gun. There have been a great many changes, not only in guns and ammunition, but in trap-shooting rules, since those days. The old Toronto Gun Club was incorporated in 1871, although it had been in existence a few years previously, but after incorporation they had a set of rules printed which were generally used at that time. The distance of the trap from the foot-mark was 21 yards and the stock of the gun was held below the elbow until the bird was on the wing. The referee was very strict about enforcing this rule and many a shooter lost a well killed bird for holding his gun too high.

After 1875 breech-loading choke-bored shot-guns came into general use and the rise was increased from 21 to 26 yards, which with the rise of one barrel only and the gun held below the elbow made scores of 80 per cent. very creditable indeed. About that time tournaments were given all over Western Ontario at Windsor, London, Woodstock, Hamilton, Brantford and Guelph and with the good strong winter birds provided, the sport was of a high order and under the hard conditions mentioned above straight scores were not very numerous.

"At a tournament given at Woodstock by that good sportsman, the late John Forbes, five gold medals were competed for by teams from the above towns, as well as

teams from Buffalo and Detroit. Each man shot at 10 birds, 50 per team, and the Toronto Gun Club team killed 45 out of 50. We needed them all, as the Woodstock team, consisting of Forbes, Pascoe, Harwood and two others were right behind us with 43.

A great many of the pigeon-shooters of those days have joined the silent majority, but as I started at the game very young I would like to, and may, I hope, be able to complete my half century of trap-shooting. I am still an active member of the Stanley Gun Club and shoot a few targets on Saturday afternoons during the winter. It is a fine sport and surely beneficial because it takes you out of doors at a time when other sports are at a standstill.

Trapshooting Idioms.

John Philip Sousa, in a recent article on trapshooting, entitled "Ready! Pull! Dead!" says, that, "as a game grows in popularity there is created a jargon, a cant and a slang peculiarly its own", and "trapshooting has risen to the dignity of a language of its own."

This is indeed true, as the attached vernacular of trapshooting will indicate, writes E. R. Galvin of Wilmington, Del.

Expressions used to designate the clay targets are:—Bird, Blue Rock, Clay Bird, Clay Pigeon, White Flyer, Saucers, Flying Saucers, Mud Pies, Dickey Birds, Black Birds, Tarhawks, Dirtbirds.

Expressions used to designate dusted targets:—Drilled it, Dusted it, Couldn't break it with an axe, Made a sieve of it, Shot the fuss off it, Scared it, Ticked it.

Expressions used for targets hit by shooter:—A puff of smoke, Busted, Centered, Blotted it out, Clouted it, Cracked it, Dead, Dead baby, Dead rabbit, Extinguished, Got him, Got a leg, Got an ear, Got a wing, Knocked the tar out of it, Hit, Killed, No live ones, Powdered, Plugged 'em, Puffed 'em, Puff balls, Pulverized, Put a crimp in them, Smashed, Smoked 'em, Smothered 'em, Splintered it, Split, Stingy break, Touched, Winged it, Right on the nose.

Expressions used for shotguns:—Blunderbuss, Cannon, Corn Sheller, Double Gun, Gas Pipe, Huller, Pea Shooter, Pump, Shooting Iron, Scatter Gun, Stick.

Expressions used to designate shotgun shells:—Crab shells, Bullets, Hulls, Roman Candles, Slugs, Pea Shooter.

Expressions for hard, fast, or difficult targets; Away down in Dixie Land, Breeders, Corkers, Die-dippers, Double-jointed targets, Duckers, Erratic targets, Flipper, Grass-cutters, Grounders, Humdingers, Iron targets, Iron men, Jumpers, Low Boys, Nancy Hanks, Jack rabbits, Jack snipes, Screamers, Side-wheelers, Skimmers, Sheet steel, Them birds are mighty tough, Them saucers are mighty tough this evening, Twisters, Wabblers, Whipsaws, Wolf targets, Wooden targets.

Expressions for missing or "dropping" targets:—Blew up, Couldn't see 'em, Dropped, Fell down, Shot into space on several, Muffed them, Never touched a hair, Skipped one, Slipped one, Several goose-eggs in that bunch for me, The breeder got away, Went to the bad, Went to sleep on them, They went the wrong way.

Expressions used for flinching or balking:—Balked, Straining the gun, Flinching, Fudging, Mucksen, (German for flinching), Fell out of the boat, Stuttering.

Expressions for "going straight" or breaking all targets in one event:—A. John Davis, All busted, All dead, All smoke, Annihilated 'em, Blew 'em all out, Elotted 'em all out, Broke 'em all, Broke the whole smear, Broke the whole cheese, Brought 'em all in that time, Busted them all, Broke 'em clean, Cleaned 'em up, Cracked 'em all, Did it that time, Going straight, Got 'em all, Got their number, Hit 'em all in the middle that time, Jumped on that bunch, Killed the whole business, Killed the string, Knocked 'em all down, Knocked the tar out of every one, Made a puff of smoke out of that bunch, Made dust out of them, Made a clean score, No pick-up, None down in that event, Not a skip, Now, ask how many I broke?, Put 'em all in the game-sack, Puffed 'em out, Smashed 'em all, Smoked that bunch, Smothered the whole smear, Smothered the whole cheese, Straight, Walked the buck.

Some expressions and their meanings:—Century-breaking—One hundred targets straight. Cripple—Target waien leaves the trap broken.

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The SUMMERS from May to October in Eastern Canada are probably as enjoyable as those in the most favoured part of the world that may be chosen for comparison.

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CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RYS.

MONCTON, N.B., FOR 1916 PUBLICATIONS

A flock of 'em—Target which leaves the trap broken.
 Donaters—Losers at tournaments.
 Pot Greasers—Losers at tournaments.
 Dutch Doubles—Missing both double targets.
 Dub Targets—Targets being thrown easy.
 Down the Line—Shooting one event after another, over several traps.
 Four-eyed Shooter—One who wears glasses.
 Gun Runner and Shell Peddler—Professional shooters.
 Gun Pointer—Very slow shooter.
 Handicap—The penalty one pays for being a good shot.
 Riding Them Out—Shooting slow.
 Snaps 'em—Shoots fast.
 Leading them—Shooting ahead of the target.
 Left quarter—Target thrown at left angles to trap.
 Right quarter—Target thrown at right angles to trap.
 Straightaway—Target thrown straight away from center of trap.
 Move—To change from one position to another.
 Change—To change from one position at traps to another.
 Where a shooter stands at the traps—Peg, Post, Positions, Score stand.
 Sky-scraper—Target thrown straight up by a freak of the trap.

A Postponed Shoot.

The Second Annual Elgin County Championship Shoot that was to be pulled off at Port Stanley on Mar. 6, at 100 targets, for a handsome silver cup, which was donated by the Club was postponed on account of bad weather, and will take place some time next June, the date to be decided on later. The shooter has only to win once to become the owner of the cup. The County Shooters propose putting up a cup each year. The first annual event was held last year at West Lorne when Arthur Glover of Port Stanley was the winner.

Port Stanley Gun Club.

The Port Stanley Gun Club walked off with the cut-glass trophies at the shoot held there on Friday, Mar. 3, winning over all by 14 birds, when five teams, consisting of five men each, visited that town to compete. Arthur Glover, of Port Stanley, did some excellent shooting, breaking 71 without missing a single one. Thos. Taylor, of Tillsonburg, won the high individual prize. The teams, competing were two from Tillsonburg, one from St. Thomas, one from Port Stanley, and one mixed team, consisting of one member from each club.

The teams and scores were as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5
Geo. McCall.....	13	13	14	11	11—62
C. Axford.....	10	10	15	9	11—55
W. Hollin'sh'd.....	13	13	13	13	9—61
W. McCance.....	14	10	15	14	12—65
Geo. Dank.....	12	10	11	14	11—58

Total.....301
 Mixed team—

	1	2	3	4	5
W. O'Loane.....	21	19	17	17	17—57
Mrs. O'Loane.....	17	16	21	17	17—54
C. Hough.....	17	14	17	17	17—48
J. M. Causlan.....	23	21	20	17	17—64
W. Stanton.....	20	17	13	17	17—50

Total.....273
 Tillsonburg, No. 2—

	1	2	3	4	5
S. Vance.....	14	14	14	15	13—70
W. Pow.....	13	12	12	12	12—66
C. Marlatt.....	9	11	10	9	9—48
R. Day.....	13	13	14	14	10—64
H. Dunn.....	11	11	13	12	8—55

Total.....298
 Tillsonburg, No. 1—

	1	2	3	4	5
J. Vance.....	11	13	13	13	13—63
J. Payne.....	13	12	11	11	15—62
G. Tillson.....	9	14	11	10	10—54
Thos. Taylor.....	15	15	14	14	15—72

Total.....309
 Port Stanley—

	1	2	3	4	5
A. Glover.....	13	14	15	15	15—72
H. Moore.....	12	12	14	13	14—65
W. Hindley.....	9	13	12	14	12—60
E. Carey.....	13	13	14	14	13—67
F. Young.....	10	13	13	13	10—59

Total.....323

Burlington Beach Gun Club.

The reopening shoot of the Burlington Beach Gun club was held on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 12, at Depew's hotel grounds at 2.30. Much interest was taken

by the members, as they were anxious to get back into their old form, and quite a few visitors were present from other clubs. Geo. Dunk, of Toronto, was on hand and gave very able assistance to the officers of the club, and also gave a good exhibition of work at the traps. It was pretty hard work to line up the targets in the face of a northeast gale, but some good shooting resulted.

	Shot at.	Broke.
N. Long.....	125	99
H. Lennox.....	100	99
M. Goodale.....	100	80
J. Lewis.....	78	56
A. E. Harris.....	78	64
G. Dunk.....	75	65
W. Dynes.....	65	28
C. Howard.....	53	36
James Hazell.....	50	37
W. Wark.....	45	36
J. Hunter.....	45	34
J. Pickard.....	35	31
Mr. Murray.....	35	23
S. Bray.....	35	27
H. Dynes.....	35	27
W. Hazell.....	25	9
E. Harris.....	25	17
J. K. Hazell.....	25	18

Jordan Gun Club.

The Jordan Gun Club held the third shoot of their winter series on Saturday, Feb. 12th, and the heavy snow storm along with the high wind made the shoot most difficult. The attendance of shooters was not up to the usual average, but those present seemed to enjoy the sport. The competition in the 25 bird handicap spoon event was keen and some good scores were made. The winners in the spoon event were, viz.—H. W. Hunsberry, A. K. Wismer, J. Troup and P. Wismer.

	Shot at.	Broke
W. Moyer.....	39	27
A. Wismer.....	38	33
P. Wismer.....	37	29
W. Nicholson.....	37	18
F. Church.....	33	22
D. Price.....	30	21
D. Trout.....	30	20
D. Konkle.....	28	22
H. W. Stunsberry.....	25	24
J. Troup.....	25	24

The fifth shoot of the winter series of the Jordan Gun Club was held on Saturday, Feb. 26th. The inclement weather which prevailed caused the flight of the birds to be very erratic, making the scores rather below the average. In the 25 bird handicap event the spoons were won by W. Boulton, A. Wismer, M. Honsberger and P. Wismer.

In the live pigeon event the straight scores were H. W. Hunsberry, W. Moyer and H. Boulton.

	Shot at.	Broke
D. Konkle.....	55	43
P. Wismer.....	45	36
M. Honsberger.....	40	32
H. W. Hunsberry.....	40	32
D. Troup.....	40	28
F. Church.....	40	28
W. Moyer.....	40	27
J. Troup.....	30	23
A. Wismer.....	30	25
H. Troup.....	30	20
H. Boulton.....	25	22

Geo. L. Vivian, Champion Pigeon Shot, Toronto.

At a pigeon shoot held at the Toronto Rod and Gun Club on Feb. 10 for the championship of Toronto, this title was won by Geo. L. Vivian with the score of 43 out of 50, the prize being a silver cup. Crew and Vanvlach tied for second place.

Creekside Gun Club.

The following scores were made at the Creekside Gun Club on Friday, Feb. 19th:

	Shot at.	Broke
G. Dunk.....	96	81
E. S. Brown.....	104	73
E. Brown.....	50	42
W. Curzon.....	102	82
A. Spiller.....	25	18
F. Curzon.....	72	58
H. Peterman.....	25	18
H. Cooley.....	75	55
Eli Elliott.....	63	54
Ned Elliott.....	49	34
F. Edwards.....	25	18
Ted Brown.....	25	17
R. Christie.....	35	24

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Can also furnish boats for outboard motors.

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MOTOR ACCESSORIES

Hercules Electric Co.—Make and Break type Magneto. A. C. type \$13.00. A. type \$11.00.

Franco American Auto Co.—C. A. V. Electric lamps, 2 side and tail brass, \$20.00. C. A. V. Headlights, nickel, \$35.00. 2 cylinder coil spark, \$15.00. C. A. V. Magneto, 2 cylinder, high tension, direct spark, \$35.00.

Brown Co.—No. 1 oil cans, \$1.00. Combination oil grease guns, \$3.00.

New London Motor Co. Bilge pump \$10.00.

C. F. Splittdorf—4 cylinder dash coils \$40.00. 2 cylinder dash coils \$28.00.

Miller and Starr—Grease guns \$1.75.

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Crofton Storage Battery Co.—Storage battery for sparking, 6 volts, 70 ampere, weight 24 lbs. \$22.00.

Detroit Engine Works—Cartridge coil \$2.50. storage battery No. 2 double, 6 volts, 60 ampere \$11.00.

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11 ft. fly rod as above. Post Paid \$5.35.

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Minnow bait for bass, pike and musk. Each Post Paid 75c.

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Cards of assorted hooks (3 on card) Post paid \$2.00

Finger Clips. Post paid 35c each.

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The Best Device For Fishermen Ever Made. Get One And See—Postpaid 35c each.

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40	¾ lb.	\$.97
41	1 lb.	1.05
42	1 ¼ lbs.	1.15
43	1 ½ lbs.	1.20
44	1 ¾ lbs.	1.35
45	2 lbs.	1.45
46	2 ¼ lbs.	1.55

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SAME ADDRESS SINCE 1904.

MOTOR BOATS, ENGINES, ACCESSORIES, FISHING TACKLE, GUNS, AMMUNITION

Following are the scores made at the Creekside Gun Club on March 4th.:

Name	Shot at.	Broke
A. Spiller.....	25	20
E. Brown.....	25	23
F. Curzon.....	62	52
E. Robertson.....	63	42
H. R. Winter.....	88	63
J. Anstee.....	70	45
J. Peterkin.....	41	26
H. Cooley.....	73	53
H. White.....	5	4
H. Peterman.....	45	27
E. Waterman.....	35	20
W. LeCorme.....	56	42
W. Curzon.....	80	62
J. M. Ransom.....	65	47
D. A. Haig.....	46	36
J. Pike.....	41	30
E. S. Brown.....	72	54
Eli Elliott.....	52	38
Ned Elliott.....	52	38
Martin.....	45	28
White.....	35	24
J. Burt.....	25	18
F. Edwards.....	50	28
McHenry.....	50	23

Balmy Beach Gun Club.

The regular weekly shoot of the above club was held as usual on Saturday, Feb. 12th, at their grounds, and a good turn out of members were present. Good scores were made considering the weather. C. N. Candee was high man, winning spoon. Score:

	Shot at.	Broke.
P. J. Boothe.....	55	47
Craig.....	55	47
T. F. Hodgson.....	45	32
Candee.....	85	78
Lansing.....	55	40
McGaw.....	75	62
Bernard.....	95	65
Burrows.....	35	22
W. F. Hodgson.....	45	30
Davis.....	80	70
Cutler.....	70	50
Dale.....	70	53
Rothwell.....	70	49
Wase.....	55	40
Pike.....	40	30
W. E. Boothe.....	35	28
Nicholls.....	45	30
R. C. Harris.....	20	10
A. V. Trimble.....	70	45
Hooey.....	45	35
Banks.....	35	23

F. Hooey was high in the spoon shoot, with 23 out of 25 on Feb. 19th. Following are the scores:

	Shot at.	Broke
T. F. Hodgson.....	35	28
Lansing.....	80	60
Candee.....	65	51
McGaw.....	80	68
W. F. Hodgson.....	35	29
Joselin.....	85	76
Tomlin.....	60	56
Fox.....	120	75
Burrows.....	3	23
Shaw.....	110	85
Hirons.....	50	30
Davis.....	60	55
Cutler.....	70	60
Craig.....	70	57
Smith.....	20	18
Carter.....	20	18
Bond.....	45	38
Banks.....	85	68
W. Boothe.....	35	22
Hooey.....	60	53
Nicholls.....	75	55
Black.....	35	25

At the regular weekly shoot on Saturday, Feb. 26th, of members and friends some good scores were made. G. H. Cotton was high gun in the spoon event, with 24 out of 25.

	Shot at.	Broke.
Dale.....	70	59
Nicholls.....	45	40
I. F. Hodgson.....	45	38
Rothwell.....	70	53
McGaw.....	55	49
Cameron.....	30	22
Candee.....	80	68
Cotton.....	80	72
H. J. Trimble.....	79	62
Craig.....	35	32
P. J. Boothe.....	70	62

A. V. Trimble.....	60	49
Burrows.....	35	27
Lansing.....	45	39
Bernard.....	35	29
Scaife.....	20	12
Cutler.....	45	38
Hooey.....	60	52
Shaw.....	50	42
Davis.....	35	33
Fox.....	95	82
Keele.....	45	39
Harris.....	65	41
Banks.....	45	28
Kennedy.....	60	45
W. F. Hodgson.....	35	29

There was a good turn-out of members and some good shooting took place on March 4. It was the last Saturday on the Goldstein shield, which was won by C. N. Candee. In the spoon shoot W. Booth was high with 24 out of 25.

	Shot at.	Broke
Harris.....	75	51
McCurdy.....	55	48
McGaw.....	45	38
Bernard.....	45	32
Lansing.....	45	30
T. F. Hodgson.....	45	33
Banks.....	35	26
Davis.....	35	26
Nicholls.....	55	46
W. F. Hodgson.....	45	31
J. H. Trimble.....	55	48
Craig.....	45	38
Boothe.....	45	28
Fox.....	45	42
Shaw.....	50	39
Burrows.....	35	22
Candee.....	90	82
Dale.....	45	31
Hunter.....	40	28
Wase.....	45	39
Cutles.....	60	52
A. V. Trimble.....	45	36
Hooey.....	45	38
Booth.....	35	32

The regular weekly shoot of the Balmy Beach Club was held on Mar. 11, a good turn-out of members and friends being on hand, and some good scores were made. W. Booth was high in the spoon shoot with 25 out of 25. The scores:

	Shot at.	Broke
McGaw.....	70	61
Lansing.....	55	40
Bernard.....	45	39
Candee.....	95	79
Nicholls.....	45	39
P. Boothe.....	55	45
Craig.....	55	47
T. Hodgson.....	35	31
Davis.....	35	32
Cutler.....	55	44
W. Hodgson.....	35	28
Hooey.....	55	46
Harris.....	75	54
Shaw.....	50	44
Burrows.....	45	39
Dunk.....	110	106
Lieut. G. H. Cotton.....	80	69
A. V. Tremble.....	70	68
Osler.....	70	56
Hunter.....	80	71
W. Boothe.....	60	57
Banks.....	35	28
J. H. Tremble.....	45	41
Cameron.....	55	38
Black.....	35	28
Francis.....	50	44
Murray.....	45	38
Wase.....	35	31

National Gun Club.

The regular weekly shoot was held on Saturday, Feb. 12th, on the club grounds, Queen's Wharf. There were a good number of shooters on hand and some remarkable scores were made, considering the wind and snow. J. Summerhayes, a member, broke 100 straight targets. G. Cashmore of the Remington Arms Company gave a good account of himself, breaking 71 out of 75 targets. The prize-winners were Summerhayes, Coath and Turner, sr.

	Shot at.	Broke
J. Summerhayes.....	100	100
G. L. Vivian.....	50	43
Cashmore.....	75	71
F. Anderson.....	80	42
A. Tomlin.....	40	35



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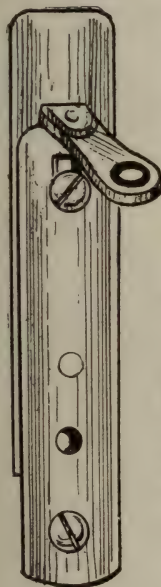


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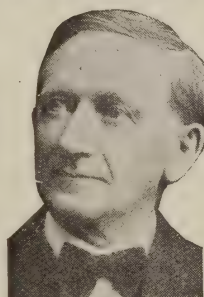
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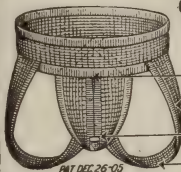
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B. J. Pearce.....	50	38
J. Turner, jr.....	65	53
H. Usher.....	20	17
J. Monkman.....	55	39
J. Lawson.....	55	45
J. Turner, sr.....	45	31
C. Beare.....	35	25
F. Peacock.....	45	30
E. Coach.....	20	19
W. McKeand.....	20	11

The regular weekly shoot was held on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 19, Mr. A. Campbell winning first prize. The other prize winners were J. Stauffer, F. Anderson and J. Turner, jr.

	Shot at.	Broke
B. J. Pearce.....	50	33
H. Usher.....	40	28
J. Summerhays.....	80	58
C. Beare.....	20	13
J. Stauffer.....	40	33
A. Campbell.....	50	37
J. Turner, jr.....	70	54
G. Turner.....	30	15
G. Woodburn.....	45	34
J. Lawson.....	50	36
J. Turner, sr.....	30	12
F. Anderson.....	80	43
J. Monkman.....	40	28
W. McKeand.....	22	14

At the regular weekly shoot on Feb. 26th, the wind made the targets very tricky. J. Lawson, J. Stauffer, F. Anderson and J. Turner jr., were the prize winners. Scores:

	Shot at.	Broke
B. J. Pearce.....	30	19
J. Lawson.....	20	18
J. Summerhays.....	70	53
Mr. Dunbar.....	20	11
Mayor Curran.....	40	28
F. Anderson.....	55	30
J. Monkman.....	50	28
A. Campbell.....	70	39
J. Morrison.....	50	28
J. Turner, jr.....	50	30
Mr. Armstrong.....	20	10
R. Black.....	20	15
J. Stauffer.....	40	31
J. Turner, sr.....	30	16

The regular weekly shoot of the National Gun Club was held on Saturday, March 11th. Messrs. Usher, Stauffer, Anderson and Turner, sr., won the prizes. The scores:

	Shot at.	Broke
J. Dunbar.....	60	30
F. Fowler.....	50	35
P. C. Morrison.....	80	54
A. Campbell.....	50	42
J. Turner, jr.....	65	40
J. Monkman.....	40	23
J. Summerhays.....	85	66
Major Curran.....	45	27
J. Lawson.....	40	26
F. Anderson.....	65	44
H. Usher.....	40	34
J. Turner, sr.....	45	21
J. Stauffer.....	30	25
C. Beare.....	20	16
B. J. Pearce.....	20	13
W. McKeand.....	20	6

Stanley Gun Club.

The Mimico Gun Club were the guests of the Stanleys in a friendly match at 50 targets per man on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 12th. Mimico was represented by the following members: Dods, Germain, Harrison, Draw, Sears, Doughty, Lowes, Burnett, Bowman and Band. The Stanleys were represented by eight shooters, who pitted their scores against the eight best of the visiting team. The Stanleys were the victors, with a score of 317 against 292.

A new feature has been added to the red, white and blue innovation shoot. A yellow target will be thrown, and the shooter breaking this target gets one box of shells and his targets free.

Mr. Sears got this bird on Saturday, but unfortunately lost it.

	Shot at.	Broke
Hughes.....	165	114
Rolph.....	160	106
German.....	150	93
Joslin.....	140	111
Dods.....	135	92
Sears.....	125	84
Raymond.....	110	67
McMartin.....	105	81
Hutcheson.....	105	64

Salisbury.....	110	73
Doughty.....	95	57
Bedwell.....	90	79
Weise.....	80	50
Draw.....	80	42
Buck.....	80	54
Lowes.....	80	48
Bowman.....	85	51
Harrison.....	75	50
Band.....	75	42
Lundy.....	65	54
Burnett.....	65	54

A very pleasant match was held at Mimico Gun Club Saturday afternoon, February 26th, between the Mimico and Stanley Gun Clubs. The match was for fifty birds per man, the ten best scores of each team counting.

The Stanleys, who were represented by Messrs. Vivian, Jennings, Sockett, Joslin, Salisbury, McMartin, Winter, Bedwell, Skey and Hogarth were the victors with a score of 388, against 338 of the Mimico Gun Club the shooters being Messrs. Jermyn, Dods, Serson, Doughty, Raymond, Devins, Leedham, Hutchison.

Quite a few members and friends were present at the Stanley Gun Club's shoot on Saturday afternoon, Mar. 11th, and some good scores were made. In the prize shoot Messrs. Tomlin, Hughes, Rolf, Stevens and Hogarth were tie, but in the shoot off the winners were as follows:—1, Tomlin; 2, Hogarth; 3, Stevens; 4, Rolf. The following were the scores in the regular events:—

	Shot at.	Broke
Bedwell.....	115	80
Hughes.....	115	81
Salisbury.....	110	80
Stevens.....	100	90
Tomlin.....	100	89
McMartin.....	100	53
Burnham.....	90	54
Winter.....	85	65
Hogarth.....	85	77
Rolf.....	105	82
Shaw.....	80	54
Sawden.....	75	43
Weller.....	70	43
Jones.....	60	28
Woods.....	60	22
Dorf.....	30	20
Doubles.....		Pairs
Bedwell.....	13	11
Winter.....	30	17
Hughes.....	12	10
Burnham.....	13	8
Salisbury.....	13	16
Rolf.....	13	16
Jones.....	13	11
Stevens.....	13	18
Hogarth.....	12	13
McMartin.....	12	10

St. Hubert Gun Club.

St. Hubert's Gun Club held its weekly shoot Saturday, Feb. 12th, under rather severe weather conditions, the thermometer registering 10 degrees above zero with a raw northeast wind. In spite of this handicap exceptionally good scores were made, the general average being 71 per cent.

Mr. Wm. Slaney, who secured the weekly spoon is one of the veteran shots of the club, and his win was a most popular one, each member joining in enthusiastic cheering when the announcement was made.

Mr. Joseph Barnaby made his initial bow and broke into the game with a score of 17.

The outstanding features:

Wm. Slaney wins spoon.

Easdale and Rogers, top-notchers first day in the Geo. White spoon event.

Easdale, Rogers and Corby were high guns for the day.

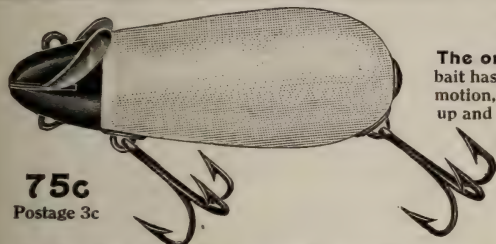
The scores:

	Two Events at 25 Birds.
George Easdale.....	22 21—43
V. V. Rogers.....	19 24—43
W. J. Corby.....	21 22—43
A. W. Throop.....	23 19—42
*W. Slaney.....	20 20—40
O. T. Ring.....	17 22—39
J. B. Bunn.....	18 20—38
Geo. White.....	20 16—36
C. J. Booth.....	17 19—36
A. Latimer.....	18 16—34
W. Fairchild.....	13 20—33
N. Grant.....	15 15—30
A. H. Visser.....	10 13—23
Jos. Barnaby.....	5 12—17

*Handicap 4 birds.

Extras at 25 birds: Geo. Easdale, 23; J. B. Bunn, 21; V. V. Rogers, 19; A. Latimer, 18; A. H. Visser, 18; C. J. Booth, 14; H. Graham 19 out of 30.

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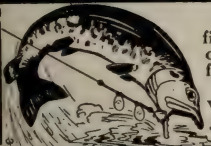
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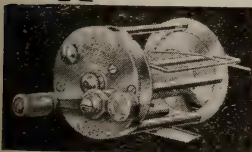
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Six 2-man teams took part in the primary shoot for the two dessert spoons donated by Mr. Geo. White—two highest scores out of three regular Saturday shoots to count.

Messrs. Easdale and Rogers, the latter with a minus handicap of one bird, were high with 85 out of 100. Corby and Ring were a close second with 83. The team standing is as follows, club handicaps included:

Easdale.....	43
Rogers.....	42
Corby.....	85
Ring (handicap, 1 bird).....	43
Throop.....	40
Bunn.....	83
Latimer (handicap, 6 birds).....	42
Booth (handicap, 2 birds).....	38
White (handicap, 4 birds).....	80
Fairchild (handicap, 2 birds).....	40
Slaney (handicap, 4 birds).....	38
Visser (handicap, 6 birds).....	78
	40
	35
	75
	44
	29

Although the weather conditions were decidedly unfavorable, temperature about zero, with a blustery west wind, a quorum of shooters faced the St. Hubert traps Saturday, Feb. 19th. V. V. Rogers tacked on a score of 45 out of 50, a remarkable performance under such adverse conditions.

Geo. Easdale, with 44, tied with V. V. Rogers in the club spoon handicap competition, the latter with a minus of one bird having already won a spoon. In the shoot off, Easdale nosed out by one bird, 19 against 18. Following is a recapitulation of the scores:

Two events at 25 targets:—	
V. V. Rogers.....	22 23—45
Geo. Easdale.....	22 22—44
J. B. Bunn.....	18 22—40
H. W. Fairchild.....	19 20—39
A. W. Throop.....	20 17—37
O. T. Ring.....	13 18—31
A. Latimer.....	12 15—27
Geo. White.....	8 13—21
A. H. Visser.....	11 8—19

Extras, at 25 birds: Geo. Easdale, 13; N. Grant, 18; V. V. Rogers, 18; H. W. Fairchild, 18; A. H. Visser, 13.

The semi-final for G. R. White spoons, Rogers and Easdale led with 88.

Notwithstanding the somewhat unfavorable conditions, on Saturday, Feb. 26th, a dozen members faced the traps and the scores, although much below the average, were very good considering. Geo. Easdale was high gun with 40 out of 50.

H. W. Fairchild captured the club spoon shooting in class "B" with a handicap of two birds added to 38, which made him the winner over Geo. Easdale, who has a minus of one bird, having already won a spoon.

V. V. Rogers and Geo. Easdale were the winning team for the dessert spoons donated by Mr. Geo. White, having the very creditable score of 175 out of 200.

The two highest scores of three club shoots were taken as:

V. V. Rogers.....	43 45—88
Geo. Easdale.....	43 44—87

Total..... 175

CLUB SPOON SHOOT—

Two Events at 25 Clay Birds.	
Geo. Easdale.....	22 18—40
V. V. Rogers.....	19 20—39
H. W. Fairchild.....	21 17—38
Dr. Mohr.....	17 20—37
C. J. Booth.....	20 16—36
Geo. White.....	16 16—32
O. T. Ring.....	15 16—31
N. Grant.....	14 17—31
N. Brownlee.....	17 13—30
J. Collins.....	14 15—29
A. H. Visser.....	9 13—22
Jos. Barnaby.....	6 11—17

Extra Event at 25 Birds.	
O. T. Ring.....	24
V. V. Rogers.....	22
H. W. Fairchild.....	19
Geo. Easdale.....	18
N. Brownlee.....	16
J. Collins.....	15
N. Grant.....	11
A. H. Visser.....	10

A large number of shooters, taking advantage of the fine afternoon on March 4th, faced the St. Hubert traps and took part in the splendid program. The feature of the afternoon was the handicap competition for the club spoon in which four members tied for the prize. Geo. Easdale and V. V. Rogers were high guns with 41 out of 50 each. H. W. Fairchild with 39 plus one bird and N. Brownlee with 36 plus four birds tied Messrs. Easdale and Rogers, the latter two each with a minus of one bird, having already won a spoon. As the afternoon was well advanced there was not time or good enough light to shoot off the tie and it was decided that a special event of 25 birds would be held the following Saturday, to decide the winner.

CLUB SPOON SHOOT.—

Two events at 25 clay pigeons.	
Geo. Easdale.....	22 19—41
V. V. Rogers.....	21 20—41
H. W. Fairchild.....	19 20—39
B. Beattie.....	19 20—39
A. W. Throop.....	21 17—38
O. T. Ring.....	16 20—36
C. J. Booth.....	14 22—36
N. Brownlee.....	17 19—36
E. O'Connor.....	17 18—35
J. B. Bunn.....	14 16—30
Dr. Mohr.....	14 12—26
Wm. Forbes.....	10 15—25
N. Grant.....	11 13—24
A. H. Visser.....	11 9—20

Extras at 25 birds: V. V. Rogers, 21, 22—43; Geo. Easdale, 19, 23—42; J. B. Bunn, 19; E. O'Connor, 19; C. J. Booth, 18; O. T. Ring, 18; N. Grant, 14; A. H. Visser, 11; Wm. Forbes, 10.

Six two man teams took part in the contest for the dessert spoons donated by Mr. Cecil Bethune. The scores of the club spoon shoot were taken and Messrs. Easdale and Rogers led with 80x100. Beattie and Ring were a close second with 77. Following is the standing of the teams showing handicaps added or taken off as the case may be:

Easdale 40, Rogers 40.....	80
Beattie 39, Ring 38.....	77
Brownlee 40, O'Connor 35.....	75
Fairchild 41, Mohr 28.....	69
Throop 37, Bunn 29.....	66
Grant 30, Visser 26.....	56

The fine weather brought out the season's record crowd of shooters and spectators to St. Hubert's traps Saturday, Mar. 11th. Jos. Dionne carried off the spoon with 46 birds out of 50. Geo. Easdale had the same score but has a minus of one bird having already won a spoon.

CLUB SPOON.—

Two events at 25 targets.	
Jos. Dionne.....	22 24—46
Geo. Easdale.....	23 23—46
V. V. Rogers.....	22 23—45
H. W. Fairchild.....	21 22—43
B. Beattie.....	24 19—43
J. B. Bunn.....	22 20—42
Dr. Smith.....	20 21—41
A. W. Throop.....	22 19—41
R. Cameron.....	21 18—39
Dr. Mohr.....	21 17—38
C. J. Booth.....	20 16—36
N. Grant.....	18 14—32
A. H. Visser.....	12 15—27
O. T. Ring.....	12 14—26
J. Collins.....	9 11—20
J. Barnaby.....	8 9—17
H. Sibbald.....	7 9—16
H. Dunn.....	2 3—5

Messrs. Rogers, Fairchild and Brownlee are still tied for the spoon offered for competition on Saturday, March 4.

Specials at 25 birds.
Easdale, 21; Rogers, 22, 20—42; Fairchild, 20, 18, 20—58; Cameron, 19; Grant, 19; Ring, 16, 15, 19—50; Visser, 17, 16, 15—48; Geo. White, 29x40.

Seven two man teams took part in the competition for the dessert spoons donated by Mr. Cecil Bethune. The scores for the semi-final shoot follow:

Easdale-Rogers.....	45 44—89
Dionne-Smith.....	46 41—87
Fairchild-Mohr.....	45 39—84
Bunn-Throop.....	41 40—81
Grant-Visser.....	38 33—71
Beattie-Ring.....	43 28—71
Cameron-Collins.....	43 26—69

Competing with more than 20 men experts with the gun, Mrs. R. R. Barber, of Minneapolis, in a recent shoot of the Twin Cities Gun Club in Minneapolis, pulverized 196 of the 200 targets thrown, the highest score of the shoot and the best she has ever made. There are several women shots who will bear watching in the next G. A. H.

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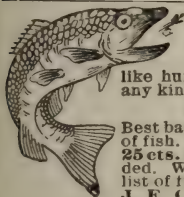
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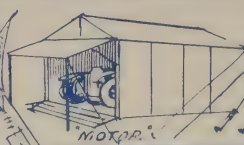


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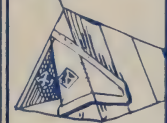
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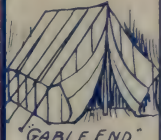
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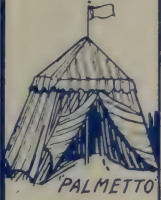
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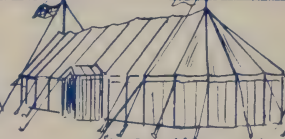
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"NORTH WEST"



"REFRESHMENT"



"LARGE MARQUEE"

Rod and Gun in Canada

Woodstock, Ontario, May 1916

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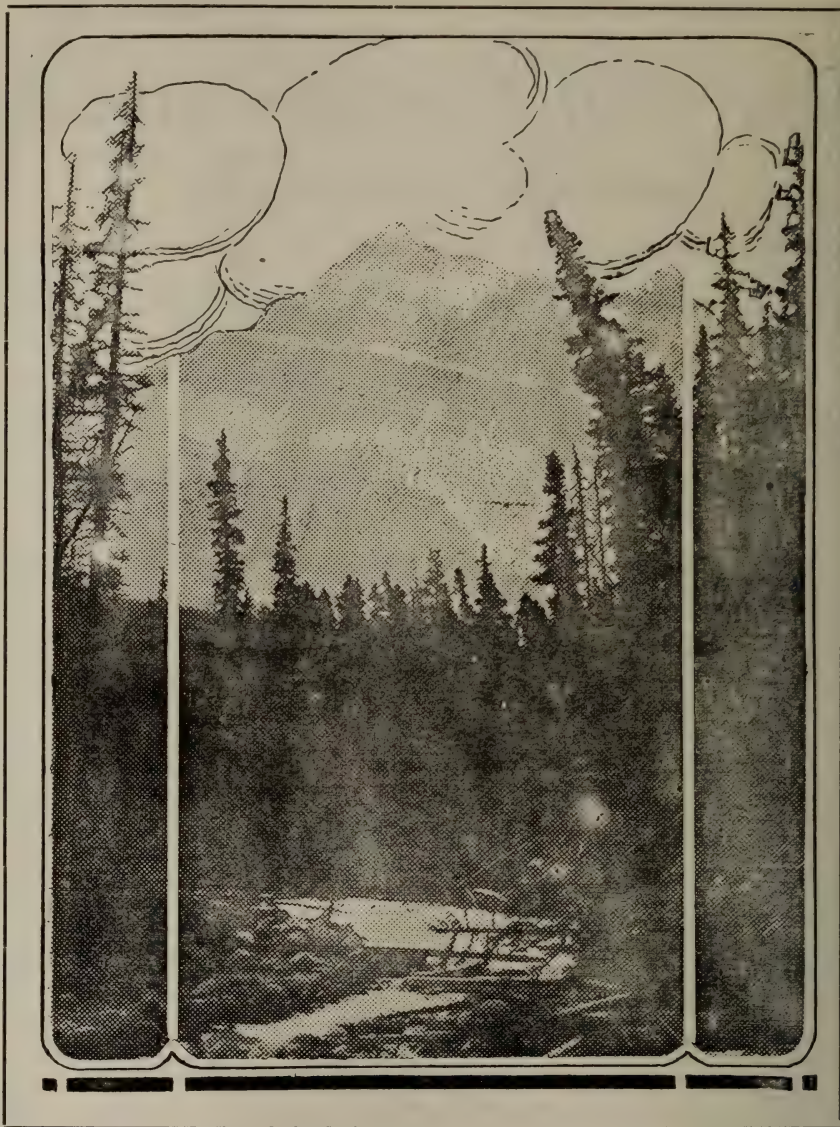
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—Branch Offices—

New York,
373 Fourth Ave.

London, England
Grand Trunk Bldgs.
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Entered Feb. 17, 1908 at the Post Office at Buffalo, N. Y., as second-class matter under Act of March 8, 1908.



THE Geographic Board have conferred the name of Mount Cavell on the mountain in Jasper Park which was climbed last summer by Professor Holway and Dr. Gilmour. This mountain which is 11,020 feet high and has two fine glaciers is located within easy access of the Canadian Northern lines through the Rocky Mountains. A trail has been cut through to the main glacier from the Canadian Northern line, but the peak is visible for twelve miles from the observation cars on the line. The new name will commemorate the noble English nurse who came to such an untimely end at the hands of the Germans in Belgium.



TALES OF THE TRAPPERS AND HUNTERS OF 1914-1915

Bonnycastle Dale

"**N**OW who do you think chopped that wood?" asked Fritz as he pointed to an armful the boy carried. The visitor to the camp looked thoughtful, guessed the young lad did it and was mightily surprised when Fritz said:

"Those poplars were cut down and then chewed into short lengths by beaver. We hope sometime to tame some, Sir, and then the hard work of wood-cutting will be over for me. One healthy beaver to a family ought to supply enough wood for the winter."

Really I had to interfere as just before this I heard the lad solemnly inform our visitor that he intended to make an aeroplane "so that he could salt the tails of whole flocks of duck and thus get his season's limit easily."

The early freezing over of the lakes and marshes of the Kawartha chain on November 18th, 1914, upset all the hunters' and trappers' plans—and if we take the hints the animals themselves give us we would be as far astray. This year I found a fully built muskrat house on the 1st of September, as well as unfinished ones of the 1st of November. Even the beaver here are using bank dwellings far below the high water line of the spring freshets. The common rat, dwelling in these marshes, has developed into a large, fierce, fighting

vermin. They infest the drowned lands. In fact they are a pest to campers on some of the low-lying islands. We have heard for many nights regular pitched battles under the tent floor, until, in common self defence, we were obliged to trap the noisy beasts. Then the pitiful squealing of the captured animal made us hasten out, armed with electric torch and fish-killing-stick, and despatch the poor thing. The rats are of large size. Note the two Fritz is showing to the decoy ducks. All the winged things took flight in early December, all save the regular winter boarders, and the trails of the lesser animals crisscross the snow. The voles and moles and mice carry on a regular hunt during the dark hours of the cold nights, even chasing their prey far out onto the icy surface of the lakes. Soon, when the snow is too deep for this work, the under-snow galleries will be formed. If you want to see a wonderful, natural catacomb dig up a few feet of the smooth surface of the snow; dig right down to the ground and study the wonders of this dark, subterranean battlefield, for there are hundreds of animals to the acre that must have nightly food all during the winter months. Do not be astonished if you flare a grouse, for they often seek temporary cover under the branches of the ground hemlock and the spruce. Rabbits and

hares bound along these runways with the green lamped terror, the mink or the weasel, loping behind. Then there are chambers that have water openings. The mink's always ends where the water begins.

One day we followed the track of a red fox across a lonely lake. His track ran in curves and winding ways, so that he covered a goodly portion of the white smooth surface. In one place he had come across the frozen-in body of a big American Merganser. Poor bird it had no doubt been wounded and could not fly away with the big noisy band. The melting of the various snowfalls had buried it so deep that not even the sharp claws and teeth of the fox could uncover it, so along he ran until he came to the marsh. Straight for the first muskrat house he sped and instantly set to work and tore off the south side of the dry cover. Then he struck the wet frozen weeds of the house and his progress was delayed. Finally he made an entrance. Long before this the big, brown-eyed muskrats had taken a plunge through the open water hole below and swam to safety along the many channels they had cut open in the roots of the marsh plants

during the early fall. Once they came to a hollow root with an air chamber above water they snuggled there in safety. Mr. Fox inserted his black nose and part of his head in the hole he had made, one could tell this by the melted snow beneath where his body had lain and there he lay in wait, and long might he wait, clever though he is, before he could fool his sensitive, keen nosed prey. It was odd to note how his nervous tail had slowly flapped from side to side, and then becoming disgusted how he had run off along an old marsh trail in search of the ever vanishing dinner.

Rarely indeed do we come across the track of a mink in this part of Ontario. Skunks are plentiful—long may they reign undisturbed by us. Weasel are fairly common, and muskrats very plentiful, as last spring's low water left great numbers unmolested by the trappers, and a large percentage that had got caught in the traps escaped on account of the low water. Many of this spring's catch will have but three legs. The price, lowered by the war, made it in 1914 hardly worth while to take them. Two seasons handrunning, 1913 and 1914, the early freezing of the marshes rendered fall trapping impossible, and 1915 gave only about three days, after December 1st, to the trappers before the whole marsh and creeks and nearly all the river froze over. Some of the men caught a fair number in that short time, but the saddles were very black with the visible hair bulbs and the price correspondingly low. It would be better for all if no muskrats were trapped before March.

The first open water in Rice Lake was seen on March 22, 1915 at the mouth of the Otonabee. Again the water in the marshes was very low, so that it would be impossible to drown the muskrats, therefore it was of no use to set the traps far back from the river and deeper pondholes. This crowded the trappers in a thousand acre marsh into about a tenth of that space, and the marsh was fairly paved with steel traps, about one thousand in a mile square. Fritz led the minority with about forty traps, while the majority leader had fully



These sticks of firewood were cut to this usable size by beaver on Rice Lake, Ont.

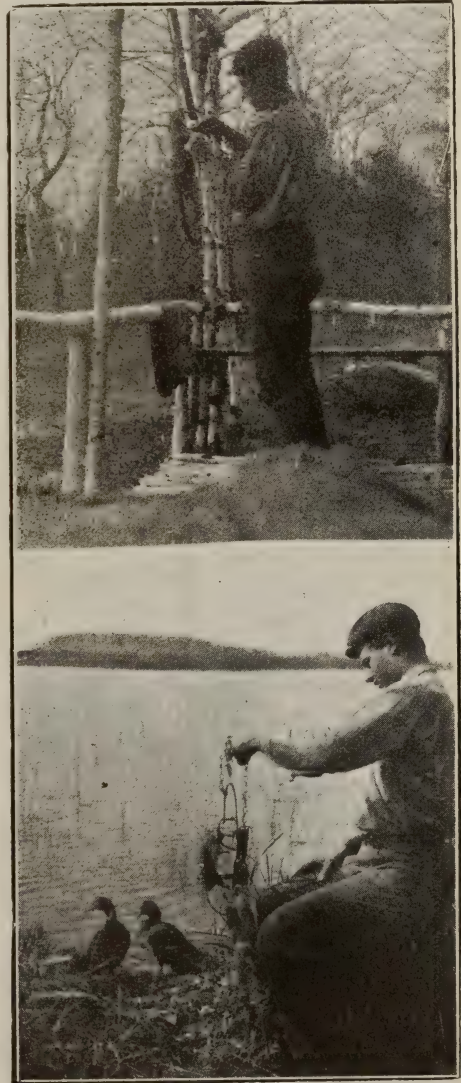
three hundred. Out of this limited space about one thousand muskrats were taken, and hundreds of legs of the ones who escaped. A great number of the captured ones had from one to three legs missing.

It seems foolish for me to describe the way these men set their traps, it was so simple, no bait, no lures, no animal scent. The muskrats are running about so wildly in this, the breeding season, pursuing the elusive female and fighting desperate battles with the other myriad lovers, that any trap, set along the runways, and covered fairly with water, in an axe cut niche in a log, or set in a built up pile of weeds, with deep enough water alongside to drown the catch, will suffice. One man from the Indian Village, one of the best hunters and trappers on the lake, covered a line of traps fourteen miles long. He was met at various landing places by his eldest boy with a horse and light wagon, and the heavy muskrats were thrown out of the canoe, thus enabling this big husky chap to drag that craft over miles of dry marshes, paddle in up the numerous creeks, portage it over the banks and take out in this one season six or seven hundred muskrats,—and well he deserved them after his strenuous work.

Just a word about the selling of the fur. It will be to the great advantage of the buyers to promise only that which they can fulfil. I have before me numerous United States and Canadian fur buyers' circulars. Now both the fur buyers and the trappers agree that the furs of this latitude are first class both in pelage and hide, therefore, if anywhere on this continent, we should have many No. 1 extras, but not a single one can I find in the returns of the various purchases of muskrats by first class houses. It would be better, surely, not to offer this top price for a top class, if such class is not to be found by the fur sorters. Excepting a few cases of actual dishonesty the vast majority of the pelts were bought by the good houses at a fair market price, but over and above this price was that printed offer of an unattainable quality that leaves all the trappers dissatisfied. Offer just the full mar-

ket value and pay it, is my humble advice.

There will be a great increase in the number of the furbearers uncaught each year while the war lasts, for so many of the trappers, men who see that if they do not go and fight for their country there will be no country left for them to trap in, have gone to the front. All honor to them for this. No man of military age, health and strength should waste his time trapping while the enemy are daily forcing us nearer to conscription. For this



1. Fritz skinning the muskrats.
2. Fritz captures two of the muskrats, large, fierce, fighting vermin.

reason the furbearers will enormously increase, and the game birds decrease. I saw, in one bend of the Otonabee, where Fritz and I were duckshooting this fall, twenty-four muskrat houses in an hundred yard strip of marsh and rice. The tracks of the furbearers dot the marshes, many have actually been killed with sticks since the ice took this fall, December 4th to 6th. The home village, near where I write this has been depleted of its young men, eleven having gone out to the war from a little cluster of

homes in the valley containing about seventy-five souls. The lad Fritz, whose picture you have so often seen, is away to fight for you and me.

This enormous increase of the furbearers leads to indiscriminate fighting. I pictured two of the pelts Fritz took last spring. They were literally torn to pieces on the living rat. It had been caught in one of the traps and, unable to put up as stiff a fight as usual, had literally been stripped of its hide, great numbers were thrown away for this reason.

Now as to Sunday trapping. I have yet to meet the trapper who would not rather rest on that day and clean up camp and himself, but he should be allowed to paddle around his traps and kill every suffering animal caught in their cruel jaws. It is no doubt from kindness of heart that these Sunday reformers insist we should not do anything they do not want to do themselves, but once they step into the Natural History field they need to study deeply cause and effect, before they leave thousands of animals to suffer, while they in comfort attend comfortable places of worship. Personally I love the reformer and the good citizen, but he must self-sacrifice something before he can insist on new and little understood laws.

The food for the furbearers is, as usual, prolific, moles and mice and shrews and rabbits for the fox; the mink, the weasel, the marten, as well as lots of small fish in the creeks for such as can catch them, millions of tons of flat roots, wapatoes (the muskrat apple) wild onions and all the weed seeds that all animals greedily nibble.

Like the foolish virgins in the parable were the marshdwellers this fall, all unready; they made a great fuss about building their houses in late September and early October, but the freeze-up in November caught them still unfinished. Day after day just as the first faint gleam of light marked the eastern horizon Fritz and I paddled out into the marshes. It was a very common sight to see one of these shy animals beside the canoe. We proved their eyesight to be very poor, approaching them within paddle stroke time after time. Then with a great "tump" that reminded



1. Bending the red willow stretcher for the pile of muskrat pelts.
2. A good night and morning's catch of fur, 16 from 40 traps.

me of the seal's great tail splash as it sounds, down went the web-footed. Time after time, when our canoes were in the frozen-in "hides" in the ice, we would hear the musk gnawing an icehole, or feel them bump along the bottom of the canoe as they swam beneath on their way to and from their frozen in houses. If you will squat quietly near one of these big snow-covered homes for an hour you will learn much of the home life of these clean marshdwellers.

The Ojibways have many legends of the Muskrat such as that of **THE MUSKRAT AND THE FLOOD**, (quoting from notes taken by Speck). "That is going to flood the world and be the end," said Nenebuc, the child of the Sun, so he cut trees and made a raft. Water covered everything. He saw all kinds of animals swimming towards his raft. "Come on! Come on!" he called "And stay here". The animals stayed on the raft. He made a rope of roots and tied it to the beaver's tail, telling him to dive and reach the land beneath. The beaver couldn't reach the land. Seven days after he allowed the muskrat to dive.

They waited a long time but he did not come up. This muskrat doubled up and put his nose into the hair of his breast, to breathe by the bubbles clinging there. At last he used up all the air, and could only grab a little piece of mud. Then he started to the surface but drowned before he reached the raft. Nenebuc pulled the muskrat in and he was still holding the mud. Nenebuc said: "I am going to dry this, as soon as it is dry you can go around the world again." He dried it, but not entirely, so some parts of the world are swampy and wet and others dry. Thus the animals had the earth again and the world was made."

I have quoted this just to show that the muskrat is "some pumpkins" according to our Red Brother, but alas I have heard nearly all the miracles of the Good Book repeated by the tribes in halting folk-lore wherever those inimitable missionaries, the Jesuits have wandered and suffered, so I think we had better put the muskrat into his latest rightful place, "Near Otter", on my lady's coat.

ONE EYE BUNNY AND THE TENDER-FOOT: THE TALE OF A TRAIL

Frank Yeigh

THIS is the tale of a trail in Canada's mountain wonderland. The personnel possessed five eyes, ten legs, and a wide variety of characteristics.

One Eye and Bunny were my bronchos; the one lifted me in, the other carried me out, and to each I here pay my grateful respects for doing their turn well and safely.

I have already forgiven One Eye's playful tricks of negotiating a log across the trail by making as though he were about to step slowly over it and then suddenly lifting his passenger in the air as he jumped the obstruction. Nor do I intend holding it against Bunny that he started an equestrian circus turn on the narrow-

est bit of trail and at its highest point. I'd perform too if stung into action by the sting of a bull-dog or hornet. "What will I do with him?", was the wild cry of the tenderfoot to his guide. "Give 'im the reins," came the response. This I was perfectly willing to do, indeed to let him have anything he wanted if he would only keep on an even keel. But this is anticipating the sequence of events.

The transition was soon made from the train to the trail; from the finger-bowl dining car meal to the camp tinnery and cutlery; from the comfort of artificial civilization to the back-to-nature life. When Robson station is reached on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, away north in British

Columbia, there is a bit of a building, erected on the only foothold of earth thereabouts. A flag station it is, and therefore agentless and phoneless, and yet it has human occupation and cheery human occupation at that, for the section man inhabits it, and his girlish wife gave us unofficial greeting. Broken was her English, but sweet of tone and very human in its kindness. Thank you, little lady from far-away Europe. Your smiling "sure" to our every question, and request, the plac-

directed weapon and suffered, the innocent for the guilty, by losing his left eye.

Now we're off on the first turn of the trail. Dunnage bags have been securely diamond-hitched on the pack ponies who are started down the grade well knowing the road and their duty. Far below, the greenish-white waters of the Fraser River, stirred into a milky passion, rushed along the canyon track, on their long tortuous six-hundred mile journey to the ocean.



Little pack ponies of the Mt. Robson region having their pictures taken

ing of the attic at our disposal for excess baggage, and the interest you took in the wayfarers at the edge of the trail is placed in the index of memory.

Curly Phillips,—packer, trapper, guide, mountaineer, trail maker and trail traveller,—was ready for us with a string of ponies and a bunch of good chaps to help us hit the trail aright. The sturdy little steeds were bunched together, waiting to fulfil their part of the contract. Brownie made his bell jangle out a strident note as the invaders of the solitude were allocated each to his beast. One-Eye was mine, wearing a soiled white coat, a languid air, and a drooping head and tail. Turning his one good eye to his rider, he fixed me with a penetrating gaze, and seemed to size me up in the single glance of his single optic. Talk about cruelty to animals! His former owner, angered at the cussedness of a beastie, hurled a pointed stick at him, but poor Whitey received the badly

The Phillips cabin successfully met our inner cravings at the universal eating hour of noon, cooking an extensive menu on a very small stove propped up on the verandah. With the draining of the fourth cup of nerve-bracing tea from the spacious kettle, and the eating of the final bannock, the procession made its real start for Mount Robson, seventeen miles away.

And right here I wish to doff my sombrero to the trail-blazer. Like the railway builder, he has the passion for overcoming obstacles and forcing his way into nature's most inviolate depths. One admires his audacity, his skill, his resourcefulness.

The unwinding way was marked by an infinite variety of scene and of grade. Every curve—and curves were as plentiful as berries along the way—brought a new world into view. At one moment the path followed the right hand bank of the Grand Forks River, a beautiful stream, whipped into foam in its galloping descent,

singing a song of life and movement as it flowed oceanward. And when a detour left the cooling waters behind, their distant music was toned down to a penetrating and soothing murmur.

A bit of scrub was followed by a sudden plunge into forest depths sheltered from the sun by towering cedars and firs reaching to a height of two hundred feet. The shoots of light filtering through the roof of branches lit up the narrow way with a strangely stereoscopic effect. Straight of trunk the superb trees rose toward the sky, their bases hidden in a wild tangle of undergrowth. The luxuriance of nature was everywhere revealed; from the giant devil's club, measuring up to the saddle, to a stem of fireweed struggling for a place in the sun in which to exhibit its highly colored flower.

Like unto the trail of life, this trail was characterized by its ups and downs. Not always gentle inclines were the ups. The line of march soon became as erratic as it was uneven, a fact which discovered every piece of anatomy a human is supposed to have. And the painful revelation is hastened by the differing gaits of one's beats. Perhaps he cannot help it; perhaps it is one of his humorous turns, but One-Eye had a greater variety of steps than ever marked a tango dancer. Jerks, wrenches, side steps, wriggles, mincing steps, strides, marked the old rascal's progress. Of course there were fallen logs across the path. For the first few miles these he passed by, gently stepping over them as if to say to his city-bred rider: "Now, ride easy, Mr Novice. I know your muscles, knee caps and ankle joints must be shaken and twisted; I'll take this with a step to slow music." but then it was that he played me false. With startling suddenness he took the big obstruction with a high jump that sent his rider bounding as high as the stirrups permitted, with its accompanying rebound that jarred the last quiescent nerve into action. I didn't blame the wretched little cayuse for violently struggling when a bit of soft bank, on a nasty curve, gave way under his hind feet, nor for the broncho dance

that threatened a realization on my accident policies, but the injustice of the jump over the log rankled, and so I told him in stern tones and strong words.

There are no more interesting denizens of the mountains than the ponies. A book might be written recording their characteristics, and these would include a few faults. They are exceeding clever and up to



Negotiating the "Flying Trestle" on the Mt. Robson Trail

all sorts of tricks. Especially do they treat the tenderfoot with high disdain, and if he ventures on telling his mount where to go or how to handle a bad bit of trail, he will soon be put in his place, sometimes literally. I have had the most insulting looks thrown at me by my mount as he twisted his neck around so as to look me straight in the face. All over its countenance was written the sign, "mind your own business."

One is interested, too, in the curious and sometimes illuminating names given to the western cayuses. So

you have Diana and Bunny, Buck and Ginger, Steamboat and Whirlwind, Slim and Jumble, Pocahontus and The Kid. One might expect disaster from riding either Coffin Lid or Calamity. Silver Tail and Silver Heels both lived up to their poetic names. Darcy and Topsy should go together. Then there are Peanuts and Popcorn, Moussey and Ginger, Diana and Speck, Pinto and Highpocket, and finally Nebuchadnezzar, who is called Neb. for short.

When our caravan struck the flat trail across a level stretch of an old lake bed, a trio of pack ponies formed a conspiracy to create a diversion. Why keep to a trail when there is a spreading bit of earth to wander over? But Shorty and Jim were promptly on their track, so was the little lady cook who rode her mount like the most expert of cowboys, and e'er long the wandering cayuses were whipped back into line.

Speaking of Shorty and Jim, Jim played a low down trick on Shorty that night. Shorty was one of our pack train boys. Shorty wanted and needed a shampoo, an operation which he personally performed. Calling to Jim for some rinsing water, the cook, after an ominous wink at me, poured a cup of hot water on the nape of Shorty's neck. Will the printer kindly insert four lines of dashes at this point to represent Shorty's remarks as, with tightly closed eyes, covered with soap, he clutched wildly at his tormentor. This was not all. Jim apologized profusely, said it was a mistake, and thereupon took a dipperful of ice cold glacial water and repeated the same trick in lieu of the hot.

That was all. Shorty had something additional to say, which had heat enough in it to set fire to the shack, but he and Jim were good friends at heart and murder did not result.

Just as the wood trail threatened to become monotonous a wild glacial torrent was encountered, the wash of the current filling one's boots. Descending to the level of Lake Kinney, alluring glimpses of which had been caught from the heights, the trail maker utilized the beds of radiating

streams born high up in Robson's ice boxes. A boulder-strewn nature path of this character does not make the easiest going for either a four or two-legged creature, but must be used when seeking a way through a country that is inclined to say 'no admittance'. Sometimes the wayward streamlets deliberately forsake their channels for the trail declivity, resulting in a black, mushy, mucky muskeg from which the horses' hoofs can be pulled only by great effort.

The Robson trail has moreover its own revelatory way with the mountains. It plays a hide-and-go-seek game with them. Mount Robson, for example, disappeared from the earth more than once when the trail became absorbed in overcoming the obstacles of the Grand Forks River. The eye was centred in the white-crested stream hundreds of feet below rather than on the upper reaches where hills grow, but that was only for a passing moment.

Such a mighty magnet as Robson soon re-asserts its attractive power. What puny mortals we were; what infinitesimal specks when working our way northward under the lee of its mile-high ramparts.

And now for the Valley of the Thousand Falls, succeeding the green Forks Valley. No, Mr. Literalist, there are not ten hundred cascades, but there are enough to warrant the poetic title. A mighty canyon it is, a giant cleft in the everlasting hills, with a leaping Niagara doing its part in feeding the greater river on the lower level, with a Matterhorn peak closing the valley on the north, with glittering snow masses poised thousands of feet above our heads, with rivulets issuing forth from glacial rivers and even emerging from underground channels in the Moraine gravel.

Silvery cascades, trickling down the mountain sides—a thousand feet high, like those of Lauterbrunnen in the Bernese Oberland, and leaping in all their unleashed strength from fearsome heights to water-carved rocky depths. Even the mental effort to reduce their potency to men's measurements of horse power seemed sacrilegious, and even to harness them an affront to nature.

Across the valley arose the cliff walls. High up, a streak athwart their face indicated a trail. "Gee," remarked the New York doctor. (His "gee" was as eloquent as Shorty's oath.) Is that where we are heading for?" It was, and by a way exceedingly steep and twisty and high. Here the trail maker had done his cleverest work. There were more corkscrews than ever decorated a Kentuckian outfit, and where the earth and rock ascent did not meet

the crest of the Emperor Falls. We knew Robson was scaling the heavens right over our heads, but his guardian clouds were in attendance. Yonder gleamed the greenish-blue Berg Lake, with the Tumbling Glacier—surely the steepest mass of ice that ever hung to a mountain side—feeding it with broken ice masses.

Picking our way over a bad bit of trail along the lake shore, a glance backward and upward brought a cry of wonder and delight, for Robson



Fording a mountain stream

the conditions, a corduroy staircase, rising at an angle of sixty degrees, bridged a chasm one hundred and ninety feet deep, and incidentally lifted us further up toward camp and supper and rest.

At this stage of the trail journey we were invited to walk. One Eye tried his best to step on me on the plea that I was slower on the up-turn than even a half-sighted cayuse. The trouble was in my wind-supply running out before his, and when the top-most level of all was at last attained, a trifle of twenty-five hundred feet from the valley, the joy of being carried out-measured the pain of over-stretched limbs and sore muscles.

The last three-mile leg of the journey will ever remain in the memory. The ponies struck a wading proposition for a mile or so, sometimes through deep waters racing to

stood forth in all his dominating mass while the clouds lifted and parted. So we thought. But when camp was struck, just before dark, and when the lady cook's appetizing meal (hustled on in a snatch of time) and when to the hills we lifted the eye, then came the Great Revelation. Canada's greatest mountain stood forth in all his majesty and purity. Every veil of mist had withdrawn to the cloud-world, the serrated summit edge gleamed against the sky a thousand feet higher than we had mistakenly thought, "kingly spirit throned among the hills." A mile and a quarter above us rose the ice and snow-sheathed monster of the northern wilds, receiving the homage of the environing peaks.

So ended the trail. "Is it worth the price?" queried the doctor; "Who wants to borrow twenty-five," offered the financier; "Are you sorry you are

here?" demanded the professor; "The half 'wasn't told me," declared the tenderfoot.

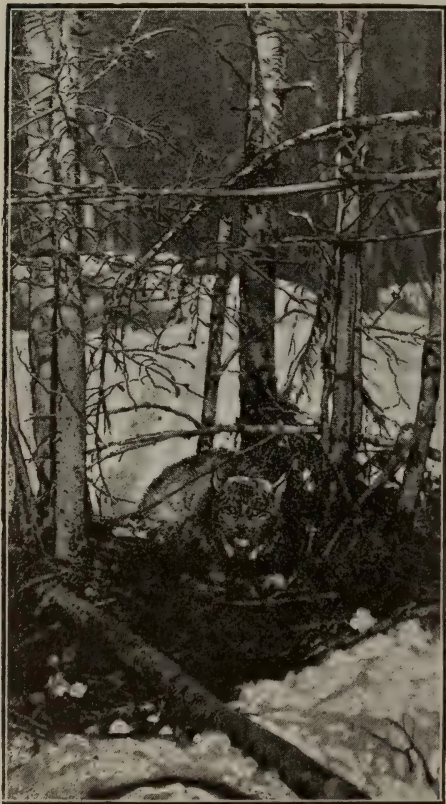
So to bed; balsam sprigs on mother earth; Hudson's Bay blankets, overcoat and boots for a pillow (a poor fit when a toe of a boot locates itself in an ear), but sleep, blessed sleep, mixed with some dreams of riding a strange beast over a mountain top like a Mother Goose on a broomstick, a bit of night-mare when you fell down a ten million foot cliff; a wet drowning in a deep river, but a glorious wakening on a glory-suffused world.

Just a word more: Of course we hit the trail back again. It was like another trail and another world, simply because we faced the other way. Mountains, glaciers, rivers, lakes, falls, valleys looked different. Now it was down hill; that is always easier. We are within a mile or two of the starting cabin. Packers, guides

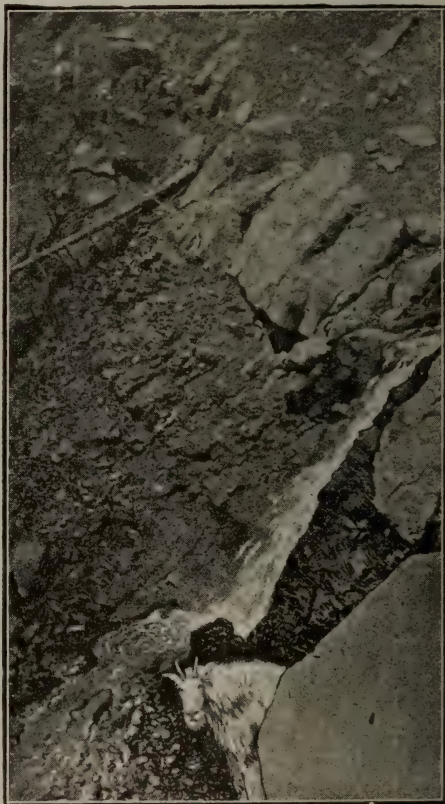
ponies, alpinists, all are eager to reach the friendly cabin and the smoking bacon and the Sandow tea. Bunny, with the bell, Pack Leader, is easily urged into a trot. Soon the whole cavalcade is on the gallop, with Shorty, arms lifted high akimbo, shouting "Hurrah," as a hurry-up cry to the single file of ponies.

It was a fitting finale to the trail trip. Even the Tenderfoot bumped in his saddle like an old timer, taking sharp curves and negotiating mud holes and tree root entanglements without having his precious neck broken even once. A band of peripatetic Indians hearing the onrush through the trees, scampered out of our way, and thus we rounded up at the home base of a shack in grand style, just in time for cook Jim's hot biscuits and all-day boiled beans.

And here ends this simple tale of a trail.



Lynx



Mountain Goat

Photos by Gordon Milroy, River Camp, Bull River, B.C.



F. V. Williams

A servant of the "Evil One" some one has called him, but as he sat there in the grey light of the morning his neck stretched outward and jerking his body with every call—if you were at all interested in birds and their doings, you would certainly have taken notice.

Black his intentions might be. If they were as black as his coat of glossy black feathers, he sure must have been some pirate. Nineteen inches he boasted in length, but there was a gloss to his coat and a brightness to his eye that showed him up at once for the imp of blackness that he was.

From away down the beach came an answering cry, "Caw-caw!" Very faint and far away it seemed with the fog hanging low over the water, for in the stillness of the morning with no breeze to speak of sound travels a long way. Rising heavily into the air the black pirate swung in a slow circle out over the broad expanse of gray green rocks that until a few hours ago had been covered by the tide.

Alighting upon a piece of rock considerably higher than the surrounding ledge he tipped his rascally black head

to one side and looked down into a shallow pool from which the tide had receded scarcely five minutes before. A shallow rivulet still flowing from the pool bid fair to drain it to the bottom.

The sun showed an orange red rim above the tree-tops across the bay, touching the shore line and chasing away the ghostly mist wreaths that still clung along the edge of the timber fringing the shore. The "Evil One" his beady eye still fixed on the pool, suddenly began to show traces of great excitement. He was an old crow, this fellow, old and wise in crow tricks and devilment, but here was something new. The pool he was watching became shallower from the drainage of the small outlet—it was scarce two feet deep and now there was a something over on the far side, down near the bottom that moved. He knew this pool, knew every crevice in the bottom of it. Had he not explored every crack and crevice in this small basin at low-tide? Once he had found, when the run was on, two delicious fat "Oolicans" stranded in here; another time it had been a crab, but the "Oolicans" were small, so was the crab—and this was big. It was as much as thirty inches long; it had fins that waved fanlike in the rapidly shoaling water, but up till now there had been no struggle. Now of a sudden this prize as the "Evil One" thought began to have misgivings as to the safety of his retreat, and "It" came slowly out into the lighter part of the pool, a

one rock-cod, or black-cod of the British Columbia coast. He nosed around and finally found the outlet through which his retreat was fast disappearing. Rushing into this he found to his consternation that he had run himself out onto the rocks. His big, black, mottled, back fin came out and with a furious struggle he tried to force himself through only to become stranded worse than ever, for here the outlet widened over a smoother part of the ledge and became less than two inches in depth. A furious flopping and splashing with his powerful tail and fins served but to exhaust him and with gasping breath his great gill covers rose and fell, telling the black one above that his prey was there for the taking, or very nearly so. Just then his keen eyes discovered something. From the corner of the big cod's jaw protruded a piece of heavy trolling line which had trailed away behind him for three or four feet and now lay exposed on the drying rocks. Had the crow known it, the evening before an old Indian paddling home alone, trailing a much worn line with trolling spoon attached, had had the pleasure of feeling the big cod strike. Hastily jerking the slip-knot loose from the paddle handle he had laid the paddle in the canoe and started very deliberately to pull in his prize hand over hand. It was not a question of sport but of business with this old child of nature, the business of keeping the larder full—not a very strenuous one in this land of plenty to be sure, as there was always fish of some sort or other outside the big salmon runs, and there were always clams to be had for the digging and wildfowl in abundance, and deer on many of the islands and mainland. Perhaps that's why this old fellow thought his line "good enough" line, but he had made a mistake this time as the line had parted about twelve feet in front of the trolling spoon and the big cod with the hooks caught far back near his gulls had got clear away. As the Indian with a disgusted grunt had picked up his paddle and passed on his way, the fish had made for the rocky bottom to try to dislodge the clinging torment in his jaws, or rub it out amongst the smaller

boulders. At this he had worked until exhausted and had lain in the pool until the ebbing tide had left him in the predicament where our friend the Black one discovered him.

A swish of wings overhead and Blackie glanced up to see a smaller edition of himself scale over on set wings and alight at a discreet distance farther down the ledge. Away to the right sat another newcomer who had evidently seen the prize as he would take a few steps occasionally in that direction.

A leader in the wild, and of the wild, be he feathered or furred must always be ready to assert his leadership, and right here it might be well to explain a few of the whys and wherefores of the Black One's leadership.

First, he had proven this to his clan in many a tough scrimmage by his fighting ability and his more subtle cunning, and last but not least his keen sense of defining the danger line between his tribe of evil doers and man, his most dangerous enemy, for although the British Columbia law for the protection of useful bird life made it punishable by the payment of five good Canadian dollars for every crow killed (at least that is what Siwash Charlie told us) the reason advanced was that the crows were good scavengers and kept the beaches clean of dead fish, etc.

Be that as it may Blackie had reasons to know that men with their sticks that shot fire had done to death on different occasions and in different places odd numbers of both his near and distant relatives.

Once while a very young bird he had alighted by a wounded Golden Eye that had crawled out on the shore intent on a feast, when with a flash and roar one of these man creatures had pointed one of those sticks at him over a rock. On this occasion a numbing sensation in one of his legs was such an urgent warning that he had nearly turned a double somersault in his endeavor to reach the shelter of some scrub fir trees, which he did much to the confusion of the gunner, who had expected to get in another shot at the slow flying crow. For a long time that leg had troubled

him and when it finally healed there was a hard lump always there for a reminder to the black one that the ways of men were evil, at least as far as his people were concerned. Since then he had watched from the top of a tall spruce the dealings of men with their fire sticks on the wildfowl as the fowl in their flight on stormy days hurtled through the sloughs on swift wings to the fields and marshes above the mouth of the Fraser.

On a number of days when the hunters had departed and he was positive they had betaken themselves away for good, he had flapped slowly across the fields and found sometimes a dead duck that the hunter had overlooked or at other times one so badly wounded that his spike-like beak, wielded like a black pick axe, soon put an end to their little remaining strength and by the time the others of his crew had discovered him he had generally eaten enough to satisfy his appetite, upon which after regarding the newcomers with a sharp eye for a few seconds and exchanging the regulation crow talk, he would gracefully withdraw and let the others pick the bones. And now it was time to act! Dropping down within a couple of feet of his victim he approached within a foot of his head and regarded him silently, noting the quivering of every muscle and the trembling of the weakening fins. The fish's eyes turned ever so little in their sockets, Blackie took a step nearer and to the back of the fish. Drawing back his head he drove his beak into the head, back of the eyes, just where the backbone and skull connect. The fish gave a spasmodic flop but before he could move again the crow struck twice, and thrice, in the same spot and the big cod lay still. With the exception of the flicking of a fin he was dead and the crow at once proceeded to the feast, selecting the eyes as his titbits. His two visitors approached carefully, very carefully. They wished a part of the feast but they did not wish to offend their leader, and Blackie generously kept busy about the head of the kill allowing the others a chance at the body. It should never be a leader's choice to gorge himself and Blackie was such a leader, as his lean trim

looking black feather uniform told the observer at a glance. He even looked thin, compared to one of the newcomers, but if he was thin, it was an athletic thinness, and not the result of an unsatisfied appetite.

The little breakfast party had been in existence perhaps five minutes when what subtle sense was it that warned them? The three crows left their feast as if blown from it by a high explosive and rose each in a different direction into the air. They were only just in time, for a big eagle swooped down toward them, like a thunderbolt. The frightened crows scattered in different directions to come together again, fifty yards away, on an old stub of a big dead spruce.

The "Evil One", away at the top looked down toward their late breakfast, excitement in every line of his tense black figure, and as his neck stretched forward he fairly outdid himself. Caw! caw! Caw! caw! What was the different note sounded this time? From below him the others set up a vociferous Caw! caw! Caw! caw! Caw! caw! And away up the beach came the answer, Caw! caw! caw! From away back in the dense timber came another, and from down the shore still another Caw! caw! caw! The world seemed full of crows. It seemed as if the leader had summoned the whole clan to make war on this big freebooter.

Where they came from and what there was in that particular call to arouse such enthusiasm it was not for any ordinary mortal to tell, but come they did and in five minutes' time the beach was swarming with the Black Clan. As their numbers increased so did their boldness. From short rushes out toward the big eagle they now began to circle excitedly about him cawing at the top of their crow voices and making a din and racket that awoke the echoes.

The eagle was hungry, good and hungry. He had had bad luck in his morning's hunt and had not the slightest intention of giving up his breakfast. He took a firmer grip on the dead fish and tore off two or three goodly sized strips bolting them whole. Holding the fish in one talon and reaching down with his beak he

tugged away at a particularly juicy portion. In front of him circled six or eight noisy flopping crows, any one of which he could have knocked galley-west with one blow of his powerful beak. He glanced scornfully at them out of the tail of his eye, and kept on eating. Above circled two or three others. The big fellow was having music with his meals this time and no mistake, although he did ignore the noisy crows' presence.

Bam!—a black form shot down from above and struck him squarely in the neck. It was a vicious rap. The "Evil One" had got home and a white feather floated away on the light breeze. The eagle, dumfounded at the suddenness of the attack, grasped the fish and with a mighty rush launched into the air. The crows scattered as if by magic, but only to close in again as the eagle turned toward the wood. Now that he was off the ground, led by their ferocious leader they drove at him from above and from either side, and he, hampered by his prize began to get, big and powerful though he was, very much the worst of it. Now he was over the woods and it seemed as though the crows, now grown to double their number, had no fear of him. Not once, but a half dozen times had the "Evil One" smote him on the back and head and there was blood showing on his snowy crown, when suddenly he decided he had had enough of it, and letting go his fish, he darted among his tormentors, who straightway scattered to the protecting tree tops, while the eagle in long spirals ascended into the bright clear sky to find something easier than battling against this black army. Some of the crows, including the two visitors to the morning feast, marked the place where the fish fell among the underbrush and after due deliberation descended and began to finish the remains. Not so the big crow, however. Away back in his rascally brain he had had a scheme all morning and now he decided to put it in effect.

Dropping low behind the trees he sped away along the shore, rounding a point some half a mile distant—his noisy tribesmen meanwhile being left far to the rear intent on the morning's

catch. Ascending now until he had a better view of the landscape below him, he flew more slowly for another ten minutes or so and presently a short distance back from the shore line a small white washed cottage came into view. Down at the shore a Fraser river fishing skiff, a dory, and two dug-out canoes were hauled up, sure evidence that Siwash Charlie was at home, and on advancing a bit farther this man creature was observed to be mending nets, assisted by one of his Indian relatives.

Back inland from the house was the garden and potato patch. Here was freshly planted potato "seed", but the big Black One was chagrined to see two of his kind busily digging the side out of one of the newly planted hills, while a third sat on a fence stake some feet above them on the lookout. Swooping down in his flight toward his mates—a fraction of a second more and he would have been out of sight of the cottage,—he had caught a glimpse of a man sneaking along the outside of the fence just back of the cottage. The crow swiftly flew upward and back over the way he had come for perhaps one hundred yards, when he settled in the top of a tall fir to await developments.

Presently the man stepped boldly out into the garden and walked deliberately toward the two thieves at work. The sentinel on the post saw him plainly but that man was at least one hundred and eighty yards away and farther back he observed two other men who sat down on an old stump evidently to watch the third. Now this sentinel knew men, and he knew guns. He knew that at seventy-five yards he was practically safe from any shotgun as he had had experience with both. One seventy, one sixty-five, one fifty. The man came steadily on and the two black ones in the side of the potato hill dug vigorously with beak and claw to unearth a couple more of those delicious "seeds" before they should have to leave. They knew this sentinel. He was a tried veteran or he never would have been accorded the honor on the stake—so they would improve their opportunity. It would be time to jump when they got the signal.

One forty-five, one forty—the distance diminished until about one hundred yards remained. The watcher raised himself very erect, the two at the digging stopped work, and the man—he had stopped also—deliberately sat down, and rested his elbow on his knee.

Crack! the sharp explosion of the smokeless powder was followed by the shapeless mass of black feathers that fell from the fence stake, and as the others jumped to fly one of them fell with the tip of his wing twisted forward in an awkward position and flopping wildly every which way as the wounded bird tried to fly. The second shot had stopped him, and two exultant half breed boys yelled with ecstasy as they raced along the pole fence and succeeded in catching the cripple before he could get through to the brush beyond. The sentinel had made the mistake of judging all guns by what he had seen them perform in the past, and as fortune would have it, he had made the acquaintance of his first rifleman that morning and paid for it with his life.

The watcher in the fir top made no sound, as he had seen enough, and more than enough. Silently he dropped from his perch and winding away among the tree tops flew along the shore toward False creek, crossed that body of water and made straight for the woods at Stanley Park. Here he secluded himself in a thicket for some time until the memory of the morning's tragedy had effaced itself somewhat. Then in the afternoon he took himself in hand and explored the shore line part way round the Park, picking up a few small shell fish and an over ripe smelt that had drifted ashore.

Night found him away round by Siwash Rock, and flying over the thick timber he went to rest in the trees opposite the Rock.

At daylight next morning he was about very early and following the shoreline to the north, he eventually came in. Turning in an easterly direction through the Narrows and up on the Inlet side of the Park, he discovered a number of herring gulls down at the low water mark, some of them wading round, others dipping

their snowy heads and poking round in the mud evidently looking for clams. Sure enough, just as he settled beside one of his kind who was walking nervously back and forth along the beach a little to one side of the gulls, one of the big white birds lazily mounted into the air and hovering for a second over a large boulder, dropped the clam with a dull "smack" on top of the boulder. Alighting himself the gull quickly gobbled the contents of the clam shell and went back to the water's edge to hunt for another.

The "fellow out of work," out for a hike around the Park in the early morning saw the combination of black and white birds at the edge of the water and sitting down in a bunch of low trees not far back from the beach stopped awhile to watch and learn, and he had not long to wait. The "Evil One" hopped over toward the boulder and with a wise expression on his black face watched the approach of the herring gull with a second clam—a fine large fat clam. Blackie's eyes snapped fire. One grand swing around the gull made, to poise with the more certainty over the flat top of the boulder, and let go of the clam. With an awkward running hop the crow drove forward, sped between the gull and the rock, seized the clam and was away like a black streak toward the wood. The gull followed him for a short distance but being well aware that it would be easier to dig another, he soon gave up and returned to his work, while he of the sable coat back down the beach a few hundred yards repeated the trick he had seen the gull perform of dropping the shell-fish on a rock and started his day with a clam breakfast. The "fellow out-of-work" that had watched all this, got to his feet and grinned to himself as he thought. "Well there's more than one way to make a living at that—hey?"

The "Evil One?" Oh! He has decided to remain indefinitely in Stanley Park as he has discovered that there is abundance of food there and many other things much to his liking.

CAMPING ON SHUSWAP LAKE

Edmund H. Fletcher

AFTER a hard summer's work four of us decided to have a fishing holiday on the lake. As we all belonged to Salmon Arm we loaded up our boat and set out. The time was the latter end of August, and the heat grilling, the Shuswap lay like a burnished mirror under the hot sun. Hampered as we were by our tent and supplies, to say nothing of four men in a twelve foot row-boat, progress was slow. After five miles of it, we found ourselves under the mighty St. Bastion's Rock, a huge rocky mountain, which rises 1000 ft. almost sheer out of the water. Here we decided to camp for the night as the fishing is generally good, at this point, if not quite so good as at the Narrows, near Sicamous.

We struck a perfect spot right away, and landed on a sandy beach, with deep water right to shore. Ten yards of fine white sand, and then a nice shady semi-circle of bush walled in by low cliffs. We hid the tent in this clump and built a stone fireplace, anyone passing up or down the lake would never have known there was a camp there. So we felt safe when away for a day, that our belongings were not a temptation to any prowling Indian. After the camp was in order and the spruce bed made, we got a fire going and "slung our billy," then enjoyed a swim in the lake before supper.

Next morning we were up before sunrise, (at least two of us were) and out for a try at the trout. We were gone about an hour when we came back and awoke the sleepers, leaving two nice Rainbows to be cooked for breakfast. By the time that meal was announced, which was done by sounding the alarm with a stone on the frying pan, we had several more silver and speckled trout in line for dinner. The best time for fishing is at sunrise and sunset, we rarely got anything during the day of much consequence, though in some ponds which were the source of Canoe Creek, a little river emptying in on the opposite shore, we got several good bags of trout on the fly chiefly "Montreal" and "Silver Doctor" or the natural grasshopper. These ponds are quite small, none of them cover more than half an acre, though they are crater-like in formation the sides shelve down towards the centre which is of great depth. The sides are lined with a dense growth of rushes and lily pads, which help in providing the numerous large trout with insect food.

There are several log rafts on these ponds and from these we fished, mooring them by means of a long rope to a stone on the bank or letting them drift if there was no breeze. These ponds were full of surprises for after catching nothing but fingerlings for a time, there would suddenly be a splash and a boil, and with a whir-r-r the reel would come into play, and after an exciting five minutes up would come a pounder within reach of the net.

Canoe Creek is only about six feet in width, and between the natural pools is quite shallow, almost too shallow for a pounder to swim up.

It is strange why large fish ascend such tiny creeks, running the gauntlet to numerous enemies on a four mile course between the lake and the ponds. Bear, mink, and otter must take a heavy toll, to say nothing of the settlers who catch them in dozens, with a forked stick, and smoke them for winter use.

The Shuswap is rich in bird life. Two Golden Eagles had their eyrie amongst the crags of St. Bastions rock. We saw them daily soaring round in circles over the highest peak. The Osprey is common on the lake, there were fully a dozen pairs in our neighbourhood. On the wing they are not unlike the black-backed gull. Their nests are usually placed on top of a tall dead tree about sixty feet from the ground, composed of a huge mass of sticks, enough to fill a wagon. I climbed up to one, but when underneath it, it ran out above me like a roof so as to make it impossible to get a hand in. I tried to get a hand through the pile, but the branches were so thick and strong, I gave up the attempt.

The osprey or fish hawk as it is often called, is a prototype of the kingfisher, though the latter is not a favourite amongst fishermen, having a taste for trout and Salmon fry. The fish hawk on the other hand is a preserver of these fish, and consequently is in the good graces of the Department of Fisheries, and all true lovers of sport, owing to its living almost entirely on squaw fish and suckers, both enemies of the former by devouring spawn and young.

There was a fine waterfall a couple of miles from our camp, called the Renniker Falls. I started out alone one day to find it, a simple matter enough as it is merely a question of finding the outlet into the lake and following it up. However having walked about a mile, I could hear the roar of the water and decided to strike into the bush as a near cut. At first the going was good, but gradually the underground got denser, until it became almost hopeless to push my way through. At times I ascended steep hillsides, descending again into valleys so dark and gloomy, that the sun seemed never to penetrate the depths. One is inclined to "see things" in these solitudes, imagining timber wolves or grizzly bears, or to sum up how long one would lie if a slip on a mossy log resulted in a broken leg. However no adventures with wild creatures were on the boards. Death instead of life seemed the predominant spirit, as even the friendly squirrel or lonely wood-pecker were absent, and the falls were as far off as ever, their roar like a steamer's siren in a fog, could be distinctly heard, but the sense of direction was lacking. However continuing to advance I at last found myself between two steep and rocky banks, and was amply repaid by the grandeur of the scene.

The fall came down in a series of jumps from a considerable height, and though not very great in volume, it was the centre-piece of a lovely picture of pure natural beauty. On

every side were lying irregular masses of rocks and torn up trees, as Longfellow has it, "bearded with moss." The Ravine was narrow and deep, and the glacier water of crystal clearness, showing the prismatic colouring where the sun shone on the spray.

Great trees on top, though still growing were tilted at various angles and ready to fall. Altogether the scene was one to enchant the eye of a nature lover.

The Shuswap is a very large lake, shaped something like an octopus. The main lake is opposite Notch Hill, while three huge arms (or tentacles) wind in and out in different directions through the mountains. They are the Anstey Arm, the Seymore Arm and the Salmon Arm. There is direct steamboat connection between the various settlements, down as far as Kamloops. As far as natural

beauty is concerned the Shuswap is unrivalled. It is the first large sheet of water met after passing through the Rockies, and this fact alone augurs well for its future popularity as a stopping off place for tourists.

Trout are in abundance and run to a good size. The largest we got was a Rainbow of $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs, though fish of twice that weight are common. The salmon run up the Salmon River annually, (with an increased run every fourth year,) after a five hundred mile swim, up the Fraser and Thompson rivers.

Ducks, loons, grebes, killdeer plover, and sandpipers breed around the lake, while thousands of migrating geese, and ducks rest here during the fall, on their way South, making a real paradise for the sportsman or the fisherman.

TWO COYOTE EXPERIENCES

J. W. Laxton

Once read an account of a coyote round-up wherein the writer described how hundreds of riders came from all sides and gradually converged to one central point. In this way practically all the animals in the whole area of land covered by them were included in the collection. When all the riders had assembled and had come together in the form of a circle around the entrapped animals they began to shoot into the struggling mass and this shooting went on until all movement had ceased. This in brief is the story of a coyote round-up in which many animals, both coyotes and foxes, were slain. The writer expatiated on the excitement of this kind of hunting and the impression which the spectacle made upon him.

Personally, I do not think this sort of hunting would appeal to the majority of sportsmen and it certainly does not appeal to me. I like to see any animal, whether furred or feathered, have a fighting chance for its life. I like a hunt where the animal hunted has just as good, if not a better chance, than the man, for, after all, these animals afford us sport and for this reason, if for no other, we should not go out and slaughter them in large quantities. The same principle applies equally well, it seems to me, to fishing. I like to see a fish captured, but I also like to see it have a chance. If a man fishes with tackle that is not too heavy he gets a great deal more sport out of his capture. Of course there is the other extreme and if a man fishes with tackle that is too light the fish is likely to break away with the hook in its mouth and perhaps die a miserable death.

To return to our muttons. I have had experience with coyotes which furnished me with a great deal more sport than any round-up ever could. Two experiences in particular linger in my memory and these date back to the time when I was but a young fellow and hunted gophers with a trusty .22.

During the winter on mild days my friend and I, both ardent gopher hunters, used to make short excursions into the country for the purpose of obtaining a little practice in marksmanship. It was on one of these excursions that we met with the first experience, which I shall narrate.

We had tramped for some distance through soft and deep snow when we saw what we thought was a dog. Calls, however, failed to make any impression on the animal so we attempted to get closer, on which it began to move away. We then noticed that the animal did not walk like a dog exactly. It appeared to sag down at the hind-quarters and its head did not look just like a dog's. My friend, who had been in favor of shooting at first sight, notwithstanding that he believed it to be a dog, now took a flying shot and the coyote, for that was what it was, started along a trail which sloped slightly downwards from us and in the direction of the animal's flight.

As soon as the crack from the revolver came the coyote started at a speed greater than I had ever witnessed in an animal before. I had my rifle, a Stevens Model 70, working like a machine gun. My friend had only a small .22 revolver which he could not use with any degree of accuracy at the distance which the coyote had managed to put between himself and us, so he merely stood and watched me. I fired as rapidly as I could work the rifle and every shot flew over the coyote as it went down the trail at its amazing gait. Before I was aware of it I had emptied the magazine and in my excitement and anxiety to fire again I pumped the last empty shell in and out twice before I realized that it was exploded.

I always blamed the slope of that trail for the misses but from whatever cause, every shot had gone ahead of the animal although he was well over a hundred yards away when I fired the last shot. We attempted to follow the animal but found it to be a hopeless task so

gave it up and returned. This experience, while it did not raise me in my own estimation, is always remembered because it was my first encounter with a coyote.

On another occasion the same friend was with me. This time he was armed with a single shot .22 while I again had my Stevens Repeater. We were just starting for home when a coyote came out from a clump of bushes close by. As soon as it saw us it turned and went at a slow lope along the border of the bushes.

We stood still watching it and soon it came to a stand at a little over fifty yards distance. It was standing on a slight rise and in half turning to look back it presented its side to us, making a beautiful target. My friend's rifle was unloaded and fearing that while he was loading the coyote might start off again I took a shot. The bullet must have hit him in the side for the animal started a series of gyrations that closely resembled those of a cat with a

piece of paper stuck on its tail. It kept this up for a second or two and we started toward it but when it saw us coming it gave up the revolutions and started off for the open prairie. Madly we rushed after it hoping that it might be severely wounded and that its progress might therefore be slow enough to allow us to catch it, but such was not the case for its old speed came back to it and gradually it drew away from us and slowly faded into the night.

Thus ended my second unsatisfactory experience with a coyote. I always felt a sort of joy at having at least hit this animal but mingled with this was the regret that is inseparable from the thought of having wounded an animal and being the cause of its dying a lingering death. It is not a pleasant thing to feel that an animal may be going about with a bullet wound in it that you have inflicted, or dying in agony in some secluded part of the woods or prairies.

OLD JIM'S TROUT POOL

Dr. F. G. Brethour

UP there in Grey County, Ontario, there are all kinds of trout streams; nearly every farmer has one of his own, and it's the only place I know where they go fishing with an orchestra, for ye ken, they are nearly all Scotch and from the biggest to the littlest of them, they play either the bagpipes, the violin or something else, so when you get a little fishing party together, they tote along a half a dozen of these instruments, and have a braw time.

Two years ago, three or four of us went up from Toronto, to our old friend Jack's for our usual week's trout fishing. We fished all over Jack's stream which is the Saugeen, but didn't have much luck. There are too many chub, and perch in it now, and we got very few trout; so that on the third day Jack proposed that we go down the river for three or four miles to old Jim Brown's place and see if Jim would give us an hour's fishing in his deep pool which is a famous spot. When we got there Jack left us at the road to try it at the bridge and he said he would slide up to Jim's to see what kind of twist old Jim was in. Soon he came back and said it was all right and that Jim was not feeling very well, so he thought he would come down and have an hour's fishing himself. We cut across the fields, and after a minute or two we saw our friend, the farmer coming out to meet us. He was about six feet two or three and as thick through as a butter-bean. His outfit consisted of an ordinary bamboo-rod fully 20 ft. long and about thirty feet of thick white cord, the kind you use for a hand-line trolling for lunge, and this line was passed through the eye of a small black hook and tied in a knot.

He said he didn't mind us fishing on his place, as long as we didn't clean the durn pool out. "About two years ago a couple of men drove up late one afternoon and asked if they could have a couple of hours fly-fishing. I saw there was a big thunder-storm coming up,

and I didn't think they would ketch anything with them fly things anyway. I went down after the storm to see how they were getting along, and I'll be jiggered if they didn't have twenty-three of the nicest trout I ever see; laid out on the bank, and I didn't ketch another fish the whole durn summer."

By this time we arrived at the pool, and old Jim seated himself on a log, looked around and picked up a chub that some small boy had left, bit off its head, and then bit off about an inch of its body. He ran his finger nail through the skin, and peeled it off, and then had a piece of nice white meat which he put on the hook. He brought his bamboo back and forward a few times to straighten out the line and with a big swipe he landed his bait away out in the middle of the pond. We jointed our split-bamboos, and our green-hearts, and running our lines from our silver mounted reels through the guides, and some using one bait, some another, we cast our bait out as far as we could. Nothing doing for a long while. Then I saw old Jim straighten up, crane out his long thin neck, and give his pole a little jiggle. I asked him if he had a bite, and he said, "I didn't know it was any use fishing in a thunder storm,"—when all at once he jerked back that rod with such force, that he fell off the log on his back, and floundering in the water, was a big spotted trout with its golden belly flashing in the sun. I rushed for the landing net, and tossed it out on the bank. Jim jumped on it like a cat on a mouse, and broke its neck in a jiffy. Then pulling himself up his full height and with a jeering tone, "Now you city fellers with yer fine rods, why don't you ketch one? I'll take this up to the house and get the old woman to fry it for my dinner, and after I have a nap, I'll come down and ketch another for my supper." And old Jim stalked up with his three pound trout. We stayed there three hours and never got a strike.



THE DIRECTOR'S ADDRESS ON THE 10th ANNIVERSARY OF THE CLUB

The following is the Annual Address given by Mr. Wheeler on the occasion of the 10th Anniversary of the Alpine Club of Canada:

To the Members of the Alpine Club of Canada:

It is sad that the occasion of our tenth anniversary should be marred by the throes of a death struggle in which many of our best known and well loved members are in imminent peril of their lives. For the second time we have gathered to celebrate this annual occasion while the sound of great guns is in our ears and the clash of armed hosts fills us with dread.

It is difficult, in view of the mighty happenings that are taking place, happenings that affect us all vitally in one way or another, to give our interest and attention to such minor details of existence as our Alpine Club affairs; and yet the Club has been the means of creating close friendships and ties closer than friendship; and many of our friends and dear ones are now in the midst of the dangers and hardships of the greatest war the world has ever known. Even so, word comes to us in cheery fashion from the forefront of the great western battle line, that our comrades there have us well in mind and are looking forward with keen anticipation to the day when we shall again forgather around the camp fire and see the sparks fly upward towards the watching stars, while all around the ghostly, silent giants hold eternal vigil.

To us, at home, it should be a sacred trust to keep our Alpine circle well preserved and ready to supply the desire so keenly expressed by those who are risking their lives for all we hold dear. It was with this object in view that we endeavoured, last year, to carry on as usual in spite of a majority opinion of the Club.

The Club has gone on its way during the past year. As you know a camp—the war camp—was held and the Club House was kept

open. You have seen by the Honorary Treasurer's report that, in spite of trials and difficulties created by the present world war, we have been able to close the year with all debts paid and a balance on the right side of the ledger. Whether we shall be able to do so again this year it is difficult to say. Hard times and war demands have done much to reduce our normal revenue. A very appreciable number of members have resigned; many are in arrear beyond the limit allowed by our Constitution. On the recommendation of our Hon. Treasurer, we have, with a view to relieving the situation, accepted notes from all who so desired for arrear of dues, payable at the end of the year. This is equivalent to carrying them for another year. Quite a number have availed themselves of the opportunity. What will happen when the notes fall due remains to be seen. Naturally, the Club cannot expect to carry on its usual activities in the face of a greatly reduced revenue. If we can keep alive and remain solvent, it is perhaps all we should expect.

At the beginning of the year there was much doubt as to whether we should do the proper thing by holding a camp. The objections raised were partly sentimental, partly practical, and wholly pessimistic. It may interest you to know that we had letters from members at the front, and all such agreed that we did well to hold a camp and keep the Alpine banner flying over the Canadian Rockies. We decided to take a ballot. The result gave a majority against, and we promptly made arrangements to hold one. Why?..... Well, for one thing, it seemed that there was something we stood for that we ought to sustain, and that our boys at the front would expect it of us.

There was also another view and it was the one that cast the deciding vote, viz:—Work has to go on, war or no war, and those who work must have a little play. It would have

been a source of great disappointment to many who had planned to come for part of their holiday had no camp been held.

It was, of necessity, a much smaller one than usual, for many of our most enthusiastic members were fighting for their country; but, while often it is a case of "the more the merrier" it is also frequently found that the "fewer the better cheer."

During the first days, we had the vilest (there is no other word for it) weather our camps have ever experienced. Still, the Club stuff is good stuff and all declared, with true Spartan spirit, that they were having a lovely time. However, everything comes to the man or woman who waits, and the latter half of the camp was most delightful. The fresh snow of the first week rendered the more dangerous peaks unclimbable, but much good work was done and at least two excellent ascents made—the traverse of Pika Peak and the ascent of the Black Douglas.

The camp proved a great success. Altogether 103 were under canvas. The gathering was a merry one. The camp fire circles were most interesting; and on the occasion of "Patriotic Night" the addresses, songs and general discussion upon war subjects were amongst the very best it has ever been my good fortune to listen to. Most delightful of all was the fact that, in spirit, we were able for the time being to withdraw our absent members from the smoke and din of bloody war and see them as we knew them best with ice-axe and rope answering to the roll call of an early morning climb or returning at eve, flushed with the joy of victory.

One and all declared that the outlying camp in the Red Deer Valley—six miles from main camp—was the most beautiful they had known and for the last week more people were at this one than at the main camp.

The head cook, Jim Mee, (and much depends on the cook) who the year before had officiated at the Yoho Glacier outlying camp, and his staff gave universal satisfaction and all declared the grub was the "best ever." I knew, to my bewilderment, that it vanished as never before, and the supply had to be renewed again and again.

The deficit on camp account was \$86.59; less than had been expected. It was made good from the general revenue. The whole cost was \$1724.

Apart from the camp much good work was done during the summer. Mr. and Mrs. MacCarthy, Dr. and Mrs. Stone, Miss B. Schultz, and H. O. Frind, under the guidance of Conrad Kain, did some excellent climbing in the Purcell range at the head of Horse Thief Creek, making a number of first ascents. Miss Jobe, accompanied by Miss C. B. Hinman and Messrs. Tyler, under the guidance of Donald Phillips made a second expedition to Mt. Alexander MacKenzie, some hundred miles north of Mt. Robson, and though again unsuccessful in reaching the summit made a gallant attempt and secured additional interesting knowledge of the region. This fine peak is still open to all comers.

Prof. Holway and Dr. Gilmour did some good work west of Mt. Robson, making a very nearly successful attempt on Mt. Longstaff and exploring quite a new district. Sub-

sequently, they made the first ascent of that fine peak of more than 11,000 feet altitude on the west side of the Athabaska Valley, directly south of Jasper. This great monolith has been incorrectly called Mt. Geikie by the residents of Jasper. It will, however, no longer be confused with the real Mt. Geikie for, at my suggestion, it has been named Mt. Cavell to commemorate for all time the devoted sacrifice of that martyred lady.

Two parties, one composed of Messrs. Sissons, Wallace and Bennett, and the other of Dr. Hickson of Montreal with the guidance of Ernest Feuz, went up the North Fork of the Illecillewaet River and attacked the impregnable fortresses of Mt. Moloch without success. It is a most interesting and as yet little known section of the Selkirks. Several climbs were made of the northwest arete of Mt. Sir Donald, and Dr. Hickson made a very difficult and trying traverse of the south peak of Mt. Goodsir, necessitating his spending a night on the mountain.

Personally with my survey party I had some thrilling experiences on Gould's Dome in the High Rock Range, when, on one ascent, the mountain ran wild owing to a cloud-burst, and on a second we were at the summit during a fierce electric storm, when several thunderbolts struck all around, electrifying the whole top of the mountain.

One notable effect of the work of the Club is that it is now very often difficult to procure the services of the C. P. R. Swiss guides; not so very long ago they were largely idlers, much to their own disgust. This question of professional guides is becoming a vital one and it would help a lot if there were some available who were independent of the railway company. It is a question I have taken up with the Commissioner of Dominion Parks and one with which he is in sympathy. When the time is propitious I think it likely that some action will be taken in this direction.

The Club House at Banff was well attended as a whole. We have had more guests in other seasons, but last summer people made longer stays. There is much good work in the way of exploration and climbs that can be done around Banff from the Club House and our members are beginning to find this out. For instance, one peak, Mt. Louis, provides a difficult and spectacular climb and is still unclimbed. It lies directly north of Mt. Edith.

A splendid expedition also can be made to the Massive Range lying due west of Banff in full view from the village. Here, Mts. Bourgeau, and Brett and Pilot Mt. offer climbs that are well worth while. The outfit for a party could readily be taken on a pony, or even carried as small back packs for a two or three days' outing. There is enough work close around Banff to keep a professional guide steadily employed during the summer.

I am able to inform you that the motor ambulance towards which so many contributed in the winter of 1914 has been on duty. It is attached to the King's Canadian Red Cross Convalescent Hospital at Upper Lodge, Bushey Park, in England, where it forms one of a small convoy for the special use of this newly equipped hospital. The inscription on the ambulance reads: "Presented by the Alpine Club of Canada."

You will naturally desire to know what activities it is proposed to carry on for the coming season. The Club House will open on the 1st June and keep open as usual. It is our outward and visible sign and we propose to keep it going as long as possible. It has not yet, since its initial opening in 1909, paid expenses, but its receipts have been steadily increasing and last year it came nearer doing so than in any previous year. The deficit was \$200, which was made up from general revenue. It might be mentioned, however, that insurance, which amounts to \$180.00, is charged to operating expenses.

In connection with the Club House I should like to call attention to the rule that members are allowed to introduce friends to stay here. The privilege was much appreciated last summer. We shall gladly receive any patronage in this direction. Mr. Mitchell, our very popular secretary, will, as usual, make all comers welcome, and the domestic arrangements will be again in charge of Miss E. Savatard, who has been with us for the past four years. It is needless to say that in her competent hands the inner man and woman will be well looked after.

I am now trying to negotiate a camp. If I am successful you will receive the usual circular notice; if not you will be notified accordingly. I am free to confess doubt as to the advisability of holding one, owing to the reduction in our revenue. If it becomes an accomplished fact, it will be in the interests of the future and of the desire of those of our members on military service whose thoughts so frequently turn to our camp fires in the Rockies with a great longing. Members would do well to consider this when the time comes to make a decision, if such a time does come.

We now have in hand the material for a good issue of the Canadian Alpine Journal, which will be brought out as usual. For this the funds have already been provided. Nine volumes of the Journal have been published. It is recognized as a work of value and of a high literary standard. It is subscribed for annually by many libraries in Canada, the United States and England. The issues have been small and some will be exhausted before long. When this happens it will become much more valuable and I should advise those who have been receiving it to complete their sets and have them bound. The Stovel Company of Winnipeg will bind them in limp, grained russet leather, with gold stamping of title and name of owner, at rather less than \$2.00 per volume. I have recently had a set done and consider the work most satisfactory. Be sure and have the number of the volume put on the back between the covers. To give you some idea of the value of the early issues, I may say, that the first two numbers, which sold the years of their issue for 75c and \$1.00 now sell for \$2.50 each.

This is the tenth anniversary of the organization of the Alpine Club of Canada. For ten years we have foregathered around the camp fire, where cares and trouble depart and joy and laughter reign supreme, where the great fire logs crackle and glow and the aromatic smoke caresses all alike; where the sparks go up to join the twinkling stars and the mighty hills lift hoary heads into a vast

silence, broken only by the thunder of the avalanche, the crash of falling rocks or the shrill whistle of the marmot.

Eleven camps have been held, each in a separate spot of beauty suitable for alpine activity. Under normal conditions, we should be well established, but now, war clouds dim the bright blue skies, the world is red with the blood of nations, and who can say what the morrow holds for us. Our members, near and dear, whom we picture in our minds' eye as associated with the great exploits and the little incidents of our past camps are moving to the march of armed thousands who shake the earth with their tread; shot and shell are all around them: their lives are momentarily in danger. And still, it could not be otherwise. What is right must be maintained, and what is right must prevail. We can only pray that the end will soon be and that our dearly loved comrades will be able once more to gather with us amidst the grand mountains we love so well.

Even now, I am planning a great reunion beneath the everlasting snows of Mt. Assiniboine. When that time comes, and God grant it may come soon, I feel sure that it will be the greatest occasion of our existence.

Eighty-four of our members are on military duty. Of these twenty-one that we know of have acquired honour in the service of their country, either by wounds, as prisoners of war, by honourable mention, or by decorations and orders. Their names are as follows, the rank indicating promotion:

L. S. Amery—Captain on General Staff.

W. A. Alldritt—Prisoner at Gutersloh.

C. G. Arthur—D. S. O.

F. C. Bell—Major, wounded, mentioned in despatches twice.

R. J. Casement—Corp. D. C. M.

J. A. Clark—Lt. Col.

R. P. Clark—Military Cross.

W. W. Foster—Capt. Divisional Grenade Instructor.

C. W. Gray—Wounded.

Dr. J. A. Gunn—Lt. Col.

J. A. Hesketh—Major, D. S. O.

J. R. N. Irvén—Lt. wounded.

S. L. Jones—Capt. Wounded twice.

F. V. Longstaff—Major.

C. H. Mitchell—Lieut. Col. mentioned in despatches. Cross of the Legion of Honour.

W. F. M. Pearce—Wounded.

E. F. Pilkington—Major.

F. A. Robertson—Major.

T. Trant—Wounded.

A. F. Wedgwood—Wounded.

F. O. Wheeler—Captain, Military Cross, Cross Legion of Honour, Mentioned three times in Despatches.

I would ask you to rise and drink to the health of these brave men, and to all of our members and their comrades who are filling so nobly the best traditions of our country as "Soldiers of the King."

Among those volunteering for Active service the secretary writes that Rev. G. D. Whitaker is now a chaplain at the front, F. C. Brown a Lieutenant in the 158th, Duke of Connaught's Own, Overseas Battalion and Harold Bennett has a commission though in what regiment we are unable to say.

PHOTOGRAPHY: ITS RELATION TO THE SPORTSMAN

Gordon Dana

PHOTOGRAPHY is an art and also a pastime. If it were not for photography many of our most eventful hunting trips would be forgotten and many of our "fish-stories" disbelieved.

A camera is an essential part of the sportsman's equipment, the hunter and angler should always carry one with him on his excursions.

It is a far better reminder of the past to gaze at some photographs than to read a dozen diaries.

There is such a thing as packing a camera about with you all day, and forgetting to use it. Many people seem to think that a camera is useful only when game is plentiful, and little think that a picture of the camp, or different views of the party such as Bill cleaning fish, or Jim making coffee, would afterwards furnish much amusement when the same group of men are gathered together to talk over the outing.

While going through an old album some time ago, I was astonished to see so many different subjects represented.

There were pictures taken during fishing trips, duck and partridge shooting outings, quiet camping and canoeing trips, and even long walks, and as I turned over page after page of photographs many pleasant and sometimes humorous reminiscences flooded my mind.

The writer has not arrived at the stage where he would be willing to entirely put aside the gun for the camera but he considers the camera almost as important as the gun.

Much pleasure can be derived during closed seasons with a camera. If you are fortunate

enough to possess one that could be used to photograph birds on the wing, you can enjoy yourself immensely by visiting the breeding grounds of shore-birds and ducks.

Even a picture of our friend the Red Squirrel chattering from a branch of a tree is a great addition to the album.

I have found that the vest pocket kodak is ideal when you wish to go "light" as on account of its small size and its small bulk it is readily slipped into a pocket and forgotten until needed.

Once when paddling up a swampy creek in a canoe, I came suddenly upon a great blue Heron standing in the middle of the stream not over twenty feet away. What a beautiful picture it would have made that great blue grey bird standing there doubtless half asleep. Of course, as luck would have it, my camera was at the other end of the canoe, and it would be useless to attempt to reach it without disturbing the heron. However I had a try and as a result the magnificent bird rose and majestically winged his way across the marsh.

Not long ago while on a tramp through the bush I heard a sound of rushing water. Upon investigation it proved to be a piece of "white water," a part of some river, of which I have forgotten the name, so swift that a canoe could not run its rapids. It was but the work of a moment, but I returned home with a picture of those rapids that was really beautiful.

So hereafter, on our hunting trips, let us be prepared and bring home not only game, but a collection of pictures which we can enjoy for years afterwards.

"THE LUNACY OF CANOE TRIPS"

Under the caption "The Lunacy of Canoe Trips" the editor of the Toronto Daily Star recently wrote the following facetious editorial, based on a recent account in Rod and Gun of a canoe trip in Algonquin Park. We hope to receive an account from him, written in a similar style, of his next outing in Algonquin Park, having private information that he has "done the Park by canoe" and hopes to do it again.

Norman Lett of Ottawa gives a description in Rod and Gun for March of a three-weeks' canoe trip with a companion through Algonquin Park last summer. The two men left the railway July 31, and, after making a long loop by canoe, took train for home on August 21.

The writer gives his account of the trip in diary form, and it appears that the two men

got up most mornings at 5, had breakfast, and set off at 7 a.m., paddled and portaged until noon, stopped for lunch, paddled and portaged until evening, camped, had supper, turned in, and next morning were "up at 5 and off at 7."

Why do men do these things? We are glad Mr. Lett has published this article in winter, because at this season of the year it ought to be possible to find canoeists sane enough to be reasoned with as to the things they do in the dog days.

From Mr. Lett's diary we gather that in their first week it started to rain on Tuesday afternoon and kept it up almost continuously until Saturday night. It nearly always rains like that when fellows are on a canoe trip—but they forget it and go again the next year. Not only did these two paddlers have a solid

week of rain, but after that they were frequently caught in downpours and had to make shore and seek shelter under their over-turned canoe. It is always asserted by canoeists that an over-turned canoe makes a fine shelter in a rain storm. Of course, really it doesn't.

If a man on a canoe trip were to keep an honest diary it would read something like this:

Monday, Aug. 10.

"Up at 5, and off at 7 after a breakfast of burnt bacon and bread. John thinks he can cook, and I encourage him so that he will do it. But if I can send him out of camp I'll cook me some real food. Daren't let him taste real cooking by me, or I'd have it all to do. Paddled nineteen hours, crossed three portages—me carrying heavy stuff as usual—before John suggested lunch. Bound I wouldn't give in first. Raw bacon and bread, and four raspberries off a bush. Prefer bacon burnt rather than raw. I suppose we paddled over a million fish during the forenoon, but couldn't pause to catch one for food. Must make camp at Pine Tree Point to-night to keep schedule. Sudden downpour rain. Hid under canoe. John hogged dry end; me soaked. About

enough of this business, getting short end of the stick all the time. We find that we left camera and a spoon at last portage. Belong to John. He had the nerve to want me to go back for them. Both go. Hate a man that sulks. Camped for the night where the spoon was. Camera had been in dunnage bag all the time. Raining.

Tuesday, Aug. 11.

"Raining. Had an orange, a can of sardines, and a hot argument for breakfast. If I ever get home from this canoe trip——"

It may be that fellows do keep frank diaries of canoe trips, but they do not get published. There is a conspiracy to keep up the fiction that it is great sport to tear like mad, by canoe, over lake and hill for three weeks on end, and crawl, starved, dirty, and played out, into a railway train at last—the welcomest railway train that ever ran on rails.

Why do canoeists do it? Why do they not go somewhere instead of keeping on the go? Why do they leave a railway track and paddle furiously a hundred miles in a loop to get to it again?

ON THE DIVIDE

W. McCardell

I HAVE been to the twentieth century equivalent of the fabled place where the eagles go to renew their youth. I have been to the land of big forests and giant mountains. This is on the summit between British Columbia and Alberta.

You look up from the bottom of the valley and the mountains frown down upon you. You see their giant peaks half-smothered in rolling battalions of clouds that pour out through some narrow cleft like the smoke of a thousand canons. The slopes are covered with dry dead timber and so far as you can see this dead forest clothes the mountain slopes ending at last against a dark patch of green timber which you judge must be a small vanguard left of some ravenous forest fire that roared through the valley.

You commence the long climb up this slope and as you wander through this dry forest you hear the weird creaks of the trees as they rock to the driving wind. It seems like a weary plaint as to the futility of life. They are like old crones muttering; and sometimes it seems like a wild music, harsh and full of discords yet strangely affecting.

For nearly a mile you climb through the graveyard of these standing old giants. Suddenly you come into the sombre gloom of the thick spruce forests that clothe the summit. Here the silence lies like a dream. Down through the forest there are alternate patches of gloom and sunshine.

The ground-floor of this woodland palace is as clean as an exotic garden and it is covered with deep mossy carpets that deaden one's

footfall until it seems that we are wandering through some extravagant dream vale.

Here is silence that is brooding; here is silence that is weird; here is silence that is reverent; here is silence that is as potent as a drug; here is silence deep as sleep. All day long the drowsy winds come sighing down from the tree-tops trying to speak through the silence and there are dim mystic chantings that remind one of the places where the Druids held their twilight worship.

Those dead trees that below clothe the slope of the mountain seem to serve as a sort of guard for the entrance to the woodland palace. These dead trees can take a ravening, noisy wind whistling from out the gaunt pass, breathing menace in its shriek, and transform it into a quiet murmur until it has reached the palace of dreams where it becomes beautiful and reverent. They stand as vanguards to the palace of silence and challenge every harsh wind that comes whistling out of space. The noisy wind finally strays breathlessly and dreamily into the deep forest and subsides into a thousand small voiced sighs. I wonder how many vagrant winds have stranded in that forest, from the perfumed summer wind to the rampant mountain breezes that swoop down from the wind-swept peaks.

The moment you enter the place you can hear the musically voiced admonition, almost drowsy in its tones, "Hush", and unconsciously you tread lighter and lower your voice to a whisper. A noisy squirrel terrified at your approach, with a series of frightened scoldings scampers to the protection of a friendly tree

very much concerned over the commotion he has caused as the echoes go richoting away into silence.

On the green carpet running through the forest one sees luscious bunches of wild, red berries that smile where the sunshine has fallen on the deep forest lawns where never leaves drift or harsh wind comes straying in. In this forest there are only two seasons, the "season of the green silence", and the "season of the white silence" when the relentless drifting of the snow crowns the woodland kings in befitting ermine. The silence is merely more emphasized, and it is the quality of silence that denotes the seasons. In the "White Silence" it is a quiet that frightens. The snap of a twig leaps through the forest like a gun-shot and the winter chorus of the coyotes as they howl their ancient rune to the ghostly moon down in the valley comes up like the cry of a child and seems far away. But in the green season it is beautiful, it is an eloquent poem on silence, it is like an organ symphony.

I suppose all along the Rocky Mountains down to the Andes these surprising forests lie on the roof of the world.

We had been lured to this forest by the promise of a beautiful little lake lying right on the summit known as Twin Lake. For nearly an hour we walked through the forest and at last round a bend of the trail we saw a patch of sky.

Then suddenly we came upon the little lake we were seeking.

It was emerald set in emerald. Around it was the dark ring of spruce trees, and dipping into it was the long, blue tongue of a glacier that had crawled down from a snow covered peak where it lay sprawled in the sunshine. Part of the peak was hidden in clouds and some of the drifting tendrils like smoke over a

battle-field, seemed almost to touch the lake.

We could see way down over the other side into a dark and heavily wooded valley and my companion said to me, "we're standing right on the boundary line where Alberta and British Columbia meet and clasp hands in the dream forests that clothe the ridges of the Rockies."

I looked out across the valley and recognized one of the mountains I had seen from the valley floor. It had looked high then and the white patches of snow that clung to its grey cliffs seemed small. Now one of the peaks and the scarred shoulder of the mountain were lying flush with the forest covered plateau on which we were standing. The rays of the sun fell over the ravines and fell on the tops of the mountains in long level rays. The land below seemed to be a great cauldron filled with a purple haze and over the wide smiling meadows that looked dim there floated great shadows of drifting clouds like silent veering hawks. It seemed as if we were gods gazing down languidly at some paradise from the heights, taking a sort of mild interest in things that were transpiring in the lowlands.

Soon we commenced the descent and were not long in getting to the level land again. After thinking the matter over I am convinced that we were in the fairy palace of silence where the princess lay under the spell of silence for one hundred years, only in this palace the silence lies forever. Of course it sometimes happens that a twentieth century prince wandering through the woods, in the person of a camper breaks the spell of eternal silence in these deep forests by becoming careless with a match and starting a forest fire. A good many of our fine forests have been freed from the enchantment of silence by this very means.

THE RUFFED GROUSE

Sel J. Wigley

GENERALLY known throughout the West as the partridge, this fine game-bird makes its presence known by its "drumming." Sitting on a log or old stump it beats its wings against its sides, producing the well-known roll call.



There is another grouse, found in British Columbia, also a drummer but which produces the sound when in flight. From their simple trust-

ing nature both these birds have been called "fool-hens." They feed both late at night and early in the morning. If disturbed by a dog they fly to a low branch and calmly watch the intruder. If flushed in the open their flight is swift and it takes a good shot to stop them.

This habit of sitting in trees often results in the destruction of the whole family when a pot-hunter is around. Yet the ruffed grouse is holding its own in the Parkland Districts of Alberta and its dainty white flesh is highly prized by sportsmen. It is a non-migratory bird and can be readily tamed. It fights bravely to defend its nest and eggs and when sitting will suffer itself to be handled and photographed rather than desert its charge. Crows destroy many nests for the partridge is not skilful in hiding its eggs. It makes a plaintive mewing to attract attention from its young and its warning "kluck" is often heard before the bird is seen. Benny W. Henshaw, the Chief of the United States Biological Survey, complains of the decrease of this bird in the States and amongst other causes blames the "high market price placed on its flesh." It is a wise law that prohibits the sale of game birds.

ing nature both these birds have been called "fool-hens." They feed both late at night and early in the morning. If disturbed

THE ANNUAL DEER HUNT OF THE STAR HUNTING CLUB

W. Hickson

HOW about a deer hunt this fall? was the interrogation that greeted the writer on a fine October morning, when he was busily engaged preparing for a trout fish on the Cavandish lakes, and although he was "on pleasure bent," this query sounded good, and soon visions of the fleet-footed deer and venison stew and venison haunch, began to prey on his memory. Shortly the "fever" set in with a vengeance, and although other seductive voices were calling from the old haunts of the ducks and ruffed grouse, yet the call of the deer hunt prevailed, and on the first of November, he found himself located at the south end of Bass Lake, in the Township of Harvey, in Mr. James Bardo's comfortable and commodious hunting camp.

All told, thirteen nimrods formed this party, whose names will appear, as our story progresses, according to the part they played in the hunt. It was arranged that the writer should drive from Bobcaygeon on Monday, the first, and arrive at the "Cedar Tree Watch" at 7 a.m. to kill the first deer that came there, and this feat was accomplished on schedule time; for after two hours "roading" in the keen morning air, we had our horse tied and blanketed in a comfortable place, and were hastening to the "Cedar Tree" at the appointed time, when Harry the boy driver, jerked me by the arm and whispered: "Listen! look! there's a deer!" And true enough there was the first deer of the season cantering past at about twenty yards, making straight for this noted "Cedar Tree Watch." Unconsciously the rifle came to my shoulder and five sharp reports rang out on the calm morning air, and the deer lay on its right side with its neck broken. To bleed it and then get to the "Cedar Tree" only took a few moments. This large "Cedar Tree" used to stand on the east bank of Nogie's Creek, but some ruthless lumberman cut it down several years ago, and now the broad stump forms a splendid seat for a couple of persons; here we perched ourselves, keeping watch up and down the Creek for several hundred yards. Shortly after 8 a.m. the writer noticed a nice buck about 300 yards below the "Watch" swimming across quite leisurely—again the rifle spoke sharply five times, and the buck was floundering in the water with a leg broken and a soft nosed bullet right through his lungs. He was soon secured and bled and two of our party who heard the shooting paddled down to see what was "doing."

The two deer were put in one of the canoes, and the writer paddled it a distance of three miles to camp. The rest of the party were in preparing dinner and after the usual salutation there came a chorus of "What luck this morning?" and my reply was "Two!" Some smiled a smile of incredulity, while others said, "You are fooling," but I said, "both deer are in the

canoe below the tumbling dam." Then all shouted "Hurrah!" and we sat down to a good dinner, after which the deer were hung up.

The dogs, "Sport, Dowdy, Fleet and Spot," were impatient after the one run, which had only whetted their appetites for more, for they tugged and pulled on their chains and gave tongue incessantly, but before the week had elapsed, the fine edge was run off, and when they got a chance, they rested quietly in their comfortable quarters.

Every morning during the hunt, we were out before the morning light began to brighten the eastern horizon; on Tuesday Joe Walton shot a nice buck near Forest's Mountain; on Wednesday A. E. Bottum killed another buck at Miller's Bay, and by Saturday night we had five deer hung up.

The writer's luck came all in a "chunk" the first morning, for during the remaining eleven days at camp, he did not get another shot; but withal he spent several pleasant days watching at the "Narrows," with Mr. John Regan, of Toronto, who was one of the Read party, and who is the soul of good cheer.

On Thursday the writer left John and went east to a runway south of Forest's Mountain, and this was the day of a stirring episode in Mr. Regan's life.

He sat hour after hour under a nice grove of cedars, musing on how he would roll over a deer, if one should attempt to cross the Narrows.

His musings were suddenly interrupted by the tread of heavy feet and the cracking of boughs! He peered and peered into the dense cedar swamp behind him, but could discern nothing. However, the sounds had aroused his vigilance and he scanned the lake, the Narrows, the swamp and the shores, till all at once his eagle eye caught sight of a large dark animal that was swimming steadily across the upper part of the Narrows.

"What is it? Is it the big dog? No!" he soliloquized till his keen eye caught sight of the two triangular ears, then he muttered "it's a bear!" and his automatic came to his shoulder and the water splashed all round the bear five times and then the weapon clicked to tell him it was empty—this only infuriated the savage animal which made straight for John—did he climb a tree? No! He picked up his hatchet, jumped into his canoe and paddled straight for the maddened beast, and not many minutes elapsed till there was a head-on collision between John and his now doubly infuriated black antagonist.

A fierce combat, not of growls, or words, but of blows, now ensued between John and his sturdy opponent, and for a while it seemed as if it would be a drawn battle, but finally one good left hook from Mr. Bruin sent John sprawling into the water and overturned the canoe. At this juncture the two fierce com-

batants separated mysteriously, John striking out for the east shore and Mr. Bruin for the west shore, and neither looked back till each had reached his respective shore. John declares the last glimpse he got of his bearship was as he stood with his two forepaws on a large pine log, to allow the water to drip from his shaggy coat—this done he cast one long, lingering look back at John and then disappeared among the jack pines, and at the same time John wended his way to camp where he was dried and nourished, having emerged from this heroic encounter unscathed. Two things in this daring hand to hand combat, must always remain a mystery. The first is, how John and the bear became separated, and the second is, which of the two received the greatest injury. I think we may safely state that Mr. Bruin did not come out of the contest safer than John, and it is possible and indeed it is probable that he may have felt the weight of John's hatchet, before their mutual separation in midstream. Mr. Regan's many, many friends in Toronto and elsewhere will be glad to learn of his successful and heroic escape from this daring adventure.

Monday the 8th, was a red letter day in camp as Joe killed a large buck and a large doe before 8 a.m. and Wilfred killed a nice buck too. That night Mr. Erie Boyd of Bobcaygeon arrived at camp to try his first hunt. We sent him to the "Cedar Tree Watch" and on Wednesday he killed his first buck with one shot. He was justly proud of this as his buck was a good one. We initiated him thoroughly in the camp life procedure which he enjoyed much and is looking forward to the day when

November the 1st will come round next year.

Three fourths of our party were good cooks and could prepare a toothsome meal, but Karl excelled at making the pancakes and the biscuits, while Eric had us all beaten to a "frazzle" at making vension stew. Joe supplied us in the evenings with excellent music on his mandolin and on special occasions "Jimmy" and A. E. B. would give us an exhibition of one of their old time step dances, and truly they were no novices at these performances. Some of the younger members of the party tried to imitate these light fantastic steps, but soon found they were outstepped and outclassed in these evening performances.

There were some peculiarities about the location of these hunting grounds. As they were only twelve miles from Bobcaygeon, they were easily reached. At the "Cedar Tree Watch" where we killed five of our deer, you can see autos pass regularly; hear the roosters crowing; hear the cow bells and hear the children of the settler's call to one another, so we were right on the edge of civilization and yet the deer were quite plentiful.

On Saturday the 13th, twelve out of the thirteen in the party had had shooting and we had killed twelve deer, eight bucks and four does, so that we had averaged one deer a day, and we had not let any wounded deer away to die in the woods.

We all agreed we had killed deer enough so we packed up and arrived in Bobcaygeon on the evening of the thirteenth. We had ideal weather, with good games, good sport and a perfect outing.

HE WHO HUNTS IS MERCIFUL

The above caption was the subject of a paper read by Dr. H. E. Douglass of Hutchinson, Minnesota, a subscriber to Rod and Gun and a Canadian, a native of Napanee, Ont., before the Gopher Campfire Club of Hutchinson at their last annual banquet and is published in Rod and Gun at the request of a friend of the doctor's who believes it contains matter of interest to the readers of this magazine.

The uninitiated ask, "What is a game hog?" and for them I will say, it is a person, a male as a rule but sometimes a female, equipped with an inclination to kill or take whatever form of life in the animal kingdom that comes within their range, or one who allows the primitive man to assert itself and lead him or her to an unwarranted destruction of the lives of our birds, animals or fish.

There are very few present upon whom the bristles at some time have not been quite prominent, but few if any would willingly be classed as game hogs. Association or better the environments of the Gopher Campfire Club, have brought about a change of heart.

Every man or woman who takes a gun and goes afield will in the course of time be called a game hog or game murderer, but I defy anyone to contradict me when I say he or she is a

sportsman and in shooting the wild life in a sense does a humane act.

How the Hunter is Merciful.

It is only in the case of domestic pets that either animal or bird ever lives to die an old age, of disease, or other than a violent death. It is an open question whether these natural forms of an end to existence are more desirable than that which shortens pain and does away with prolonged suffering from accidents, disease, starvation or old age. That all wild animals or birds come to a violent death is a well known fact, as there are ever present enemies of the animal kingdom.

Scientists tell us that it is very rare indeed to find a skull of the primitive Indian that gives indication that its former possessor survived the innumerable dangers of a savage existence beyond the prime of life. If he lived through childhood and reached the status of a warrior he kept his scalp by his ability against ever present foes and being constantly on the alert. The moment his powers began to fail, his hearing to dull, his eyesight to dim, some younger enemy was sure to reach him with tomahawk, spear or arrow—a survival not of the fittest, but of the more alert. This condition was so well known among many tribes

that when the elder members began to show signs of waning vigor they deliberately put them to death rather than have them tortured at the hands of foes. Exactly the same condition exists, only to a greater extent among animals and birds in the wild state. If they escape the dangers of early life it is only to attain a prime wherein life is maintained, solely by the constant alertness of eye, ear, limb or wing. The moment that alertness fails these birds or animals form the food of some other creature.

Bullet Spares Death Agony.

We repeatedly read of the hunt of the wolf pack. They run their victim to exhaustion and while yet alive tear him limb from limb. In our desire to preserve the game we limit our season to such time as will leave no helpless young to suffer from the lack of parental care. The trapper then takes a hand and reduces the ranks of the worst of the game hogs by catching the mink, weasel, fox and wolf and various other enemies of wild life. The favorite prey of the animal game hog is the young of either bird or beast; the new born fawn is more eagerly sought than the mature doe or buck.

In our sympathy for our pets when helpless or ailing from old age or disease, we relieve them of their suffering by chloroform or by a merciful bullet. On the other hand, forbid man to hunt the wild beasts or birds and we doom them to ultimate death by slow starvation or far more surely to the awful fate of serving while yet alive as the food of some other creature.

Within a few days I have heard the imputation that some of our members who have returned from the northern woods were butchers because they had shot a deer that it is as easy to kill a deer as it is a farmer's cow in his barnyard. I would like to place that person on a runway in a forest six or seven miles from camp, up to his knees in snow, with the mercury at zero, tell him to stand as motionless as

a statue for hours at a time in the faint hope of a glimpse of a distant deer; then tell him, when the fleeting glimpse comes, to shoot instantly and accurately, despite the cold and his excitement, at a vanishing object two hundred yards away, going like lightning and each fraction of a second growing smaller. When this person returns home the name game hog and game butcher will never be heard again, nor will he ever make the remark as regards shooting a cow in a barn yard.

The Remedy.

I believe the best way to handle the game hog, now that the sale of game is prohibited, is by moral suasion. Elevate and show him the error of his ways. If this does not do, give him the limit in a fine, confiscate gun, boat, dogs, etc.

The study of birds and animals begun in early life and continued until the boy or girl leaves the school will I believe, do more to eliminate the game hog than any other system we have before us, and I sincerely hope our legislative committee will bring enough force to bear at the next legislature, that the birds, fish and wild animals of our state will receive adequate attention in a course of study in all our public schools.

To those who cling secretly to game hog tendencies, I say quit or shake off your selfish habits. Don't live wholly and solely for yourselves. Remember that generations yet unborn will enjoy a taste of the wild duck, as well as you and I would enjoy eating a piece of the now nearly extinct buffalo. To those of you who secretly or openly leave the ranks of the game hog and join those of the sportsman, I will use the words of Si. Mann, the poet trapper of James Bay, above whose cabin door are inscribed these words:

"May those without walk in
And share my simple store.
The fates that filled my flour bin
Wrote "WELCOME" on my door."

THE HABITS OF THE SEAGULL

Edmund H. Fletcher

THE name Gull is a misnomer for no bird is less gullible, and if we combine such interest, grace and sagacity. Gulls possess marvelous powers of flight and are indeed the living model of the modern monoplane.

The German aviators call their machines taube, (meaning pigeon) but it is not the pigeon but the gull they are imitating. The relative size of wing and body, the gliding motion, is exclusively that of the gull.

Scientists can only partly explain their flight where in the strongest gale, they glide against the wind with never a perceptible movement of their outstretched wings. As the kite is kept up by wind pressure, so it must be with the gull, a slight upward movement of the wings causes it to rise. This is followed by a long gradual slant downwards, in which it gathers momentum for soaring head-

venward again. Many species are represented under this general term, varying much in color, size, and habits. One species, the Skua, in habits partakes more of the nature of the hawks, he is a genuine plunderer, a pirate in fact, living solely on the hard gotten gains of others. All the Skuas, of which there are several varieties, are dark brown in color. Their methods consist of watching their white cousins closely, possessing greater powers of flight, they pursue any gull or tern which they have noticed catching a fish, dash down upon it like a thunderbolt and start a stern chase. The intended victim naturally resents this robbery, and makes off at top speed, and many wild gyrations and evolutions are tried to get away from its pursuer. When the victim is unable to escape, (and it very rarely is) it considers discretion the better part of valour and drops the fish. This is what the

Skua wants, for though it is a tyrant, it is not a butcher, and with a sudden downward dash, seizes the tempting morsel ere it strikes the water, swallows it, and scours the sea afresh for further victims.

The Skuas are exclusively sea birds, never leaving the ocean as other gulls do in search of food. Another sort rarely found far inland is the Great Black-backed Gull, the chief scavenger of the gull family. They are unpopular amongst sportsmen and others, having a decided taste for delicacies, such as young ducklings, wild or tame, and nestlings of all kinds in season. Apart from this however it is useful in demolishing carrion washed up on the coast. Nothing comes amiss to the Black-backs and having a voracious appetite soon make their presence felt in this direction. They are, as their name suggests, jet black on the back and upper sides of the wings, the remaining parts being snow white. The contrast gives them a very striking appearance. The young are grey for three years, not getting the plumage of the adult until the fourth year.

They are large, powerful birds, heavy of body, and with wings outstretched measure six feet from tip to tip. I remember once capturing one which had been wounded and was unable to fly, which gave a demonstration of its powers of digestion.

Having cornered it between two rocks, I took off my coat, to throw over it in order to avoid an encounter with its knife-like beak. The gull in preparing itself for the encounter disgorged a full grown rat, which it had recently swallowed whole. The Black-back is a sky bird, and is not easily approached within gunshot.

On another occasion, I witnessed the rapacious habits of these birds in attacking a wounded wild duck. While out shooting, I wounded a Mallard which dropped into the water several hundred yards away. A Black-backed gull alarmed by the shot had taken wing, but on seeing the duck drop in below, wheeled in its flight and swooped down upon it, and then continued on its way, doubtless intending to return anon to have a feast. On picking up the duck I found the head almost severed from the body.

All the gulls (the Skuas excepted) are gregarious, feeding and resting in company, and even in the breeding season, those which are cliff breeders nest in company, together with other species of sea-fowl on the same rocks, though each variety forms a colony which has well defined limits. Gulls' nests are merely a bowl-like depression in the earth of the cliff ledges, lined with dry grass, though the kitty-wake usually chooses a bare ledge, and builds its nest of seaweed and grass. From two to four eggs are laid. The Common gulls breed inland on low islands of lakes and rivers, the latter may be seen in the Great Lakes, the Thousand Islands, as well as numerous smaller lakes throughout Canada and America. Their food is very varied consisting of all kinds of scraps thrown overboard from ships, in and out of harbour, they scour the docks, ship-yards, etc., for anything eatable. They also follow vessels far out to sea living on scraps thrown overboard, and incidentally small fish thrown to the surface by the wash of the pro-pellers. Twenty-five knots an hour is child's

play to a gull, they can make circles round the fastest boat afloat. Watch them dive down astern of a liner at sea to eat some choice tit-bit. When they rise again they are but specks in the distance, yet in a few seconds they are close astern again, or on ahead. To us who like warmth and shelter, it is unaccountable how birds can exist in winter out in mid-ocean, with the waves running mountains high, spindrift and hailstorms drenching the surface of the limitless expanse of tumbling broken water, where rest upon the surface would be utterly impossible, battling day and night against a wind of hurricane force, and biting cold,—And every day the monotonous sameness of sea and sky, a thousand miles from land, the thought makes one shiver.

These birds become fearless of man when not molested. In London, the largest city in the world, the gull is quite at home. At any of the bridges over the Thames or in the parks near the river a flock of gulls can be collected in a few minutes by throwing bread into the water. At London bridge one of the busiest thoroughfares, the gulls delight many a crowd, and bring a touch of brightness into lives, lived amidst the murk and gloom of winter fogs. Poised on the wing about the parapet, they are adepts at catching the food thrown them, while some of the tamer ones will snatch a morsel from the hand.

Gulls can now be traced in their wanderings by means of rings put on the legs of nestlings, giving the date and breeding place, in this way many interesting features of their peregrinations have been brought to light.

A Black-headed gull hatched in Perthshire, Scotland, in May, 1912, was captured on the coast of Portugal in the following July, having travelled more than a thousand miles before it was three months old. Another from the same colony was taken in Norway about the same time.

Some have probably a more roving disposition than others, for I have known instances of them remaining in certain localities all the year, except during the breeding season. While living on the North coast of Ireland, I used to sometimes feed the gulls on table scraps. At first they were very suspicious of this fare, but by degrees they overcame their fears, and would come close up to the windows. One in particular, a black-headed gull with only one leg, was always amongst the first to arrive. This gull disappeared for a couple of months in spring, but returned again, and was a daily visitor during the rest of the year.

When sea food is plentiful gulls prefer it to any other. After a southern gale, great quantities of seaweed and shell-fish used to be thrown up on the beach, especially a large bivalve of the Saprino family, as big as a man's fist and as hard as a cocoanut. The gulls are very fond of the contents of these shells, and they are experts at opening them, though they cannot do so with their beaks. Getting the shell between their feet they fly up in the air for thirty or forty yards, and drop it on the sand, if the shell happens to lie amongst rocks, they only fly a few feet upwards, and drop it—knowing it will be more easily broken. This is an excellent example of their reasoning powers. A curious sight often seen on the

coast is that of a flock of snow white gulls, hovering low over the water, and dashing in and out, keeping within a space of a dozen square yards to the accompaniment of much shrieking and quarreling, if at a distance, a glass will reveal not only gulls, but gannets, cormorants, terns, puffins, guillermots, and all the commoner sea birds crowded together in a compact mass. This indicates a shoal of fry, which are being hunted from below by large fish which are feeding on them, and drive them to such extremes that they come to the surface and often jump out of the water in their terror, only to be pounced upon by legions of hungry sea-fowl.

Another clever ruse of the crafty gull is its method of catching the silver sand eel. These little eels have perhaps more enemies than any other creature living, everything that swims or flies in or over the sea eats them, so they must be constantly on the watch. Their sole means of defense, lies in their ability to bury themselves in the sand at a moment's notice, and there remain until the threatened danger is past. They are even considered a delicacy as human food, and are dug out of the sand at low water for that purpose. The gulls cannot dig, yet they get their share just the same. By marking time with their feet like a soldier on parade, where the sand is just awash by the little wavelets this gradually forms a depression, which ever deepening, soon brings them down five or six inches to where the eel

lies buried. Not wishing to be trampled upon the eel makes a dash for liberty and is promptly seized by the gull.

In the British Islands the gull is a useful bird to the farmer as much of its food during the winter, is got by following the plow. They eat an incalculable number of grubs and worms. As there is very little frost or snow, plowing operations are continued throughout that season.

The winter of 1893-4 showed how dependent the gulls are for their supply of food from the land. As the British had an experience that winter of what our American winters are like, driven to such extremes of hunger, they came into the streets of large cities, where their plight was the object of much curiosity and compassion amongst city dwellers. Many fed them liberally, more perhaps from the standpoint of novelty, than from philanthropic purposes.

Thousands of birds died from cold and starvation, especially waders, and soft-billed land birds. The coasts swarmed with both land and seabirds, as the only place where Mother earth lay bare, was amongst the rocks at low tide. Here all kinds congregated to eke out an existence on a diet of seaweed. The gulls died everywhere. In the hollows of the sand dunes, were dozen of dead and dying, in company with other species, which having got into the basin-like hollows, had not the strength to extricate themselves.

MEN OF THE TRAPPING FRATERNITY

J. D. A. Evans

LET us visit the cosy looking shanty amidst the trees on yonder lake shore. The smoke from its chimney slowly ascends skywards for the atmosphere is far below zero. Around the stove are sitting a couple of trappers spinning wonderful yarns of trap lore. These men are of the Northland and belong to the trapping fraternity. "Many men, many minds," so it is with this brotherhood; one characterizes his methods as the last survival of the fittest, another speaks exultingly of his own propaganda. Yet, disagree as they may regarding plan and formula, the fur seekers are brethren, united in one single purpose, namely to secure the greatest number of pelts they can. For decades the trapping fraternity have tenanted the timbered reaches of our Canadian hinterland. Now in many a place the twentieth century witnesses the smoke of factory chimneys where once the trapper was free to roam and the fur seeker must now perforce trek farther north.

Months of seclusion away from the haunts of men have been the portion of those who follow the trap line. Perchance a trapper from the opposite shore of the lake might occasionally visit the shanty, bringing belated intelligence of the outer world received perhaps from some passing caller, a member also of the illustrious Order of Pelts. Quite possibly as

the visitor is relating his stories the footsteps of an Indian are heard crunching the snow on the doorstep. The trappers glance up at the newcomer and as the last rays of daylight are twinkling through the windows the Neche is harking back to the long, long ago when with a party of Crees he stalked the buffalo over Great Bear Hills, or set snares for the silver foxes on the shores of Moose Lake. To the uninitiated the life of the trapper appeals as a life of extreme loneliness. And indeed to those accustomed to the whirl of social or city business life the trapper's existence is indeed a lonely and secluded one, but the brotherhood of trap and pelt having once inhaled the ozone of the northland eagerly anticipate the time when they can resume their avocation. Crowded thoroughfares and city streets are unknown to the habitues of the trap line. Instead these sons of nature prefer the music of the tree choristers and a view of creation untrammelled by the progress of the world of men. The trapper's vocation represents freedom from and absence of care. While his fellow mortals are struggling madly for a bare existence the trapper remains content in his outpost. The fact that a thousand applicants are clamoring for work in city or town does not affect him at all, for he does not even know that such is the case. The vicissitudes of the outside world are unknown to him.

A SYMPOSIUM ON MATTERS REGARDING CONSERVATION

WHY SHOULD GAME BE PROTECTED?

E. R. Kerr

WHY should game be protected? Of what use is it except to furnish pleasure to a few cranks? It is bound to go anyhow, so why delay the process? Why not permit the sportsman to compete with the elements?

The mental processes of the man who asks these questions are generally expressed in terms of dollars only. Accordingly, they had best be answered in the same coin.

Of what use is Game? Ten million dollars a year to the Province of Ontario. This is a conservative estimate of what the game animals, birds and fish of this Province ought to bring in when properly handled. Every state in the Union to the South which has awakened to the value of these resources is already realizing more than this, and one of them, Maine, is hardly larger than two or three southwestern counties.

Everybody knows that the game resources are at present too much depleted to figure as a Province-wide economic asset. How can they be increased so as to bring in ten million dollars a year and afford sport and recreation for the citizens of Ontario? The answer to this question is not based upon theory, but on facts. It has been done, and the methods used in the States that have done it are clear and plain. Briefly, these methods consist of good laws well enforced, of public education, of judicious artificial propagation, especially of fish, and in setting aside as game refuges all waste lands not otherwise used or needed, and stocking these refuges with valuable species which will multiply and overflow into adjoining territory or regions. This plan is known in the United States as the "HORNADAY PLAN."

It is up to the sportsmen of Ontario to assist in the formation of one hundred Game Protective Associations throughout the Province, first,—to assist the government in the enforcement of the law; second,—to also assist the government in selecting areas suitable as game sanctuaries, and third,—to assist the government in the extermination of the predatory animal menace and the protection of the game in the sanctuaries from the "pothunter" and "poacher."

Come on over into Macedonia at once and help us.

Game Reproduction:

State of Pennsylvania vs. Province of Ontario.

In our campaign for one hundred Game Protective Associations and a number of sanctuaries let us not fail to remember the

State of Pennsylvania and compare our opportunities with those States to the South of us who are making rapid progress in the reproduction of species.

Pennsylvania has made, during the past ten years or less, fifteen game sanctuaries,—each one situated in the heart of a tract of about 5,000 acres of forest land that had been purchased in each case as a "state" forest.

The state is showing a tremendous amount of energy and enterprise in buying deer, elk and wild turkeys with which to stock these sanctuaries. Throughout the entire state the feeling in regard to these sanctuaries is one of profound enthusiasm, such as we must have in Ontario, and every country wants one. Mind you, all these forest lands in Pennsylvania are being bought and paid for; which we, in Ontario, will not have to do.

The method of Pennsylvania, for the protection of the area from intruders, is to run one wire breast-high around each area that is to be regarded as a game sanctuary, and inside that wire posts and signs are provided informing the public that no hunting is permitted within the wire. Outside of this hunting is permitted; and already the deer planted several years ago have increased to such an extent that successful game hunting is now going on. Last year Pennsylvania, purchased (in round numbers) 1000 deer and placed them in these sanctuaries. Can any argument be stronger than that for Ontario? If the sportsmen of this Province are wise, they will organize themselves at once, and preserve both their large and small game shooting, and conserve permanently a good stock of game birds and animals through the sanctuary plan.

What do you think of this, Mr. Pratt? Let us have your ideas on this subject. Let every sportsman in Ontario express himself now as we must make progress rapidly if we would conserve the miserable remnant.

PROTECTION OF WILD LIFE.

Some Measures Essential to the Conservation Of Canada's Wild Birds and Animals.

If the wild life of Canada is to receive proper protection, it is essential that several important steps be taken with the least possible delay. The following measures are not mentioned in the order of their relative importance, for each of them is essential to a complete system of protection and merits the wholehearted advocacy of every public-spirited citizen.

(1). Careful revision of the provincial acts governing the protection of insectivorous birds, to ensure that no valuable species are included on the "black list."

(2). Negotiation of a migratory bird treaty between Canada and the United States.

(3). The selection of suitable areas throughout Canada, and their erection into bird sanctuaries.

(4). Adequate protection for the sea birds of the Atlantic coast.

(5). Close restriction and, where feasible, total prohibition of the sale of game.

(6). Thorough revision of the Northwest Game Act and provision for its strict enforcement.

(7). Organization of strong, independent societies to create a public opinion of sufficient strength to obtain and enforce proper protective laws.

MY ANNUAL REPORT

Jack Miner

THE other day when I was in town I dropped into the tailor's and tried to stand him off for a suit of clothes, but before I had succeeded in came Orley Smith and two or three others, and as the tailor "Joe" is some big game hunter (yes, I believe he has fished a little, too), I will leave the readers to judge the type of fellows who drop in to fill their pipes. Orley Smith is our bear hunter. He is the only one from Kingsville to land two big ones in a single season and if his body was built in proportion to his heart he wouldn't be able to crawl into a box car. Every party he has hunted with are unanimous on this point.

The first thing to be thrashed out was "Rod and Gun" and the rifle question. One allowed that some of those writers had never seen a wild deer. Joe pushed the needle into

small rifle. However, we all agreed that the great secret was in the "pintin" and as the tobacco smoke was getting no better I had to give my seat up to the other fellow.

Now, dear reader, I believe the burning question is how to have more game to shoot. Personally, I would rather hunt with a bow and arrow where there is plenty of game than to have a machine gun in the barren wilderness.

Let me describe a duck hunt my two boys and I had last fall. We hitched our self starter into the democrat and after we had decoys, oats and hay all in the box I lay on top and the two boys sat on the seat and regulated the speed.

Daylight found us out in the marsh and as it was the first morning's shooting, being September 15th, the place sounded full of guns. I refused to have anything to do with the shooting, but volunteered to supply the necessary propelling power. Ducks? The air was full of them and the boys, Manley (eighteen) and Teddy (fifteen) just made the gun barrels warm. Presently three coots swam into the decoys and just then down dropped six mallards. I whispered:

"Give it to 'em!" and they did sure enough for when we pushed out we found they had killed a mud-hen. I told the boys to lead 'em. Well, I honestly believe they did (at the wrong end).

Our score eventually was one duck, about the size of your fist, and one mud-hen and a plover a little larger than a humming bird.

We started toward home about noon with an empty grub-basket and a satisfied mind.

On the way home I did the driving and the boys stole peaches. When we came to a nice tempting orchard they would pile out and after they got to the nicest tree back from the road I would yell, "he's coming," and drive up as fast as possible and to see those fellows coming over the barb wire fence was real fun. I think they got about nine peaches and twenty-two barbs.

When we got home all agreed to quit for the day. I am now quite an old boy but I cannot recall a better outing, so it isn't the big amount of game we get, but the fun we have getting these little bits.

I have just read Edward Kerr's article in the February number. He scores more bulls' eyes than I ever saw in that amount of space. I refer to the article on pages 960 and 962.



Orley Smith with his two bears.

the cloth in earnest and said that a man that wanted a better rifle than his .32 Special didn't know what a rifle was. Then I butted in with the story of how I was hunting part-ridges and dropped a big buck right in his tracks with a .22 short.

Orley believed that one shot well directed was better than shooting twenty holes in the air, and that it stood to reason that a cannon ball would have more effect on a deer than a



Ten bucks heading for Kingsville, which have often been killed since in the tailor shop. The tailor in the rear.

Now, Mr. Editor, let me ask you a favor. Will you try and describe to the readers of Rod and Gun just what Mr. Kerr means when he says "too beautiful to shoot." Will you publish a "wood-drake" in colors, about one-half actual size. I am well aware this means extra expense to you, but I am sure it would be throwing seed on fertile soil. My chief reason for asking this is because of the fact that seventy-five per cent. of the people that come here and see the wood-ducks in my park ask what place these ducks are native to and very often they will say with baited breath: "How can a man shoot that bird?"

Well, my annual report is that I have secured no government support yet and I am still looked upon by a certain class as being strong in the back and weak in the mind. Only a few weeks ago a retired failure said to me:

"Jack, I heard you got a letter from down south telling you to fatten the ducks and geese up good and when they come down here we will shoot them for you."

Another educated heavy weight got me in the presence of three or four gentlemen and right in cold blood he pushed his nose right up into my face and said:

"Jack you are just like old Adam R. Wigle was. When he used to dance he wanted everybody to dance, and when he got religion he wanted every one to pray."

The above is what one gets at times but though I know I am in the right let me tell you the silver tips of my red hair fairly sparkled.

It is to be hoped the reader will forgive my mentioning these degrading facts. This is the dark side of my success and my relief is 'woe be unto him of whom all men speak well'

Now let me give you positive proof of what Uncle Sam is doing. In 1911 I labelled four mallards and they migrated on December 3rd. Three out of four were killed and the labels returned to me in less than three months and in 1912 I labelled four more hand raised mal-

lards. One was shot in Canada and one at Paris, Kentucky but the other two have spent three winters away from home and one is away for the fourth and one is staying home this winter. In 1914 I labelled twelve mallards. One was shot at Gueydan, Louisiana and one at Cookesville, Tennessee, and on the 18th of March, 1915, six of the remaining ten were standing on the brick work in the park with their bright aluminum labels on their legs. Last fall, 1915, I labelled fifty-three mallards. The last of them disappeared on December 23rd and only two of them have been reported up to date—February 17th.

I tell you, brother sportsmen, when I see them return and see the bright aluminum bands glittering on their legs as they drop their feet into the water it makes me feel like throwing up my old hat and giving three cheers for Uncle Sam.

Last Spring we caught and labelled six Canada geese, weighing eleven pounds each. One was shot, shortly after they left, on East Main river, James Bay. The Indian who shot it brought the label to Moose Factory and Mr. Camself of the Hudson Bay Company kindly returned the band to me. Last week I received another letter from Mr. L. L. Lewark of Naghead, North Carolina, stating that he had shot a wild Canada goose with a label on its leg marked "Box 48, Kingsville, Ont." This makes two out of the six reported. This gentleman states that he shot the goose about nine miles south of the Virginia line near Currituck Sound.

I hope that these facts concerning the migration of our birds and the good work which Uncle Sam is doing, will be appreciated by the readers of Rod and Gun. I will ring off for this time and if this escapes the waste paper basket in the near future I will attempt to write a good serious article on sportsmanship and what the word sportsman means as I see it.

A SUBSCRIBER IN CAIRO, EGYPT, WRITES OF HIS INTEREST IN THE CONSERVATION OF ONTARIO'S DUCKS

Editor, ROD AND GUN:

I have been an interested reader of your magazine for some time but have never attempted anything of this sort before. But having read the account upon the scarcity of ducks sent in from Essex county and published in the January number, I felt that I should send you a short note to mention that ducks are also becoming very scarce in the county of Frontenac. Although not an old sportsman yet I have carried a gun since my eleventh year and have noted with a good deal of regret that the flocks of pond ducks and the rafts of river ducks which usually spend from one to two months upon our lakes are becoming smaller and scarcer with each passing year.

I think this decrease is due chiefly to the market hunters and to those sportsmen who are not satisfied with a week or so, but prefer to spend the entire hunting season or thereabouts camped upon the best duck grounds. These men are generally market hunters as well as pleasure seekers, so if the sale of ducks was prohibited no doubt they would be quite satisfied with a more moderate stay upon the feeding grounds and resting places of the migratory birds. I think my brother sportsmen of Essex county are on the right track when they favor the extension of the close season until the first of October and also the elimination of two days' shooting per week, besides Sunday. These suggestions with the prohibiting of selling and the reduction of the daily bag if enforced would give the ducks a chance. No doubt there are some who consider themselves sportsmen that would strongly object to such a state of affairs but as it is becoming quite evident that our ducks are not able to hold their own against modern firearms and ammunition, I hope that at least the majority of duck hunters will take a sane view of the fact and loyally endeavor to get the ducks back to ornament our lakes in autumn.

Although engaged in helping play the greatest of games yet in my idle moments I often think of the lakes and woods of Ontario, and at such times I can assure you that the "Rod and Gun" gives me a great deal of pleasure for in its stories I re-live some of my own past experiences and again look forward to the future hoping that e'er long I may be able to take down my gun, turn out the dogs and spend a happy vacation with Dame Nature and her children.

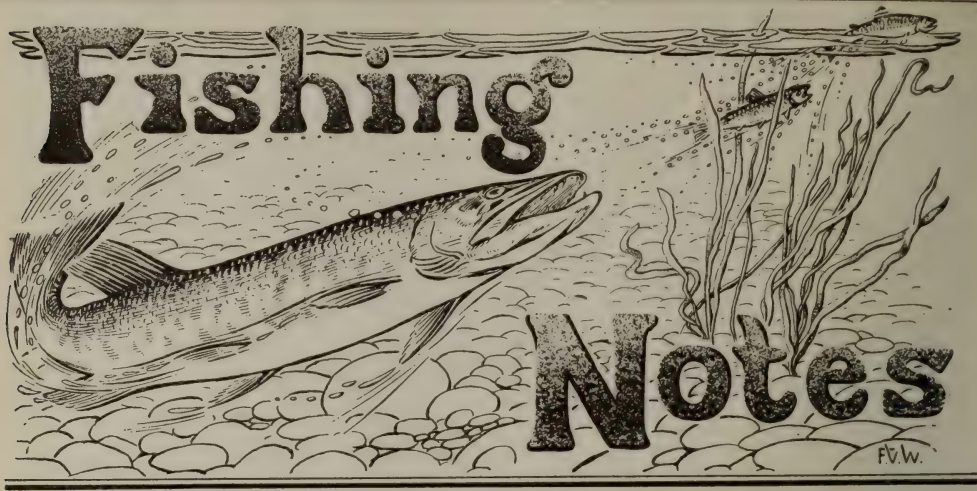
I remain an advocate for the protection of our game birds, which standing every true sportsman should take.

Sincerely yours,
N. V. Freeman.

Cairo, Egypt.

The Chatham branch of the Ontario Fish and Game Association have gone on record as opposed to any change in the opening day for duck shooting each fall. The members supporting the resolution argue that as the district is very favorably situated for earlier duck shooting and the sport a very popular one and enjoyed by a large number of their citizens the proposed extension of the close season to October 15th would prevent the majority of duck shooters in that district from enjoying the sport during the most favorable part of the season and would stop the shooting at a time when most people find it convenient to indulge in it, namely at Thanksgiving time; and they further object because of the fact that many of the ducks native to the marshes in that district have by the 15th migrated to the south, the blue wing teal and many of the native marsh ducks going south earlier than the 15th of October. The Association however placed itself on record as approving of any legislation that might be framed for the purpose of prohibiting the sale of wild ducks and limiting the bag.





THE LURE OF THE DRY FLY

Robert Page Lincoln

NOT the least important feature of the dry fly man's outfit is the reel; and in telling about reels only about five million words have been exhausted. Yet for all that I will lay a wager that comparatively few of the population are at all familiar as to what constitutes a good fly casting reel and what does not. Perhaps many people do not read and remember advice as well as they should, nevertheless the fact remains that the various makes of reels, especially for fly fishing are not understood, nor is every angler familiar with them. Considerately speaking the average trout fisherman (and the average trout fisherman is a wet-fly or worm-fisher) is a man of moderate means—even as you and I. This man has not an overplus of money to lay out for reels and whatnots; so he purchases what he can lay his hands on; in other words he gets the cheapest reel he can find for the money. Now, strangely, while the fly-casting reel is of more use than just to hold the line still it is as unlike the purpose of the bait casting reel as night is from day. The fly casting reel has been said to fulfill its true purpose in merely holding the line; hence, no great revolving capacity being needed the reel does not need to be costly to the degree that the bait casting reel is costly. For a small expenditure you are able to get a winch for fly casting that is very good indeed. I have reference here in particular to a set of reels (fly casting reels) put out by the Meisselbach company in New Jersey. This production is known as the Featherlight reels. These reels are really the most simple on the market; simple in material, and simple in construction, and simple in the scarcity of parts. As the name implies they are very light, certainly Featherlight. Thus a forty yard reel weighs two and one eighth ounces, and the one hundred yard reel five ounces. The only thing

about these reels that does not strike the fancy is that they are too light; that the rod to which they are connected must be also very light to receive them, to get the exact right balance. Thus in proportion it must be said that to perfectly match this reel to a correct rod, so as to get an even balance the rod should be nine feet long and can weigh not over four ounces. Outfitted thus with a Featherlight of 100 yards capacity you will have a fairly well balanced tool. You will displace this balance by admitting a five ounce reel to a six and a half or a seven ounce rod. This same company puts out another variety of reel known as the Expert which is far better than the Featherlight in my estimation. The Expert reel in the one hundred yard class weighs six and one half ounces. It might be matched to a rod weighing five or six ounces with a length of nine and one half feet. These reels cost from one dollar to one and a half. It is by far one of the cheapest, and at the same time serviceable reels on the market.

One angling writer advocates a reel holding fifty yards of line when using same for fly fishing. But it seems to me that only in remote instances does one need such a great deal of line; and in our consideration of a dry fly reel it should be remembered that great lengths of line need not be cast. The average angler uses not over twenty-five yards at the utmost, and that occurs only at intervals, the stream fished of course being taken into consideration. A reel with a short barrel and high plates at first glance will be condemned in that the line is always away down in the "innards" of the reel and is out-of-place. This is remedied by first winding on silk or linen line to form a core which thrusts the real enameled line high up; the spool will thus be large enough to take on a goodly portion of line to each revolution. Personally I have great preference to the 100-

yard reel. It has capacity; it will receive at least thirty yards of real line and this is good enough.

Yet it is not in how cheap a reel you can buy as in how long that reel will last you and how it will improve your outfit both practically—and spiritually—if I am allowed the use of that term. A good reel, that costs something is decidedly an acquisition which you will take special pride in. In England good reels are always used; in this country the same are becoming more and more noticeable. Reels coming in all German Silver, or German Silver in conjunction with hard rubber are always lasting and serviceable. They look well but, best of all, they are supremely durable, staunch to the core. They are also light, and while they cost a little more than the very light reel they are better to match to the trout rod. Personally I have not much time for the nickled reels. Nickled brass is nothing but poor material at best. When the plating wears off of the brass it presages decay and age. Nor are the aluminum reels much to be recommended, speaking generally. The lighter the reel the lighter the rod; and a sufficiently heavy rod must be had in dry fly work to fling the fly a good way. No wand of bamboo will do this. Strictly, for dry fly work it is harder to fit a reel to such a rod than to fit a reel to a wet fly appliance.

Some of the best reels, of the single-action sort come from English makers. These reels have always held really the foremost place in the eye of the not easily suited angler. Such reels as the Hardy Brothers put out are appliances that can be used from ten years to a lifetime with the very best results and satisfaction. At the same time these reels are more than mere things to hold line; they are active affairs, supplied with features that have been embodied in them through skillful inventiveness. In the case of the Hardy Perfect reel we note the most improved form of a winch that has ever been put out. As has been said: the original reel from which this was made was produced by the Hardy's in 1885; from that time to this it has been altered and considerably improved until we find the present day production awaiting our attention. This reel by the way has a great line carrying capacity; it has a superior regulating check and runs on ball bearings. It is practically frictionless. The good thing about the regulating check is that all the striking is done directly from the reel; the tension can be increased or decreased by the angler as he chooses. At first glimpse this would not seem a very great invention but you will soon find that its value is of just worth; a breakage, due to hard striking, is made quite an impossibility. The Perfect reel at the same time is easy to take apart; it combines the advantages of being taken apart easily, the only tool required being a coin.

In the Hardy Brothers' Special Perfect reel is found a reel that is comparatively light, though somewhat over six and one half ounces. This reel carries something like thirty-five yards of line (that is trout line), yet it can also receive sixty yards of silk line for backing—or line such as I have before mentioned to build up a core. In all, one might say it holds

ninety-five yards of line. Lighter yet, and weighing from four to six ounces is the Hardy Bougle reel; a reel meant, by the way, for light rods. But the Hardy reel that is most suitable for dry fly work is the Halford improved pattern of the St. George. This, by the way, is one of the finest reels that I know of. It has a large drum and one can thus quickly recover the line. A feature on this reel is the agate line guide that is set between the two plates. Through this guide the line passes. This saves the line from wear and tear and anyone who has had lines eaten up by rough, common, unprotected guides knows the value of having one of these attached to the reel. Of course such a guide as this applies only to reels in a contracted form such as these are.

Among the reels that are open to purchase by the fly caster is the automatic reel. This reel, while it has not had any too great a booming in the annals of outing literature nevertheless is an appliance that is greatly in use, in all forms of angling where fly casting and the fly rod come in for mention. That the automatic can be used well enough in dry fly work goes without saying. The one virtue about this rod, is that rapid recovery of line is always possible. You never have any of that bothersome slack when you use the automatic reel. But then, too, it should be noted that the automatic is heavy, and if put on a very light rod the balance is injured and to say that one gets tired operating the ill-balanced rod is a mild description of the discomfort entailed.

Ordinarily the regulation single action click reel therefore is the reel for dry fly work, and such a reel is used everywhere; both in a moderate priced form and in the costlier form. Getting the right weight of reel to balance the rod well is something that all should look out for. Anyone who has done any persistent casting with improperly balanced rods and reels knows the general dissatisfaction that becomes the rule. As one writer has said:

"Of late years there has been a growing tendency to use lighter rods than those formerly in vogue and on this account reels have been selected that were altogether too light in weight to make a proper balance. For some reason or other the feeling seems to have taken hold of anglers that a light rod necessarily should have a very light reel and while a light rod should have a lighter reel than a heavy rod the idea has been carried too far, with a result most disappointing in many cases. The angler who is persistent and who likes to fish for many hours a day must soon learn the combination rod and reel that will give him the desired balance to prevent fatigue in his wrist, if he is to get all the possible pleasure out of fly fishing. Having talked with many experienced and successful anglers as to the balance of rod and reel, and finding their views are quite in accord with my own, I suggest to the beginner, and others, that they first start with the idea that the reel without the line, should weigh at least one and one half times more than the rod and let the basis be a 7½ ounce reel for a 5-ounce rod. As the weight of rod decreases or increases some deviation must be allowed to meet the change in weight and the individual requirements of the angler."

Aside from the above (which I do not thoroughly agree with), I will deal further with this matter in the next dry fly article.

The line for dry fly work is unquestionably the tapered line. When using the wet fly, either the level calibered or the tapered lines may be used, but in the former the tapered line is a necessity. Tapered lines ensure a possibility of longer casts and that true casting of a fly has a great deal to do with success in dry fly work none can well deny. In explanation it can be said that a tapered line is one that "for a distance of fifteen to twenty feet at one or both ends grows smaller as the end of the line is approached." If a line is single tapered it has only one end so prepared; the double tapered line draws to fineness at both ends. One writer speaks of the efficiency of the tapered line, in making longer casts, as being this: "The middle of the line being heavier gives the necessary weight to carry the line out and the tapered end drops lightly to the water." And further:

"Herein is the advantage of the tapered line: it is in the combination of terminal fineness, together with the necessary casting weight which is supplied by the swell of the line. This combination of fineness with weight is of great advantage for lake-fly fishing, for fishing large, quiet pools in streams, and wide stretches of still waters. In such places great delicacy and considerable distance are very requisite and the taper line makes this delicacy and distance possible; with it, far and fine casts are in the power of the expert caster. In effect you cast a G line to the distance ordinarily only attained by a line of size E. For instance, take a tapered line size E tapered to Size G. That part of the line which is approximately size G supplies lightness and delicacy at the end of the cast. Obviously the taper line has its advantages."

The waterproof, enameled line is by far the best line for use either in wet fly, or dry fly fishing; and those lines that are dressed by the vacuum system (all the air taken out of them by an air pump) are perhaps the best lines that are procurable. They are the best by far; they last the longest, giving the best service all the time, combining all points demanded in exceptional line production. The well-known English dry fly lines, procurable through the Hardy Brothers possess great merit; and those produced in this country, especially those by Perry D. Frazer are merited examples of what a good line should be. These lines, dressed in vacuum, mean months of patient work, a system of oiling which is most unique. One thinks that five dollars for a double-tapered vacuum dressed line is a great deal to pay out but consider the labor that is gone through and the price looks like five cents and no mistake. Now if there is one subject that only one angler in a hundred knows anything about it is about how lines of this sort are proofed by the air pump system. At the very outset let me explain that you cannot properly treat a line in this manner outside of six months, diligent work. As has been said "the longer the time given to each successive dressing the more durable and lasting will be the resulting article, and in practice it will be found that a line cannot be turned out in much less than a

year's time from the date when the first immersion in waterproofing fluid was made."

There are special oils for use; the ordinary grade of linseed oil, while used is not of the best quality. Poor oils should not be used. It has been suggested that the green linseed oil from the Baltic is better than the yellow or brown oils from Calcutta. If double-boiled Baltic oil is procurable it is by far the best. There is little or no doubt but that Hardy Brothers of Alnwick can procure this oil, or supply it to you if you desire to oil proof your own lines, which I caution you against unless you have the determination and the stick-to-itiveness. It is a long, tedious, careful exacting job *and mark this*: it is not done to save money. If you were paid for the time you expended in putting out stuff of this sort, for your own use, your line would be worth upwards of \$100.

In preparing this line so that it can be dried well between coats one needs a wooden frame work between which he can stretch the line. To protect the line from dust while it is drying a sort of a drape, or curtain is made to completely cover it, which is yet not so tight that it will keep the air out, but is so tight that it will keep out the dust particles from settling on the line during its drying. One authoritative writer speaks as follows about this process of fixing lines, and I insert this hereto as to give you an idea of what work there is on it, more than that I am coaching you on how to make your own lines. Also so little is known about it that it should really come into the limelight.

Since these vacuum lines are the best it is good to know why they are best. Says this writer:

"The opinion is still held by some that the use of the air pump is unnecessary in line dressing. I can only say that the quantity of air that escapes from the silk when the pump is working is amazing, and that even from a powerful double-barrelled pump I have found it quite impossible to remove all the air, though the lines have been kept in a partial vacuum for a space of nearly a fortnight. If such a pump will not completely extract the air one would hardly expect to be more successful with the alternative method, namely, that of placing the line in a jar of oil, which is set on a stove and allowed to simmer very gently for several days, great care being taken the while lest the oil should become too hot. The line should be coiled in a loose hank and placed in the oil in a convenient receptacle under the receiver of the air pump, supposing that this method is adopted. Care must be taken to raise the vessel containing the oil slightly above the outlet for the air in the footplate, otherwise, if the pump is a powerful one and the oil has been placed in a glass dish it is by no means unlikely that a piece of the bottom of the vessel will be pumped out with dire consequences. Pumping should continue until the bubbles of air cease to rise out of the line in any appreciable quantity. The line is then taken from under the receiver removed from the oil, squeezed through the fingers and subsequently through a piece of linen, in order to remove as much of the surplus oil as possible, for the less oil there is left in the line the more chance is there of the

drying process becoming thoroughly effected.

"Next it should be wound on the frame with the end looped round the first hook. When the surface is no longer wet take the line off the frame and make it up into a large loose hank and hang it up in a warm place to get thoroughly dry. This may take any time up to two months but after the second coat, as the inside of the line becomes filled up with oil the process of drying becomes much more rapid. When the line is thoroughly dry, so dry that when stretched between the hands no little beads of oil force their way out, the second coat may be applied and the line treated in the same way as before and wound on the frame, beginning at the second hook. If the line appears to be at all stiff it should be coiled up into a small coil with a diameter of, say, four inches and worked about in the hands till soft. A varnished line will not stand this treatment but when pure oil is used, the dressing is so pliant that any amount of such rough usage will be successfully withstood. The working also facilitates the extraction of air under the pump, and will frequently betray the presence of a small quantity of wet oil, which, when a line has not been thoroughly dried, works its way to the surface and gives timely notice that the line must be hung up again before the next coat is applied. After the fourth or fifth coat the process of rubbing down may be begun, and until quite the later stages are reached a piece of loofah is as good a material to use as one would desire. In rubbing down a line, should it not be possible to stretch it at full length, place it on an ordinary collapsible line dryer, taking a turn of the line round the handle of the winder to keep it taut, then hold the line between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, giving it a twisting motion backwards and forwards, and at the same time rub it up and down briskly with the loofah, held in the right hand. If there be any very rough places which will not yield to this treatment a piece of the very finest glass paper may be used; but this is heroic treatment and the utmost care must be taken not to rub too long or too roughly lest the fabric of the line be frayed. After the eighth or ninth coat has been applied something finer must be used for rubbing down, and in order to get a really good surface to the line pumice powder should be mixed into a paste with water and rubbed on with a piece of flannel, the pumice being well washed out of the line afterwards. When all the interstices of the silk have been filled up with the hardened oil and the surface is quite round and smooth, the dull appearance left by the pumice powder can be got rid of and the line polished by rubbing it with the thumb and the forefinger just smeared in oil. This will dry very quickly and a final coat applied in the same way will cover over all marks left on the previous coat by the bars of the frame. Care must be taken that only the very smallest quantity possible of oil is applied in these last two coats, as if too much is applied the surface will be spoilt and the line will require to be rubbed down again with pumice. If all goes well the line should be put away in a warm place, hanging in a loose hank, and not used for at least a twelve-month."

Tapered lines are furnished in three styles, or degrees of thickness. Size D, or Number 2, is the largest; Size E, or Number 3, or Medium; Size F, or Number 4, the smallest. For a slightly heavy rod use Size E. For a lighter rod use Size F. The correct selection of the line should be gauged by the weight of the rod, which has not a little to do with the right placing of the fly.

The leader used in dry fly fishing is somewhat identified from the wet-fly leader. It may be a great deal finer than the leader used in the former practice; and the use of the tapered leader is more and more coming into prominence. Extreme skill, caution and deliberation are needed often in the getting around of an old trout and that a fine leader is more or less of a necessity there is little doubt. In this country we use the drawn gut leaders but casually, if at all. Drawn gut is the finest that can be purchased and is drawn, as the term goes, between steel or sapphire plates, a process which produces the finest of gut by removing all inequalities the undrawn gut may contain. These leaders are used on calm streams alone, or where the trout are comparatively small and *very alert*. These leaders are called *superfine*. It would hardly do to use these on our broiling streams. For fine work on our more likely waters I would not go finer than the Fina or Refina, if that, which are made of the undrawn gut. These leaders should have a testing capacity, by the way, of at least two pounds.

In dry fly fishing but one fly is used, and eyed flies are the rule. The snell witnessed on the wet fly is absent.

Tapered leaders may be had or you can readily enough tie your own, first having purchased a hank of gut, and having learned how to tie leaders in the first place. Three thicknesses of gut are used, the finest section of the gut coming first; the medium thickness next; and the heaviest portion last. Some most appreciable leaders, tied like this, can be made and they very well fulfill their part.

The length of the leader for dry fly work is another consideration. The average writer holds that a nine foot length should be used; but to be really candid this length is not a necessity. I judge a six foot length to be equally as correct, if the angler uses ordinary caution, and is skillful in placing the fly without a bungling blunder.

Coloration in the leader is another consideration that should have attention. The so-called and tabulated mist-hued leader is the thing. No more need be said on that point.

Beware of poor material. A high grade of silkworm gut costs not under thirty cents per leader. This material is rounded and hard and resists the nip of the teeth in experimentation. Poor gut will invariably allow of the teeth sinking at least partially in. Poor leader will also fray and strip if twisted around between the fingers.

A leader box with moist flannel-pads is a necessity and between it you should have a number of leaders when going even on a short trip. These leaders should be carefully tested before they are admitted to the box as final and reliable,—especially if you have tied them yourself.

SPRING AND EARLY SUMMER ANGLING FOR TROUT

Robert Page Lincoln

OF all times in the year fancied by anglers for trout fishing the spring season, or the early summer, when the world is awakening, the streams are flowing once more and when the returned birds are making life doubly worth living are the seasons par excellence. It is this time of universal rejuvenation that calls one irresistibly to the quiet brink of his favorite trout stream, to hook again that most poetic of fishes—the brook trout—*salvelinus fontinalis*. Canadian anglers and those along the Wisconsin and Michigan streams find sport and a great deal of it capturing the rainbow trout at this season, and any one who has tried it at this time of the year knows how well *Salmo irideus* applies himself to the task of taking your offered bait. For it is principally a matter of bait-fishing at this time of the year, the artificial fly being quietly reserved for use later on in the season when the trout are rising to the brim for the ovipositing insects, that, by the thousands, dip to the surface and are caught in the watery folds, to become the food of these handsome fish, that have been exploited from the times of Walton, Cotton and Juliana Berners upward. The out and out, dyed-in-the-wool angler scoffs at using live bait, averring that it is unsportsmanlike. But this is entirely a matter of the mind; and it is hard to keep the long winter peat fisherman from trying his luck now when the streams are again running wide. Some of our best fishermen, on the other hand, count bait-fishing as on a level with the use of the fly.

Trout are sluggish in the spring. They are just beginning to rise out of their winter quarters in the mud and from among the debris, or the rocks, and they have comparatively little of the brilliant coloration that they assume after they begin to feed well, and the rare pigment colors are brought out. But, nevertheless, they are active and alert, and ever on the watch for food such as drifts down to them in the form of worms, crabs, helgramite, leeches and any form of specimens of crustacean life that is their especial food. The angler must use caution the same now as later on, for any commotion in the water, or among the bushes, is liable to frighten the fish.

I will dispose of the matter of the angler's tackle in a small paragraph. If you have only one rod, high-priced or low-priced, matters not, use that rod. Preferably it should be of at least six ounces weight. The material may be wood, bamboo, or steel. The line should be an enamelled one of course, either level-calibered or tapered. The leader should be Medium Trout, and need not be over four feet in length. Some desire fairly large hooks such as No. 2 for bait fishing, others prefer such as Numbers 6 and 8. I use the latter named size hooks a great deal and they are as good as any, though more ease at setting the

hook is assured with the larger hook. Any reel of single-action, holding a fairly good quantity of line is desirable, and the automatic reel is by no means to be discredited. The reason you should have a reel holding a good capacity of line is that often you let this out a good deal, fishing both near and far away.

Angleworms, are, of course, especially good for bait fishing and if these are procurable, so much the better. One of the best methods I know of for use in worming for trout, is to attach a Number 8 hook to the end of the leader; an inch or so back from this, directly on the leader is attached another hook. The worm is hooked back of the head, and once, with the back hook in the center of its body. Thus there is a natural squirm to him when in the water and it never fails to catch the trout when he takes it. In actual fishing approach the stream with caution, making as little noise as possible. Start your bait at the head of the pool and let it out. The idea generally is to keep the bait from the bottom of the stream, up well in the water. This can be done by keeping the line moving back and forth, never quite allowing it to sink. A trout, seeing this worm in the water, takes it instantly; if on the bottom he may hesitate about taking it. After you have taken a trout, with your knife cut off one of the belly fins of the fish and attach this to the hook. This has, in cases, proven to be just as killing a bait as can be found anywhere. Of course worms, if they can be had at this time of the year by digging in or under manure piles for them, are very desirable, at the same time they are not always procurable. An excellent bait in place of this is a fine glittering strip cut from the belly of a chub or a shiner minnow, and this, like the worm, is attached to both the fore-hook and the back hook on the leader. A trout seeing this, rarely, if ever, conditions permitting, passes it by without testing its edible virtues.

If the current in the stream is fairly strong, and you cannot get your bait down deep enough, by ordinary means, attach one, two or three split-shot to the leader which should sink it deep enough. Remember that the biggest trout are lying deep down in the pools; the little trout are early beginning to work out into the riffles or the low, curly water. Therefore to get the big trout you must properly sink your line and bait. It pays as you will see. Here is a line of wisdom from my notebook: Cut open the first few trout you acquire, analyze their contents, (what they have eaten), and bait your hook with such like lures as found in their stomachs. This is a peculiarly successful method that should never be passed by.

It is queer that so little attention has been directed toward the use of spinners in trout fishing; especially in trout fishing in the late

spring and early summer months. Surely they are to be highly recommended; and in cases they have proven so deadly that I have decided never to leave them out of my canvas hiker-angler bag. Spinner fishing is so little heard of that a few lines upon the subject may not be amiss.

The attractiveness of the spinners is what makes them notable, for often, in roily water, a bait may not be seen. Here a small, whirling spinner ahead of the hook catches their eyes instantly, and from the spinner they are, in natural sequence attracted to the bait. The result is a capture where otherwise the lure might pass notice. The Hildebrandt spinners I use almost exclusively for this purpose, and I vastly prefer their sizes 1 and 2, gold plated, though they may be had also in silver, nickle, bronze, copper and aluminum.

For bait-fishing use the interchangeable spinner, which is so made that you can remove one hook or fly-hook and replace it with another. The unchangeable spinners have a hook on and it cannot be removed. Attach to your number 1 or 2 spinner *the bare hook*, and it may be a fairly long shanked one at that. Put thereon your worm, or trout fin, or shiner strip, start this affair in the strong water and keep it whirling. The split-shot should properly sink it to reach the depths. It is a deadly method indeed and to pass it by is allowing a most likely opportunity to go untried.

In conclusion: Be sure and fish the streams in the spring. The sensation is a lordly one, and a successful one if fishing, as you should in the morning and late afternoon.

IN WHICH I SPEAK OF OVER-HAULING RODS

Robert Page Lincoln

THERE is nothing in this world as neat as a fly-rod that is in the pink of condition, and has a healthy appearance, brightness and that luster and action for which it is rightly famous. Undoubtedly half the delights of this sort of fishing lie in having an outfit to angle with that is up to standard and just right. Such an outfit always leaves in its wake satisfaction and a memory that is not fraught with remembrances of an appliance that strove its best to waylay your every desire for pleasure. To be outfitted right gives one a certain sense of satisfaction even though many fish be not secured. And believing as many do "that it is not all of fishing to fish", one is the gainer just to be out where the streams flow along happily and where the birds make happy the days of late spring and early summer. The right rod, therefore, of the right balance, having resiliency and pliancy, and that unmistakable "feel" of the proper rod is very conducive to a satisfactory frame of mind. But rods like anything else will not last forever and sooner or later your pet appliance is going to appear old and rather frayed. The windings, while they may not break and unravel, nevertheless have lost their rare tints and you feel that a little refurbishing will not do any harm; therefore you set about to rewind your rod with new and firmer threads. Also, the varnishing has become lacking in texture, and seems, to be panning out. Therefore a general overhauling of the rod, if correctly and adequately pursued, should leave you a rod that will look as though it were just taken out of the show-case. It is now in the springtime, when the sun is getting hot in the heavens again, and the ice is rotting under the genial, penetrating rays, that the rods are gotten out for a looking over. You

may have done this in the days of winter, when you may have already re-finished your appliances, but if you have not then be sure and do it now, just before the streams open up and the trout are bestirring themselves out of their winter quarters. Now it is a fact that some rather scabby looking rods can be made to look just as good as new after a general going-over. An enjoyable performance is to select a good machine-made bamboo rod and refinish and rewind it. I can take such a rod, refinish it and place a ten dollar hand made rod beside it; you may pick up the two of them and I am almost sure that you will vote the machine-made rod also a handmade appliance. But I mean of course a machine made rod such as would come from the house of a reputable maker, with a standard recommendation attached to their output. Not every cheap wand that you see standing around in five and ten cent stores will do this. A correspondent some time ago wrote me that he had a rod that had acquired a bend, or set, in the tip. He claims for the rod that it is a good one and was wondering whether there was any way of fixing this rod so that it would straighten out again. Of course for the solid wood rods that acquire a set there is no hope, in my opinion, but the same cannot be said of the split-bamboo rods for they can be remedied, unless the case is a bad one, and the rod is very cheap all around. To take the bend out at the top, tie a cord to the tip, hang it in the ceiling of your shop and to the handgrasp affix a suitable weight. This, left so for a time, should take out the undesirable bend. I would especially suggest in a case of this sort that you first remove the old windings and rub off all the varnish. This gives the rod more of a chance to recuperate, and after you have properly re-varnished and

re-threaded it the old faults will, I think, be found to have fled. Now the first move when beginning to re-fix a rod is to scrape off the old varnish. The rod is taken apart and each section is gone over carefully; the preferable instrument for doing this is some half-blunt instrument that will not shave too deeply. Some use very fine sandpaper for this performance and this is not a bad idea at all, the only thing being that extreme care should be used not to rub too long nor too deeply for the outer fiber of the bamboo is the principal feature of its wonderful, staying activity, which, in the good rod, is always maintained. Therefore scrape carefully, allowing no deep diggings into the fiber; use care also where the windings have been not to injure the rod. After the rod has been gone over in this manner it is rubbed down with powdered rotten-stone or pumice and water, with a woollen rag. After this performance the rod should be thoroughly dried to remove all particles of the wash from it. You are now ready for the windings. It should be remembered that the winding silk used on rods is of a special make, just for this work; it is not the common silk that you buy for embroidery work. This can be procured from any well-supplied angler's establishment at a price of about fifteen cents the spool. This silk is of an exceptionally durable grade, and while very thin, is about the best on the market, and especially suitable for this purpose. This is of course the thread that you should if possible procure; and it is the only thread that will do for the purpose. Some anglers, with a taste for tints and brightness use three or four colors of windings evenly arrayed here and there along the rod; something very beautiful indeed is thus obtained. As a rule, however, three colors are used and some use only two colors, as for instance green and black. One can of course suit his own taste in this matter. Green and crimson against the bright bamboo makes a very catchy display; black and orange is also in use a good deal. Selections can be made from these to suit your fancy; and when you follow the system I will outline these colors should stand out perfectly clear. Some have complained that when the varnishing is completed the highly colored threads present a very subdued coloration, where they should be as bright as before the varnish was applied. I shall later in this article show how this can be easily remedied. Presuming now that your rod is ready for the windings, the next step is to decide how many of these windings you are to have—if you are going to increase the number of them or leave the same number as upon the rod in its original state. Of course windings should not be too wide nor should they be too scant. If you follow the usual number identified with rods this should be uniformly correct. An increase of windings may and may not be desirable. That numerous windings have a tendency to stiffen the rod one finds out often to his sorrow when the work is done. Some care therefore is necessary, and some experimenting is not out-of-place. If you re-wind the rod as it formerly was then of course there is not much labor about it. The main thing of course is to get them correctly arrayed along the rod length, and for this work each section of the rod is marked off for the

windings, getting them right as to *width* and *distance apart*. Having decided upon this then you are ready for the initial try-out. In the first place I would suggest that you experiment on some wood, a pencil for instance or on the rod itself, to make yourself proficient in whipping the thread.

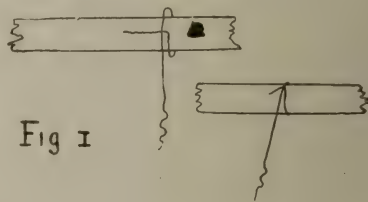


Fig I

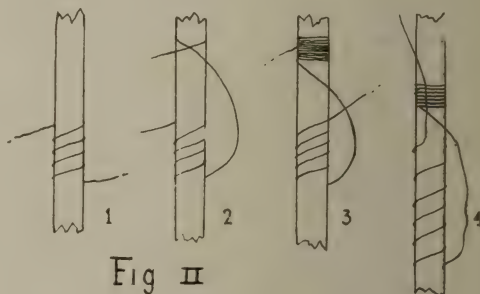


Fig II

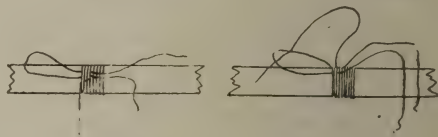


Fig III

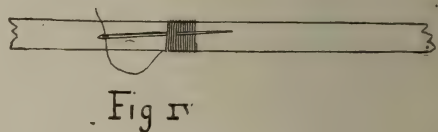


Fig IV

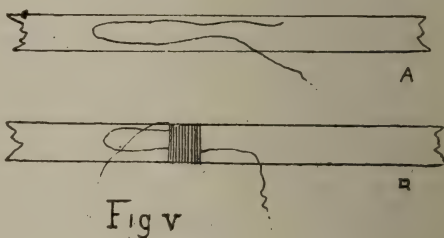


Fig V

There is not really anything difficult in this after you get a good working knowledge of the ways and means of it. Windings are made with what is known as the "invisible ending." That is to say, when the final winding is made, the thread end is drawn under the main windings, by one method or another. In the five illustrations that I submit with this article you can readily find out the manner in which this is best done. You first begin your wind-

ing as in Fig. 1, drawing the thread tight over the end which should be under the first silk windings. Keep on winding until you reach the stage where you wish to bring the end under to make it invisible. Fig. 11 shows Mr. Holden's method which is of course not new. This I consider a very good method of winding and if it is done properly then it should be as good a method as any; but amateurs are liable to have quite a time getting things to lie put, firm and unbunchy. I could not understand Holden's description, and I see no reason why the winding should not have been started as in Fig. 1. You will note that he has the beginning end, D, sticking out. This will have to be clipped, and it seems to me this will create a flaw. Why not tuck it under as in Fig. 1? Then continue the winding till you come to the place where you wish to lay on your thread that shall finally be drawn under as B, in the last of his illustrations. As has been said when you have as many windings on as you deem fit, cast a big loop, as in his G, for instance, and work in five or six loops inside this big loop around the rod. The line end B is laid on the wood and as the rod is rotated the line G is laid down as previously. As you thus rotate the rod the loops unwind and are added to the main windings. When all is compact and tight the end B, if necessary should be more tightened, and clipped down close, and the windings smoothed over it. This may sound difficult but it is not. A more simple method is shown in Fig. III. You start as usual as in Fig. I, wind as far as you think right before you wish to work in the end; then you lay on a loop of thread as shown. The windings are continued over this and finally the end of the winding silk is passed through this loop. This loop is then drawn under a part of the main windings, and clipped down close to the surface, as in the other method. In Fig. IV we have another method that does away with the use of the loop. When you have wound on enough of the thread, lay a small needle on the wood, wind over it, and finally pass the end of the thread through the eye-hole and pull it through. This method I believe is the one most commonly in use and I have found it by far the most simple though of course the thread loop is just as good. In Fig. V we have another form but I do not exactly approve of it. This suggests pulling the loop under all of the windings whereas the other methods are such that the end is pulled under only a few of the windings.

When the end has finally been pulled under, and clipped, press down the silk solidly and well, and turn it in the hand to get everything firm. This is of course essential to good workmanship. Immediately after you have finished the windings apply to them, each in turn, some *thinned-out white* shellac of a good grade. Without letting it have much time to dry wipe this off, and press the windings down with thumb and forefinger, as you deliberately rotate the rod. The rod will now be ready to receive its coating of shellac. This shellac, by heating it to make it thin should be applied to the rod with a smooth-haired, thin brush, preferably made of camel's hair. It should be covered well but not too heavily. The rod is put away for a space of two days, when it should be perfectly dry and ready for

the initial coating of spar varnish. The application of the varnish is not a hard thing, the main idea being to get the right sort of a varnish. For, like anything else, there is varnish, and varnish; many poor varnishes are to be procured. The best varnish for re-finishing rods that I know of is the so-called Valspar, or spar varnish, manufactured by Valentine and Co., in Chicago. This varnish will not turn white; it will not chip; crack or check over the basic coating of shellac. It is a very durable and substantial material, and is noted for its great elasticity, which is preserved at all times under the whipping actions of the bamboo. If a varnish such as this is used there is no reason why there should not be successful results. The reason why so many anglers have poor success with this work is that they use *poor varnish*. Good varnish of one sort is comparatively slow in drying out; but that, by the way is not a failing, some hold, though it often takes a week for it to become thoroughly seasonable. The Valspar varnish will, however, dry faster and yet retain its wonderful elasticity. In applying the varnish see to it that it is *thinned out*, by heating it a little. It is a good idea to go over the rod, (which has its shellac coat), with a woollen cloth with some oil on it to clean and dry it, now, dipping the brush lightly in the varnish, begin with the rod tip and brush deliberately downward, being sure to cover every spot on it. See that your varnish covers well, but not too thickly. Erase all bubbles that arise; and see that you have smooth work. When your rod is done, put it away to dry out; and only when it is thoroughly dry should you go after the second coat. Three days should see your rod ready for this second coat.

Before applying the second coat go over the rod with powdered pumice and water, and *lightly* rub it down—not too hard—for then you may wear through the varnish and this should not, and must not occur. When you have *lightly* done this, wash off in cold, clear water and dry thoroughly with a woollen cloth. You are now ready to brush on the second coat of the varnish. Do this work well and you should have a rod that will buck any stream, and leap into action with a vim; and there will be no faulty checking or peeling of the varnish. The windings of the rod should stand out fresh and clean and new. Some believe in adding a third coat of the varnish but if the work is done well, two coats will suffice.

There are a few other things that I might mention here as not being out-of-place. It is always good to have, beside the tip with the rod, an extra tip; and this should be attended to the same as the other. There is a little more work to it but you will find that it always pays to be prepared. Then too there is that timely little matter I wish to speak about here, namely: the substitution of agate guides for metal ones, especially the guide nearest the butt, and the off-set tip guide. These should be in agate, or imitation agate, and in the process of re-fixing the rod these can readily be inserted, or attached, being of course wound right with the silk thread. The value in having the reel guide and the tip guide agate-lined presents itself the same with the fly-rod as with the bait rod. These two guides stand

the most wear and tear. It lends itself to a better extending of the line, and in playing the fish the value of them is shown. By all means substitute these guides and you will do something that is not at all amiss.

In the Angling Queries and Answers for this month there will be found especial mention directed to the wonderful efficiency of the Heddon split-bamboo rods for bait-casting. And quite regardless of price the smaller rods, coming low in price are nevertheless excellent appliances. For purposes of reconstruction there are the one dollar and a half rod of the Heddon make, excellent to make over. The one dollar rods have a wooden butt. The other one has all bamboo to its credit, and in a number of ways this rod can be fixed over to make an appliance equally as good as a higher priced rod. There appeared some time ago in *Field and Stream*, by one Sandford Purviance, a skit on how he did over a rod of this sort, and because it is so odd and interesting I am adding it herewith.

"To begin with I started with the handle. This I rasped with a file and wound with a piece of ordinary braided fishing line which was saturated with glue to insure adhesion to the rod. This, when dried, was given two coats of waterproof paint and allowed to dry. I then stripped the rod of all wrappings (windings,) scraped the varnish off and then dissolved the finer particles from the fibres with a little denatured alcohol. After the rod had stood a while it was given a coat of linseed oil which stayed on an hour. It was rubbed off well with a muslin rag and was then ready for the wrapping. Then I took a good grade of the heaviest white thread to be had and wrapped the rod from the reel seat check to the tip. After completing the under-wrapping I took a rag saturated with a light spar varnish and rubbed the rod from end to end and allowed it to dry for two or three hours. Then came the color wrappings, from the reel seat check to the ferrule. I placed wrappings at each original place and between each original, by measurements. These wrappings were about a quarter of an inch wide and gradually reduced. The wrappings were given a coat of white shellac which was almost immediately wiped off. The white shellac soaks into the silk and dries, allowing the wrapping to retain its brilliant shade. The guides come next. In replacing the guides I put in two extras, one just below the ferrule on the butt piece and the other on the top. The top guide on the tip was placed about four to six inches below the casting tip-top and the other two were placed according to an even distribution of the strain. The offset casting top and the first guide (or the reel guide) are of agate, the others of German Silver. To finish off the rod I took a fine camel's hair brush and Dowagiac rod varnish and put on a very thin coat. This was allowed to dry all day. This coat was followed by two others, each being allowed to dry all day and then the job was done."

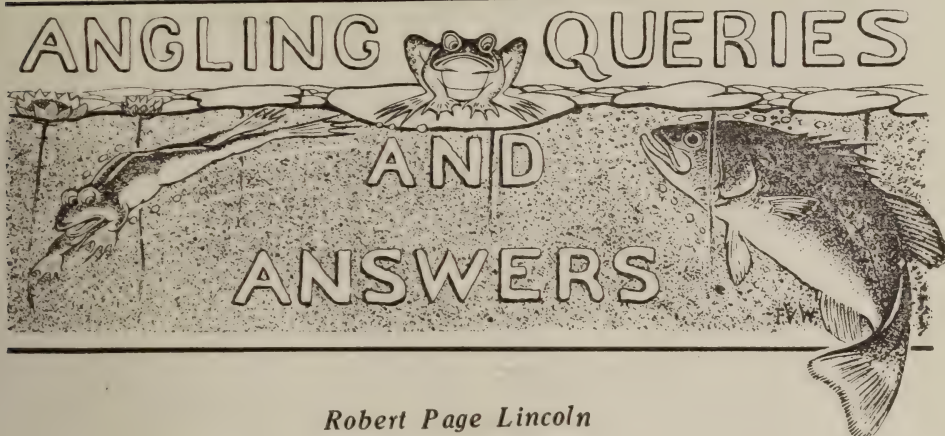
The above method is unique to say the least. It has the stamp of originality upon it. The only thing I wondered at was the all-

thread windings from reel-seat to tip. Just how would this improve the rod? Surely it would stiffen it and make it stronger, but would it not also take the action from it, and just how will the rod look when finished? I cannot reconcile myself to the belief that this is an efficient method, but since I have not tried it I will not venture an opinion as to its worth or its unworthiness. I have used the one dollar and a half Heddon rod, as it is a great deal and I know it has action, and is to a certain extent as good as their ten dollar appliance, though of course it has not the balance and the feel of their higher grade rods. These are the acme of fine workmanship. In the case of the above reconstructed rod, I should think it would be good for trolling for muscullonge, but I doubt its casting virtues. The adding of windings alone, between the original ones adds to the stiffness of the rod to a notable degree. I have noted many written methods of reconstructing Heddon rods, one in question submitting that the whole handle be taken off, substituting a newer cork one with a wooden center piece through which holes are bored to correspond with like holes bored in the reel seat, or reel shoulders. Screws are run up through these holes and a pair of nuts are threaded on, and screwed down tight. The purpose of this is to keep the reel absolutely firm and unshaking upon the seat. Undoubtedly he succeeds in his purpose (it is the first time I have ever heard this mentioned)—but one figures: is it worth while to go to all this trouble? This writer claims it is for he made over a one dollar and a half Heddon rod for the small sum of two dollars and a half, and he claims for it that it is as good as a fifteen dollar appliance. Personally I have reconstructed few rods after this system; but I have shortened a bamboo rod, to make it useful as a pike and musky rod. To do this, remove the ferrules, male and female by heating them lightly. When this is done shorten your rod sections as much as you think necessary. To do this shave them to fit, in *tapering form*. Use a good grade of ferrule cement for the re-fitting process. I would strongly suggest that agate guides, and an agate tip guide, be used in preference to the metal ones. Metal guides kill your lines in no time. Also agate, or imitation agate guides make better casting a possibility. This shortened rod is wound between the original windings to give it more uniform all-around strength, and since strength is a factor in fishing for heavy fish, this is not at all amiss.

In closing this article I wish to say that care and consideration should always be given your rods. You cannot expect them to last all the time, being, at the same time, in perfect ship-shape condition. Go over your rods now and then, and apply a coat of varnish as you think it is needed. In the winter-time apply one or two thin coats, and see to it that the windings are right. In later articles much more information will be supplied you on how to make rods, both bait and fly casting rods—some of you no doubt being anxious to follow up processes of the sort.



ANGLING QUERIES AND ANSWERS



Robert Page Lincoln

No. 59.—Can you suggest a place in Canada, in Ontario for instance where my wife and I can obtain a good outing, with good fishing of course. How about the Lake of Bays region. We would desire of course to stay at an hotel, or camp that has conveniences. Our trip would be a matter of two or three weeks. Being somewhat undecided, with a trip to British Columbia at the same time in view, could you tell me what sort of a fly casting outfit I would use for salmon? Would a steel rod be good, of the Bristol sort for instance; or a solid wood rod; or a bamboo. Also: is the Grayling of the Western country the same as the old time Grayling of Michigan, which I understand no longer exists. Thanking you for any information that you may give me on these subjects, I beg to remain,

A Brother Outer,
F. M. Gettys, U. National Bank,
Louisville, Ky., U. S. A.

Ans.—In answer to your query I wish to say that there are so many places in Canada where one might spend such an outing as you have outlined that it is hard to know where to begin. I will choose therefore, the possibilities to be had in the Lake of Bays region of Ontario. This is in the Highlands of Ontario, at an altitude of one thousand feet above the sea level; a summer climate that can hardly be excelled; the air wonderfully pure and invigorating, making an outing here most pleasureable indeed, at not such a high rate of expenditure—for, as you say, you would like to stop at a resort. Lake of Bays is not the only body of water here. There are many lakes all around, in and out, streams and rivers galore, and the fishing is of course, as ever, up to the high standard mark. The fact that over seventy-five thousand people are yearly going into the Highlands of Ontario region, speaks for its prominence as an outing spot. Fishing is furnished in abundance, the principal fish being speckled-brook trout, salmon trout and black bass; also whitefish. Practically all the bays, and rivers have good fishing in them. Cottages may be rented at many of these resorts on Lake of Bays, at a reasonable sum. However I would suggest that you move from

one place to another, thus seeing a good part of this region and obtaining a close knowledge of all its many fascinations. There is the Huntsville District, with lake, forest and stream to its credit in all its primeval grandeur. There is Lake Vernon and Mary Lake at the head of the north branch of the Muskoka River. There is beautiful Fairy Lake, off of Huntsville; further on is Peninsula Lake; then southward to North Bay. At a southeastern point one desiring something different can stage it between Trading Lake, four miles, to Hollow Lake, which is located in the hills some thing like two hundred feet above Lake of Bays. Trout fishing alone obtains in these waters, though this is one of the best that the north country has to offer. The grey, or lake trout go all the way in weight from five to thirty-five pounds; the salmon trout go from one to five pounds weight; and the square-tailed brook trout reach a weight of five pounds, many of which are met with in fishing here. The following suggestions in regard to the fishing here may not be amiss:

General Remarks.—Light casting outfits good only in May. In May and early June, rubber boots are convenient. July, August and September, canvas rubber-soled shoes are best.

Seasons.—May, Early June.—Brook trout in streams; flies and minnows best bait. Salmon trout in lakes; minnows used exclusively. Casting in the streams and toward shores of lakes is adapted to this month. Trolling with light sinkers in shallow water, however, gives best results. Use plain gimp hooks with No. 3 or 4 silk lines. No flies or mosquitoes.

Late June.—Fly fishing in rapid running rivers, fair. Creeks and streams are not good; water too warm and all species have sought the cold, deep water of the lakes. For this month use trolling outfits only, viz.; medium-sized Archer spinner with minnows, heavy sinkers and No. 2 or 3 National silk lines 200 feet long; same length Cuttyhunk lines may be used also. Strong tip Bristol steel rods preferred. Head nets and fly oil essential this month for crossing trails.

July.—Same as for late June, except there are no flies or mosquitoes.

August.—Same as July. During this month, fly casting may be indulged in for trout in the lakes. Silver doctor or gray hackle are good.

September.—Same as August, but trout rise freely to the fly in lakes and streams.

There is good fishing in almost any one of the thousand lakes in the northern wilds. There seems to be no end of the supply, for when one pool is exhausted of its speckled beauties, it only needs a change of position to another spot, and up they rise with their painted sides glistening in the sunlight. On the lower lakes, such as the Lake of Bays itself, passengers on the steamers can see the trout jumping in all directions, and a morning's fishing at any point on this lake will warm the heart of the most ardent follower of Izaak Walton. Salmon trout in season are most successfully caught with the troll in the deep waters of these granite basins.

The rates at the hotels are all the way from six to fifteen dollars a week; in some of the more exclusive places, like the Wawa the rates are as high as fifteen to thirty dollars the week. Bayville resorts on the South Branch of the Muskoka River, and at the southern extremity of the Lake of Bays charge six to ten dollars a week for board and other accommodation; at Birkendale, seven to twelve; Brown's Brae, eight to ten; Dorset, ten to twelve; Dwight, about seven to ten; Fox Point, six to twelve a week; Huntsville, six to ten; Port Sydney, six to eight dollars a week. In some of these places, of course, the price is greater, but it is sufficient to say that good accommodation should be obtained at from six to eight dollars a week.

Of course Lake of Bays region is only one of the many that are to be found in this portion of the world. There are for instance the Muskoka Lakes, so famous that anything I would say about them would just seem repetition of what is already common knowledge. Accommodations can be had at the resorts all the way from one and one and a half to two dollars a day. There are also resorts on the Muskoka River; big Lake Joseph; also on the vast and varied Lake Rosseau; the Indian River, which is between Lakes Muskoka and Rosseau; also on the Magnetawan River not to mention the enormous Georgian Bay District. For special information would recommend your writing the General Advertising Agent, the Grand Trunk R. R., Montreal. The famous, and peerless Timagami region is also to be recommended. Anyone who has caught Timagami fish knows that this is real sport. The matchless grandeur of some of the nooks in the Timagami country touch the right spot in one's heart and the memory of it is never erased.

I shall, some time later, have more to say about some of these places, but any of the railroad companies that tap Ontario, the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific, with offices at Montreal, and the C. N. R. with head offices at Toronto, should be able to give you the information that you desire.

Now in regard to the fly casting outfit for the salmon, you will find in my article upon the Atlantic salmon descriptions of an outfit that will also do for western salmon fly fishing. The Bristol rod should do very well as a salmon rod and where the salmon are in the

grilse stage, the steel rod will come in very nicely and at the same time be a general all-round trout rod for mountain fishing. One sees the steel fly casting rod very much in use in the western country. Perhaps there is no rod that has so many recommendations as the steel rod in these sections. On rough rivers such a rod has innumerable virtues in its train, and the fact that it is less liable to breakage under strain and tension, places it high indeed above inferior rods, too many of which are in use.

Be sure to have good lines, also staunch leaders of gut, for there is always a liability of snagging a good sized finny one, and a light leader will not control his gyrating curves. The medium sized salmon flies are uniformly the best, and those in bright and gaudy colors (some silver bodied) are very tempting to the salmon. A selection made from the flies I named in my article on the Atlantic salmon should work out well with the western salmon.

The Arctic Grayling (*Thymallus signifer*) found by the Captain John Franklin expedition in 1819, through British Columbia and the north, having the immense dorsal fin is not the same grayling as the oldtime Michigan grayling which is said to have been "crowded out" by the brook trout, though if my opinion is to be taken for anything I would say that no brook trout ever crowded out, or killed out any grayling. It was the exacting fishing, on the part of fishermen that did away with the grayling. There were grayling clubs, and grayling associations; and grayling whatnots, till grayling went the way of the passenger pigeon—and nothing crowded out the passenger pigeon but the overwhelming slaughter by man, armed with all sorts of weapons from the small scatter-gun cannons to the rifle. There were spasmodic attempts to bring the grayling back to life, notably the attempts of Fred Mather; but even this famous fish culturist failed to succeed in his purpose. The Michigan Grayling (*Thymallus tricolor*) was said to have been a very beautiful fish. Mather said of it:

"There is no species sought for by anglers that surpasses the grayling in beauty. They are more elegantly formed and more graceful than the trout, and their great dorsal fin is of unsurpassed loveliness. When the well-lids, *i. e.*, of the grayling ponds,—were lifted and the sun's rays admitted, lighting up the delicate olive-brown tints of the back and sides, the bluish-white of the abdomen, and the mingled tints of rose, pale-blue and purplish-pink on the fins they displayed a combination of colors equalled by no fish outside of the tropics."

Trusting this will be of use to you,

R.P.L.

No. 60.—Some time ago a certain doctor, H. R. Gaylord, of Buffalo, New York, the director of the New York State Institute for the Study of Malignant Diseases commented upon the possibility of human beings deriving certain ailments through drinking water taken from streams at the head of which are trout and other fish hatcheries; his positive belief being that this water, infected by the fish, causes the transmission of such diseases as goitre, and others not yet decided upon.

The doctor holds that his convictions are arrived at after six years of study of the problem, and that these fish being so affected with disease taken from various waters are in part the basis of his suspicions; and declares that such diseases "occur in ponds and troughs, of whatever construction, in which fish are reared and fed the ordinary foods of fish culture like raw liver and other meats." The doctor issued the startling announcement that there would have to be an abandonment of artificial propagation of trout if it were definitely found to be true that diseases are so committed to susceptible human beings. Naturally, as you may know, this caused a great furore among angling enthusiasts and fish culturists, for the doctor seems to have leaped far ahead of the mark, and nothing was proven, except that it was intimated that three fish had been found in which goitre had been discovered—this after six years of drastic investigation. The doctor was supplied, by the way, with a number of specimens of adult brook trout to further continue his investigations—the plan undoubtedly being to infect the trout with goitre after which a possible cure for the ailment in the trout should be followed by Mr. Gaylord, his findings to be given to the Conservation Commission of New York. But the doctor, as far as I have learned has failed to do this, and the matter has been allowed to practically die a lonesome death, with little or nothing new being discovered. Tarleton H. Bean, the State Fish Culturist of New York State has admitted that while there are odd cases of goitre discovered among the trout occasionally, in only two of the hatcheries is this found; in the other six all hints of any such disease have been wiped out. Mr. Bean holds that this disease comes from water pollution, and not through the liver and slaughter-house scraps that are fed the fish.

Whether or not there is any truth in the statements made by the doctor, of diseases, such as the goitre, being transmitted to human beings I do not know—though it is within range of possibility that such is the case? If such were the case, the germ must be of the most virulent sort, and must be taken into the system as a parasite; this doctor's belief then being that goitre and other such diseases are caused by parasites appearing, as he here holds, through the drinking water; and that parasites are the foundation of such malignant diseases. As a matter-of-fact, scientists do not in the least agree upon this important point. Germs, or bacteria, are not the foundation of such diseases. Such growths are independent of, and without co-operation of parasitical life; they are the results of inheritance in my belief. Cancerous sores, goitre, etc., have been carefully studied under microscope and while apparent organisms have been revealed in life, it has been found that they are not the malignant agents that are the foundations of such growths. Hence it would prove false the suspicion that trout in these hatcheries cause the mentioned diseases. I have been singularly interested in this problem. For myself, I am a trout culturist, and am inordinately interested in things of this sort. I submit this, not as solving the question, but merely to show that it is not within

the range of conjecture that body cells can thus be smitten down by living organisms, or parasites, as this doctor holds. I should like to ask your opinion, and that of others who know more about it than I do.

Richard Hovey,
New York State.

Editor's Comment:—Dr. Gaylord certainly caused people to sit up and take notice at least, though like all other semi-fanatical extremists he sprang something beyond his own belief and could not re-assemble his toppled house of cards. I read quite a bit about this case of Gaylord's against the hatcheries; my files show a number of clippings. Personally I am not well enough up in bacteriology, etc., to offer any opinion whatever, but I can offer the opinion of Peter Flint, who wrote in *Forest and Stream* on just this same question you have brought up along practically the same lines of thought. Mr. Flint says:

"In the first place we must emphatically deny that goitre of any kind observed in any fish or animal tissue, even the most virulent examples, is induced or perpetuated by processes analogous with those involved in infection, but do hold that the excitants to these formations are to be sought in the inherited and inherent potencies of the body cells themselves, set free from their normal physiological restraints, under a variety of external conditions. This is termed the theory of the biological origin of tumors, or the theory of their intrinsic excitants. It is not at all surprising that micro-organisms should have been thought of as possibly direct excitants of goitre in fishes, especially in view of a certain rather crude analogy between some forms of infection with metastasis. Now, bacteria of many kinds have, in fact, been frequently found in tumors of many sorts; but there is no conclusive reason at hand for the belief that they are ever of any significance, save as chance contaminations of vulnerable tissues, or as excitants of secondary and complicated lesions. That being the case, why could not the adult brook trout, reared artificially in ponds and fed upon beef liver or other slaughter-house products, and thus deprived of the splendid and varied living prey captured in its cool mountain haunts, such as larvae bugs, worms, flies and craw-fish, and all taken after the most active exertions, actually bring upon himself formations caused by these so-called inherited and inherent potencies" of its own body cells, set free from normal restraints by reason of the strange and probably unhealthful external conditions surrounding it during such confinement and unusual feeding. A great deal has been written lately about certain structures which are frequently found in and around the goitre cells, which have hastily been assumed to be parasites and supposed to be protozoa. These cell inclusions are mostly shown by the microscope to be larger or smaller rounded bodies, with or without nuclei; sometimes with double contours. They are usually sharply outlined against the cell protoplasm in which they lie; often crowding the nucleus to one side; often situated within the nucleus or apparently replacing it.

To pursue these intensely important disclosures in the realm of science a little further we find that these structures are cell secretion or degeneration products. Some are even invaginated epithelial or other cells, or cell nuclei which have undergone various degenerative metamorphosis, fragmentation, etc. Some of these structures appear to be the metamorphosed nuclei of the tumor cells themselves. They may be single or they may be several in a cell. Similiar objects are to be found in other than goitre tissues. They are not present in some forms of carcinoma. They are readily stained with varying degrees of intensity by the usual testing colors. From all microscopical work I have never found the slightest evidence either that these are living organisms or that they have anything whatever to do with the origin of goitre. While coccidia, or allied organisms, with which these bodies have been compared, are capable of inciting the growth of a small amount of new collective tissue and sometimes lead to hyperplasia of epithelium, such growths are apparently inflammatory in character, as are those other tissue formations incited by tubercle bacillus, etc., which have sometimes been improperly classed with tumors and called infectious granulomata."

The heavy task is over. If you understand the above all well and good. It may be deduced from occasional hints that Mr. Gaylord is remarkably in the wrong. I feel sorry to think of Gaylord using such words as these as dumb-bells before the Honorable Commission.

The above may have left you feeling sad and lonesome. Let me relieve your mind with a properly inserted, diseased trout story. It follows:

A well known angler sent a bacteriological friend a nice, well rounded five pound German Brown Trout. Greatly delighted, the B. F. baked the trout and consumed it with vast joy, as becoming an epicure. We presume he had just finished stacking the odd remnants of his feast, and smacking his lips when a belated letter arrived. Opening it the B. F. read with increasing concern:

"I am sending you to-day by post a trout. Will you kindly make investigations and tell me what it died from?"

Your friend—

R. P. L.

No. 61.—I am greatly interested in reading Rod and Gun Magazine, which I have subscribed for and purchased by the single copies for a long time. The new departure of an angling department is a good idea, and I only hope that it will be continued, that we, who are so interested in things piscatorial, may read with profit and pleasure the good things that come out in its pages. There is one subject in which I am greatly at variance with you—that is about bait-casting rods and the proper materials that go into a good rod of this sort. I note that you have especially favored the steel rod; there has been no mention of the unquestionable merits of the split-bamboo and the solid-wood rods, which make, in my opinion, and in that of any number of other anglers, fine appliances for the sport in question. To my way of thinking these are the ideal bait-casting rods. I use the Heddon

rods almost entirely and I doubt very much whether I want to make any changes. Their two-piece constructed rod is my ideal; five and one half feet in length. It has a thirty-five inch tip joint, a short butt joint. The ferrule is near the butt of the rod and no matter how the rod is used, it seems the liability of breaking it is scant indeed. I find this two-piece rod is as good as the one piece bamboo bait rod which I have also used; it has the same admirable action carries the bait well and far and is all that one could ask for. Unlike the one piece rod, however, it is easier carried; and retains at the same time all the valuable points of the one piece rod. The Heddon rods by the way are made of well seasoned bamboo, and nothing but the best goes into them. One very beautiful rod I have, of their make I paid fifteen dollars for. Another dandy one cost me ten dollars, and I will say, after long trials, their efficiency is unimpaired. A point with rods of this sort is that they may yearly be overhauled, if so desired. They may be rewound with silk, and recoated with the elastic waterproofing varnish. Originally the rod has four coats of varnish.

The virtues of the bamboo rods are many. I will admit that they are not as much in use as the steel rods, but this may be because of the fact that people are somewhat prejudiced against them, believing that they have not the strength and durability of the steel rod. Now there are steel rods and steel rods. Thus the Bristol people put out a superior grade of rods to many others I could name; but the average fisherman is liable to use a very poor, stiff, grade of steel rod and these are useless in my estimation. For ten dollars a Heddon rod can be purchased that in my opinion is preferable to steel rods of the same price. I purchased a Bristol rod, Number 33, eleven dollars, on your recommendation (I note you have recommended this in almost all the sporting magazines), and I have found it good, it has good action, and I find that I can utilize it both for bass fishing and heavier fishing which is of course a considerable advantage. But for out and out bass fishing I like the bamboo rod. There is however in bamboo, a *steel, give, or action*, that the steel rod does not contain. As for a stiff steel rod—it is an abomination and should not be allowed to be on sale.

I intend this coming season to purchase solid wood rods—one at least, for I have heard that they are excellent, and some class them above the bamboo. If this is so they have to be more than excellent in my opinion. But, at any cost, I want good rods for that is half of the pleasures of the sport. You simply cannot play a fish right without a good rod.

To date I have used quadruple multiplying reels without freespool attachments, but lately I have had a desire to change. I have looked over your various articles, which I have on file and find that you have given your recommendation in many instances to the Takapart, Meisselbach reels. Would you suggest their freespool reel as a good purchase?

Trusting you may care to answer the above I remain,

Sincerely yours,

Fred B. Lynch, King St., West, Toronto, Ont.

Ans.—Coincident with your letter I had been looking over and forming my notes for an article on solid-wood and split-bamboo rods, and therefore your letter is most timely indeed, and we are, with your permission, using this in our fishing department. While I may have been partial to the steel rod, and especially the Bristol, this does not mean that I am not also a devotee of other forms of rods. I have recommended the Bristol a great deal but have written a great deal also concerning other rods. The Bristol rod of course is widely used and by many anglers considered a model of efficiency. Your views regarding the split bamboo rods are much the same as mine. The split bamboo has a singular degree of action to its credit, and, needless to relate, the Heddon rods are all you can ask for and more. I started in with their little five foot, one dollar and a half rod, with the maple handle and found that even that appliance had unmistakable virtues to its credit. I later over-hauled this rod, re-varnished and re-wound its tip and it is still doing duty, as good as ever. I have not used their fifteen dollar rod, but it must be a fine one indeed. I have used their ten dollar rod and know, as you have found out, its good uses, especially its carrying ability and the excellent action it carries along its lively length. There is no doubt but that the angler will have a good deal of sport in casting with a rod of the Heddon make. These people, through all the years since they began to manufacture their split-bamboo rods have kept to their high standard.

Solid-wood rods, on the other hand, are also excellent and while not overmuch in use (because of the fact that some are prejudiced against them and their high price), are nevertheless used exclusively by some anglers who have been bait-casters all their lives. Of course not every solid wood has the same standard of virtue in its make up. Without the slightest doubt the bethabara, straight-grained, even tapered rod beats them all, this after long use of the various sorts from lancewood upward. If a person can obtain a straight-grained piece of bethabara he should be able under directions, to construct a rod that will beat any on the market. The word of experience is pinned to this. But bethabara of the right sort is hard to obtain—that is the stumbling block. Speaking of action and casting ability it is hard to beat bethabara. Wonderful distances can be made with it and under strain it bears up very well, following up with give and take. A census of opinions I have taken among anglers seems to bear out the above—using the bethabara they have all been warm in their words of approval of this wood, naming it as the leader. There are those who have averred that noibwood leads as solid-wood material for a bait rod. In my opinion this is not true. For heavy sea fishing rods noibwood may be the best but not in a bait rod that demands a preferable lightness, and a correct balance. Also English greenheart, although good does not compare with the bethabara. Lancewood has a tendency, after a certain amount of usage, and especially under heavy strain to acquire an undesirable set, and that is practically the end of that rod. It has not the iron durability and strength of the

bethabara. Cheaper rods are made of dagama wood, but of course this also belongs in the lancewood class, with the liability however of being straighter-grained; it has lightness and elasticity, and is good to turn and work into shape when doing up your rod. It finishes off well, with a remarkably smooth surface. Some consider dagama as being equal to greenheart. If you wish to make any experiments before you tackle a good rod, get a piece of dagama, enough for three rods and start in.

But above all the woods, remember, the bethabara is the best, if you desire a solid wood rod. There is hardly a point which you can name that the bethabara does not live up to.

I note you are thinking of investing in a freespool reel. The freespool reel was ushered into my presence on a certain day when Luck laid a banana peel in my tracks and I slipped—all I got out of one beautiful day's fishing was backlashes galore. Were an ordinary reel, unfreespooled, the handle would revolve so fast you couldn't see it, increasing the chances for a backlash (or an over-running of the line) tenfold. When this reel was going well by the way my whole rod would buzz and vibrate, and I was so much occupied in following its crazy gyrations that I would two times out of three forget about the descending bait, and a backlash would be the direct result. So one day I invested in a Takapart freespool, the first freespool I ever used, though since then I have used other models, the Redifor with its centrifugal speed governors (an excellent reel); also the Thumazy reel (which I used much last summer); also the South Bend Anti-backlash which I use exclusively in night fishing. The South Bend however is not a freespool reel, having a bale wire on one of the front pillars to keep the line from over-running, which it correctly does.

The Takapart reels, with or without the freespool attachment are fine; and the freespool reel especially is all that one can ask. It is simple in construction. If you communicate with the company (their advertisement should be in this magazine), you will learn all the particulars concerning it.

R. P. L.

The New Perfection Tips.

With the coming of a new fishing season, appliances for the angler and general piscatorialist are beginning to arrive. Some of them are very good; others not so good. One invention that is specially worthy of examination is the new Perfection Tip or tips, for the company that puts them out makes them in various sizes and shapes. Take this "tip" from an angler who wishes to see you well prepared when you go out along the stream, for only when you are well prepared are you really getting the most out of your chosen pastime. The Perfection tips in various sizes should be taken along. It is hard to find an angler who does not at some time or another tip-foul his line or who does not some time crack an agate lining, bend, break or otherwise deform his tip tops when a-stream and who never has any rod or line trouble or any unfortunate hitches just at the critical time when a snarl or loop of the line about a badly bent or worn tip top means disaster, one

who never gets his pet enamelled taper line chewed up by defective tops. To the one who experiences any of these difficulties the Perfection tip should prove a great help and it is what I have long been looking for. These tips may be easily inserted on any fly rod. They have just the right drop to them to make casting through them or shooting the line, as we say in angling parlance, possible. They are made of highly polished, indestructible, file proof material that will outlast one's rod. The smoothness within them preserves the line and any one using a high priced line cer-

tainly wants that line to last as long as possible. There are no rough edges to work the enamel off and its use means that you will not only save your line but in addition you will avoid the exasperation that is inseparable from getting snarled at the crucial moment. You simply cannot get distance in casting without the right sort of a tip guide. The address of the manufacturers will be found in their advertisement which appears in this issue. The tips are made in all sizes as to ferrule and ring and you can make your selections therefrom. R.P.L.

TECHNICAL TRAINING FOR FISHERMEN

Rev. Abbe D. F. Leger

REV. Abbe D. F. Leger, of St. Paul, N. B., writes as follows, re the advantages of training of fishermen and proper packing and shipping of fish: "I have been much interested in an article which appeared in the December issue of *Conservation*, entitled 'Development of Canadian Fisheries.' It was a short resume of addresses by Mr. D. J. Bryne, president of the Canadian Fisheries Association, and Dr. Jas. W. Robertson. Mr. Bryne endeavoured chiefly to show that every Canadian family should make frequent use as food of the different species of fish which abound on the coasts of our Maritime Provinces, while Dr. Robertson urged the establishment of schools in the eastern provinces, to prepare young men for the fishing industry, as is already done in England, Scotland and France, where the best methods of salting and preparing fish for the market are taught. These are practical ideas and should find an echo among the fishing communities of the Maritime Provinces.

"We see with extreme pleasure and great hope for the future of our country, the rapid and methodical advancement which our Canadian farmers have made, above all in recent years. It goes without saying that our fisheries, well understood, ought to be and are, in fact, supplementary to agriculture, since they aid powerfully in the feeding of our people.

"The Federal Government has already accomplished much by the fish-culture establishments along our coasts. Undoubtedly this is a step in advance that we much appreciate. Let us ask it now to educate us, not only as to the mode of catching large quantities of fish, but as to the best means of preserving the catch. For, what is the use of catching a great quantity and then losing a great part of it before putting it into the barrel?

"The great fault, as far as I have been able to find in studying the matter is that of keeping on fishing and fishing, making quantity instead

of quality the principal end. This, I believe, is the great mistake to correct. We know that fish exposed to the sun or even simply to the air, decays more quickly than meat; a few hours are sufficient to render it unfit for food.

"My experience is that, during the twenty-six years that I have been buying fish, perhaps only once in a hundred times have I been able to find well preserved fish on our local markets.

"To what causes can we attribute this bad quality of the fish on our markets? (1) Too long a time elapses before putting it in the barrel; (2) barrels are used which do not properly retain the pickle; (3) vessels are used which have already been in service, they could be used again with necessary precautions, but are filled with the old salt and pickle from the previous season—often, in certain localities, no scruple is made of using these same barrels without first well cleaning them; (4) the fish thus preserved is placed in storehouses, with all sorts of other commodities, where there may be exhalations of foetid greases; (5) sometimes the salted fish is left for several days on the wharves, railway stations or other public places, exposed to all weathers, before its final sale.

"All these glaring deficiencies are due to the fact that the fishermen are anxious, before all else, to obtain great catches, and the dealers, the maximum of money with the minimum of work and expense.

"However, it is evident that the numerous class who like fish do not wish to buy it in bad condition, etc. Naturally, they will pay a good price for a good article, as the following, from January *Conservation*, amply proves:—

"To dispose of 600 barrels of cured herring at \$11 per barrel, f.o.b. Nova Scotia, while his neighbors were getting only from \$4 to \$4.50 per barrel, was, last summer, the fortunate experience of a fish packer at Goldboro, Guysborough county, N. S. This highly satisfactory result was secured by discarding the old-fashioned Nova Scotian style of packing in

favour of the modern Scotch method of carefully packing the fish in tight, well-made barrels that will retain the pickle and preserve the flavour. This was done in consequence of the representations of Mr. J. J. Cowie, inspector of pickled fish for the Fisheries Branch, who, at the request of the Goldboro firm, secured an expert from Scotland to take charge of the work. As a result of this valuable ob-

ject lesson, Mr. S. Y. Wilson, a large dealer of Halifax, has determined to put up some 2,000 barrels next summer in the Scotch way.

"Who is going to teach us this good method in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island? Will men be found as courageous and with as much initiative as those in Nova Scotia? We hope so, especially with the active encouragement which we expect from our governments."

THE SOCKEYE SALMON

OF the various salmon put up in tins, the Sockeye is most valuable. Consequently, American canners are eager to pack him up and market him.

But this Sockeye salmon is a loyal subject of King George of England (long may he live!) and a native of Canada. In the matter of his preference for Canada, the Sockeye has a stubbornness that is truly British. Nothing save death will prevent the Sockeye salmon, when they are ready to spawn, from bringing up their children under the protection of the British flag. The Fraser River, on the Pacific Coast of Canada, has been, as long as there were Sockeye salmon in the world, the spawning-place of this fish.

From this prejudice on the part of the Sockeye, a situation which promised disaster has arisen, and would have brought ruin to many men, but for one thing. Just south of Canada, on the Pacific Coast is the State of Washington, up in the north-west corner of the United States, and in this State is an enterprising Yankee fish commissioner with an audacious and hitherto undreamed-of Yankee notion. L. H. Darwin, the officer in question, has boldly kidnapped thousands of British salmon and is in a fair way to success in making loyal American fish of their young.

His method consists in merely using intelligently his knowledge of salmon ways and customs. The salmon is one of the unsolved sea riddles. Scientists know that it lays its eggs in a fresh-water stream and that the fry live in fresh water for a few months. Then they swim back to the sea and disappear. Where they go no man can truly say. They may swim to the equator, or perhaps far into Bering Sea.

But wherever it is when their spawning time has come—a period which arrives from two and one-half to four years later according to the species—back come these fish to the place of their birth, drifting home in a vast silver army to fight all manner of obstacles before they reach the ancient laying-grounds. There the females lay their eggs and die.

The Sockeye salmon, most prized of all by the fish canners because of its firm, rich, red meat, spawns at four years of age. The Fraser River, in the Province of British Columbia, Canada, is the objective point of every Sockeye on the Pacific Coast.

The path of the Sockeye after it enters the Straits of Juan de Fuca leading to Puget Sound and the Inside Passage, is well mapped. From the ocean the shining army makes straight for the tip end of Vancouver Island near Victoria, B. C. Just touching Canada at this point, the column makes for Rosario Strait, the lane between the San Juan Islands and the Washington mainland. A small column takes Strait Haro, the western passage between the San Juan group and Vancouver Island, but the two columns always join again in the Gulf of Georgia and swim on, always against the tides, touching Point Roberts, the north-west tip of the United States and passing just around the corner into the Fraser River.

The men who make their fortunes trapping salmon know these things well. Every paying fish trap which handles Sockeye salmon is located along this line of march.

Now all this has been fine for American fishers, because by millions the homeward bound Sockeye have walked into the American nets. But the rub has come because the supply is falling off, and Canada's interest in replenishing the stock of Sockeye is but half-hearted. The American trap owner, skims the cream from the fish run before it gets to the Fraser River, and the people of the Dominion cannot see much sense in hatching fish to feed American traps. If they want more Sockeyes, they must hatch them; but how hatch them when they refuse to lay eggs in American waters?

That is where Commissioner Darwin's idea comes in. This state of affairs worried the ingenious fish commissioner.

Investigators have learned that the fish deposits its eggs only in a stream which has its source in a fresh-water lake. "If the salmon only knew it," reasoned Commissioner Darwin, "there is a fresh water stream having its source in a fresh-water lake, right here in the State of Washington. I could save them a long swim if I could get them to emigrate to the United States."

Having no way to advertise the resources of his State to the salmon, the fish commissioner decided to kidnap them. He authorized the traps along the San Juan Islands to keep open during the thirty-six-hour period and took their catches for spawning.

Fish authorities said the salmon could not stand being herded into crates and towed. The commissioner proved that so far as the hardy Sockeyes were concerned, this notion was erroneous.

Taking advantage of the Sockeyes' instinct to swim only against the current, Mr. Darwin waited until the tide flowed out of his crates, then opened the gate, and let the fish in. Although all other species of salmon died, the Sockeyes were towed, in deep crates, protected from excessive current by a heavy log boom, across American waters to Samish Bay.

At the mouth of Samish River the fish were released. Nets were placed across the mouth of the river to keep the kidnapped salmon prisoners, but none of them showed a desire to return to the land of their birth. All swam gladly up the stream to a state hatchery on Friday Creek, a tributary of the Samish.

When they have laid their eggs, the female Sockeyes die. Consequently, the efficient authorities feel no desire to conserve their lives, so at the hatchery they are killed and the eggs shaken from them. The male fish are kept alive in properly prepared places, in order that they may fertilize the eggs.

In the wooden troughs at this hatchery, in the Fall of 1915, were more than a million American-born Sockeye salmon, a total greater than the total catch of Sockeye on Puget Sound that Summer.

A few miles from the hatchery is a small,

fresh-water lake. All other fish in this lake were killed and there, as they reached a proper age, the young sockeyes were released.

In the Spring of 1916, answering their primal instinct, it is expected that these first American-born Sockeyes will swim back to Mother Ocean.

But four years later, Fish Commissioner Darwin expects to sit out on the west coast of the San Jaun Islands and welcome his young charges home again to American soil. He reasons that the Sockeyes will return to the place of their birth to lay their eggs.

Now this is a very pretty little problem in heredity. The kidnapped British salmon may wag their fins in derision and follow the crowd back to the land of King George. Again, they may organize their own crowd and seek the protection of the Stars and Stripes and the Monroe Doctrine. Nobody can prophesy truly.

Fish Commissioner Darwin says he doesn't care whether his hyphenated American fish are loyal or not because every year he is going to keep on rearing American Sockeye salmon to replenish the fish run now sadly diminished by the activities of the salmon cannery.

If he succeeds, he will have pioneered in a business which is not only novel but extraordinarily profitable to the State he serves concludes the writer of the above article in the Illustrated World.

DISCARDED FISH PROVED EDIBLE

PROBABLY not many people would care to experiment personally to test the edibility of doubtful food products, yet this is just what the staff of the biological station at St. Andrews, N. B., have been doing. For the past two or three seasons they have been trying on their mess tables, various kinds of fish that ordinarily are thrown away, and in several cases have found them delicious.

For instance, there is a peculiar greenish eel-like creature which, because it brings forth its young alive, has received the name, "mother-of-eels." A large specimen may weigh a couple of pounds. The biological staff found that it was white-fleshed and of splendid flavour and declared it to be one of the best fish they had had on the table. There are great quantities of mother-of-eels along the Atlantic coast, yet it is a fish the food value of which has not been realized at all.

Fish Waste Can Be Made into Glue

Some attempt has been made in Canada to produce glue from fish waste, but hitherto it has usually been found that production involves too much technical knowledge and too many highly paid officers. That fish glue, however, can be manufactured in Canada at a profit is clear from the success of the Russia glue works at Gloucester. These glue works were started by two men, very humble men, some years ago; they bought fish skins and fish heads and have manufactured glue and fertilizer and such a success has their venture been that the company which they organized,

Another fish, which is not being utilized in Canada, though, minus the head it has found its way into the fastidious British market, is the wolf-fish or sea-cat. Probably its ugliness prejudices people against it. Yet those who have eaten it say that it has a very superior flavour, having perfectly white flesh, whiter than halibut, flaky and delicious. Wolf-fish vary from 15 to 20 pounds in weight. Great quantities of them are caught in the Maritime provinces and simply thrown away, being considered as absolutely of no value.

The angler or goose-fish, another very ugly fish, which sometimes attains four or five feet in length, is in the same category. The tail portion, which is solid flesh, is very good. Minus the head, it also has been placed in recent years on the London market. It brings a good price and is regarded as an excellent fish.

has become very prosperous. The works are now about ten times the extent they were a few years ago and they cannot adequately supply the demand for their product—a demand created by the excellence of the glue. There is quite an opening in regard to fish glue products. Canadian fishermen waste an enormous amount of material, which would produce fish glue, on the banks and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence fisheries, and the amount per annum would startle anybody. The fish waste is now simply dumped into the sea.—Dr. E. E. Prince, in "Canada's Unutilized Fisheries Resources."



Dominion Tires

Don't be misled into the false economy of buying cheap tires. You wouldn't buy a tire that you knew would only run a mile, even if it only cost a dollar. The same principle holds true when the difference between two tires in first cost and mileage secured are not so distinct. Divide the cost of the tire by the miles secured, and you will find DOMINION tires are the cheapest in the long run.

Remember — our regular guarantee goes with every DOMINION tire, perfect workmanship and perfect material, and all adjustments are made on the basis of mileage, 5000 for NOBBY, and 3500 for CHAIN and PLAIN Treads.

If you have the least difficulty in getting your wants satisfied, write to our nearest branch or our home office in Montreal, and we will make the matter one of "first attention."

Dominion Nobby Tread

This tread hangs like a leech to the slipperiest pavement and gives you 90% less liability to punctures than do ordinary tires.



Dominion Chain Tread

Attractive and effective, the best non-skid tread that can be secured at a moderate price.



Dominion Plain Tread

Standard tires that represent the very acme of excellence in tire manufacture. Best of material, best of workmanship, best of service.



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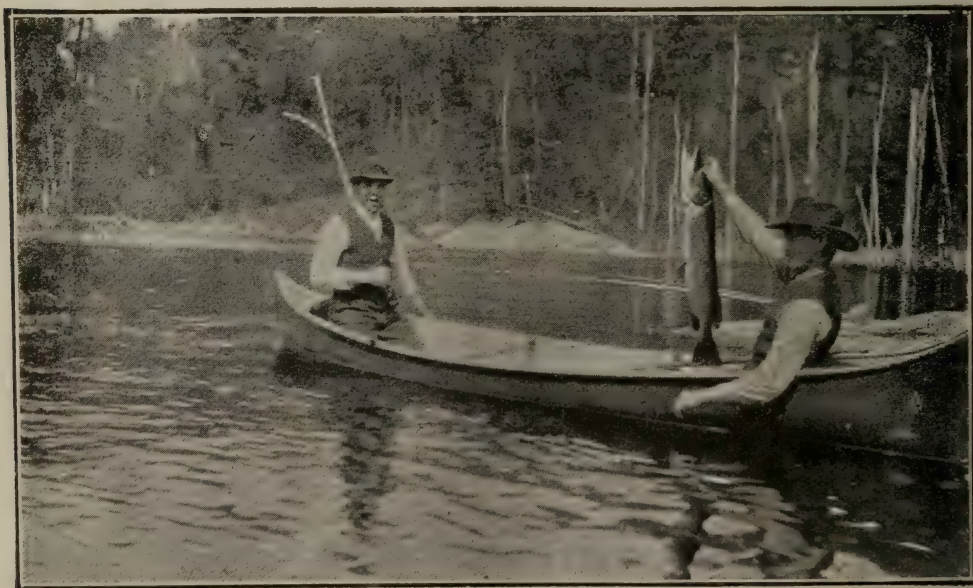


A Hunter's Cabin near Loring, Ont.

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es are operated on this sheet of water during the season. There are pickerel, pike, three kinds of bass, maskinonge, channel cat, mud-pouts, perch whitefish and many others to be found in this section. If I am successful in disposing of my store I intend to go overseas with my Company. Until then however I shall be pleased to furnish any information about this section which your readers may desire."



This 'Lunge weighed $13\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. Caught at Duck Lake, near Loring, Ont.



The Publishers of Rod and Gun Magazine invite readers of the magazine to contribute articles and letters to Mr. Geikie's department on matters pertaining to guns and ammunition, but do not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed therein by these contributors.

ARMS USED IN THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION

By Dr. I. J. Bush, M.D., Chief Surgeon of Madero's Revolutionary Army

THERE has been continual warfare in Mexico for over five years but the Mexican Revolution proper began November 20th, 1910 and ended in May, 1911, when Porfirio Diaz left Mexico and Francisco Madero became provisional president. It is with the Madero regime that I had official connection. I was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel in January, 1911 and in May of the same year was appointed Colonel and Chief Medical Officer of the revolutionary forces operating against the Diaz government. I resigned when Senor Madero was elected President, not wishing an army position in time of peace. Little did I then dream of the deluge of blood and destruction that was yet to come to Mexico.

At the beginning of the revolution Diaz had eighty thousand soldiers—on paper. As a matter of fact he could muster but a scant thirty thousand. The other was graft. This is only one illustration of the rottenness of his government. At the beginning of the revolution Gustavo Madero (a brother of the President) went to New York and purchased from Francis Bannerman, two thousand Mauser rifles and a couple of antiquated Gatling guns. The rifles were a lot that had been captured from the Spaniards in Cuba and sold to Bannerman by the United States Government. They had been stored for several years on Long Island and the salt water air had wrought havoc with them. They were shipped to El Paso, Texas, in small lots and

all of them had to be cleaned before they could be used. Fortunately the barrels had been well oiled and they were in good condition inside. The cartridges were twenty per cent. defective. The Gatlings were never moved from New York and I presume are there yet. All of these two thousand rifles found their way across the border into Mexico during the revolution despite the watchfulness of the secret service department and the U. S. Army border patrol. But this supply of rifles was not nearly sufficient to fill the demand.

The Madero revolution was mostly fought out and won by people of the northern states of Mexico, the soldiers were mostly ranchmen—good riders and equally good shots as Mexicans go—and these favored the sporting rifle rather than the military arm. Large numbers furnished their own weapons and hence in their purchases each man followed his preference as regards style and caliber. Result, every kind of arm and variation of caliber that the local market furnished.

In February, 1911, I went into Mexico and was attached to a regiment of cavalry commanded by Gen. Pascual Orozco who was pushing north in an effort to capture the border town of Ciudad, Juarez. He carried no artillery, no machine guns and had no medical organization. His commissary such as it was, was carried on pack mules. Each man carried his bedding (a blanket) tied behind the saddle. There was not a single tent in the

army; Mexican soldiers travel very light the climate being conducive to out-door living.

I found that of all arms the .30-30 Winchester predominated. They also had a few Mausers, captured from Federal soldiers in former fights. Next in frequency came the .30-40 Winchester. Some had the old .44-40 model 1873 Winchester effective at not over two hundred yards. There was a sprinkling of Savage and Marlins and then a mixture of various rifles ranging from the tiny Lee Straight Pull 6 m/m up to the old .50-70 Remington single shot. The latter made much noise and kicked like a mule while the former would drill a hole through the lungs and not stop the owner of said lungs from smoking cigarettes—something they all did even during the heat of battle. Only a few carried revolvers and they too were as diversified in make and caliber as the rifles. Imagine the difficulties of supplying an army with ammunition when at least fifteen different calibers were in regular use by the soldiers!

The Mexicans are expert in the use of hand grenades and always had a supply on hand for use in house-to-house fighting when they were attacking towns. They were made by inserting two or three sticks of dynamite into a short length of pipe or into an old tin can and attaching a short fuse. The latter was touched to the ever-present cigarette and the whole "grenade" hurled into a house through a door or window. It made a very wicked and effective weapon, one of these engines of destruction generally being sufficient to cause the surrender of the enemy when pitched into a house. Sometimes they attached a string to these hand-made grenades in order to throw them further. On one occasion an attacking party who were in a house at the time attempted to throw a grenade out of the door across the street but the string broke and the grenade fell on the floor. That necessitated a quick exit into the street where they were compelled to remain until the explosion occurred. In the meantime they were exposed to a rattling fire from the enemy and two of the unfortunate grenade-throwers were wounded before they could return to cover. I notice from reports of the European war that the belligerents are also using a hand grenade. They are "bad medicine" at close range.

A few years before the Spanish-American war the United States Government changed its small arm for the army from the old single-shot black powder .45-70 Springfield rifle to the .30-40 smokeless powder Krag-Jorgenson. About the same time Mexico changed from the .50-65 single-shot Remington to the 7 m/m Mauser. Being a gun crank I wondered what the result of this change would be. The western plainsmen favored big calibers and the Indians were driven from the plains by means of diminutive cannon. Anything smaller than .45 caliber was regarded as a gun fitted only for "tenderfeet." The high power, small-caliber gun had a lot of prejudice to meet and overcome. The Winchester people immediately put out a rifle to take the new .30-40 Government cartridge. It was tried and with the soft-point bullet proved a success as a game-getter. But until the Madero revolution I had not had an opportunity to observe the effect of this caliber on Man—the easiest killed

of all animals. Usually an army surgeon treats wounds made by rifles of a uniform caliber and using full metal jacketed bullets. I was now fortunate in being in a position where I could see wounds made by many calibers and by full jacketed, and soft point as well as by lead bullets. It was an opportunity I would not have missed for anything.

I did not join the field forces of Madero in Northern Mexico until February 1st, 1911. Several skirmishes had already taken place between Orozco's mountaineers and Mexican regulars. My first wounded were all of the revolutionary army and of course their wounds were made by the Mauser full jacketed bullet. Their wounds were already a week old when I first saw them and had never had even a first aid dressing. All were infected but strange to say all the patients recovered, not a single fatality. Soon I began to get the captured wounded of the enemy and then had the opportunity of seeing the work of the great diversity of bullets.

Finally on the eighth day of May, Madero threw his forces against Juarez the border town opposite El Paso, Texas. The fighting began at noon and by midnight his forces had gained a foothold in the adobe houses of the city. It was close range fighting, across the street and from house to house. For three days the fight lasted and then the gray haired old general, Navarro, was driven into the barracks and finally surrendered. Some of the wounded had made their way to the Rio Grande and crossed over into Texas while the fighting was going on. The majority crawled to nearby houses and were doing the best they could without food or medical attention. The Federals had suffered most in wounded and killed. The work of the soft point bullet was now seen. The .30-40 soft point did the most wicked work of all. I remember one poor fellow *who had his hand cut off as though struck by a shell*, another had a great part of his face torn away; a wound in the arm or leg with that bullet meant an amputation if the bone were struck.

Twenty years ago the .30-40 was considered the acme of high power rifles in the United States. To-day, when the sporting world has gone daft over high velocity guns this old arm has dropped back to second place. The gun makers of to-day are sacrificing everything else to obtain velocity. The limit has been reached in this respect and the time will soon come when the pendulum will swing back to normal. Then the .30-40 will come into its own. Personally I do not like the rifle handling this cartridge, because of its ungainly box magazine but as a game getter (either two or four-legged) it is some gun.

It became a saying in the Madero revolution that a metal jacketed bullet (full patched) would not stop a Mexican from smoking cigarettes. It is true; I have seen them lie on their cots and smoke when they were spitting blood from a 7 m/m Mauser full jacketed bullet through the lung. An American named Tracy Richardson who was operating a machine gun for Orozco was shot through one lung and never went to the hospital. He has since served in the English army and received more wounds.



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I did not get an opportunity to see the effect of the spitzer bullet. So far as I know there was only one rifle in the Madero army using that kind of a bullet. It belonged to an American named Forbes and was a 7 m/m Mauser. He used this rifle in the fight at Juarez and killed an artillery captain as he was serving his gun. In this case the bullet made a clean hole through the head. The distance was about one hundred yards.

The damage done by a metal jacketed bullet depends a lot on the distance the target is from the rifle. Up to one hundred yards the

effect is much more severe. This is especially true if the bullet passes through the head, chest, or bowels. There is the same neat little hole drilled through the body but the tissue adjacent to the track of the bullet receives far more injury. The reason for this seems to lie in the fact that the bullet, due to its great velocity, produces somewhat of an explosive effect. If you wish to see this illustrated fill a five-gallon tin can full of water, step off one or two rods and fire a Mauser or Lee full jacketed bullet through the can. The result will be astonishing.

GAME SHOOTING WITH THE .30 GOVT. SPITZER

By W. R. Jackson

BELIEVING that an account of my experiences using the various .30 Springfield Spitzer bullets on game, would be of interest to the readers of Rod and Gun I give the results obtained by my friends and myself on over forty head of game.

Using the metal jacket service spitzer on deer we found a most peculiar thing in the fact that almost invariably these bullets gave no bloody trail to track a deer by in case he was not killed instantly. Sometimes we found a little blood where he fell if knocked down, but none along the path of his flight, but upon cutting the deer open we found the heart and lungs badly congested as if the blood had been forced into the flesh by an internal explosion.

Shots that hit shoulder, head or heart usually brought them down but in one instance a buck ran 150 yards down hill and crashed into a tree after being shot through the heart.

Paunch shots, however, usually resulted in a lost deer unless one was able to get in a second and better placed shot. Neck shots were usually effective.

We find, however, that the 165 and 172 grain Spitzers seem to give better results than the regular 150 grain Government load. Personally, aside from its higher velocity and flatness of flight I don't consider the Springfield with service cartridge equal to the .30-30 or .303 Savage using soft point ammunition, as a game killer up to say 200 yards, although it is much more accurate and of course one must hit an animal to kill it.

Speaking of its accuracy, I once killed seven gray squirrels in eight shots with Lyman rear and service front sight and using regular service 150-grain ammunition, and only one was hit below the shoulder. He was in the top of a dead pine and always managed to keep the tree between me and him. Finally he got where I could see his paws on each side of a small limb but not his body. I held on the middle of the limb and fired, knocking the squirrel fully 20 feet in the air before he started to fall. Shooting the large and tough Catalina Island wild goats with the service load we had the following results:

One goat was shot from above at a distance of about 250 yards, he was lying asleep on a large rock. The shot struck just below the spine and the goat did not move, but by the time we had worked our way down to where it had been the goat had disappeared. Knowing the tendency of a wounded animal to run down hill we kept down the canyon and finally jumped the goat on his feet and going strong. The animal ran at least 25 yards after the second shot and was still kicking when we reached it. Both bullets made clean holes clear through and showed no tendency to "mushroom" or "tumble." A deer shot in the same place as the first shot, as near as I could tell, with the .303 Savage fell instantly and stayed down, but you can hardly judge one shot with another as conditions always vary. We then by hard riding got a chance at five billies running across our front at a distance of about 100 yards. They were just passing over a ridge and we both shot as rapidly as we could get our aim, but not a goat fell as they passed out of sight. We looked at each other in disgust (Smith is one of the best shots on moving game I have ever seen and I am a fair shot) then we followed on foot as fast as we could.

As we reached the top we saw one goat lying about 50 yards down the slope and another just entering the brush. I took a snap shot at him and saw him go off with a broken shoulder. Then we found another buck with his hindquarters paralyzed and Smith put him out of his misery. Another buck was foolish enough to come out and eye us from behind a bush and was caught from the front, the bullet ranging through the heart and clear the full length of the body. He was simply knocked end over end. We saw the fifth goat crippled but he got into thick brush and we could not find him.

We now returned to our first goat and found two holes in him. One bullet had entered the rump and gone clear through the body coming out near the shoulder and tearing a hole big enough to put three fingers in, the other had gone through back of the shoulders and making the same kind of an opening upon coming

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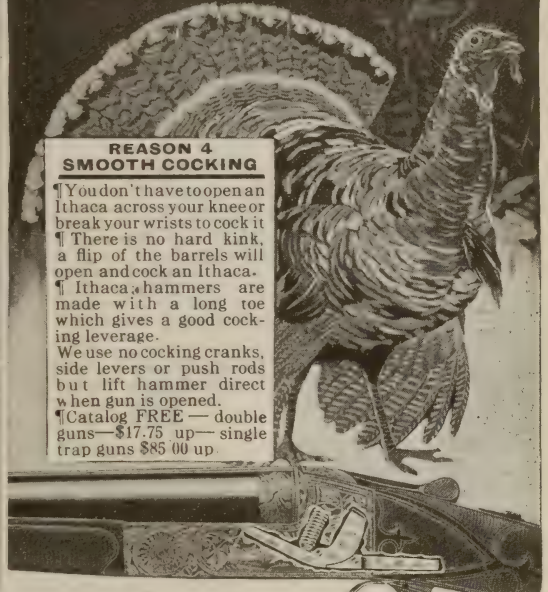
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out, but the strangest part of all is the fact that neither shot had put him down and he was able to run about 75 yards after he was hit. This animal left a bloody trail one could have followed *but is the only animal shot with the service bullet that I have seen do so.*

Scouting around I jumped the buck with the broken shoulder, but he started down hill so I shot him again. He ran 25 yards and fell kicking until Joe cut his throat. My first shot had carried the goat's kidneys clear through the body and broken his shoulder, but he had not fallen and was able to run like a streak when I fired the second time. Thus we had killed four out of five bucks and touched the fifth, but except in the case of the one shot through the heart we had not knocked an animal off its feet with one shot, and they all had run at least twenty-five yards upon receiving the second shot.

We had not made a poor shot on any of them and would have felt sure of downing them at the first crack with a rifle of the .30-30 or .303-class.

Later a goat was shot at a distance of about 800 yards falling into a canyon where we could not recover it. This of course was a chance shot as we would not have fired at all at that range except to test our knowledge of distance and the carrying power of our rifles.

A kid was shot in the head at 150 yards across a canyon dropping instantly. Another was shot twice and was alive with two big wounds in him when he was reached.

A nannie shot at a distance of 200 yards from the rear was disembowled but did not fall until shot through the head by a second shot. We all told shot many more goats and summed up our results this way:

The 150 grain spitzer service bullet lacks shocking power and while it seems to tear awful wounds it does not seem to have the punch of the .303 Savage, and unless one gets a heart, shoulder or head shot is not dependable. It is very erratic, sometimes tearing a large hole and at others going straight through. If one could always hit where he wished it would be a different matter, but I at least am usually glad to connect almost anywhere on running game and want a bullet with knock down qualities.

I also made a complete test of the various soft point spitzers and found them as good as the service is bad. This does *not* apply to the 190-grain round-nosed soft point which gives about as much effect upon shooting an animal through the body as shooting in cheese.

Using 150-grain Peter's Spitzer Soft Point I shot at a herd of five at about 200 yards, missing on my first shot, then I got three straight kills dropping them in their tracks and crippling the other two which I soon got. I always use every effort to get a wounded animal as I hate to have one get away to suffer. This was indeed quite a contrast to the results I had gotten with the service bullet. I also tried the U.M.C. Umbrella point and got very good results, but not so good as with the Peter's. Both are very accurate. I got a 5 shot group of 4 inches at 200 yards with the Peter's, and both shoot with same elevation as the service. Try and match this with your .30-30 or .303. with

hunting sights. I found the Peter's mushroomed better on goats than the U.M.C. but both were very good on deer. I also tried some hand loaded 170-grain Newton-Reed bullets and they seemed to fairly blast the animals off their feet. These bullets had the most square bases of any I had ever used and were very accurate. Of course with any bullet it is the location of the hit that counts. You can't do as I saw a man do, hit an animal through the nose, one ear and crease the neck and get it. The shot that brought it down hit the shoulder turning it over a complete flop down a hill.

These soft noses gave very good results on any kind of a body shot and never did an animal fairly hit get away from us, more than we could say for our service bullets.

I have a photo of a deer shot with the 150 grain Umbrella Point and this picture shows what a hole it made upon coming out. This was a paunch shot too, but the deer stayed where he was hit.

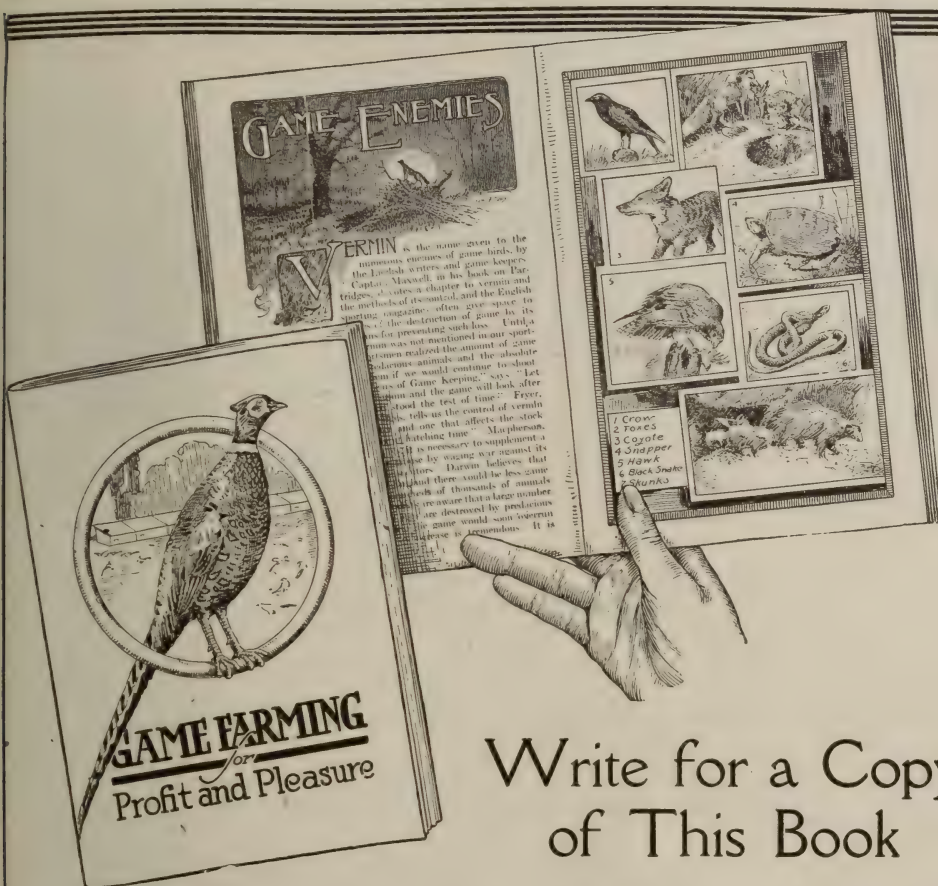
A black bear weighing about 350 pounds was shot at a distance of about 200 yards. He was coming along a game trail and had to cross a little clearing. The bullet, a Peter's 150-grain soft point, caught him back of the left leg. He fell as if hit with a club and bounced up and fell off the trail, hit a rock about 25 yards down, seemed to bounce over this and disappeared from view in the brush of the canyon. Upon being hit he gave a "Waugh" or grunt plainly heard the 200 yards as if the wind had been knocked out of him.

Upon crossing the canyon it was found that the bear had recovered his feet and gone over a hundred yards and then fallen again, and he was dead when reached. The bullet had caught him as he put his left leg forward, smashed several ribs, penetrated the heart, passed out of the body and was found just under the skin on the far side of his right leg.

This is the only Springfield bullet fired at game I have ever seen recovered. They usually pass clear through and keep on going. It made a clear hole where it went in but what it did to the ribs and heart of that bear was a caution. It looked as if there had been an explosion inside of the heart cavity. The whole inside was a mass of bloody pulp.

The bullet made a perfect mushroom and still retained the case spreading backwards until it is now about $\frac{1}{8}$ by $\frac{5}{8}$ inches in diameter. So you see even a heart shot will not always stop an animal in its tracks but a brain or spine shot will usually (from my own experience). I would not use anything else than a Springfield now that I have found the ideal cartridge for it on account of its accuracy, ease of reloading and the ease with which one can buy ammunition for it. I also like to use the same kind of rifle for hunting that I use for target work, but that does not mean there are not many other very good rifles on the market, but merely that it is my personal choice.

This is my experience, yours may be different, but it is the result of many experiences, not merely one or two hits, and as such should give one a very fair idea of what to expect from these cartridges under average condition.



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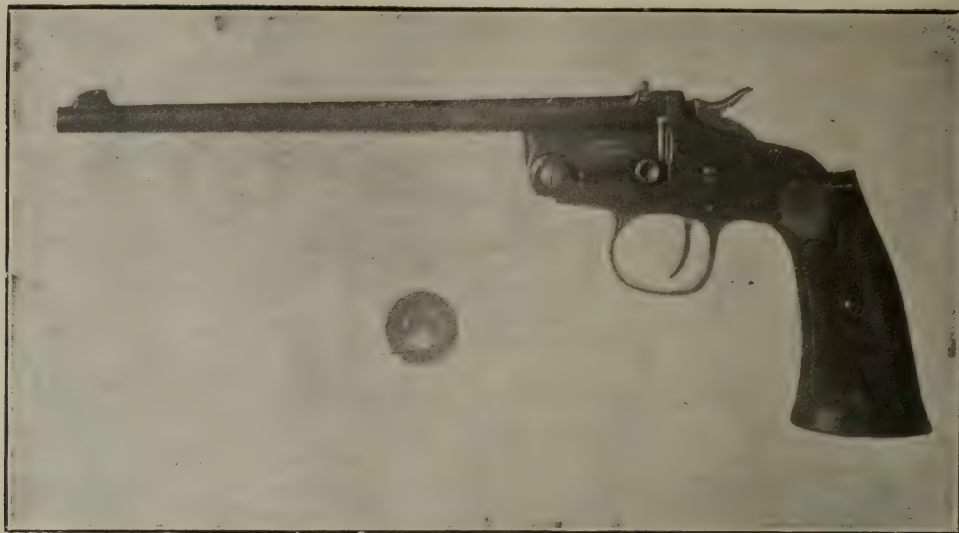
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A NEW NEIDNER PISTOL

By H. H. Bennett

ALMOST any one who loves to shoot also likes to look at any thing original or beautiful in firearms, but when beauty and originality are combined with utility, the pleasure is proportionately increased.

One of the cutest little guns ever made is the one illustrated herewith, from the bench of the versatile A. O. Niedner, of Malden, Mass. One of his friends, who spends lots of time afield and in the woods, wanted an accurate pistol, but at the same time wished to have it made as light as possible. Accordingly, Niedner got out his hack-saw and sledge hammer and went to work. The result is a perfect little weapon with eight inch barrel, and weighing only eleven ounces. The lock is of an original design with a rebounding hammer, which is extremely light and of short throw, so as to make a quick get-away for the bullet after the trigger is pulled. The locking device is striking in its simplicity, being locat-

ed so that the gun can be opened by the thumb, using only one hand. All wear is taken up by the locking bolt and it can never shoot loose. The ejector is a modification of the Smith and Wesson, is positive and automatic, ejecting the shell (which is .22 short) clear of the chamber. The trigger pull is one-half pound and the target illustrated, made at fifty feet, shows that it is accurate. It has the well known Niedner chamber which, while it adds materially to the accuracy, also increases the velocity and penetration by assuring a tight fitting bullet and preventing the escape of gases—an important item in so small a cartridge.

Niender has two more of these in process of construction, one of which is for a Western sportsman. The other is for the writer, who hopes to take it with him into the Saskatchewan region during the coming Fall.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

THE .22 HI-POWER SAVAGE

Editor Guns and Ammunition: Will you kindly let me have some information on the .22 Hi-Power Savage? I purchased one about a week ago and some of my friends said it was kind of small. Could you tell me if it is powerful enough for bear and deer and what kind of a cleaning rod would you advise me to use if the rifle is cleaned from the breech? Montreal, P.O. C. N.

(We have published considerable matter with reference to the .22 H. P. Savage but as you seem in doubt in this instance we would advise that the energy figures as well as the other ballistics of the rifle are as described below. The figures are taken from the table worked out by Mr. Chas. Newton and for the benefit of comparison we are also publishing the ballistic performance of some other well known calibers.

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Muzzle	Velocity, ft. sec.....	2800	1978	3103	2900	3050	2008	2000	2700	3208	3000	1952
	Energy, ft. lbs.....	1190	1016	2632	2200	3002	1522	1970	2445	3445	3440	1658
100 Yd.	Velocity, ft. sec.....	2453	1680	2891	2697	2837	1735	1783	2465	2950	2804	1718
	Energy, ft. lbs.....	911	733	2288	1895	2710	1136	1553	2034	2910	3010	1285
	Trajectory, ft.....	.052	.109	.04	.046	.042	.104	.101	.055	.038	.043	.106
	Time Flt., sec.....	.114	.165	.100	.107	.102	.161	.159	.116	.098	.104	.163
200 Yd.	Velocity, ft. sec.....	2131	1420	2689	2504	2635	1493	1590	2244	2707	2618	1506
	Energy, ft. lbs.....	687	516	1980	1638	2247	850	1235	1686	2445	2631	987
	Trajectory, ft.....	.242	.576	.173	.199	.180	.482	.454	.241	.166	.185	.49
	Time Flt., sec.....	.246	.359	.208	.223	.212	.347	.337	.243	.204	.215	.35
300 Yd.	Velocity, ft. sec.....	1833	1218	2496	2318	2441	1290	1418	2039	2477	2439	1324
	Energy, ft. lbs.....	510	386	1709	1404	1929	629	985	1392	2040	2287	762
	Trajectory, ft.....	.666	1.38	.417	.484	.436	1.28	1.15	.596	.409	.44	1.27
	Time Flt., sec.....	.408	.588	.323	.348	.330	.564	.537	.384	.320	.333	.563
500 Yd.	Velocity, ft. sec.....	1341	1001	2133	1969	2076	1047	1138	1668	2049	2100	1083
	Energy, ft. lbs.....	272	257	1242	1006	1392	408	632	932	1395	1685	509
	Trajectory, ft.....	.246	5.20	1.35	1.57	1.42	4.75	4.10	2.04	1.37	1.44	4.58
	Time Flt., sec.....	.784	1.14	.583	.628	.597	1.09	1.01	.709	.586	.598	1.07
1000 Yd.	Velocity, ft. sec.....	869	721	1383	1278	1337	775	831	1068	1223	1395	824
	Energy, ft. lbs.....	114	129	513	421	580	221	337	382	495	739	294
	Trajectory, ft.....	20.1	34.1	8.53	9.99	9.00	30.7	26.8	14.5	9.73	8.76	28.52
	Time Flt., sec.....	2.24	2.92	1.46	1.58	1.50	2.77	2.59	1.86	1.56	1.48	2.67

Read Lieutenant Whelen's remarks in the April issue with reference to the uselessness of always taking mere theoretical energy figures as representing the rifle's actual killing power on game. His statements are worthy of more than passing notice and I feel as though I need hardly say more on the subject except to say that the success of the .22 Hi-Power Savage does not lie in an excess of its energy in ft. lbs. on paper. It has so thoroughly made good on deer simply because it hurls a light, sharp-pointed, soft nosed bullet at an extremely high velocity. No. .30-30 ever shattered

bone and flesh as did this little wonder. As to the choice of your cleaning rod we would select one of polished spring steel of the Marble type. You will find that a brass rod will be a very messy looking object after a while if you use the ammonia cleaning agent for your .22 Hi-Power Savage and we strongly advise you to do so. A steel rod does not appreciably wear the bore of a rifle unless used very carelessly indeed. In the case of rim fire rifles in the cleaning of which the ammonia dope has not to be used we generally prefer a brass rod of the Marble jointed rod pattern. *Editor.*)

NO .30-30 NEED APPLY

Editor Guns and Ammunition: As I am a reader of your very valuable magazine and have had some experience with the various makes and calibers of rifles, I am taking the liberty of dropping you a few lines on the subject. If my letter is not worth publishing why simply drop it in the waste-basket.

What takes my attention is the .30-30 men. I have shot both deer and moose with the .30-30 and have wounded and lost them with arms of this caliber. I will shortly explain my reasons for not using the .30-30.

First, it has not power enough for moose as a rule. I find when the bullet comes in contact with the skin of an animal it flattens perfectly flat on the point and if it happens to hit the neck of a large animal the muscle holds it up to such an extent that when it reaches the bone the bullet has not enough remaining energy to do its work whereas if it hits close to the head or in the shoulder where it can come in contact with the bone without having to penetrate much muscle, it is all right. A recent writer in these columns said that deer were easily killed. I don't agree with him there as it has always been my experience that deer are hard to kill.

My idea of the proper deer load is a big bullet such as the old .38-55 and for a moose

at close range I would not ask for anything better. I used one for four years and liked it well. I have used a .32 Special for three years and think it all right when it connects in the right spot just like the .30-30 but I can't come to consider either the .30-30 or the .32 Special as the goods for moose. I am enclosing, for the editor's attention, a photo of a moose shot with the .32 Special last September. He was killed at very close range and took three well aimed bullets to finish him. Of course any one of these shots would have killed him but he was coming my way and I did not take chances. He is called the biggest moose ever seen in this part of the country. When the head is mounted I will send you a better photo.

Hoping that I have not intruded on your valuable space, I am,
Campbellton, N. B.

A Woodsman.

ANENT THE .280 ROSS

Editor Guns and Ammunition: Permit me a few lines of your valuable space to set back on the narrow path of ballistic knowledge, the wobbling tootsies of the gentleman writing under the name of G. W. C. in your March issue.

We regret that he cannot agree with us in all the things we say but inasmuch as he appears



"I could not have got him if I did not have a Ross .280"

This is what Mr. F. F. Hammond of 3 Miles Plains, N.S., says in a letter telling how he obtained the fine head shown in the above photo; he also adds :

The guide told me it was 1000 yards, but it was only 400. He said I could not have done better shooting if I had held the rifle right up against the moose."

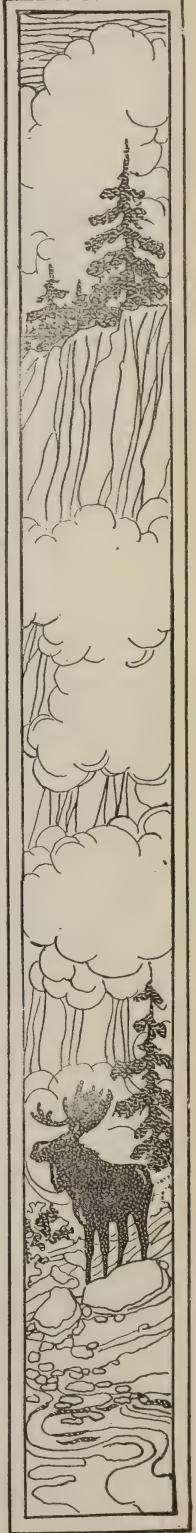
The Ross .303 Sporting Models, while not quite as powerful as the .280, are best suited for the man who is looking for a reliable and accurate weapon, comparatively inexpensive, \$25.00 and up, whose ammunition is very easily obtainable.

For target shooting no small rifle excels the Ross .22 Cadet. It is strongly and carefully built and possesses surprising accuracy and power. \$12.00 at all the best dealers.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE ON REQUEST.



**Ross Rifle Co.,
- Quebec, Canada.**



uniformly wrong in the points of disagreement, we cannot feel cast down over the fact.

For his benefit, covering point one, why the Ross .280 shell was made so large at the head, we have only the personal statement of Sir Charles Ross in regard thereto, this being that it would make it more difficult for other makers to adopt their German Mausers to the case.

Because of the greater backthrust of the larger case area at the rear end, the work thrown on the bolt is greatly increased and Ross evidently believed that it would prove too much, keeping always a reasonable amount of margin between strain of bolt, and actual thrust of the big case. Also the case was then too large for the Mauser head and Ross apparently did not figure that the makers would proceed to grind away their Mauser bolt head to fit it.

This reasonable amount of margin does not appear to exist, and most of the Mausers sold for the .280 are used with British-made Cordite loaded cartridges developing great erosion but low chamber pressure like every other sort of nitroglycerine powder.

I fear that Mr. Chas. Thorne did not play a very important part in the evolution of the Ross cartridge, if we count out the work of Ross and Mr. F. W. Jones, the powder expert, who worked it with Ross.

Point two, blowing up the Mauser.

We can only refer the gentleman to the report of Mr. Charles Newton, with photographs of the Mauser before and after and the details faithfully set forth, this printed in Outer's Book of Chicago, Ill., several years ago. If the gentleman will write the Outer's Book people he will doubtless be able to secure the copy in question. The Mauser *did not blow up the barrel*, it blew off the receiver ring, freeing the bolt, which then blew out of the rifle, just as several Springfield rifles of my personal experience blew up under overloads.

Just what the gentleman knows of the pressure of the load is not stated, he is evidently rather ignorant of the properties of the various cuts of powders, but we can assure him that the Mauser had good license to blow up and that only a form of bolthead such as the Ross, which Mr. Newton has adopted for the rifle he hopes some time to have built, will stand such a strain.

I regret to say that as an "expert" I know that the gentleman's air space theory as to the design of cartridge is unfortunately the theory of two decades ago, when nitroglycerine smokeless powder was in vogue and smokeless was not understood.

Possibly I shall lose my "expert" qualification by refusing to "know" this thing which any "expert" should know, but unfortunately I happen to be aware that this is not true.

Air space in cartridges is not at all necessary. The Ross .280 cartridge has none, the .250-3000 Savage practically none, the Springfield 180 gr. match practically none. What there is in modern cartridges is not the result of design, but of accident, a trifle more space than highest allowable powder charge will permit. The later progressive burning Du Pont powders allow no air space in the Springfield case when loaded to full allowable pressure limit and to Du Pont prescription. Mr.

G. W. C. might dissect some of his Mark VI and Mark VII Government cartridges and see how much air space he finds.

Re his Lancaster rifle, it would be interesting to hear of his comments on the accuracy of this rifle, say at 500 yards. My informants state that the accuracy is lacking, otherwise it should make a splendid arm.

He is entirely correct as to the greater ingenuity and progressiveness shown by the British factories compared with our own "grindem-out" machine factories turning out indifferent guns but very desirable dividends. To this we can except only the Savage Arms Co.

For ourself we can plead that in personal experience and in other ways, we are probably quite familiar with the productions of the British and other makers, and the gun cabinet shows a Greener 20 bore, a B. S. A. Martini .22 Hi-Power, a Webley & Scott pistol, a British air rifle, and various German guns, while we have tried out many of the powerful British rifles.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Edward C. Crossman.

STRANGE PRANKS OF THE .30-30 WINCHESTER CARBINE

Editor Guns and Ammunition: I have been a subscriber to Rod and Gun for some months and am now writing to you for some advice.

I have a .30-30 Winchester carbine which I got last fall. A party with whom I was speaking claims that after shooting about 500 rounds of shells, the barrel expands so much that the shell that covers the bullet will slip in the end of the barrel to the neck of the shell.

I would like to know if anyone else has had that experience with this gun.

Mossleigh, Alta.

E. G. C.

(Ye Gods and little fishes! What a complication of diseases for the sawed-off little .30-30 to contract. We too would greatly like to hear from any of our readers who have been present when one of these arms went on the rampage as described by our enquirer's "adviser"?)

We personally are of the opinion that this is a case where the time-worn adage to the effect that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing" is fully justified. What E. G. C.'s friend has in mind we cannot imagine, we are certain however that if a rifle of our own developed a malady such as is described above we would be sorely tempted to gently wind the weapon lovingly around the nearest tree and then deposit the outfit on the junk heap.

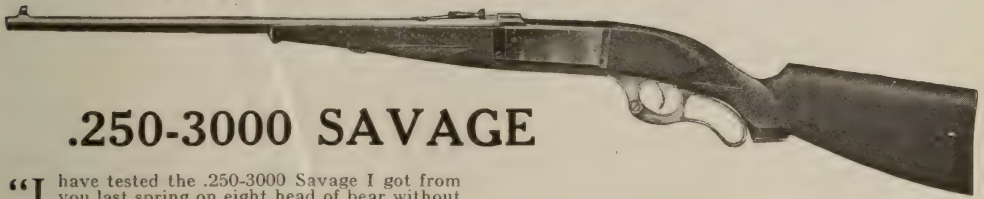
We would like to hear from our correspondent's "party" as he surely cannot have been quoted correctly in this instance. *Editor.*)

THE TWENTY-GAUGE AS A BRUSH GUN

Editor Guns and Ammunition: I have been a reader of this magazine for several years, purchasing it from the newsdealer here and find it very interesting. As I see but little regarding the twenty-gauge think it would be of interest to the readers if I gave my experience with this size.

Farming is my occupation and I do considerable hunting during the fall and winter months, training rabbit hounds and hunting rabbits, partridge, woodcock and squirrel in season.

Eight Bears with Nine Shots



.250-3000 SAVAGE

"I have tested the .250-3000 Savage I got from you last spring on eight head of bear without a miss, and only shot one of them the second time."

That is the work the .250-3000 Savage did for Mr. James R. Gill, an experienced Idaho hunter, and is the sort of work this remarkable gun has been doing this year all over the country.

It shows the .250-3000 Savage's accuracy is worth while—every shot was a hit.

It shows that its flat trajectory is worth while—no over or under shooting, and Mr. Gill says the ranges varied up to 400 yards.

It shows that its terrific killing power was worth while—only one bear out of eight needed a second shot.

In details and finish the .250-3000 Savage is fully equal to the expensive European rifles which it totally outclasses in accuracy, convenience and efficiency. It has the original Savage solid breech, hammerless six shot repeating action, the only American action strong enough and safe enough for the highest concentration.

Takedown pattern, 22-inch tapered round high-pressure steel barrel with integral front sight base, checked extra full pistol grip stock and forearm, checked trigger and corrugated steel butt-plate, weight 7 lbs., price \$30.00. Cartridges with soft nose or full metal cased bullets, \$4.20 per hundred.

WRITE US FOR PARTICULARS.

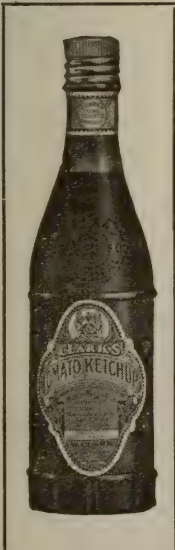
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My hunting is principally in the brush. I have given the twenty-gauge a thorough try-out on the game mentioned and find it perfectly satisfactory, in fact have convinced myself at least that it is "plenty gun" for all upland shooting. Previously I had been a user of the twelve. I have tested the two gauges and have found the twenty to give the most penetration with No. 7 and 3 shot penetrating seven-eighth inch of pine at forty yards.

This gun is an improved model 50 Union repeater with twenty-five inch modified choke Krupp barrels with rib. The stock is thirteen inches in length with half pistol grip checked. Weight of the gun is about seven pounds and I think it an ideal brush gun. I have also had good success with this gun shooting crows and woodchucks.

I reload my own shells using $2\frac{1}{2}$ drams of Du Pont powder and No. 7 shot for most of my shooting. The pattern with this gun is very even. I have found the full choke pattern too patchy.

If this is published will come again and tell some of my experiences with various guns. Simcoe, Ont. M. L. S.

WILL READERS WHO HAVE USED THE MAXIM SILENCER ON HUNTING RIFLES PLEASE ANSWER?

Editor Guns and Ammunition: As I have not seen anything in this department on the Maxim Silencer for hunting rifles I would very much like to hear from readers who have used the Silencer. Is it satisfactory on big game rifles?

(We are publishing your letter in the hopes that those of the readers who have used the Maxim Silencer on their hunting rifles will send in their experiences with this device. *Editor.*)

THE .35 WINCHESTER AUTOMATIC

Editor Guns and Ammunition: I am an interested reader of the gun department and have noted with great interest the articles appearing each month. I notice considerable on the different big game rifles of nearly all makes and calibers but do not remember reading anything about the .35 Winchester automatic.

I used one of these handy little rifles last fall in the Parry Sound district after deer and while I had excellent sport and good luck with the gun it can hardly be said that I gave it a fair trial.

I had the good fortune to shoot three good-sized deer but they were all shot at close range, the farthest away being not more than fifty yards from the writer. The second doe, a "huge one" was hit just in front of the right shoulder; the bullet passing through all her vital machinery, came out on the left side below the ribs. She dropped dead with the one shot at fifty yards.

My third, a large buck weighing about 250 pounds I hit three times, once low in the stomach and a second time in the right shoulder which knocked him down but he was able to get up again and being somewhat bewildered as well as badly hurt he turned around and stood facing in the opposite direction. I then gave him another pill in the

opposite shoulder which put him down for keeps.

These shots all satisfied me that the rifle was a nice little "bush gun" but where I lost faith in it was while shooting at a doe crossing the end of a lake about four hundred yards distant. My partner was shooting a .303 Savage and without raising his sights was putting all of his shots dangerously near that doe's head, while my bullets fell short even with my rear sight elevated two notches which convinced me that the ball of the .35 Automatic is too heavy for the powder charge for shooting at fairly long range.

I would like to hear from some of my brother sportsmen re their experiences with the .35 Winchester automatic.

Woodstock, Ont.

D. M. W.

SOME FIREARM EXPERIENCES

Editor Guns and Ammunition: Being interested in the discussions taking place from time to time in these columns I thought that perhaps the readers would like to hear my experiences with some different makes of sporting rifles.

I have used the .303 British and Savage, .30-30 Winchester, .32 Special and .22 Hi-Power Savage. These guns have all been used on big game. The principal game found here is moose and elk.

My experience has always been that it is not so much the caliber of the rifle one uses as the place where the bullet connects on the game. I have killed moose stone dead with one shot from any one of the above calibers and I have seen others go for a couple of miles with two or three bullets in them. Any of the modern rifles will stop an elk or a moose if hit through or just behind the shoulders within a range of say 200 yards. If shot through the body they will go for miles before you can get them, I do not care what rifle you use.

The country in which I hunt is very scrubby with a lot of heavy timber and I have had good satisfaction with the .303 British. I use the full jacketed and soft nose ammunition mixed, as the scrub will not turn the former type of bullet. The soft nose bullet is likely to stop a deer quicker if you can get an open shot but is more likely to be deflected by the scrub so by having your rifle loaded with the two types of cartridges you get two chances.

A gun that I like very much is the .32 Special Winchester. This gun is a harder hitting hunting arm than the .30-30 and is a good rifle to have with you on a hunting trip. I know the one I have has done good work for me and I would advise anyone who likes the Winchester to buy one.

My favorite however, is the .303 Savage. It is a lot lighter to carry than the Winchester and is a hard hitter. I saw a moose that had been killed with one of these rifles. The animal was struck in the haunch and the bullet had travelled down along the ribs, smashed the shoulders and stuck in the hide on the outside. This was a running shot at two hundred yards. As to the .22 H. P. I like the gun for open shooting but it is not satisfactory in the brush as it carries too light a bullet and has too high a velocity to go through branches, for if the bullet strikes any obstruction before it connects with your game it will often ex-

\$1,724,000 for New Buildings in Canada Since War Began WHY?

Some time before the outbreak of war the Ford Canadian Company decided on an extremely broad policy of expansion.

If the demand for Ford cars should increase in the way that it had every indication of doing, then new buildings would have to be started at once to enable the company to meet this demand.

When war came the Ford Canadian executives saw no reason to change their plans—their confidence in Canada's prosperity never wavered.

So work was begun on a new building at Ford City costing \$452,000. This is used as an addition to the office building and to the main factory building. It adds 130,000 square feet of floor space to the Ford Plant, bringing the total up to more than 9 acres.

Then followed a new machine shop costing \$90,000.

The power plant was also enlarged at a cost of \$110,000.

In four leading Canadian cities, handsome new buildings were erected as branch assembly plants, sales and service stations. Each one is as large as many automobile factories. All are of similar construction, being modern fire-proof buildings of brick and reinforced concrete trimmed with mat glazed terra cotta. The bases are of granite. The interiors are finished and fitted in accordance with the very best modern practice.

One of the branch buildings is located at Montreal, 119-139 Laurier Ave., East. It is a four story building containing 124,000 square feet of floor space and costing \$333,000. Over 100 people are employed here.

The Ford Branch at Toronto, 672-682 Dupont St., is a five-story building containing 132,000 square feet of floor space. The number of employees is about 150.

The third new branch building is at London, Ontario at 680-690 Waterloo Street. It is a three story structure having 49,872

square feet of floor space and was erected at a cost of \$161,000.

The immensely increasing demand for Ford cars in Western Canada made it necessary to build a fourth new branch at Winnipeg. This is a handsome five story building located at the corner of Portage Avenue and Wall Street. A quarter of a million dollars was put into its construction.

The total cost of these new buildings erected by the Ford Canadian Company since war began is \$1,724,000. Additional to this are thousands of dollars spent to equip these buildings.

Why has this been done?

First, to provide Ford owners with greater service facilities. Each of these branches is so completely equipped with parts and machinery as to be able to build a Ford car complete. Also they act as a base for the hundreds of Ford dealers in their part of the country, each of whose place of business is a well equipped Ford service station, in giving more rapid and more efficient service to Ford owners.

The second reason for this great amount of development work is to be found in the attitude of the Ford Canadian executives. If these men had followed the policy of many Canadian manufacturers they, with seeming good judgment, might have held up these plans for such enormously expensive construction work.

But such was not their attitude. They were convinced that progress and prosperity were assured in Canada.

This decision was of vast benefit to Canadian industries, Canadian merchants and Canadian workmen in such a critical time as this. Practically all the material for these buildings was purchased in Canada. Canadian workmen were employed in their construction. And after the construction work was over, the whole community benefited from the enthusiastic, successful, wealth producing and distributing activities of these big establishments.

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Ford Runabout - - \$480
Ford Touring - - - 530
Ford Coupelet - - - 730
Ford Sedan - - - 890
Ford Town Car - - - 780
f. o. b. Ford, Ontario



3-F

All cars completely equipped, including electric headlights. Equipment does not include speedometer.

pand. I would not advise this rifle for those who intend to hunt in the brush but for clear shooting in the open the .22 Hi-Power Savage is as nice a gun as any one could want.
Gilbert Plains, Man. Bush Hunter.

CONCERNING THE PRACTICE OF USING SHELLS OF DIFFERENT LENGTH IN THE SHOTGUN

Editor Guns and Ammunition: I have been a regular newstand subscriber of this magazine for some time and would now like to ask for some information concerning shotgun shells. I have noticed that some of the different makes of shells I buy are of different lengths. For instance the Eley and Winchester Repeater shells are shorter than the Sovereign, Nitro Club, Arrow, etc. What will be the result of firing the different lengths in my 12-gauge gun? I have noticed that B. B. caps and .22 short bullets lead the chamber of a rifle made to shoot the .22 long but I do not know if the same is true of a shotgun.
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. H.C.K.

(As your query deals with a subject upon which opinion is divided we thought we could do no better than to refer your question to the foremost American shotgun authority, Mr. Chas. Askins and quote his reply herewith.)

"I am strictly of the opinion that no shell should be placed in a shotgun, or rifle either, except the one for which the gun is chambered. This does not agree with the contention of gun builders, but I prefer my own conclusions. To be sure a gun chambered for a $2\frac{3}{4}$ inch shell will work very well, and shoot very well with one of $2\frac{5}{8}$ inch, but make the difference greater, shoot the $2\frac{5}{8}$ inch in a gun chambered for a three inch, and carefully note the results. The lesson will be lasting. The Stevens people thought they had made a ten strike in chambering their twenty-bore for a three inch shell and advising that any length could be used at will. The result was that this gun, otherwise a good one, has proven a complete failure. A full choked gun, using the standard $2\frac{1}{2}$ inch shell, was liable to throw a cylinder pattern, if not all the time, quite often enough to make the gun unreliable. They sent me two of these guns when they were first brought out, and I advised them then that they were making a mistake. I have a powerful sixteen gauge which exemplifies the same principle. It is chambered for a three inch shell and intended for three drams of powder—used with the standard shell, the gun says "put" and is perfectly worthless. With its proper cartridge and load the gun is a powerful affair.

It is just as bad to use a longer shell than that for which the gun is chambered. I have tried that too, and the pattern falls off badly."
(Signed).....Chas. Askins.

AMMUNITION FOR THE .32-40 BALLARD

Editor Guns and Ammunition: While reading an article in the January issue of this magazine by A. L. King about single shot rifles I noticed he mentions a Ballard it being the third from the top in the illustration. I own one of these rifles but have been unable to obtain shells to fit it.

I would be very much obliged if you would forward this communication to Mr. King

requesting him to inform me where I can get the proper shells to fit this gun. The rifle is .32-40 caliber.

New York City.

J. J. R.

(I have your letter of the 10th and am greatly surprised to learn that you have encountered difficulty in obtaining .32-40 cartridges for your Ballard. Shells for your rifle are manufactured by all the standard ammunition companies.)

I am enclosing Mr. King's address and am sure that he will be pleased to communicate with you.

I would like to hear from you again if you are still unsuccessful in obtaining ammunition for your old Ballard as I am sure that the regular .32-40 cartridge adapted to Winchester, Marlin and Savage rifles will work perfectly in this Ballard. In fact this cartridge was first used in the latter weapon in the late seventies. *Editor:*)

SPEEDING UP THE BIG BORES

Editor Guns and Ammunition: This magazine is to be congratulated upon having contributors possessed of such a goodly amount of gun sense as for example the writer of the article on page 712—716 in the December issue. If the gentleman in question does not object why it will afford me great pleasure to annex him to my list of correspondents. I also have some hope that the pleasure would be mutual as I can put him "next" to some loads that I have devised for the Winchester model 1886 .45-90 repeating rifle in which I use a 425-grain soft alloy grooved bullet which has a sawed-off "business end" .32-inch across and notwithstanding the size of the flat nose it produces forty (40) per cent. greater penetration in dry white pine than the .405 Winchester with soft nose bullet. Furthermore on account of the greater weight of my bullet and the consequently better maintained speed at the longer ranges I believe with my loading (and I deem it a mild estimate) that at 300 yards it is twice as paralyzing as the .405. No person who has used the two models will dispute the assertion that the 1886 model is a much easier arm to carry than the 1895. With my loading on account of the heavier bullet my .45-90 will group a dozen shots in a smaller area than the .405, and the recoil is considerably less than that of the latter arm.

My powder charge or rather charges of powder are 7 grains of coarse-grain high grade black powder in the bottom of the shell and 46 grains W. A. smokeless on top and wadded with a close-fitting wad .06-inch thick which is seated with the help of a loading funnel and close-fitting rammer to insure the wad being seated fairly and squarely on the powder. There is an air-space between wad and bullet of one-tenth of an inch. The size of the bullet is maintained for one-tenth of an inch in front of the shell (there being three-eighths of an inch of the bullet projecting and the shell is crimped into the front groove of the bullet thus preventing it being forced down on to the powder and wad.)

This compound powder charge possesses so many advantages that it is difficult to think of all of them at one sitting. Firstly however, a common black powder primer is used. Next greater initial velocity is produced and with



JAEGER



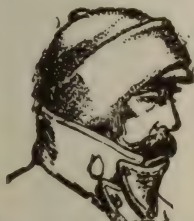
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Hamilton, Ontario

less recoil than can be obtained with any other kind of powder. Thirdly, that cantankerous rifle-destroying residue which is left if a full charge of certain brands of high pressure smokeless powder is used is here conspicuous by its absence and that diabolical acid from the powder is either burned up or neutralized. Also there is no metal fouling from using a jacketed miss-fit unlubricated bullet. (By lubricating the metal jacketed bullets with suitable lubricant it can no longer be denied that the metal-fouling nuisance has been reduced to the minimum and the wear on the barrel appreciably reduced. There is no reason why a jacketed bullet cannot be obtained that will exactly meet the requirements of the shooter's individual barrel so personally we are by no means ready to acknowledge that these bullets need be of the "miss-fit" type.—*Editor*). My bullet has a cross-section of .46-inch while the groove diameter of the bore is .458 inch. The shells loaded with a .46-inch bullet just fit the chamber so there is at no time any gas escaping past the bullet to erode and destroy the lands like it would if I used a bullet .456-inch such as the makers of the arm call the exact size. But calling a dog's tail a leg fails to make a leg of it.

The full-sized portion of the bullet in front of the shell has an offset of .01-inch with a square shoulder which shoves the fouling (*which is left by the black powder*) in front of the bullet so that each bullet as it is fired from the rifle has a cleaned bore in which to travel. The lubricant is one part of Japan wax and paraffine wax each, to two parts Acheson graphite. Of course the wax is burned to soot but the graphite remains on all portions of the bore, not only in the face of the lands but on their sides and in the corners of the grooves. This lubricant is so deposited in the bore that at each shot the bullet has a thoroughly lubricated track to travel in, thus preventing leading.

For twelve years I lived in the State of Washington where there is an 8-foot tide and all the care my guns received (four rifles and a revolver) after being used was a swab (which was moistened with nothing but water) the gun was then dried carefully, treated to a coat of gun grease and hung up on the wall. There the arm would remain until again used which some times would not be for several months and none of my guns showed a particle of rust while the guns of other people in three or four years were rusted so they were only fit for the scrap-pile. None of my arms have showed either pitting or erosion. And my highest speed gun which is a .40-90 single shot Winchester was fired over two thousand times, yet its bore was in finer condition after this shooting than when new for the reason that the graphite is so ground into the pores of the steel that the bore outshines melted silver whereas if I had been using a metal-jacketed bullet the barrel would have been shot to a frazzle before one thousand rounds for this barrel is of the common soft steel type designed for black powder. We are industriously commanded by the manufacturers not to use high power loading in these barrels for the reason that the makers wish us to pay them \$10.00 extra for a nickel steel barrel which would have a groove diameter several thous-

ands of an inch too large for the bullet with which they load the cartridge and a chamber correspondingly too large for the cartridge. *All of which trouble I side-step by using a special bullet of my own make.* My bullet for the .40-90 Single Shot shell is .408-inch while the Winchester bullet is .403-inch and .408 is much too small for some of their .40-calibre rifles for they pay no attention to making their bullets so they conform to their theoretical finished bore, but anything around there they call "all right" whereas it is "all wrong."

If any person thinks he can get any of our arms manufacturers to make a rifle to conform to special specifications as to its finished bore and chamber, they have another guess coming. But I ask no favor of any of them neither do I pay any attention to their idiotic dogmas about the using of high-power loading in their soft black powder steel barrels. My loading in the .45-90 shell which I use in the model 1886 Winchester, beats their .405, *forty per cent. in penetration in dry whitepine.* The rifle is mounted with their common soft-steel barrel such as they use with black powder and they have the "gall" to tell us that we musn't presume, nor dare to use high power loading in such barrels. Bah!

Barrels unworthy of mention,

And chuckful of ingrowing gall;

Having no conscience for guidance,

The devil sure holds them in thrall.

Benzonia, Mich.

W. A. Linkletter.

.25 NIEDNER OR .32-40 HUDSON?

Editor Guns and Ammunition: Would you kindly advise me as to what would be the best target rifle for one hundred to two hundred yards range, the muzzle loaders or breech loaders tapered for the Hudson .32-40 bullet or a Winchester or Stevens high power action fitted with a .25-caliber Niedner special barrel. Which would give the most accurate results at above ranges in all kinds of weather?

Also please advise me what is the meaning of Winchester Winder musket? This is often mentioned in Rod and Gun and elsewhere and while I am well acquainted with the .22 Winchester musket, the "Winder" part of it has me beat. I do not see "Winder" mentioned in Winchester catalog. Kindly drop me a line at once and advise me as to these matters to the best of your ability.

Collingwood, Ont.

W. G. B.

(We would advise that our experience leads us to believe that as far as hair-splitting accuracy is concerned the .25-caliber Stevens of Winchester-Niedner rifles adapted to the Niedner ammunition are in a class by themselves and are the acme of perfection as a target arm.

We would prefer one of these arms personally to a rifle adapted to the .32-40 bullet known as the "Hudson" and which is described in the Ideal Hand Book under the heading of bullet No. 319273. This bullet you will note requires to be seated in the barrel ahead of the shell and the barrel must be reamed out to take this special bullet.

As to which would give the most accurate results at 100 and 200 yards would say that the Hudson load is seen to its best advantage at these ranges while the Stevens and Win-



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chester-Niedner .25 calibre rifles such as described by Mr. Roberts in a back number of this magazine are accurate up to at least 800 or 1000 yards, which places the latter rifles almost in the military class so far as long range accuracy is concerned. All things considered you can do no better than to give both the .32-40 Hudson loads as well as the Niedner system rifles a complete try-out and come to your own decision as to the desirability of the arms for the work you have in mind. The Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, Conn., do the work of reaming out .32-40 barrels to take the Hudson bullet in an extremely satisfactory manner and we can recommend

them without hesitation for such work.

As regards the muzzle-loading outfits for target work would advise that to our way of thinking these are so unbearably slow that they are every year falling more and more into disuse though they are capable of great accuracy.

The Winchester single shot Musket is styled "Winder" for the reason, we believe, that many of the ideas of Lieut.-Col. C. B. Winder of the Ohio National Guard were incorporated in the arm's manufacture, that is the musket as it stands to-day embodies many of the features suggested by Lieut.-Col. Winder. *Editor.*)



CANADA THE 1916 PLAYGROUND OF AMERICAN TOURISTS

The editor of the Toronto Star has decided that the present is no time to reason with canoeists, but on the contrary it is the worst possible time, for already they are planning their trips, hefting their paddles, looking over their tackle, making marks on the map, etc. Indeed, he goes on to say, in a recent article, it is at this time of the year that the canoeist is at his savagest, a conclusion that would appear to be confirmed by the number of letters of enquiry Rod and Gun is receiving from American sportsmen and tourists who are already planning their summer outings. One from Cincinnati just received speaks enthusiastically of an outing in Temagami last year with guides recommended by Rod and Gun, and asks if we can put him in touch with other guides, both last year's men having enlisted for overseas service. Others write for information concerning conditions in Algonquin Park, or for particulars and descriptive literature concerning the Muskoka Lakes region and the Highlands of Ontario, etc., etc. One correspondent asks if there will be any difficulty in American tourists entering Canada this summer through conditions brought about by the war.

On the contrary, from information which we have received, Rod and Gun expects this to be a bumper year for American tourists. With the Panama Exhibition a thing of the past and Europe closed, except to those

sportsmen who carry with them army service rifles, Canada should receive a greater proportion than ever of the American tourist traffic. One steamship transportation company alone had up till April 1st booked a most satisfactory amount of business for the coming summer, including the following reservations: National Educational Association Party, numbering 100, Toronto to Montreal; Philadelphia & Reading Personally Conducted Party, numbering 120, Toronto to the Thousand Islands and return; Gregory's Tours Party from St. Louis numbering, 50, Toronto to Montreal; Bowmar's Personally Conducted Tour from Kentucky, numbering 50, Kingston to Montreal; McFarland Tourist Agency from Atlanta Ga., numbering 100, Kingston to Montreal, Star of Bethlehem Council, Knights of Columbus, numbering 125, Alexandria Bay to Montreal. This doesn't look as though Americans generally anticipated difficulty in getting passports into Canada, and we can assure our correspondent, as well as any others who may contemplate a trip to Canada this year, that they will be made very welcome when they come. Any of the transportation companies, (railway or steamship) advertising in this magazine will be pleased to furnish information in regard to summer outings in any of the Canadian Provinces, and to forward illustrated literature descriptive of the territory served by them.

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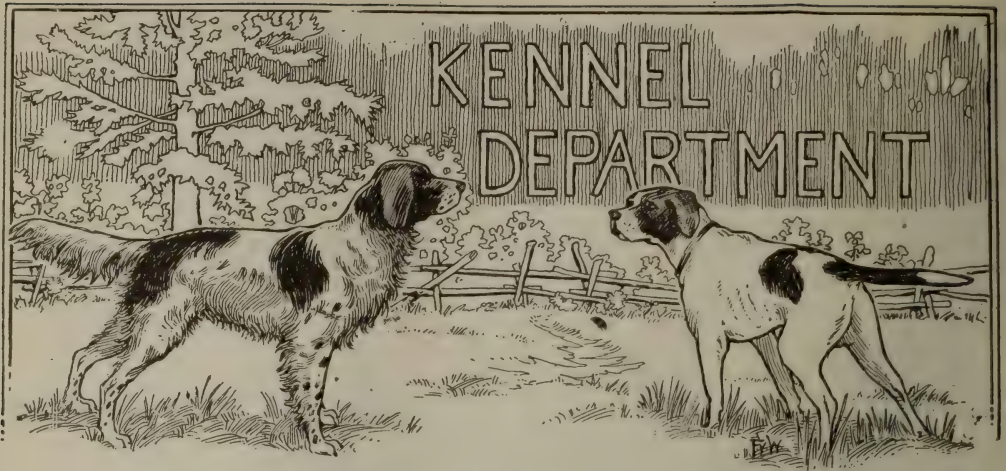
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Airedale Terrier Club

At the annual meeting of the Airedale Terrier Club of Canada, held in the Carls-Rite Hotel, Mar. 16th, congratulations were extended to E. W. Ballinger, of Toronto, winner of the special cup for Airedale terriers at the New Westminster Kennel Club show in New York the week before. Various matters of interest to Airedale fanciers were discussed, and a programme outlined for the coming year, which promises to be a very interesting one from the point of view of all interested in terriers. Officers were elected as follows:—Hon. President, James W. Bain, K.C., Toronto; President, Joseph Perkins, Toronto; Vice-Presidents, Lieut.-Col. Reginald Pellatt and Joseph Russell, M.P.P., Toronto; N.

Mackenzie, K.C., Regina and Mrs. Joseph Laurin, Montreal. Committee—Henry Crayton and S. Perkins, Toronto; S. Bamford, Lambton Mills; Philip Bauden, Ridgetown; E. J. Bingham, Orangeville; E. Murby, Toronto, and B. Swan, Humber Bay.

"The only true and thorough-straight way to know the dog is to own one," says Richard Burton in *Our Dumb Animals*. "A common residence under the same roof-tree, be it animals or humans, is the sure test of personality. To own the dog is to comprehend him in his faults and virtues, to protect his weaknesses, be anxious at his vagrancies, to catch the contagion of his love, and to agonize if it so be that he die."

SIR REYNARD TRAPPED

W. A. Goodwin

THE account in your March issue of the very successful fox hunting experiences of Mr. McKinnon reminds me of my first fox hunt and how I got my fox. Having received a contract to decorate the interior of a substantial farm house in the township of Smith near the south shore of Chemong Lake, I took along my gun and a couple of traps in case anything in the game line should turn up when I went out for my usual morning walk, which habit, by the way, I have found to prove an excellent morning appetizer for breakfast and a "bracer" for a day's work indoors.

One fine October morning when the early frost had whitened the old rail fence around the farm so that it sparkled in the sun, I determined to cross lots to the road leading to the swamp considering this a likely place for partridge at that season of the year. After getting over the fence, much to our mutual surprise I met Sir Reynard coming up the hill right in the middle of the road. Without stopping to say good morning he turned tail, running down hill at a 2.40 clip to the swamp and beyond to his sand hill residence. Following his tracks to a fallen tree where he had crossed the creek the tell-tale frost clearly

discolored the crossing place, via the natural bridge, to his park burrow. Putting two and two together the inference was that he might try it again when going to the nearby farmyards for chicken supplies. After looking over the situation I concluded I would set a mink trap on the aforesaid bridge that was now almost level with the rising water in the creek. Cutting a good sliding pole the trap was set in a convenient notch on the down side of the log. To make the chances still more in favor of the amateur trapper a bait in the shape of an unruffled partridge was perched on a limb a few feet above the trap. As I had only one day more to stay in this locality preparations were made for an early start next morning. Hastening down to the swamp I spied the partridge bait intact though the trap was out of sight—gone to the bottom of the creek with Sir Reynard securely attached. Hastening to a roadside smithy a fine red fox was dressed for the path to Omemece, some twelve or fourteen miles westward, where I caught the G. T. R. train, arriving home in good time. The pelt was exchanged for \$3.00 which was its valuation and your scribe felt very much pleased with the result of his trip to Smithtown.



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LITTLE GIP

John A. McKinnon

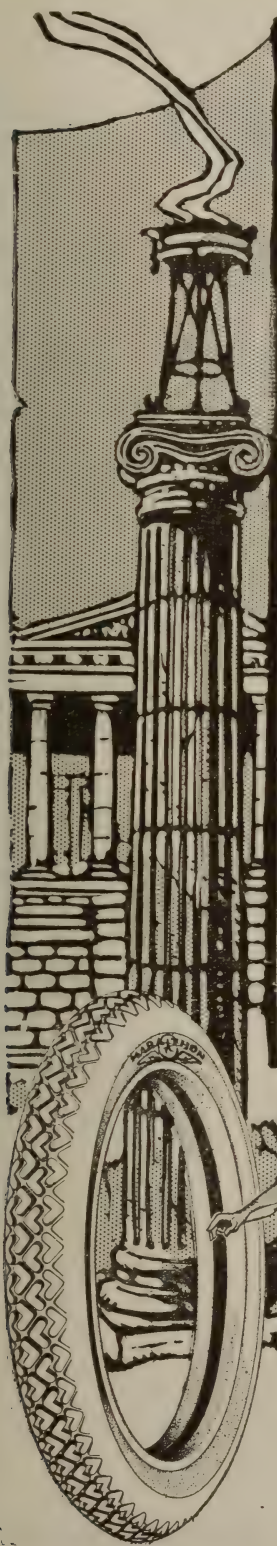
IN writing this story of Little Gip I am paying a tribute to the memory of as good a hound as ever trailed a fox. Gip was one in a litter of seven fine healthy pups, but unlike her brothers and sisters, Nature had destined her to be small, and because no one else wanted her and partly also because I had a tender feeling for the delicate looking little hound, I kept her myself. She never grew big although she developed into a well proportioned hound for her size. Her weight in good running condition was about thirty-five pounds, but what she lacked in weight she made up in grit and sand.

I first took Gip out when she was about six months old and unlike most pups of that age she would not follow me but persisted in trying to follow the old dogs. She even swam a small river in ice cold water in order to keep up to the trained hounds and wound up the day by getting lost. She had a shrill, piercing voice that could be heard a long distance. It did not take me long to locate her, but when I did she soon left me again and I had to go for her a second time. This time I put a strap on her neck and carried her part of the way home, and I decided that she should stay there until she was old enough to make her way home alone in case I lost track of her. I did not take her out again that fall as a young dog will very often cause a hunter to lose a good chance for a shot when sometimes that particular shot might be the only shot or the best chance for a shot that day.

One day in January a friend of mine called at the shop to tell me that two of my hounds, White Carlo and one of the pups, were running a fox back of the village. It was about 1 p.m. I got my snowshoes and gun and in about half an hour was in touch with the sounds. That was the first time I had a chance to see Gip work. She seemed to work as well as an old trained dog. At a loss she would circle ahead and very often get the trail ahead of Carlo. I was lucky enough to get a shot at the fox and he was mine. That was Gip's first fox and I let her muss it to her heart's content. The next fox Gip got she started by herself. I was standing behind a pine stump on the top of a gully. Gip had made a large circle in the fields with the fox and I felt pretty sure that on his next round the fox would head down the gully where I would have an ideal place for a shot. About three-quarters of a mile west of where I was stationed there is a small woods of thick second growth evergreens. In this woods old Reynard decided to have a little fun with the hound. For nearly an hour he led Gip a merry round of circles. I was also at the end of my patience and had almost decided to move up that way when I heard Gip's high soprano coming my way. She was rolling her voice out as if her life depended on it. I knew that old redskin wasn't far behind the noise, because Gip was telling me as plainly as a hound could that she could see him three hundred yards ahead of

me. The gully took a turn where another small creek led into it. Would he cross this creek and come to me or go up the other fork? I wasn't kept long in doubt. Gip and the fox came around the bend almost together. Gip as a matter of fact wasn't twenty feet behind the fox and they were making as straight for me as if I had been a magnet and the fox a piece of steel. The gully sloped away in a long slope and up this they came. The hound was right in line with the fox and if I shot, some of the charge was as liable to kill the dog as it was to kill the fox. Reynard passed the stump within ten feet of me and as he did I took a lightning shot at his head. He started down the embankment pawing the air with his front feet with Gip close at his heels. She overtook and killed him just as he was topping the ridge. I had shot the lower jaw clean off and it was a good experience for Gip as it made him nicer to handle. It was a lesson she never forgot. I believe she must have thought she had done the killing herself for after this she would not hesitate a second to take hold of a full grown fox at sight anywhere, and many a fox I have seen her pull out of holes where they had taken refuge. If Gip could once dig past the frost and get to where she could use her feet in loose sand it was only a matter of fifteen or twenty minutes when she would have him out where we could see his color. The following incident will illustrate the remarkable fighting qualities of this little hound. One of my old hunting friends, Baptiste Seguin, and I were out hunting foxes one day in March. We had taken Gip and a half sister of hers that I called Tan. Both were good scouts and when together they would very rarely come back to me once they got to the woods. If they could not get a fresh track in the first woods they would very often cross an opening and go into the next or scout around until they got one started.

We found signs where two foxes had been travelling some time during the night and going a little further to investigate I saw where both dogs had taken up the trail which led them in a westerly direction. The woods we were hunting in was about two miles long and a mile and a half wide at its widest place. After taking the matter over with my old friend we decided to stay where we were for the time being as we knew the hounds would start the foxes if they were in the woods and we were then at a good fox runway. It was then 10 a.m. Two hours passed and still there was no sound from the hounds so we decided to take up their trail and see if we could not locate them. We had gone about a half a mile when we met Tan coming towards us on her back track. There was no sign of Gip, however, and I then knew that the foxes had denned up for the day, as Tan was a splendid stayer and would not drop out of the chase that early in the day. As soon as Tan was satisfied that we were following the trail she took the lead and was soon out of sight. Ten



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minutes later I heard Gip give a few welcome howls directly ahead on a hemlock ridge. We soon found her. She was digging at the mouth of a den that went under and between the roots of a large pine stub. I then made a circle ahead to see if one or both foxes were in. There were no fox tracks leading out from there and as both fox tracks stopped there we were certain they were at home. I went to the nearest farm house for an axe and shovel and we soon had the roots cut away and the mouth of the den large enough to let Gip in. It was useless for us to try to dig more as the ground was frozen to a depth of a foot or more. However as Gip was past the frost we could help her for the time being by taking the sand away from the mouth of the den as she scratched it out to us. She was soon out of sight and we waited. In about twenty minutes a couple of howls from Gip that could just be faintly heard from the bowels of the earth told us that she had got within speaking distance of the foxes. A few more howls; then all was quiet.

Several minutes later Gip hauled one out to view and with my help soon made a decent fox of him. Gip was baely chewed up about the nose which was covered with blood and sand. It was beginning to swell badly and made her look more like a bull dog than a fox hound. Having hung the fox up in a tree out of reach of the hounds I decided to put Tan in to see what she would do with the other. I had no sooner let Tan in than Gip made a dive and caught hold of Tan and both hounds started to fight at the mouth of the den. Before I could get them separated Gip slipped past and was out of sight in the den. It was useless to let Tan follow her as she would be more of a hindrance than a help and besides they would be very apt to tear the skin to ribbons as neither dog would let go once they got a hold. We tied Tan up. Gip was soon in touch with the second one who proved to be a tough customer and he was evidently going to sell his life as dearly as possible. The dog dragged the fox to the mouth of the burrow twice but each time the fox managed to break her hold and scramble back into the den. The third time the fox caught Gip by the upper lip, making a tear an inch deep. She could not make him release his hold. Twisting around she caught the fox across the nose below the eyes and dragged him out. This time it was impossible for him to get away as the two animals were caught in a deadlock. One of the fox's long teeth projected through the hound's upper lip and in order to get a counter hold she had to stretch her lip to its utmost capacity. She was game and accepted this punishment without a whimper. We soon killed this fellow which proved to be a male of unusual size. Very few hounds would have taken these foxes out under the same conditions.

I could write pages about the remarkable hunting and staying qualities of this little

hound. Instead I will conclude this article by telling Rod and Gun readers of the last hunt I had with little Gip which took place the following February. After having had an early dinner I took Gip and Wolf and started for a good fox woods known locally as "the park." The hounds were ahead of me working the different covers on their way east. Arriving at "the park" I found a fresh fox track travelling in an easterly direction. The dogs struck it further in the woods and it took them some time to make the rounds as Reynard had evidently been on a hunting expedition. I waited developments and in a little while I saw both dogs coming on the track. One half mile further east they jumped him. Instead of circling back he took a straight course across the open fields for Point Fortune Bay. I waited about thirty minutes and as there was no sound of returning hounds and the walking was good I decided to follow, which I did for twelve miles almost in a straight line. I never once heard the hounds nor did I cross a circle. I was beginning to get tired and somewhat hungry. The sun had gone down and the full moon came up, making it an ideal night. It was very frosty and calm and I reasoned that if the dogs were running the fox within two or three miles of me I could have heard them. I decided to start for home. I knew that the dogs would strike my track and get home some time before morning. I took a shorter route home and in doing so I crossed the C. P. R. track about two miles east of my home. I went to bed that night with uneasy forebodings for after contemplating the situation I was afraid that there might be a chance of the tired dogs following the railway from where I had crossed it and that possibly the through train going west at midnight might happen along in time to catch one or both. I should have gone back to meet them where I had crossed the track as I had sufficient time, having reached home at 10.30 p.m. but I was dead tired and decided to take a chance and trust to luck. Imagine my disappointment next morning at finding only Wolf home and no sign of Gip. I knew then what had happened and sorrowfully I followed along the railway which passed directly back of our house, to where the fast going train had overtaken my faithful little hound, Gip. Three minutes later and she would have been opposite our place and her home. It was a hard lesson for me but one I have never forgotten and since then I have never followed the railroad track in going or coming from a hunt, nor would I hunt with a partner who did. Many a time have I stayed in the woods long after dark or walked a few extra miles in order to catch or call the dogs so as to take no chances; and I have felt well repaid for my trouble as since then, and during a period of some four years, I have not had a hound killed by trains. Gip was the eighth I had lost in that way, but so far there has not been a ninth.



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ALONG THE TRAP LINE

EDITED BY GEORGE J. THIessen



I am glad to see the interest which has been taken by the trappers in writing up their experiences. As one stated in his letter, Canada is the greatest fur producing region in the world and therefore out of pride the pelt hunters should boost this publication in this department especially, until we have the most interesting and instructive magazine in America. And best of all, I believe we are going to make Rod and Gun so good that no lover of the outdoors can afford to be without it.

Hunters and trappers "hate to write." Pen and paper to them possess more terrors than a brush with a bear. They imagine that because their work does not show the style of a finished author, it cannot prove of interest to any reader. But this is not true; the editor does not care for fine rhetoric and can forgive faulty construction, misspelled words, etc. In fact—and I guess this is true more or less of all those who "push pens"—most of us fall down on spelling quite frequently. Don't, therefore, think that YOU cannot send in an interesting story. Sit right down and tell us, just the same as if you were talking to some companion around a camp-fire or in a hunting lodge, of your experiences. Employ pen, pencil or anything else to write with. Of course it is better to use only one side of the paper, this makes matters easier for the compositor. However one of the best stories I ever received came from a Canadian pelt hunter who wrote on a piece of wrapping paper about a yard square.

There is romance in the great North woods. If the tales could be had from the trappers and hunters who have blazed the trail for civilization; if the tragedies of forest, stream and field could be written with the charm and melody of reality, what a wonderful piece of literature we should have! Let us hear from all of you—and especially the older ones of the fraternity. The editor has read thousands of letters from hunters and trappers, so he can be depended upon to straighten out the worst written missive that comes to his desk. Remember this when you feel that you cannot write well enough!

SPRINGY FURS

MARCH is the season of the year when furs commence to get "springy." Canadian pelts do not show this condition so badly at this time, but in the States it is different. The other day I visited a large fur house and saw them take up a number of shipments, actually, most of the skunk—and they came from as far north as Wisconsin—had deter-

iorated so rapidly that they were worth but a little more than half of what they would have brought had they been caught a month previous. And in the South—with the exception of muskrats, practically speaking, the skins are not worth taking. But still the animals are caught. At this season, after a long, cold winter, the fur bearers are hungry; also the mating season is near at hand. This means that they run freely and are easily taken. Trappers will leave out their sets, it seems to me, as long as they can sell a pelt for a dime, never thinking that if the animals were left to breed they would multiply much more rapidly than now. And in a way you cannot blame a man. He figures that if he does not trap them some one else will. This attitude is taken by most of the pelt hunters in the fall also—and the result must be nearly a million dollars loss.

Sometimes I sympathize with an honest fur firm. Trappers do not seem to recognize the fact that most pelts taken in the spring are not worth as much as those taken earlier. Actually I have heard some complaints from fur shippers who really were not justified in registering a "kick" at all. For instance, I happened to drop into the sorting room of a large fur firm the other day and saw a complaint on a Red Fox. The sorter had valued the skin at a dollar, but this firm holds most of the "rubbed" pelts of this kind and returns them at their own expense in case the valuation is not satisfactory. In my opinion, the hide was worth about fifty cents, the fur being practically gone. The shipper wrote back and called the company thieves and robbers. The fur was promptly returned and after the owner had tried two or three other markets, came back with an apology and wanted to sell the fox for the original bid.

On the other hand, some fur buyers actually wait the coming of spring so they can buy the goods at about half what they are worth. Probably some of you have had the experience of shipping rats and had most of them graded as winter and fall, while other furs taken even earlier were marked "springy." Some day I may use a little space to tell of the various "tricks" in the fur business—both shippers and dealers. I might even go so far as to mention names. The editor is a firm friend of the honest trapper and honest dealer, but will fight the dishonest ones with all his might.

Traps and Bait

Editor, "Along the Trap Line":—

Could you kindly tell me through your page in Rod and Gun where I can get a book that will tell me what kind of traps to



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Maskinonge	- - - - -	June 16th to Dec. 31st
Pickerel	-	May 16th to April 14th the following year

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**G. T. BELL, Passenger Traffic Manager,
Montreal, Quebec.**

J. QUINLAN, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, Que.

**W. S. COOKSON, General Passenger Agent,
Montreal, Quebec.**

use to trap Skunk, Coon, Muskrat and Bear, and also to tell me what kinds of bait to use to trap these animals.

Thanking you in advance,
I remain, Yours truly,
Montreal, P.Q. "Prospective Trapper."

(Any trap catalogue will give you the desired information. I almost hesitate to recommend any particular size, for even professionals disagree upon this. For instance, I prefer the No. 0 Jump for Muskrats; some use No. 1½. In general I will say:

Skunk—

Newhouse, No. 1, No. 81, No. 91.

Victor, Star, Hawley & Norton, No. 1 and No. 1½.

Oneida Jump, Leap, Kangaroo, No. 1 and No. 1½.

Alligator No. 2.

Stop Thief No. 3 and No. 3½.

Coon—

Newhouse, No. 1½, No. 81½, No. 91½.

Victor or Hawley and Norton, No. 1½.

Oneida Jump, Leap and Kangaroo, No. 1½, No. 91½, No. 2, No. 12.

Stop Thief, No. 3, No. 3½.

Muskrat—

Newhouse, Victor, Hawley & Norton, Jump, etc., No. 0, No. 1.

Bear (depending on species)—

Newhouse No. 5, No. 6, No. 15, No. 50, No. 150.

For all the animals except the Muskrat I prefer Animal Attractor; for Muskrat, Muskrat Attractor. These can be purchased from the Animal Attractor Co., of Stanwood, Iowa. These lines cost 65c, postpaid and the money returned if not satisfactory.

Good Luck Fox Hunting

Editor, "Along the Trap Line":—

I am sure there are hunters and trappers enough in this fine country of ours (Canada) to make "Along the Trap Line" very interesting. Fall in line brother trappers and send your little bit every month to the good old Rod and Gun. Don't say you can't write, for that is a very poor excuse. If you can't write, tell your little story to some one who can, and ask them to write it down for you. Then send it in. We all like to know what our brother trappers are doing and what they have done on the trap line; how you caught that sly old fox, the wary mink or that fine otter that sprung his trap so often before you "nabbed" him.

I will tell about the very good luck I have had catching fox. When you want to get a fox procure some good strong line and cut it into pieces three feet long for snares. Use a piece of meat—something that smells loud is good! Bloody bait will do, or make a good scent by putting some fish in a bottle in the sun. Then when trapping time comes take your piece of meat, put it in a bag or tie a cord to it, and when you get to the place you intend to set your snares, drag the meat behind you. In rabbit runs are good places, if you have the scent. Then just sprinkle some of it in the trail. Also put some of it on the soles of your boots. Now cut a small alder, birch or willow and lay across the run or trail where you intend setting your snare. Take your

snare and pass it around a tree and draw it back and forth till it gets well coated and smells strong of the gum. That makes it smell natural and keeps it from curling up in wet weather. Construct your loop and tie to a tree laid across the trail. When set the snare should be six inches from the ground so that the fox will get caught when passing through. Don't go too close when looking at it—just close enough to see if any are caught. You could employ a hundred snares that would not cost as much as one fox trap. Nothing for Jonny Sneak 'em to steal and a good catcher when set right.

I see in March Rod and Gun where Mr. Fred C. Ralph wants some of the trappers to give their ideas of raw fur quotations. Well my idea of some of the price lists is that they remind me of a lottery or a Chinese laundry ticket. My tip to every trapper is if they can, do as I do—go right in to town yourself and sell your furs, you will get more. With my very best wishes to Rod and Gun I'll come to a conclusion for this time.
Montreal.

W. W. Wheeler.

This is the spirit the editor likes. If you all boost as Mr. Wheeler suggests, it will be a good thing not only for the trappers and hunters but other readers as well. Canada has the best trapping grounds in the world, and what romances—what tragedies—are locked in the breasts of those pioneers who literally blazed the trails of civilization.

We don't care if you can't write like a college professor nor spell like a "shark" at a spelling bee. All we care for are your ideas. We'll put them in shape.

We hope that the bait we are sending Mr. Wheeler will prove of value to him on the trap line.

A First Capture.

Editor, "Along the Trap Line":—

Well, Oh yes! very well do I remember my first skunk! Fresh from the city, with my head cram full, of the contents of "The Young Fur-Traders" and many other equally fine, boyish books, and the settled conviction that my special calling was closely associated with steel traps, dead-falls and snares, I joyfully enlisted as a pupil with the most famous trapper, "Old Canuck", in the vicinity of our new home.

Half a dozen "Victor" traps, a small hatchet .22 rifle, game bag and a couple of miles of trout stream, with the adjacent hills and swamps thrown in, made up my outfit.

Four of the said traps, (No. 1 they were) were placed upon the trout creek, set and baited in the most approved "trappers' guide fashion," while the remaining two were staked at the entrance of as many promising looking skunk holes.

Several unsuccessful "rounds" of my long (?) line, through deep snow, (for, unlike most amateurs I did not start in September or thereabouts) made me wonder where all the game had disappeared to. The weather was pretty cold, however, for skunk (December, it was) and I hardly expected a mink right away.

The morning of my fifth 'round was very cold, and a forty mile wind was trying to

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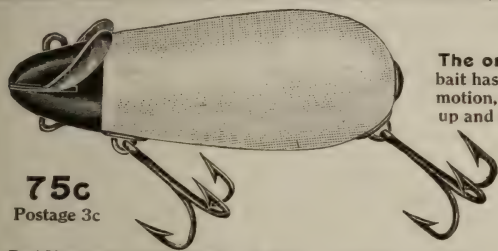
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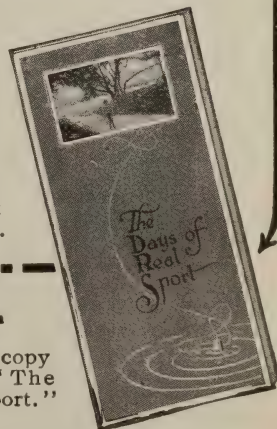
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make a blizzard out of the six inches or so of loose snow that had fallen on the crust.

I struck out bravely, my old snow shoes carrying me up well on the crust and over the fluffy drifts. Down I went through the thick cedar swamp where not a breath of wind moved the lower branches, though over head the tree-tops, swayed, twisted and lashed, and the snow drove by in great white clouds, hiding the very sky, but making it seem snug, undeed, down in the shelter of the cedars.

The mink traps yielded nothing, and had to be reset. This done, I struck on through the swamp, turned along the foot of the hills, whose tops were hidden in a swirl of white; recrossed the swamp at a narrow point, endured the buffeting, driving wind across an open space, and entered the hardwood woods where my "line" of two skunk traps awaited me.

The first was empty. The untracked snow piled soft and deep over all; a slight impression showing where the hole was, while the stake, to which I knew the trap was fastened, wore a saucy, high cap of purest white.

"Well there is only one more," I soliloquized "and I suppose it will—." What was that? There was the hole, open and free of snow. I started to run. Yes there must be something, surely, or why would the snow be scratched away and the leaves dug up all around the set?

Cautiously—most cautiously—I approached the den. Yes, there was the chain leading down into it. A little closer, and a bushy black and white tail came into view. I cocked my little Hamilton, but let it down again and crept around more directly in front. Two broad, white stripes on a black ground of black. Click! I cocked the little gun, sighted straight between the stripes—(remember I was but fourteen and it was my first) and pulled. I think I jumped just a little bit before I pulled, for, after skinning him I discovered I had not touched him at all. Back I stole to the scene of the crime. No, he was not dead; on the contrary, very much alive. Well, he would have to come out of that, and be dispatched afterward.

Cutting a long green pole about an inch and a half in diameter I set to work. The stake the trap was fastened to, evidently was not very sound, as it was broken off about an inch above the ground, and the ring was simply lying over this. Also the stake had been driven much too near the hole, allowing the skunk to get too far down.

Gently I slipped the ring off the stake and onto the pole. Then, sliding the pole along until the chain was tight, I began to pry, using the pole as a lever.

Oh! how he could hang on! I applied a steady pressure, however, and he had to come a little. I tried to shift the pole to obtain a longer hold, when—slip—rattle! rattle!! and the skunk was going down trap and all. Dropping on my face I caught the chain just before it passed out of sight, and hauled back on it. Evidently he wasn't expecting this, for he came remarkable easy for a foot or so, then became immovable again.

Getting the chain back on the pole, I began to work him out gently as before, when the same accident happened again. This time

I was too late to catch the chain and he got away. I almost cried, boys, when the full realization of this dawned on me. I stamped around, and exhausted my full supply of boyish, harmless profanity.

"Well, he wont live long with that bullet through him," I thought, (I fully believed I had "drilled" him, you see) and started home to get help to dig him out.

Getting a chap to help me, as the ground was frozen hard, I began to feel as if I might "land" him eventually. We dug all afternoon however, with no success and gave it up at dark.

"I'll get Canuck," I said to my companion, "He will know just where to dig for him."

I told Canuck that night, making a special trip to do so. He promised to come, and remarked, that, as I had shot it, there was no hurry, as it was probably dead already.

Three weeks elapsed before Canuck came with gun, spade and knives to finish the job and skin the fur bearer on the spot. Canuck looked over the ground and began to dig between our first and second holes. He was there all right, and—alive. It was then, after killing and skinning him that I discovered I had not hit him at all.

Just to think of it! Three weeks in the ground with a trap on its leg, high up at that. It almost sickened me of trapping. I never have had the like happen since, however, and it taught me to use more care and "turn the trick" more humanely. It is my opinion that boys, (that is *very* young boys) have no business setting traps, unless they have had a proper training in the art. There is nothing I enjoy more myself.

Toronto, Ontario.

P. W. Parkinson.

Editor's Note: I heartily agree with you. Frequently in my travels I have seen civets—they are worse than skunks to handle—left to die by boy trappers because they could not get them out of their sets. Think of it! Weeks elapse before the fur bearers die from lack of water and food. Their leg—the one caught—often rots off. Be humane, boys. Cause no needless suffering. G.J.T.

The One We Didn't Get.

Editor, "Along the Trap Line":—

It was in the late fall of the year, after the marshes were frozen over, while I was out looking at my muskrat traps, that I ran across the largest mink track I had ever seen. There had just fallen the night before enough snow to make tracking possible and so you can bet I started on that mink track like a wild Indian, and after that pesky mink had taken me through every dirty hole that it was possible for him to find, I finally landed him in an old ground-hog hole on a side hill in the edge of the hard woods.

Well, I thought, here is a good place to try smoking him out, and so I made for home to get the necessary articles. I got a lot of rags and corn-husks, some powdered charcoal as well as a quantity of sulphur to make a good stifling smoke, also an old bicycle pump of the large size, which I thought would perhaps help force the smoke into the burrow.

Well I got my trap set in one hole, and got the fire going in the other and in spite of all

my efforts of pumping and blowing that mink wouldn't budge.

What will I do next I wondered? Then I happened to remember a friend of mine who had a fox terrier that was guaranteed to go into any wood-chuck hole, so I plugged up the mink hole so there would be no danger of him getting out while I was away and then I went after my friend Jack and his terrier.

I got Jack and his dog and another neighbor boy who was at Jack's place. The latter brought his gun along to shoot the mink, he said. We got back to the mink den after awhile and after much persuading finally got the dog to go in the hole.

Jack said, "I'll grab the mink when he comes out," and he proceeded to get into position. "No," George replied, "I'll shoot him," and he also got in position. Presently there was a commotion down in the hole. I was sure Jack would be shot in the fracas. So just as I saw the dog backing out of the hole with the mink in his teeth I caught Jack by the collar and jerked him backwards. He had been down on his knees and when I jerked him back so that George wouldn't shoot him, he went end over end clean down the hill and just as the dog got outside he opened his mouth for a better hold and away went the mink. George was watching Jack roll down the hill and so didn't shoot.

Well you never saw three madder fellows in your life. Jack jumped up and down and growled! "What did you jerk me like that for? If you had let me alone I would have had him." But there were no fatal accidents anyway, and that is what I was most concerned about.

I have tried to catch mink by staking off a creek, but I never found it very satisfactory. It is all right for muskrats as they usually keep to the water in their travels up and down a creek, but mink, I find as a rule, keep on the land when they are travelling, especially when the creeks are open and that is the only time you could stake it. They keep along the shore looking for frogs and mice and they will go out around any obstruction you might put up.

Of course they will take the water, too. For instance suppose a mink wants to get a nice fat muskrat, he will go up the creek to the last open hole and then go in and proceed along under the ice till he comes to the lake or pond and so to the rat houses where it is quite easy for him to catch a rat and he may never go in or out at the same hole twice, as the holes keep freezing up in the cold weather, and so I find about the best plan is to track them to their den. Don't try to smoke or dog them out but get a couple of traps well cleaned in weak lye or lime water and without making any unnecessary disturbance around proceed to set your traps and of course if you have any good attractor to use so much the better.

Yours truly,

Hastings, Ont.

A. L. F.

Editor's Note: We are glad you are interested in Rod and Gun. Not only my department but all others should be of value to those interested in the great outdoors. G.J.T.

Another First Experience.

Editor, "Along the Trap Line":—

As I am a constant reader of the Rod and Gun I am writing you a short letter telling of my first skunk. There were three of us, and of course the dog. I'll never forget it.

The day we chose was after a light snow in February and it was fine for tracking, so we started for the woods. We went for about a mile until we could see plainer. Suddenly the dog barked and we went to see what was the matter with him. We found a hole, so my brother said there must be a rabbit in there! "What do you say if we set a trap?" Of course the rest of us said sure. So we set it and went on hoping there would be something in it when we came back.

Well we travelled still further in the woods, hunting rabbits until it commenced to get quite dark, so started back home. We got to where we set the trap and as there was nothing in it, we went home and of course we told the folks about it and they "kidded" us about it and said we couldn't catch anything. But we replied that we would keep it up until we did. Well, the next morning we were up bright and early and started out to see how many rabbits we had caught. (I forgot to say that the day before we set six traps in all.)

We got to the first trap and when within about 25 yards, we could smell skunk, so we ran as fast as we could towards it. When we got there the dog was having a great time barking. He wouldn't go any nearer than two or three feet to the skunk and my brother who was a little older than I was and had more spunk said, "Get me a club." Of course I got one. He then said, "I'll kill it," and started towards him but I kind of kept in the rear for fear that I might get scented. "Come here and take hold of the chain while I rap him on the head," he yelled. When he said that I went and of all the pulling and whacking that poor skunk got it was a wonder there was anything left of it. But that wasn't the worst part of it. That came when we arrived home. Well you can just bet there was something doing when we got in the house and commenced to tell the history of our game.

We no more than appeared than my mother said, "For heaven's sake where have you boys been?" Then we told her about the big skunk we had killed and had fairly well got started when my sister came down from upstairs and put her hand to her nose and told us to get right out of doors quick and air ourselves as that wasn't the kind of perfume she was used to. So we hied ourselves outside and climbed the old cherry tree in the back yard, and all the laughing you ever heard couldn't surpass that of those two women. When I think of it now I can see it was amusing. We stayed up the tree until 8.30 when mother came out and said, "Are you boys going to school to-day," and of course we said "Yes." We started without giving another thought as to whether we smelt right or not, but we knew soon after we got into the school yard. All the "kids" commenced to say, "Gee, what a smell," and we were blushing to beat the band but at the same time we were having as much fun out of it as they were. We chased them all over the play ground saying, "Want

to smell something nice," until the bell rang and we went in. That is where our troubles commenced.

We hung up our hats and overcoats and went in to sit down at our desks when the teacher said, "There is an awful smell in here, children, what is it?" All the pupils commenced laughing, so the teacher said, "Open the window in the rear, Frank, and let out that awful odor." I did, but as it was cold I had to put it down again in a few minutes and then the smell was worse than ever. She said finally, "Come here," and I came to where she was and she scolded: "Now you go home and change your clothes and don't come back until you smell different."

I replied, "Yes ma'am."

When I got out I met my brother standing in the door way and he commenced to tell me what his teacher had said and we laughed to think we were going to have the rest of the day to ourselves.

We never went home but started for the woods and when we got over there we went to our other traps and found we had caught two rabbits, so we went home then and told mother all about it and changed our clothes and buried them in the back yard. In the afternoon we went back to school and every thing was all right after that.

But I can never forget that first skunk I ever caught. In regards to the skunk some of the older boys took it and wrapped it up in paper and brought it to the Chinese laundry, but that is another story. The clothes are in the back-yard yet.

57 Thatcher St.,

Francis O. Miller.

Hyde Park, Mass.

Editor's Note: Come again! I am sure our many readers will enjoy this story. G.J.T.

An Attempt At Securing Muskrat Stock.

Editor, "Along the Trap Line":—

Your invitation has prompted me to give you my experience in taking muskrats alive for a fur farming venture.

It came about in this way! A friend of mine had a contract to supply the required number of live muskrats to give this farm a start in the business and requested me to help him out by picking up a couple hundrea of the little fellows which I readily agreed to do as the price was to be much greater than even the top notch quotations of the worst fur companies.

The idea was explained to me of winding the jaws of traps with tape so as not to interfere with their working parts and yet to protect them so well that no broken legs would result. To all this I listened appreciatively but said nothing as I had a scheme that would skin that a mile.

Accordingly, as soon as matters had been fixed with "the powers that be" to allow me to trap during the closed season I enlisted the assistance of a good man and went to work. Equipped with hip boots and a large and varied assortment of picks, shovels and such tools, also a roll of wire chicken netting and a screen covered cage to hold the rats we repaired to the river bank. My idea was to peg one edge of the netting to the bed of the river a short distance around the holes from a den

and with the top extending above the water. Then dig down to the den in the bank and drive them out into the enclosure and simply gather them in.

The season was late October, the swimming hole was deserted and the river had a cold and cheerless aspect from the start, but that had nothing to do with my business so I waded boldly in to about three feet of water and immediately discovered a series of leaks in my boots and at the same time that the frigid appearance of the river was a stern reality.

However, the netting was finally satisfactorily secured and my man commenced digging up on the bank while I waited inside the enclosure with a bag net ready to scoop up the game.

Very soon I became aware that something was going on in the roily water around my feet, but I could not yet discern the cause of all the commotion. Repeated vibrations of the netting convinced me that my enclosure was nearly filled with rats—underwater—and it seemed strange indeed that after awhile none of them found it necessary to come to the surface for breath. However all things have an end and patience brought its reward. The water was clearing and I would soon reap my harvest.

Again the netting was seized by one of those vibration spasms and I saw indistinctly the form of a rat wriggle its way through the mesh of my fence and swim swiftly away under water to some place beyond the reach of bag, nets and screen cages as it was now evident all the others had done.

Was I beaten or discouraged? Not yet. We would have dinner and try again. This time I was as sure of success as before. I doubled the netting so that it would "break joints" and produced a fence that would hold anything from muskrats to mice and started in again in a new locality. My boots leaked as badly as in the morning and I could not see that the water had warmed up very much but the enclosure was once more completed and the performance of driving them out again repeated. As before several of them escaped somehow until in desperation I discarded my carefully constructed net and with a sack for protection I lunged for one of a pair that were at that moment engaged in negotiating for a right of way through my double jointed fence. Immersion to my neck was of small consequence as I emerged victorious, and a big nice muskrat was soon glowering at us from his new home in the cage where he energetically repelled all friendly advances by attacking with tooth and nail anything and everything that came to his attention. By this time, the vision of a small fortune quickly acquired had vanished and I gave up the quest returning home, wet, cold and triumphant with my single captive.

For some time the problem of the proper disposition to make of him was chief among my troubles, as he seemed to be determined to accept no favors from his many admirers and persistently refused to partake of apples or any other food that would have pleased the palate of any self respecting muskrat. Eventually I concluded to return him to his wild free life and as dusk settled down he swam without even a regretful look behind,

down a little brook that led to his home and haunts of the night before.

In conclusion I might mention that as this was my first so it was my last attempt to assist in stocking a fur farm and what they have since done without my assistance I do not even know.

Yours truly,

Glen Sutton, P.Q.

E. E. Eastman.

Editor's Note: We like such letters as these. May you enjoy your subscription to Rod and Gun as much as all of us will this!

G. J. T.

Thirty-five Years A Trapper.

Editor, "Along the Trap Line":—

I see in Rod and Gun that they want letters from trappers and as I always like to help a good thing along and have had the experiences of thirty-five years on the trap line, I will try and write a short letter. I love the rod and also the gun but I like the traps best. Now the trapper as in other callings, to make a success of it, must have it born in him and it will show up in the boy while quite young. Now boys to make a good trapper and get the good out of it, you must be honest; do not steal traps or fur out of traps, and don't get angry when you see some one on what you call your trapping ground. But remember he wants to trap too and that the furs are as much his as they are yours. Shake hands with him and ask him what luck he is having how he finds the fur, and have a friendly chat, and you will have gained a friend. One needs friends on the trap line as well as any place. The trapper should be a good walker, one who is fond of long rambling walks in the woods and country. He must learn the habits of animals he wishes to trap. What food they like best and must find out the places they frequent most. He must learn why they go there. This can only be done by the closest studying of the animals you wish to take, of which there are a great many, and all or nearly all have different habits and of course need different sets.

Now, as I have said, we have a great many kinds of fur bearing animals and I have trapped them all or nearly all that we have here in Ontario. But I am more acquainted with

some of them than I am with others, and it is of my experiences with those that I shall speak, my secrets for taking the same. Mink I think is found all over North America and I caught a mink for my first catch. I have taken great pleasure in trapping him ever since and very profitable for me has this sort of trapping been.

The mink has a very acute sense of smell and is very cunning; therefore it requires much care and ingenuity to trap the mink. The habits of the male and female are quite different. The male will travel four or five miles up and down stream from his home and be gone a week on one of these trips, while the female confines herself to a given locality of about one mile from her den. The males stop at all female dens going up or down stream. Mink are found along rivers, creeks, swales and swamps. Where you find the muskrat you will find the mink.

Dens of mink are found under bridges, under trees and stumps that overhang the stream, and in stone piles, lumber piles, and log heaps along the shore. For food, the mink uses fish, birds, muskrat and mice. Mink are great mousers and I think that mice are their main food, where they can find them.

Some trappers say mink are afraid of human scent and the signs we make in setting traps. Sometimes they are and sometimes they are not. If you go to the creek and find a place you want to set a trap, you pull up all the sticks there are in sight and dig up the dirt with your hands and tramp around all you can. Mink are afraid of the scent and signs here. now go to the swamp; take a hoe with you; find a good place to set a trap. Take the hoe, dig up a place two feet square. Set your trap in the centre and drop a little skunk scent around and a few feathers if you have them and the mink is not afraid of signs or scent here. He thinks the skunk has been here and killed something and he will dig the place over to find something the skunk has left and he will get caught. I have sat and watched them for a hour at a time and have had them come within a few feet of me three or four times in fifteen minutes, and I have had them at times get out of sight like lightning when I was quite a way from them. I think this proves that sometimes they are shy and sometimes they are not.

Now for traps I think the No. 11½ are best. For me I prefer the Jump trap. Mink are very strong for their size and very quick and you get a higher and better hold with the larger trap.

The next thing you want is a pair of rubber boots. The hip-boots are best but the knee boot will do in some places. You must have them if you want to get the mink, and you want a good knife and a small hatchet and to have it sharp. With this equipment we are ready for trapping. The first thing is to be sure that the fur is prime. A great many start too early. One prime skin is worth four or five unprime ones. So it is up to you to be careful. Mink become prime



"An Ontario Trapper's" Catch

about the first of December and should not be caught later than the first of March, as their running or mating season begins the latter part of February.

Just a few words about scent and bait. I do not believe in mixing a lot of stuff together and calling it scent as some do. It is no good. I do not mean that mink cannot be caught with scent although I do not use much scent myself. I think sometimes the matrix of the female is the best decoy I have ever used, but it is hard to get. The mink scent itself is next best and fish oil is good sometimes. For bait I never use a big piece of meat as I see some do. I have seen a muskrat hung up for bait and pushed in a hole or hollow log with two or three traps set in front of it. Some may catch mink that way but I cannot. When I use bait I tear or cut it up in small pieces the size of a bean and put five or six of these pieces back or above my trap. The smell is all you want. The mink will look up every piece and dig around for more and if he does not get caught he will go away from the place he found it and then go back to see if he has missed any and you will be sure to get him, if you have your traps set right, and he will not be shy of little pieces as he will of the big ones. He is not used to seeing muskrat hung up or chicken in some hole along the bank.

Small streams make better trapping grounds than the big ones. Small creeks and ditches and spring streams, though only a foot or two wide, that empty into larger ones make good places to set traps for mink.

If you wish to make a success of trapping, you must look up your trapping grounds early in the fall and have them ready when the season comes. I have always had some trouble to find good places to set traps after I had chosen the streams where I was going to trap. But I find I avoid some of this by going to streams early with a two or three inch auger and spade. The auger must have a four foot shank. I pick out a place where the bank hangs over the water and is two or three feet higher than the water. Now step in the water and bore a hole five or six inches above the water and let your auger run up so when you have gone as deep as you can it will be about two feet from the top of the bank. Mark the place where you think the end of the auger is. Then step out, take a spade and dig a hole one foot wide by two feet long and eight inches deep. Now dig the hole one foot square till you come to the auger hole. Now drive two flat stakes one each side of the auger hole and a stake for your trap. Put some fine grass in the bottom and a little bait if you like. Then cut a board or some good bark two feet long or so. It will fit the long hole. Lay it in; put a few leaves or grass over the bark. Now put the sods back in their place and leave it for two weeks. At the end of this time go over them and see how many have been used and you can put in some fresh bait. They will then be ready when the season comes. Take up the sods and boards make a place just in side for your trap. When set cover it so it will be just as before and all look alike and you will be sure of your mink and others will not find your traps or fur. I make these about one mile apart.

In the swales you will find places where the grass or rushes grow very high. Go to these with about twenty stakes, thirty inches long, and stick them in the ground four or five inches letting the tops come together. Leave two openings one on each side. Now draw the grass up around your stakes and tie it there with some good cord. If it is done right you should have a little wigwam two feet across and about two feet high. Put a little bait inside and leave it till you are ready to start trapping. I build two or three of these in each swale. Of course in large swales you can build more. Willows grow in plenty around such places as a rule, and I go to these places and break out the dead canes for stakes. You must look for tile that empty into the streams and swamps and see that they are ready for your traps, for the mink know them all and will go to them every time he comes that way. Look under the trees and stumps that overhang the streams and you will find good places to set traps. A man can walk ten or twelve miles a day and build and dig about fifteen of these places to set traps in and by putting in three or four days of your spare time you will have some good lines ready. Get your traps set in a very short time after the season opens and the animals will get accustomed to going in or through them by the time you want to use them. In setting traps dig out a hole the size of your trap and just deep enough so when the trap is covered it will be level with the ground around it; and see that your trap is level, so the jaws will not tilt if stepped on. Now see that the pan is set just right. Put a little cotton batten or rabbit fur under the pan so it will be sure to go. When covered throw what dirt is left in the water or take it away with you. Never disturb the surroundings more than is absolutely necessary and never spit near your traps, or take a dog with you on the trap line as mink can scent a dog for days. Oil your traps with lard or coon oil and test them before setting. This is only a little of what I could tell you if I had the space but I have taken up too much room now.

With the information I have given the amateur or young trapper should be able to get started right and that is all that is needed, for a great deal can only be learned by experience. It will be a great help to the beginner if he can go with some good trapper for a day or two. But do not get discouraged if you only get a very few mink the first season. Remember the professional very often only gets a few mink in a season, so keep on trying and success will be yours. Well boys if you ever see this in print I will come again.

An Ontario Trapper.

A First Experience

Editor, "Along the Trap Line":—

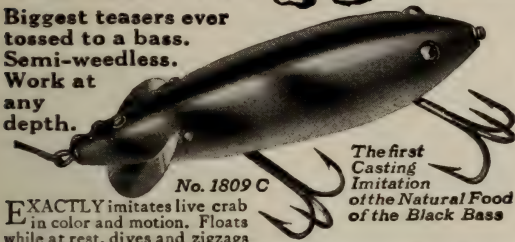
I am reading "Along the Trap Line," and came to where the Editor asked how many of us remembered our first skunk?

I sure remember mine.

My father bought me 12 Newhouse traps and went to show me the trick of setting them. He then quit and I went next morning alone. I had never seen a skunk and knew nothing about them and when I asked, was told not to go too close or they would bite.

Crab Wigglers

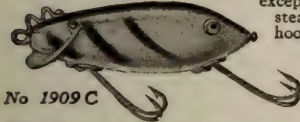
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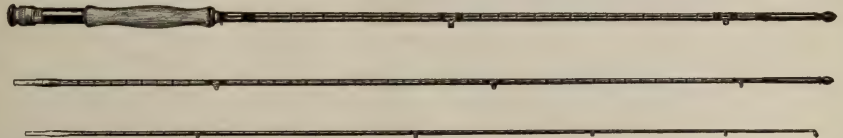
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Stout to 4X Ditto, Ditto to 3X, Stout Lake to fine, Ditto to medium, Ex-stout to MEDIUM, Ex-stout to stout, 6 ft. 8/6d. per doz. or \$2.08, 9-ft. 11/- per doz. or \$2.69.

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My first trap had a large black animal in it. I walked up to him, and shot him in the head but did not wait for him to die. Oh, the result! By the time he was dead and skinned, I was anything but a pleasant person to have around.

The above incident as a trapper took place in McCook County, S. Dakota, U.S.A., 17 years ago. Yours truly
Toronto, Ont. Jesse G. Stauffer.

Muskrat Trapping.

Editor, "Along the Trap Line":—

In the February issue of Rod and Gun I believe you asked for some of the trappers to tell of their experience with the first skunk they ever captured but as I have never caught one I cannot tell that, but will try and tell you some of my first experiences along the trap line.

When about ten years old, and hearing the larger boys tell of the great fun they had catching mink, muskrat and weasel, I decided it was high time to get into action and be able to tell stories of the animals I had captured; and incidentally earn a few dollars for pocket money. So I hunted up Dad's traps and found two old ones—a number one and a number four. The smaller one I set for muskrats. It was in the spring and how carefully I set that trap and how closely I watched it. But the floods came on and when I could get to my trap two weeks later, there was a large muskrat floating on the water and fast in the trap. He was spoiled so I brought the trap home and the next fall I started in trapping muskrat with two traps. I captured two nice ones and then lost both traps by a light fingered fellow taking them without leaving his address.

One I later recovered and purchasing another I set them for mink. One I set with a spring pole and while putting the finishing touches around that trap the pole flew up and struck me a stinging blow on the nose. I sat down rather quickly right in the edge of the water, but I didn't remain there long. I carried a swelled nose for two weeks but I captured two minks. One was a small female which was later classed by a raw fur company as a brown weasel and I got five cents for it. The other, a fine large male, was graded as a second rate hide by the same company and I got one dollar for it. I wrote that company a good sharp letter and they wrote me back about the same kind of one but neither did any good.

Next I decided I would try for a fox, back in the pasture lot. Accordingly I secured an extra fox trap and set them in water and baited them well. Christmas day I went to look at them, thinking perhaps I would have a nice large red fox for a Christmas present but when I arrived at the place both traps were gone. Afterwards a small neighbor boy asked me if I had any traps set for fox back in the pasture lot and I told him "No." "Well," he exclaimed, "whose traps were those I found out there then." I told him just who they belonged to and I also told him some other things. The result was he returned the traps to their rightful owner, which was myself.

I haven't trapped since, for I decided right then that there was more loss than gain in

trapping on a small scale in this thickly settled country place.

Yours truly,
Upper Keswick, N. B. S. R. Estey.

Come again. Next time perhaps you will win a prize. In fact, the stories were so interesting that it was hard to decide which were the best this month. G.J.T.

An Alberta Trapper.

Editor, "Along the Trap Line":—

I wonder if I am the only one on the north side of the North Saskatchewan river as I have been reading your magazine for some time but don't read of anybody writing from my part of the country. Evidently it is up to me to tell something of my trapping and hunting experiences. I surely agree with F. C. Ralph writing in a previous issue, for I would surely much rather face a bear than take a pen in hand to write for publication. When I first examined my dad's traps I made up my mind there was nothing like trapping, but when I was able to afford a rifle I decided trapping was slow work. I set my traps, however, to see what I can catch through the night but the real sport is when I go out looking for game and meet with success in shooting it, or even when I only try to shoot it and don't succeed.

The first time I went out to trap for coyote I set a couple of traps and the next time I came over there were three of them at my traps and I found that the smallest one of them was fast and the others had come to see what would happen. When I got there with my single shot-gun, it being all I had in those days, it wasn't long before there was only one to see what would happen and I think he knows what would happen if I had the rifle I own now, a .303 British, the Ross rifle. I thought I had done pretty well for the first time and got a snapshot taken of the two hides but no one will catch me going on a coyote hunt with a single bore shot-gun.

When a fellow first comes to sell or trade furs he surely does experience something about grades and qualities of furs. A while back I shipped a little bunch of furs to a firm in the east and I happened to have three hides almost alike and killed at the same time. When they were graded however there was one No. 1 X large and the others were a lot smaller. I don't believe in so many different grades. It's more or less an excuse.

Mewassin, Alta.

E. F. Pitzler.

You are right. We should get more letters and stories from your section. Probably your interesting communication will awaken some of the hunters and trappers in your part of the Province. Doubtless it is hard for many of you to write but forget about spelling and grammar, those of you who hesitate on this account, and sit down and write your experiences, telling them to us as you would to a trapper friend who happened to call on you.

Smoking Them Out

Editor, "Along the Trap Line":—

In reply to Mr. Eldon Enkenman's letter in the March issue he wishes someone to give their experiences with Shaw's Pneumatic Smoker.

ONE of our fellows swore off swearing at New Year's. He puts five cents in the baby's bank every time he forgets himself. It cost him half a dollar to get dressed every morning when he wore a ten button Union Suit. Now he wears the Hatch One-Button Union and gets out with a nickle. It's tough on the baby though!

He says if the buttons were not so conveniently placed in *front* it would cost more.

Hatch One-Button Union Suits are made in Zimmerknit quality. That makes a pretty good combination.

At camp you like to dress in a hurry. The One-Button Hatch may mean an extra fish.



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I will try as best I can to give him my experiences with this smoker, when in company with two of my chums on a rabbit hunt on the outskirts of the city, Saturday afternoon, that being the only time we ever get out shooting. We enjoy it however, much more than if we were out hunting every day.

Not meeting any luck at scaring up any rabbits or the hounds running any we came over the top of a small hill and at the bottom was a "night before" skunk track so we decided that we should follow it. We tracked it around the field once and it crossed over the outward track about forty yards from where we came down the hill, going into the same den he came out of, it being, I supposed, an old "ground-hog's" hole with two entrances. We were in luck. We got some dry cedar bark and a few old rags which we always carried when we took along the smoker, also some sulphur powder. We lit the smoker had it going good and started the dirty work by forcing the smoke down Mr. Skunk's comfortable den. (This I know they are as I have dug a few out).

One of my chums held the two hounds as we did not want to go into the city streets with two well perfumed hounds at our heels, likewise neither did we, or in all probability we would not have been accompanied by the fairer sex to the theatre that Saturday evening.

I stood about twenty yards away with my gun loaded waiting for "His Majesty" to appear which was not long as the smoke soon began coming out the second hole and we soon heard some sniffing and out came the skunk half smothered and started straight away from his hole when suddenly two shots rang out and result: One dead short-stripe skunk.

This proved that the smoker will smoke out skunks with a double entrance but on a single entrance I don't know how it would work. Not having used Shaw's Pneumatic Smoker I cannot speak authoritatively but I have tried out Funsten's Improved Smokers and find them O. K. They have a long nozzle and the bellows which is a great improvement over the pump action smoker and they will smoke out a skunk in a very few minutes. Another feature of this smoker is the big fire box they have as it holds a goodly quantity of fuel and you never have to light it a second time to smoke anything out of its den.

Hoping that this letter will be of interest to Mr. Enkenman also some other brother trappers and hoping to see some one else's experiences with a smoker.

Woodbine Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.

Yours truly,
C. I. Askin.

No smoker will force gas against a dead air space, generally speaking, and if it would the editor doubts if the animal would face the fumes and come out. G.J.T.

My First Skunk.

Editor, "Along the Trap Line":—

It was November and my six traps had been set for a week. There had been no results until one stormy morning following a mild night. When I cautiously looked in to the last hole, a big white tail and a powerful odor

greeted me. I rather hastily backed out of range, stood behind a tree, scratched my head, and carefully thought over the situation.

Sad to relate, it was Sunday; also the skunk was hidden inside the hole, which unfortunately was on the side of a small cliff. With the inspiring danger of a bath in the creek, I would have to perch myself within five feet of the skunk. If he came out of the hole and if I retreated too swiftly,—well, the water would be cold at this time of year. However I made off towards the farmhouse.

In the shop I "took down" my .25-.20, concealed the two sections under my coat, watched my chance and sneaked out behind the barn, then followed a ridge down to the creek. As I drew near the scene, going up wind I was almost convinced that the relatives and friends of Mr. Skunk had joined him in spoiling the celebrated fresh air of the Nottawasaga Bay. But no! It was only one ambitious skunk.

I had been very quiet. It did not see me. With feet braced for a "Safety First" jump, the white bead centered on the black neck, I pressed the trigger and jumped. Mr. Skunk came out of his hole and regarded me with an expression of surprise. Again and again the performance was repeated. Empty shells littered the snow, but for the gale the farmers might have thought the Kaiser had arrived. At last the skunk retired into his den apparently having grown tired of the racket.

After dinner I returned with a fresh supply of ammunition. Mr. Skunk came out and fired a charge of yellow fluid, the substance of which luckily missed me, though the smell did not. The skunk was unloaded so this time I did not brace my feet or jump and he collapsed with the first shot. I hung him in a tree, hid the rifle under a bunch of Juniper and went back to the house, as the "boss" wanted me to go for a walk with him.

Monday morning I brought the frozen skunk to the barn, and showed it to the "boss" pointing out the neat bullet hole between the eyes, (I did not tell him the details) so he admired my good shooting. Later in the day I greased my hands and skinned the fur bearer then washed off the grease removing all smell. Toronto, Ont.

C. V. Johnstone.

I guess we have all been there and can sympathize with the one who traps his first skunk. G.J.T.

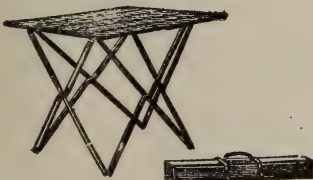
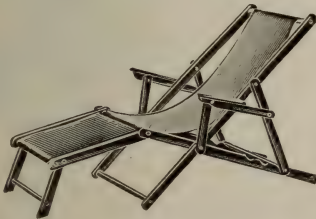
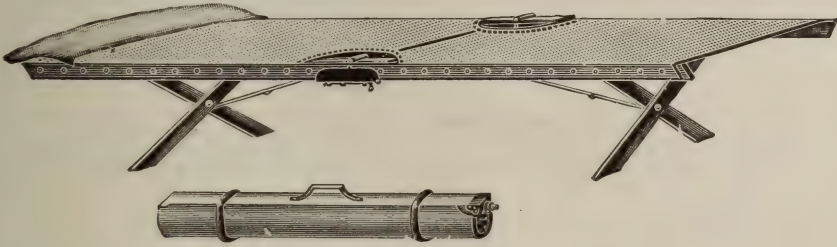
Those To Whom Prizes Have Been Sent

Mr. Eldon Ankenman, of Gowanstown, Ont who contributed to the March issue received a bottle of bait in return for his contribution.

Mr. P. W. Parkinson, Toronto, receives a year's subscription to Rod and Gun for his contribution in this issue, (April); A. L. F. Hastings, Ont., receives a six months' subscription; and Francis O. Miller, Hyde Park, Mass., E. E. Eastman, Glen Sutton, P.Q. and C. V. Johnstone, Toronto, three months subscriptions each. E. F. Pitzler, Mewasin, Alta., is being sent a bottle of bait and the other contributors to our April issue are thanked for their contributions. It was difficult this month to decide to whom the prizes should be awarded.

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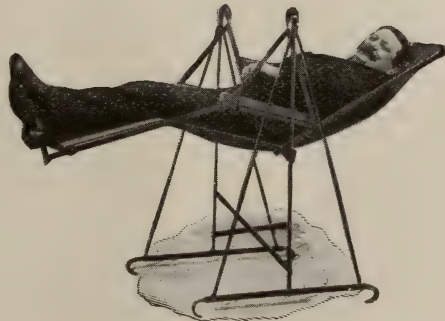


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TOURNAMENT DATES.

April 21, 1916—Galt Gun Club Registered Shoot, J. E. Fulton, Sec'y., Galt, Ont.

April 21st—Ruthven Gun Club Registered Shoot, Ruthven, Ont.

April 24—St. Hubert Gun Club Patriotic Tournament, at Ottawa, Secretary, O. T. Ring, Ottawa, Ontario.

May 24th.—Lou Youngblood Registered Memorial Shoot, Sandwich, Ont., J. Pentland, 122 Sandwich St. West, Windsor, Ont.

May 24th, 1916—Tillsonburg Gun Club, Registered Tournament, S. G. Vance, Tillsonburg, Secretary.

May 24th, 1916—Stanley Gun Club Registered Shoot, Stanley Gun Club, Toronto, Ont.

June 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th.—Dominion Game Protective and Trap Shooting Association Tournament at Cobourg, Ont. Secretary of Cobourg Gun Club, (which has charge of the Tournament) C. McCallum, Cobourg, Ont.

June 29th, 30th and July 1st—Canadian Indians Annual Trap-shooting Tournament and Pow-Wow at Burlington Beach, Ont. High Scribe, W. T. Ely, Imperial Bank Building, King and Sherbourne, Streets, Toronto.

Gun Club secretaries who would like to see the records of shoots which they hold from time to time in Rod and Gun are invited to send these in as soon after the shoots take place as possible.

Dominion Game Protective and Trap Shooting Tournament, Cobourg, Ont., June 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th

The Dominion Tournament is open to Canadian shooters only. Those wishing to compete must send in their individual affiliation membership fee of \$1.00 to the secretary, Mr. Chas. McCallum, of Cobourg, as soon as possible or hand in their fee to one of the friends of the association who are authorized to collect. If this is not done before the 15th of May it will be necessary to make a post entry of \$2.00 on the ground at the Tournament or otherwise after this date. Write to the secretary for programs and particulars.

At this Tournament there will be distributed \$1,000 in cash and \$500 in prizes.

\$500.00 in cash goes into high averages for the two days' regular events, divided among the high guns: 10 twenty-fives; 10 fifteens; and 10 tens. All shooters entering and shooting for targets only are eligible to win high average monies or cut glass trophies: \$200.00 to Grand Canadian Handicap Event, \$150.00 cash in Consolation Handicap, \$100.00 in the daily events, \$50.00 each day.

Merchandise Event running through the three days' events, divided daily less cost of targets and trapping, 40, 30, 20, 10 per cent.

June 5th, Practice Day, 5 twenty target events.

June 6th, 1st day, 10 fifteen target events: 10 beautiful cut glass bowls, presented by friends of the Cobourg Gun Club and Association, one for high gun in each event; \$50.00 high average for the day divided high guns; 7 monies: Canadian Amateur Championship; 100 targets: a solid gold medal to the winner to commemorate the event, presented by Mr. R. Sibbett, president of the association; a pair of field glasses for the runner up, presented by Dr. Sid Conover of Flint, Michigan.

June 7th, second day, 10 fifteen target events: 10 beautiful cut glass bowls, presented by friends of the Cobourg Gun Club and Association; one for high gun in each event \$50.00 high average for the day divided high guns 7 monies.

N.B.—No shooter will be allowed to win more than one of these valuable prizes during the two days' regular events.

Commencement of the Grand Canadian Handicap \$200.00 added money \$100.00 to high gun balance goes into purse.

50 targets of this event shot on this day.

June 8th, third day, balance of the Grand Canadian Handicap, 50 targets: Five, eight and two-man team championship;

Grand Consolation Handicap Event open to those who having shot through the two days' regular events have not won one of the cut glass bowls or won one of the high average prizes, Grand Canadian Handicap or Amateur Championship:

First prize, a single barrel Ithaca trap gun value \$100.00 and \$150.00 cash, divided among the next 17 high guns.

Any of our American friends who would like to be with us and shoot through the regular events are welcome to do so, and a very handsome prize will be given to the high amateur shooter to commemorate the event.

PRESENT DAY VS. OLD TIME SHOOTERS

John Townson

While acting as referee at a live-bird shoot between teams of the Toronto Rod & Gun Club and the Hamilton Gun Club recently the question was brought up as to the ability of the present day followers of live-bird shooting as compared with those of 25 or 30 years ago. I stated at the time that after giving the matter some consideration I might have something to say about it in Rod & Gun, not with the idea of starting any controversy, about the matter, but because I consider that is the best medium in which to air our views about trap-shooting affairs.

Unless competitions of any kind are carried out under the same conditions comparisons are of no value. In trap-shooting the rules have been changed, guns are not the same gauge as used in the old days, the powder and the primers in the shells are supposed to be superior, while the chilled shot that is in use now is about the only thing in connection with the sport that has not been altered. I have heard some shooters say that the 10-gauge at 26 yards rise, use of one barrel, gun below the elbow, was just as effective as the 12-bore at 30 yards with the use of both barrels. As a matter of fact, I don't think the big gun has any advantage when it is confined to the same quantity of shot (namely 1½ ozs.) as the 12-bore.

I am just going to quote one authority to show that there is a difference of from 20 to 12 per cent. in favor of the present rules over the old ones. In 1893 I was at the World's Fair shoot in Chicago and had a very interesting chat with the old-time champion shot Capt. Bogardus. He had been in England a few years before when the new Hurlingham rules came into force allowing the use of both barrels, and it was his opinion that while under the old rules 80 per cent was good shooting, it was possible to make 90 per cent, or better on the same class of birds under the new rules. Bogardus also told me that the idea of using the second barrel to kill the bird on the ground was a concession made to the wishes of the Humane Society, which at that time was trying to have pigeon-shooting abolished in England.

Well Known Gun Expert Making Trip Through Eastern Canada

A man descended from two generations of gunsmiths ought to know something about guns and ammunition. Mr. George H. Cashmore possesses such a wide knowledge in this line that The Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Company, Windsor and New York, recently took Mr. Cashmore from an arms business in which he was a partner and placed him in charge of their Ontario and Quebec sales territory, over which he is now making his initial trip. While Mr. Cashmore is a comparatively young man, he brings to his new association a profound knowledge of his trade—at which he has actually worked—that will be invaluable to the many who will seek his advice. He is undoubtedly one of the most practical gun men and ammunition experts in Canada.

A summary of Mr. Cashmore's experience and antecedents may be of more than casual interest to sportsmen.

Mr. Cashmore's grandfather was the inventor of the double-action or self-cocking revolver for which



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the grandson still has the patent papers. The elder Cashmore's factory was in West Bromwich, England, where he made revolvers and rifles for P. Webley and several other British makers as well as for the British Army. The son of the eldest Mr. Cashmore (and the father of the young man in question) started to work in the West Bromwich factory at the age of twenty where he learned his trade. He came to Canada in about 1885.

For two years the second Mr. Cashmore worked for W. Cooper in Toronto, but in about 1887, he entered business for himself as gunsmith and gun dealer and was very successful in this enterprise. He remained in Toronto until about 1904 when he left to establish a gunsmith business in Vancouver. This last venture has exceeded all expectations.

Mr. George H. Cashmore started to work for his father in Toronto in 1897 where he learned his trade and a few years later took charge of the store. In 1901 Mr. Cashmore made his first gun, and it was such a good weapon that his father shoots it to-day. Mr. Cashmore sent to England for a pair of rough barrels and a machined body, and in his spare time at nights, he built his gun. The first year he used it, Mr. Cashmore won the championship of the Toronto Rod and Gun Club at blue rocks. The shoot extended over eleven weeks with a run of twenty birds each week.

At the time that Mr. Cashmore, senior, left for the Coast in 1904, he sold out to the Warren Sporting Goods Company, of Toronto. Young Cashmore worked at the bench there for two years. He went from the Warren Company to work for Alexander Johnston, a gunsmith at Toronto. In 1910 he was taken into partnership by Mr. Johnston where he remained until going with Remington UMC.

Mr. Cashmore's activities in the sporting world will also be of interest both to sportsmen and to the trade. He assisted in managing the first Dominion tournament held in Toronto, the first tournament held by the Canadian Indians, and his tournament experience includes the handling of important shoots at Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford, Montreal, Montmorency, Quebec and Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Galt Gun Club, Galt.

On March 25th sixteen members had a good practice for the tournament to be held Good Friday and some good shooting was done. N. Long, Hamilton, W. Burke and J. Gingrich, Preston, were Galt visitors on that day. N. Long, E. Clark, A. Wilson and W. Pickering made 25 straight. The weather was ideal for shooting.

The scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.
N. Long	95	90
W. Marshall	95	84
H. D. Sherwood	100	85
A. B. Smith	75	70
E. Clark	75	66
J. Clark	30	23
W. Burke	75	54
J. Gingrich	50	36
H. Teat	25	23
A. Wilson	75	69
R. Oliver	80	54
H. Newlands	55	49
W. Pickering	45	40
C. A. Lewis	25	20
W. Clark	30	25

Jordan Gun Club.

The third shoot for the Stevens trophy of the Jordan Gun Club was held on Saturday, March 11th, and as the weather was fine there was a large attendance of shooters.

The scores made were extra good and several of the boys were all in a bunch for the trophy. In the spoon handicap event of 25 birds the winners were M. Honsberger, D. Price, A. Wismer, P. Wismer.

Those shooting and their scores were as follows:

	Shot at.	Broke.
H. W. Hunsberry	70	60
M. Honsberger	50	45
A. Wismer	50	44
W. Moyer	50	42
J. Spence	25	40
P. Wismer	40	36
F. Church	40	34
E. Culp	40	33
A. Cline	35	30
W. Nickalson	35	25
H. Boulton	30	26
D. Price	30	25
F. Fretz	15	8
P. Hagerman	10	7
P. Johns	10	6

The club held the final shoot of the winter series and also for the Stevens trophy on Saturday, March 25th.

Ideal weather conditions prevailed and consequently the scores were higher than usual.

The finish of the Stevens trophy ended in a tie between H. Boulton and P. Wismer and in an exciting fifteen-bird shoot-off Boulton won by one bird.

Spoon winners in class A. were H. Moyer, H. W. Hunsberry, P. Price, M. Honsberger and D. Konkle, and in class B: F. Church, N. Culp, P. Johns and E. Culp.

At the conclusion of the shoot a surprise was sprung on H. W. Hunsberry when A. H. Heckadon, president of the gun club, presented him on behalf of the club members, with a handsome club bag as an appreciation of his long and efficient services as secretary of the Gun Club.

Those shooting and their scores were as follows:

	Shot at.	Broke.
H. W. Hunsberry	80	72
M. Honsberger	65	60
P. Wismer	55	48
W. Moyer	50	49
D. Price	50	46
H. Boulton	50	45
A. Wismer	50	44
F. Church	50	41
W. Culp	50	40
J. Spence	40	34
W. Nickalson	40	30
E. Culp	40	32
P. Johns	40	32
D. Konkle	35	30
F. Fretz	15	7

Stanley Gun Club.

The Stanley Gun Club were the victors in a 50-bird per man match with the Balmy Beach Gun Club on Saturday afternoon, March 25th, with a score of 434 against 406 of the visiting team, the trophy being a solid silver cup. Fifty-six shooters took part in this match. The ten best scores of each team counted. Some of the shooters tried the doubles and lower trap with good results. Mr. George Cashmore broke 93 out of 100. After the shooting light refreshments were served and a very enjoyable time was spent by all. Following are the scores in the match out of 50 birds:

—Balmy Beach—

	Shot at.	Broke.
McGaw	50	44
Candee	50	41
Joslyn	50	43
Hooley	50	37
Nicholls	50	40
Lansing	50	37
P. J. Booth	50	40
Craig	50	43
Shaw	50	43
Cutler	50	38
Total		406

—Stanley Gun Club—

	Shot at.	Broke.
Stevens	50	43
Salisbury	50	42
Vivian	50	42
Wakefield	50	44
Winter	50	45
Ely	50	44
Norman	50	43
Sockett	50	45
Jennings	50	43
Ten Eyck	50	43
Total		434

In the regular events the scores were:

	Shot at.	Broke.
Lansing	70	50
Marsh	85	60
McGaw	60	53
Burress	60	36
Candee	70	51
Hooley	60	46
Salisbury	85	64
Stevens	110	94
Hodgson	60	21
Cutler	50	38
Ely	60	50
P. J. Booth	70	56
Rolf	60	43
Nicholls	70	56
A. Tremble	60	45
Craig	60	51
Wakefield	60	53



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Bernard.....	70	50
Hulme.....	60	50
Wase.....	60	32
Winter.....	60	54
Vivian.....	60	52
Fenton.....	60	45
Douglas.....	60	36
Vance.....	35	33
T. Hodgson.....	60	34
Joslyn.....	60	42
Bedwell.....	85	68
Hughes.....	75	56
Weller.....	50	29
Dorf.....	50	38
J. H. Tremble.....	60	36
Banks.....	50	30
Widmeyer.....	50	39
Hogarh.....	75	60
Norman.....	50	43
W. Boothe.....	50	34
Shaw.....	50	43
Lewis.....	50	24
Cameron.....	100	55
Osler.....	75	32
Sawden.....	50	39
Ingham.....	50	35
Hobbs.....	50	42
Sockett.....	75	66
Pearsall.....	50	35
McKenzie.....	75	61
Jennings.....	100	93
Ryder.....	75	43
Scheibe.....	50	37
Fox.....	125	86
Davis.....	50	30
Ten Eyck.....	50	43
Cowthers.....	75	45
Cashmore.....	100	93
Gooch.....	100	64
Murphy.....	50	36
Buck.....	50	32
Dunk.....	100	79
Skey.....	50	37
McMacken.....	25	21

The Stanley Gun Club held their usual weekly shoot on Saturday afternoon, April 8th.

In the monthly handicap shoot, 25 targets, each Saturday during April, H. Winter was high, with 48 out of 50, and W. R. Skey, W. Hughes, E. F. W. Salisbury and W. Bedwell were tie, with 48.

J. Jennings was high man for the day, with a score of 91 out of 100, including a straight of 25 birds. The following are the scores in the regular events:

	Shot at.	Broke
Hughes.....	150	116
Salisbury.....	140	117
Vivian.....	125	99
Winter.....	125	96
Rolf.....	125	88
Jennings.....	100	91
Bedwell.....	100	82
Roberts.....	100	74
Marsh.....	100	66
Hogarh.....	90	74
Ely.....	75	66
Tomlin.....	75	59
McKenzie.....	75	58
Skey.....	60	46
Dorf.....	50	38

National Gun Club.

The regular weekly shoot was held on Saturday, March 25th. The wind made the targets very tricky. The prize winners were J. Monkman, B. J. Pearce F. Cockbourn and J. Turner, sr.

	Shot at.	Broke
Fowler.....	50	28
J. Lawson.....	50	37
A. Campbell.....	65	51
J. Turner, jr.....	60	42
J. Summerhays.....	70	61
H. Usher.....	30	25
J. Monkman.....	40	33
J. Dunbar.....	50	21
J. Turner, sr.....	30	19
Col. Curran.....	30	18
F. Cockbourn.....	40	27
Mr. Bennett.....	20	10
C. Jennings.....	25	16
E. Coath.....	30	24
J. Stauffer.....	20	17
B. J. Pearce.....	30	27
Mr. Harrison.....	30	21
F. Morrison.....	30	21
C. Clark.....	40	30

The regular weekly shoot was held on Saturday, April 1st. The targets were most difficult to get, owing to the west gale that blew across the lake. The President vs Vice-President shoot was won by the President's side by eight targets. The prizes were won by the following: E. Coath, J. Summerhays, F. Cockbourn and W. Erwood.

	Shot at.	Broke.
C. Clark.....	35	25
R. Noble.....	65	44
H. Usher.....	80	62
J. Harrison.....	20	19
J. Summerhays.....	100	87
J. Monkman.....	55	34
A. Campbell.....	80	47
W. Erwood.....	40	22
C. Jennings.....	75	41
J. Lawson.....	90	70
F. Morrison.....	100	71
Pte. Turner.....	20	8
F. Anderson.....	75	32
F. Peacock.....	45	24
E. Coath.....	45	40
G. Wallace.....	20	14
J. Turner, sr.....	45	17
F. Cockbourn.....	45	30
J. Turner, jr.....	75	41
J. Dunbar.....	40	9
B. J. Pearce.....	25	16

The regular weekly shoot was held on Saturday, April 8th, when some very good scores were made in the annual shield trophy event. B. J. Pearce won with the good score of 47x50. The high average prize for the series of ten just completed Saturday was won by J. Summerhays and J. Turner, jr. The prize winners of the day were F. Springer, J. Summerhays R. Noble and J. Dunbar.

	Shot at.	Broke
F. Springer.....	100	90
J. Summerhays.....	100	96
H. Usher.....	80	65
J. Harrison.....	60	55
B. J. Pearce.....	80	73
F. Anderson.....	40	20
F. Morrison.....	90	67
J. Lawson.....	70	50
J. Turner, sr.....	20	12
A. Campbell.....	40	23
J. Dunbar.....	40	31
J. Turner, jr.....	40	20
R. Noble.....	40	25
J. Monkman.....	70	58
F. Fowler.....	70	57
Pte. G. Turner.....	35	30
Mr. Minister.....	10	7

Balmy Beach Gun Club.

The regular weekly shoot was held on April 1st. Taking into consideration the dull day some very good scores were made. G. Burrows was high in the spoon shoot with 23 out of 25, and A. E. Craig, the special, on the yard system.

	Shot at.	Broke
T. D. McGaw.....	90	28
W. S. Lansing.....	65	51
C. S. Davis.....	65	57
T. F. Hodgson.....	65	52
C. N. Candee.....	95	82
P. J. Boothe.....	45	39
W. H. Cutler.....	55	44
W. F. Hodgson.....	65	50
G. Burrows.....	65	50
F. Hooley.....	90	72
G. Spence.....	40	32
J. H. Trimble.....	45	38
A. E. Craig.....	55	42
H. Vanderburg.....	50	38
C. E. Harrison.....	75	61
H. Wase.....	55	41
R. E. Harris.....	65	39
J. G. Shaw.....	45	34
F. Foster.....	25	18

G. Burrows, who won the spoon, is a boy of 14 years, and will give a good account of himself next season.

The regular weekly shoot of the Balmy Beach Gun Club was held on April 8th. A good turnout of members and friends were on hand, and good scores were made in the spoon shoot. Messrs. Hodgson, Cutler and Cameron were tie with 25 each in the shoot off. D. A. Cameron won out with 24. W. H. Joselin was high man of the day with 77 out of 80.



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CANADA'S leading sportsman's magazine, "ROD AND GUN" is being besieged by requests for information, the result of the interest created by the splendid articles that have appeared in recent issues.

To meet this demand, the publishers are issuing the articles in book form, in which enthusiasts are given valuable and hitherto unknown information about foxes, under the following heads: Introduction, Heredity, Origin, Breeding, Mating and Gestation, Pens and Dens, Food and Feeding, Food and Care, Value.

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	Shot at.	Broke.
F. Hooley	70	62
W. Joselin	80	77
W. Moore	30	21
T. Hodgson	45	39
T. McGaw	55	50
W. Lansing	65	49
C. Candee	75	68
W. Hodgson	80	74
G. Burrows	35	29
G. Hunter	55	38
G. Cotton	65	51
A. Craig	55	49
J. Trimble	45	38
J. Shaw	35	31
C. Davis	55	48
W. Cutler	70	64
W. Booth	45	34
D. Cameron	60	58
A. Osler	45	31
W. Griffin	45	36
C. Nicholls	45	38
A. Pierce	25	19
F. Foster	40	32
W. McClain	50	36

The regular weekly shoot of the Balmy Beach Gun Club was held on April 15th. It was a fine day for the class of sport and a large number of members were on hand. In the spoon shoot Messrs. Shaw, Nicholls and W. F. Hodgson tied with 24 each. In the shoot-off J. G. Shaw won. Scores:—

	Shot at.	Broke.
T. N. Candee	120	106
G. Hunter	120	94
F. Hooley	90	78
C. S. Nicholls	90	81
C. S. Lansing	80	66
H. Wase	70	64
W. F. Hodgson	70	63
J. G. Shaw	60	56
J. F. Hodgson	55	48
W. Banks	60	54
C. S. Davis	45	41
R. C. Harris	55	42
A. V. Trimble	35	29
S. S. Cameron	85	59
J. Edgar	30	21
J. E. Murphy	35	32
C. G. Knott	75	66
J. G. Hoy	30	24
D. A. Cameron	45	32
W. Booth	35	29
F. Foster	50	44

Mimico Beach Gun Club.

The Mimico Beach Gun Club held its regular shoot at their grounds Saturday, March 25th. A. Tomlin, I. N. Devins and J. Needham, jr., being the prize winners.

	Shot at.	Broke.
Shaw	75	50
Devins	75	52
Tomlin	75	66
Needham, jr.	50	35
Harrison	75	55
Jermyn	75	58
Serson	75	59
Hunt	75	50
Gilverson	75	54
Catton	50	37
Doherty	50	34
Draw	50	39

Following are the scores at the weekly shoot of the Mimico Gun Club on Saturday, April 8th:—Serson, 35, 23; Harrison, 60, 51; Hutchinson, 35, 13; Jermyn, 85, 68; W. Kay, 25, 15; Doughty, 35, 23; Burnett, 25, Needham, Sr., 50, 20; Needham Jr., 25, 17; G.N. Dunk, 85, 73; H. Dunk, 35, 18; Rennie, 25, 15; J. Kay, 25, 15; Pickering, 50, 35; Davis, 30, 14.

At the weekly shoot of the Mimico Gun Club on April 15th, Charles Harrison won the special prize, while Leedham, jr., got second prize and Tom Lowes third prize. The scores:—

	Shot at.	Broke.
Hamilton	75	67
Drew	50	42
Gunn	50	30
W. Kay	25	18
Serson	25	22
Leedham, sr.	25	14
Hutchinson	25	14
C. Harrison	25	24
Lowes	25	20
J. Harrison	25	11
Leedham, jr.	25	19

St. Hubert Gun Club.

In the club spoon competition at St. Hubert's traps Saturday, March 18th, V. V. Rogers was high gun, carrying off the honors for the day with a score of 45 out of 50. The shooting throughout was very good, the general average being 77 per cent. In a special event Dr. Mohr and H. W. Fairchild each turned in a score of 23 x 25, the latter thereby winning the spoon, for which four shooters tied on March 4. Following is a record in detail:—

Club Spoon.

Two Events at 25 Targets.

V. V. Rogers	21	24—45
Geo. Easdale	21	23—44
A. W. Throop	22	21—43
Jos. Dionne	23	19—42
J. B. Bunn	20	22—42
W. J. Corby	19	22—41
Dr. Smith	18	22—40
N. Brownlee	18	20—38
H. W. Fairchild	20	18—38
O. T. Ring	20	15—35
N. Grant	20	14—34
Dr. Mohr	14	18—32
A. H. Visser	13	14—27

25 Birds, Special Event.

Dr. Mohr, 23; H. W. Fairchild, 23; W. J. Corby, 22; V. V. Rogers, 22; Geo. Easdale, 20; Jos. Dionne, 20; J. B. Bunn, 19; A. W. Throop, 18; O. T. Ring, 18; N. Brownlee, 14; A. H. Visser, 11.

The feature of the afternoon was the final shoot for the "Bethune" dessert spoons. Rogers and Easdale were the successful team and their score of 180 x 200 is very good shooting, considering the weather, which was decidedly wintry. The two highest scores of three club shoots were taken as follows:—

Rogers	45	45—90
Easdale	46	44—90

Total 180

The St. Hubert club had a splendid turnout Saturday, March 25th. The fine weather and the special program provided, turned the affair into a regular tournament, twenty-six shooters taking part.

J. J. Heney, Jr., was high gun in the club-spoon events, taking the prize with an excellent score of 48 out of 50, breaking his last 35 straight. The shooting throughout averaged 77 per cent.

Club Spoon.

Two Events at 25 Elusive Clay Pigeons.

J. J. Heney, Jr.	23	25—48
Geo. Easdale	24	x22—46
Ted White (pro.)	22	24—46
Dr. Smith	21	24—45
B. Beattie	23	x22—45
W. L. Cameron	23	21—44
A. W. Throop	24	20—44
W. J. Corby	23	20—43
Jos. Dionne	20	23—43
F. A. Heney	22	20—42
V. V. Rogers	24	x18—42
J. B. Bunn	22	19—41
Geo. O'Connor	22	19—41
G. B. Greene	17	x22—39
H. W. Fairchild	21	18—39
A. Sheppard	17	21—38
Geo. White	18	19—37
E. O'Connor	17	18—35
N. Brownlee	16	18—34
Dr. Mohr	17	14—31
C. J. Booth	15	14—29
O. T. Poorshot	15	12—27
A. H. Visser	8	16—24

x 1st 25 birds of McCallum shoot allowed.

Extras at 25 birds:—Easdale, 22; Rogers, 22; Graham, 19; Wm. Tell, 14; Dunn, 2.

The McCallum Trophy changed hands, Messrs. Greene and Beattie taking the cup by a score of 90 to 81. The losers immediately entered a challenge.

Following is a detail of the scores:

Greene	22	24—46
Beattie	22	24—44

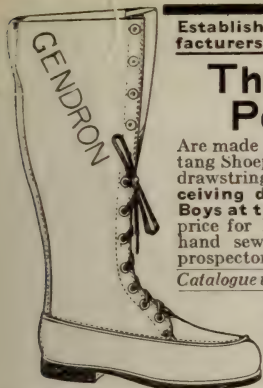
Total 90

Easdale	22	21—43
Rogers	18	20—38

Total 81

Majority, 9 birds.

Two-man team matches have taken the members by storm, the shooters by this means gaining in confidence and ability, incidentally proving excellent practice in preparation for the Easter Patriotic shoot. Nine teams took part for the dessert spoons donated by Geo. Easdale. J. J. Heney and Jos. Dionne are



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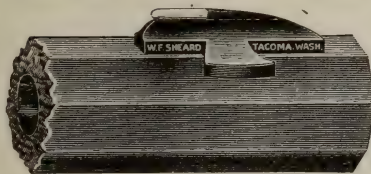
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leading with 91 out of 100. (Two highest of 3 shoots to count).

Heney, 48; Dionne, 43-91; Cameron, 44; Corby, 43-87; Smith, 45; Fairchild, 41-86; Easdale, 44; Rogers, 40-84; Beattie, 45; Greene, 39-84; Throop, 43; Bunn, 40-83; Heney, F. A., 44; Brownlee, 38-82; O'Connor, Geo., 41; O'Connor, E., 35-76; White, 41, Ring, 29-70.

The St. Hubert Gun Club held its weekly tourney on April 1st despite the unfavorable conditions. The wind was not particular where it came from, making the targets jump and take zig-zag courses, which with the rain, proved quite a handicap, keeping the scores much below the average. However, 26 shooters faced the traps, G. B. Greene leading the list with a fine score of 45 out of 50, thereby winning the club spoon. Following is a recapitulation of the scores:

Club Spoon.

Two Events at 25 Targets.

G. B. Greene.....	22	x23-45
J. J. Heney, Jr.....	21	23-44
E. G. White (pro.).....	22	21-44
V. V. Rogers.....	23	x20-43
Dr. Smith.....	20	21-41
Geo. Easdale.....	20	x19-39
B. Beattie.....	21	x18-39
Jos. Dionne.....	19	18-37
H. W. Fairchild.....	20	16-36
W. J. Corby.....	19	17-36
A. W. Throop.....	17	19-36
Geo. O'Connor.....	20	13-33
Dr. Mohr.....	18	14-32
W. L. Cameron.....	22	10-32
J. B. Bunn.....	17	14-31
Geo. Bryson, Jr.....	16	24-30
N. Brownlee.....	18	11-29
W. Williams.....	16	13-29
Geo. White.....	16	9-25
O. T. Ring.....	12	12-24
D. K. Nonaime.....	18	5-23
G. Morrisette.....	4	9-13
J. Barnaby.....	5	7-12

x First 25 birds of McCallum shoot allowed.

Extras at 25 Birds—Ted White, 22; Geo. Easdale 22; H. W. Fairchild, 21; V. V. Rogers, 20; W. J. Johnstone, 18; Jos. Dionne, 16, 20-36; H. Graham, 17; Geo. O'Connor, 12, 22-34; W. J. Corby, 16, 17-33; Black, 15; 15; O. T. Ring, 12.

In the McCallum Trophy race, Greene and Beattie again won over Easdale and Rogers by a majority of 7 birds, the final being 82 to 75. This cup match is one of the hardest in the game each of the four shooters being put to the acid test. Following is a detail of Saturday's match:—

Greene.....	23	22-45
Beattie.....	18	19-37
Total.....		82
Easdale.....	19	20-39
Rogers.....	20	16-36

Total..... 75
Seven teams took part in the semi-final for the Easdale dessert spoons, as follows:—Green 45; Beattie 39-84; Heney 44; Dionne 37-81; Smith 41; Fairchild 38-79; Rogers 41; Easdale 37-78; Corby 36; Cameron 32-68; Throop 35; Bunn 30-65; White and Ring also ran. Heney and Dionne are leading with 172.

Thirty-one shooters turned out at the gun club Saturday, April 8th, in search of the festive clay pigeons. A tricky light, owing to the sun's glare off the snow, kept the scores down to a general average of 71 per cent. J. J. Heney, jr., had a big day, bagging the dickey birds to the extent of 91 x 100, winning two silver spoons into the bargain. An ever-increasing attendance of shooters turning out to practice for the Easter patriotic shoot turned the usual weekly shoot into a regular tournament. Following is a detailed list:—

Club Spoon.

Two Events at 25 White Flyers.

J. J. Heney, Jr.....	23	22-45
E. G. White (pro.).....	23	22-45
A. W. Throop.....	22	21-43
J. B. Bunn.....	19	23-42
B. Beattie.....	20	22-42
G. B. Green.....	21	20-41
Dr. Smith.....	18	23-41
Geo. O'Connor.....	21	20-41
C. J. Booth.....	19	21-40
Geo. Easdale.....	19	20-39
W. J. Corby.....	22	17-39
J. M. Roberts.....	18	20-38
F. A. Heney.....	16	21-37
R. A. Sibbitt.....	16	21-37

H. W. Fairchild.....	16	20-36
Wm. Forbes.....	18	17-35
W. C. Little.....	18	16-34
Dr. Mohr.....	18	16-34
O. T. Ring.....	14	20-34
Geo. White.....	13	21-34
Jos. Dionne.....	15	18-33
V. V. Rogers.....	17	16-33
N. Brownlee.....	15	16-31
W. L. Cameron.....	15	16-31
A. H. Visser.....	16	12-28
W. Williams.....	15	9-24
Geo. Morrisette.....	5	14-19
R. G. Hamilton.....	7	8-15
Jos. Lullaby.....		41-1-15
W. J. Johnstone.....		20-20
H. Graham.....	15	1-15

Messrs. Blyth Beattie and G. B. Greene again proved the winning team in the McCallum cup match. This time against J. J. Heney, jr., and Geo. Easdale. Beattie was in grand form, turning a score of 48. Following is a detail:

Beattie.....	24	24-48
Greene.....	20	20-40
Heney.....		88
Easdale.....	24	22-46
	18	21-39
		85

Majority, 3 birds.

Eight two-man teams took part in the final shoot for the dessert spoons donated by Geo. Easdale (two highest scores out of three to count). J. J. Heney and Joe Dionne carried off the prizes with a fine score of 172 x 200, winning out by a narrow margin one over the other teams.

Trapshooting Hints

C. I. Gilman in the Minneapolis News gives the following hints to trapshooters.

One of the essentials to be taken into consideration by anyone who would become a good trapshooter is the selection of the right gun—one that fits the shooter and has the proper weight, drop, thickness and length of sock, trigger pull, etc.

An expert might do excellently with a gun unsuited to him because his knowledge of how to shoot would compensate to a certain extent the ill fit of the gun. A beginner, on the other hand, would be hopelessly handicapped under the same conditions.

Generally speaking, a 12 gauge gun weighing somewhere between 7½ to 7¾ lbs., is just about right for trapshooting. Experience has shown that guns of lighter weight are apt to give too heavy a recoil.

The drop, thickness and length of the stock are features that from a personal standpoint demand serious consideration. In trapshooting experience has shown that the straight stock—one that has very little drop—is to be preferred. As to the matter of thickness, the main idea is to choose a stock that permits the shooter (when he puts the gun to his shoulder) to look comfortably and straight down the rib to the sight. If he cannot do this the gun does not fit him properly and a tendency to cross-shoot is very likely.

The length of the stock from the trigger to the centre of the butt depends upon the length of the shooter's arm; obviously a long armed man must have a longer stock than the man with a short arm.

Perhaps the simplest way to ascertain whether the gun is of proper length is to put the gun to your shoulder with your finger on the trigger as if about to shoot. Then with your finger still on the trigger remove the gun from your shoulder and let the butt lie in the hollow of your arm. If no change in the position of the trigger finger or the grip hand is required, it is safe to assume that the stock fits your arm, in so far as the detail of length is concerned.

Now to come to the trigger pull. This term applies to the amount of weight in pounds avoirdupois which is necessary to pull the trigger when the gun is cocked and held in a perpendicular position. Due to the element of individuality that enters here, there can be no hard and fast rule regarding the proper amount of pull. This feature is governed by the shooter's own requirements. On the whole, however, a trigger pull of from 4 to 4½ lbs. may be taken as about right for the average shooter.

If one is thinking seriously of purchasing a gun for trapshooting purposes, perhaps one of the best methods to adopt would be to try any gun that one's trapshooting friends might care to lend for a temporary trial. In this way one is almost sure to find some particular gun with which he can do better work than with others, and thus he will naturally arrive at a definite basis from which to make a final selection.

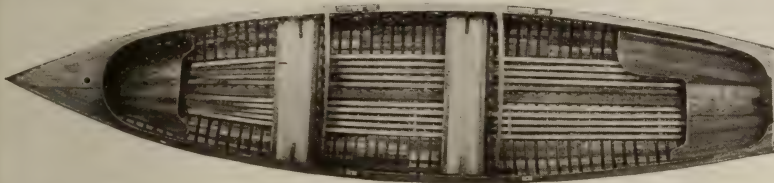
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Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

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How well do I remember when my uncle lent me his old "faithful" a breech-loading hammer shotgun which had almost seen its best days but nevertheless many a good day's sport I had with the same old gun.

As rabbits were very plentiful my cousin and I, (he owned a single barrel Steven's 12 gauge,) went hunting every day, some days having luck and some days none.

If you are fortunate enough to own a few good hounds and a ferret and get into a good located rabbit country you can have a good day's sport; and when "brer rabbit" is on the dead jump with three dogs after him it takes some good shooting to stop his speedy flight.

When out shooting one day with nothing but No. 7 chilled shot the three dogs started a rabbit coming sideways for me. He crossed under a fence and I let him have one barrel but still he kept up his pace. I followed him about 50 yards when I found the dogs mauling Mr. Bunny. When I had measured the distance from where I stood it proved to be 50 yards which I thought a good kill for No. 7 shot.

For shells I used the empty Rem. Nitro Club primed with their famous No. 33 primer which I loaded with a 75 cent grade of smokeless powder with two cards and two felt wads over the powder and one over the shot and I have never known a shell to fail me if care is taken in loading.

Won't some brother sportsman let us have his experiences with this well known gun?

Yours truly,

C. T. Askin.

Toronto, Ont.

A Would-be Squirrel Farmer.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

Have you any book or paper that would give me some information as to the mating or breeding of grey squirrels. I have three, two bucks and one doe. At present they are very wild and I would like to tame them. Have any readers of Rod and Gun experimented with squirrels?

Yours truly,

A. Hooper.

Clinton, Ont.

A Sportsman in the Making

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

My son, Bert Kribs, has informed me that his subscription to Rod and Gun has not been paid, and that he does not want to miss any of the numbers. Bert takes

a great interest in Rod and Gun. He shoots a 25-20 Marlin and a Winchester Pump Gun and now wants a .280 Ross. We have nothing larger than a coon in this section, but he is talking of a trip through the Rocky Mountains. How is that for a boy of fourteen years."

Enclosed find express order for \$1.50.
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A Reply to Mr. Kerr

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

Having seen an article in Rod and Gun, from the pen of Mr. Kerr, of Walkerville, requesting all good sportsmen to appeal to the Government to have the open season for ducks and shore birds put back from September to October, I feel sure that he had not thought at the time he wrote that article, that by having the season put back he might be depriving good sportsmen from enjoying a day's outing with the ducks and shore birds, for there are lots of good sports in the North, East and West of our Province, who are just as anxious to have the game birds protected as are the shooters of Essex County, but who are not as favourably situated climatically for late fall shooting as are the shooters in his part of the country. Why can't he have the Essex Game Protective Association join forces with other good sports to have the Government make the open season the same for the whole of the Province, viz., 1st September, which date would enable the duck shooters in the North, West and East to get a few ducks and also some shore birds which at the present time are protected here for our neighbors across the line, and also urge on the Government the advisability of prohibiting the sale of ducks, which I am pleased to see Mr. Kerr advocates in his article, hoping he will see that by having the season put back he might be doing an injustice to good sportsmen who are not as favourably situated as are the shooters in Essex. I remain,

Yours truly,

Toronto, Ontario.

Wm. Carrell.

Partridge and Quail Wanted

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

I am considering raising some partridge and quail, or rather trying to do so, in a large bush on a country place of my fathers. Being a novice at this end of the game, I would like some information on the subject, particularly a list of names of people from whom I could get some stock. Will you or some of your readers kindly advise me.

Yours truly,

Toronto, Ontario.

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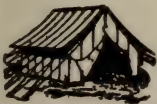
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Two Rods.*Editor, ROD AND GUN:—*

If this rhyme has no claim to a small corner in your interesting magazine kindly put it in the enclosed coffin and return to me to be interred in my own consecrated ground—The Waste Paper Basket.

I love to revert to the days that were rosy
When a barefooted lad I'd wander from school
With a cold disregard for everything prosy
I'd weave a long fish line from Mother's black spool.

With a tinful of bait I'd dug in the garden
And hooks that I bent from sister's hat pins
Though raining or shining, I'd not give a farthen
But hie to the spring brook to pull in the fins.

The rod and the basket I'd fling far behind me
With great expectations and nothing to fear.
And Dave my companion would always remind me
A mess I must take to my fond mother dear.

A fire in the shade built by Ambrose our young cook,
Who brought us wild apples, and drinks from the spring,
Cooked nicely the fishes we caught in the spring brook—
Many feasts we enjoyed that were fit for a king.

But to our great sorrow our schoolmaster Percy
Who found our seats vacant became very sore
The rod he applied to us without any mercy
Till we all cried "Enough" and promised "No more."

Yonkers, N. Y.

Yours truly,

C. M. Breslin.

N.B.—While as a rule we don't welcome poetry with open arms we hadn't the heart to inter this bit of verse, which is accordingly reproduced herewith.

Are Outboard Motors a Success Asks a Subscriber From Saskatchewan.*Editor, ROD AND GUN:—*

I would be glad if some of your readers could give me any information re outboard motors for boats.

I have a home-made flat-bottomed boat 14 feet by 36 inches beam, depth 16 inches at stern and 12 inches at bow.

The river here (South Saskatchewan) is very swift so that it is very hard work going up stream and in some places where there are eddies it is impossible to propel the boat with oars though I have done it with a sail in a big upstream wind.

I should like to know from some one who has had practical experience whether these little outboard motors are a success, or whether an inboard motor could be installed in a flat-bottomed boat with more success. Will they use coal-oil as well as gasoline?

Yours, faithfully

Riverfront, Sask.

J. W. Jackson.

Meeting a Buffalo*Editor, ROD AND GUN:—*

Recently, having business in Livingstone, Montana, that required my immediate attention and being distant from that place one hundred and ten miles as the crow flies, I started out to keep my appointment by stage, that being the only method of transportation for a distance of fifty-five miles. The trip took me through the north east corner of the Yellowstone National Park to Gardiner, Montana. For about twenty miles we proceeded at a leisurely pace. After having covered about that distance on making a bend in the road we observed an old buffalo bull, a patriarch of the herd who had been driven out of the tame bunch of buffaloes, numbering over 200 that are cared for by Government employees on Rose Creek. This same old patriarch, having been defeated by some of the junior members of the buffalo family had doubtless decided that the safest way out of his dilemma would be to move to new quarters as we discovered by his ungentlemanly demeanor of keeping to the middle of the road. Not wishing to be arbitrary at all we drove around rather than be the cause of making any trouble in Uncle Sam's big pleasure grounds. The buffalo demonstrated to our entire satisfaction what he could do if he would, by hooking the ground and grunting like a pig. Later we learned from soldiers at Soda Butte that this old gentleman had killed two pigs for them a few days before our visit. On reaching a safe distance I took a photograph of his majesty for future reference. The soldiers have nick-named him "Jack Johnson." As for myself I called him names I wouldn't like to see in print. I haven't any desire to meet a buffalo again, they are an unmannerly, ill-tempered bunch, both cows and bulls.

Yours respectfully,

Cooke, Montana.

Jas. H. Stinson.

A Morning with the Partridge.*Editor, ROD AND GUN:—*

On the last Friday in October 1915, my youngest brother planned with me a partridge hunt the next day being Saturday, and a holiday for me. We set the alarm for six o'clock in the morning, and it was no time till we were up and had breakfast. We started off through the fields with our guns over our shoulders, our little partridge dog following us, and as the sun was coming up red and there was no breeze it made us feel like hunting. In about half an hour we reached the bush, and were going through very carefully and expecting any minute to raise a partridge, when our little dog which is a dandy raised one far ahead. It was so wild however it would not tree and was too far away for a wing shot. The little dog looked discouraged as we did not shoot, he evidently expecting to see every one fall. We soon reached an old road which ran up to the lake and this we followed, but as there was very little bush and the partridge were so wild we didn't get a shot. Soon we crossed a field to a nice swamp near the lake where there were some partridge which were wild but at last the dog raised one very close, and when it was going over the tree-tops I caught it with the first



**“No man
is a born
woodsman or
trapper**

**There is always something
more to learn.”**

“Those who seek to be trappers today must in a measure, at least, emulate the old-timers’ ways, and, profiting by the experience of others, learn even to avoid their failures, yet achieve their successes. Life is too short for universal personal experiment; the successful man of today is the one who profits by the experience of others—reaps a harvest or reward.”

The above is an extract from Buzzacott’s second volume, and all who have read his “Sportsman’s Guide” know that Buzzacott is the premier writer of the great outdoors.

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shot of my repeater and he came down like a bunch of rags, as the gun is a close shooter. This was my first shot of the morning and my brother didn't get a chance at any, as he said they flew too fast for him to get a sight on them. We crossed an opening and when coming to an old log fence surrounded with cedars the dog raised one but it would not tree and it was too thick to get a wing shot.

Now as we reached the lake we expected to see some ducks fly up out of the rice but instead of ducks, up jumped a woodcock, and as I fired at it quickly I made a clean miss. Soon I saw the young lad pulling up his gun, and he fired and shot a nice woodcock. We didn't go twenty yards further before up jumped another and I took my time and caught him on the wing, making two woodcock and one partridge for us. This being a pretty poor bag—it was about ten o'clock—we thought we would try a new bush and follow the lake home, instead of taking the road home. As we were about two miles from home, and it was getting late I thought it time to get busy and do some shooting. We soon came to a fine bush and had hardly entered it when we heard the dog bark and we knew what was up. We went straight in with guns in readiness and very quietly, not making a sound. When we saw the dog looking up in the trees we knew it was close around and taking it easy I saw the partridge sitting up in a cedar. As I was very close, too close to shoot at its body, I pulled on its head and blew it clean off; this is the way I like to get them when they're for the pot. We went further into the bush and the dog put another one into a tree, and as I happened to see it this time treeing I tried to point it out to the young lad but he couldn't see it. Not wishing to go any closer as it was looking straight at me, and afraid of its flying away, I took it from where it was at about fifty yards with number six shot. We went

through this bush to an opening, and as we were waiting on the dog the young lad spied something in under a cedar tree which looked to me like a rusty tin can. He said he thought it looked like the breast of a partridge, and so I told him to run no chances, accordingly he fired and sure enough it was a partridge, as big a one as I have ever seen. This one was sitting up on a little hill in under a tree, sunning itself as the sun was shining strong, and this is the way you often get them.

It was coming near eleven o'clock so we planned to take a short cut home, and as we were close to a road we made for it. We reached it, and followed it but a short distance when my brother remarked that as it was so sunny and there were many nice cedar clumps on each side of the little road that there ought to be lots of partridge there. He no sooner had said this than I thought I saw a partridge, though it looked a lot like a stump to me. I took a chance however, and fired and to my surprise as a result a partridge was soon fluttering on the ground, and no sooner was it shot than the dog ran past on another one's track and up jumped two and treed. We approached these both ready for a shot, and I spied one sitting up in the tree where I expected to see him. I pointed it out to my brother but he could not see it and not being able to find the other I fired and knocked him, and repeated as quick as I could but the other one got away too far in the bush to get a shot at it. We soon got out of this nice bush, and as we heard the twelve o'clock bell we made for home with six partridges and two woodcock, which I considered a good bag for a morning's shoot, so close to a town. We reached home very tired and surprised them with our bag of game and as there was a hot meal waiting for us we were well able to handle it.

Yours truly,
S. R. S.

TRADE NOTES

Hilderbrandt Company Rounds out its Line of Spinners.

In addition to their regular Hilderbrandt spinners, the John J. Hilderbrandt Co., Logansport, Ind., is now producing the smaller sizes of its Slim Eli, Standard and Idaho shapes in both aluminum and black finish.

The aluminum baits are very light and the blades being made of aluminum, a much larger bait than heretofore can be used on a fly rod. They are said to be particularly good for moonlight, dawn and dusk fishing, as well as on dark days and in muddy water.

The black spinners are designed to meet the demand for a spinner for very bright days or clear water. Incidentally, the Hilderbrandt Company is now making three hundred and two sizes and kinds of spinning baits for all kinds of game fish. The new spinners embody the interchangeable fly feature, the reversible

hinge lug and all the other spinning qualities of Hilderbrandt Spinners.

In order to restock that part of the country with quail, hunters having killed nearly all of the native birds, a recent importation of some ten thousand "Bob Whites" was made from Mexico to Kansas City, consigned to Horne's Zoological Arena Co. These birds were caught by Mexican natives in traps and nets in the mountains of Mexico where they are still found in vast numbers. Several thousand partridges were also imported. The quail have been distributed to the various States in the Union and should prove a great benefit agriculturally and from the hunter's standpoint, as well. This firm have distributed, all told, during the last few years nearly a hundred thousand birds including the Gambel's, Blue, Bob White, California Mountain and Valley birds.



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BILL TO AMEND THE ONTARIO GAME ACT RECEIVES ITS FIRST READING APRIL 10th

AS we go to press a copy of the Bill to amend the Ontario Game Laws, presented at the present session of the Ontario Legislature and so far given its first reading only, is to hand with a varied list of proposed changes in the present regulations.

Among the list the most notable, and the one that would be welcomed perhaps most heartily by those sportsmen who have the best interest of our wild game at heart, is the amendment to prohibit the sale or purchase of wild ducks, wild geese or other water fowl, thus bringing Ontario more in line with those American States which prohibit the sale of all or certain kinds of game. This will be considered by all game conservationists a step in the right direction.

Other proposed changes dealing with the shooting of wild ducks provide that no person shall put to flight or kill wild ducks or other water fowl that are more than 200 yards from the shore or a natural rush bed that is thick enough to conceal a boat or from a water line bounding private property. No person, it is required, shall set out more than one flock of decoys and no flock of decoys shall consist of more than 50 and no

two flocks shall be placed nearer each other than 100 yards.

This Bill provides that no non-resident shall carry a gun for the purpose of destroying any animal or bird except under authority of a license.

It suggests a close season on grouse, prairie fowl and partridge until October 15, 1918.

The open season for big game in that part of Ontario lying north of the main line of the C.P.R. from Mattawa to the Manitoba boundary and that part of Ontario lying south of the C.P.R. from the City of Port Arthur to the Manitoba boundary, the Bill proposes, shall be from the first day of November till the 30th of November, the open season now being October 16th to November 15th.

There is also a proposed change in the date of the open season for woodcock from October 1st to November 15th, to an open season from October 15th to November 15th.

The Bill proposes to extend the date for the shooting of ducks to December 31st, with the opening day September 1st.

Algonquin Park district, the "Highway to Health and Happiness," is attracting more and more attention every year from the ever-increasing army of tourists that are looking for new fields to explore, new scenes to enjoy and a place where vacation days may be spent with profit. 2000 feet above the sea level with an area of 2,500,000 acres of forest lands and rivers, it offers unlimited opportunities for the canoeist, the angler and those who love out-of-door life. The fishing is good and the forests abound in game, which of course can only be shot with the camera, as hunting in the Park is prohibited. The Grand Trunk have erected comfortable hotels and log cabin camps in different parts of the Park, which offer first class accommodation for those who do not desire to rough it. A new publication entitled "Algonquin Provincial Park" telling about it, has just been issued. It is handsomely illustrated, and can be secured free from any Grand Trunk Agent, or on application to H. R. Charlton, General Advertising Agent, Grand Trunk System, Montreal, Canada.

According to press reports, Sweden proposes to cut off the export of chemical pulp to Great Britain. Naturally all eyes are immediately turned to Canada to supply the threatened deficiency.

The Commission of Conservation has just issued a report on "Forest Protection in Canada, 1913 1914," which is of particular interest in this connection. It contains much information respecting the work of the provincial forest services and of the federal departments intrusted with the care of our forests.

Forest fire protection is assuming a large place in public attention. It is obvious that, if Canada is to continue as a wood producing country, she must conserve her resources of this natural product. The report treats exhaustively of the fire protection of forest lands along railway rights-of-way. Through co-operative action, great headway has been made in securing the reduction of forest losses through fires traceable to railway causes.

The forests of British Columbia and on Dominion lands in the West have been dealt with in reports containing the results of special studies conducted by Dr. C. D. Howe and Mr. J. H. White. The Trenton watershed in Ontario, has also received especial attention, in a report of an investigation by Dr. C. D. Howe in the townships of Burleigh and Methuen. This district is important in that, while of very little value as an agricultural area, it is being repeatedly overrun by forest fires and the little remaining merchantable timber destroyed. It is suggested that the area be placed under the control of the Dominion Forestry Branch for protection from fires and reforestation.

"I enjoy reading the Rod and Gun very much," writes Mr. Saunders of Bridgewater, N. S., in renewing his subscription to our magazine. "I think if some of the so called sportsmen who are not on your list would read it more than they do they certainly would not brag so much about bagging so many trout and partridge in a season. We should co-operate in preserving our game which I am afraid is decreasing rather than increasing."

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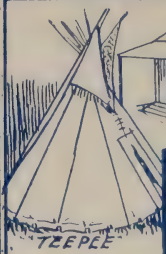
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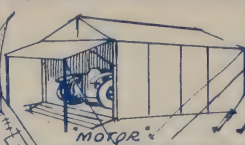
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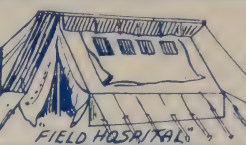
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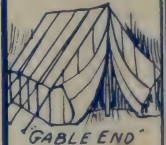
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VOLUME XVIII

NUMBER 1

Rod and Gun in Canada

Woodstock, Ontario, June 1916

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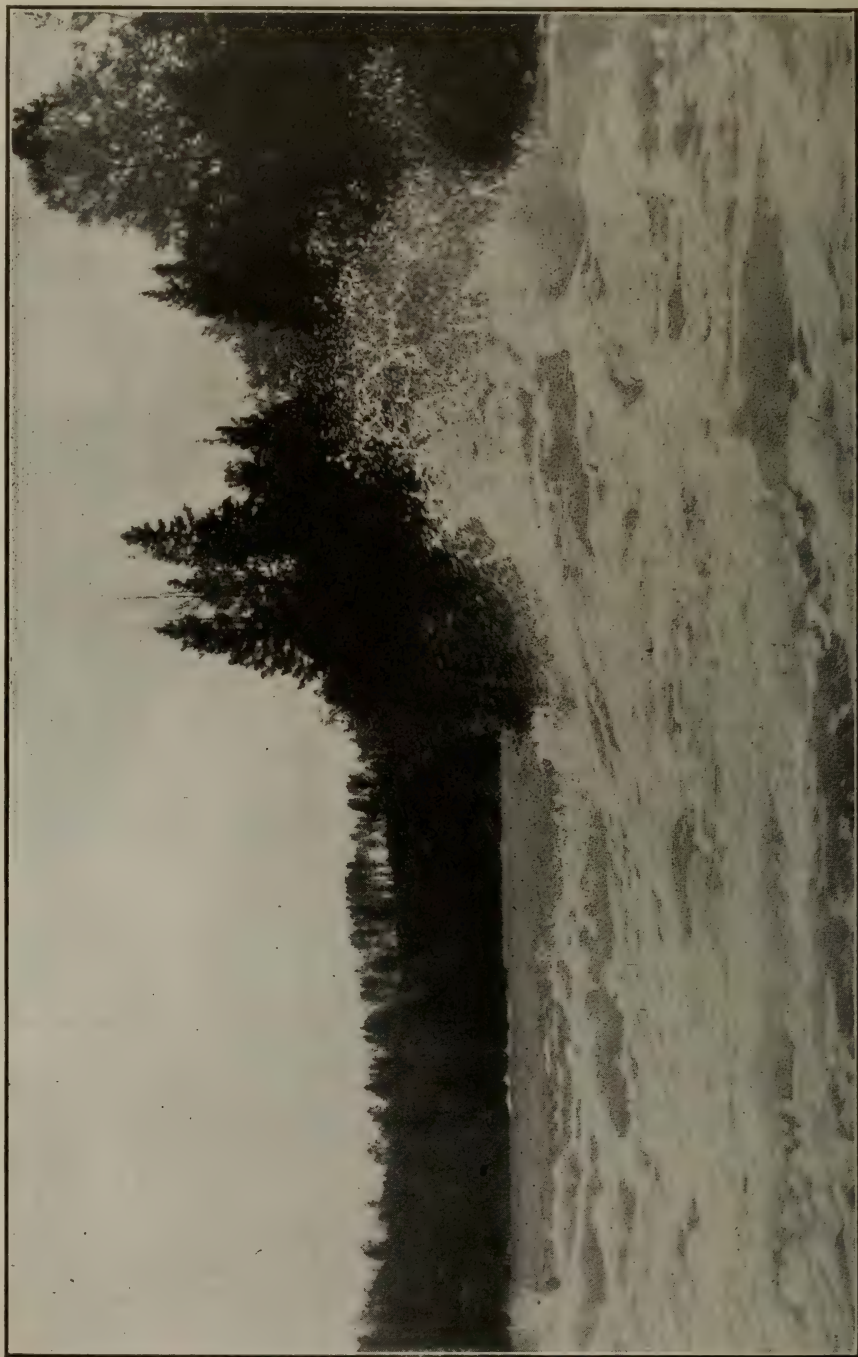
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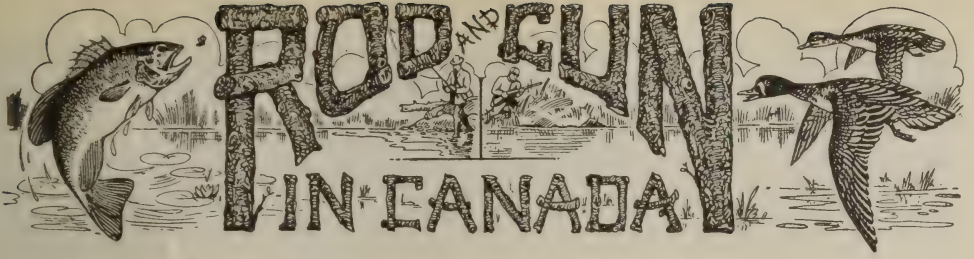
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Courtesy Canadian Northern Railway

NIPIGON RIVER, NEARING THE END OF CAMERON'S FALLS.



THE NIPIGON WATERS AND CANOE ROUTES TO THE EAST

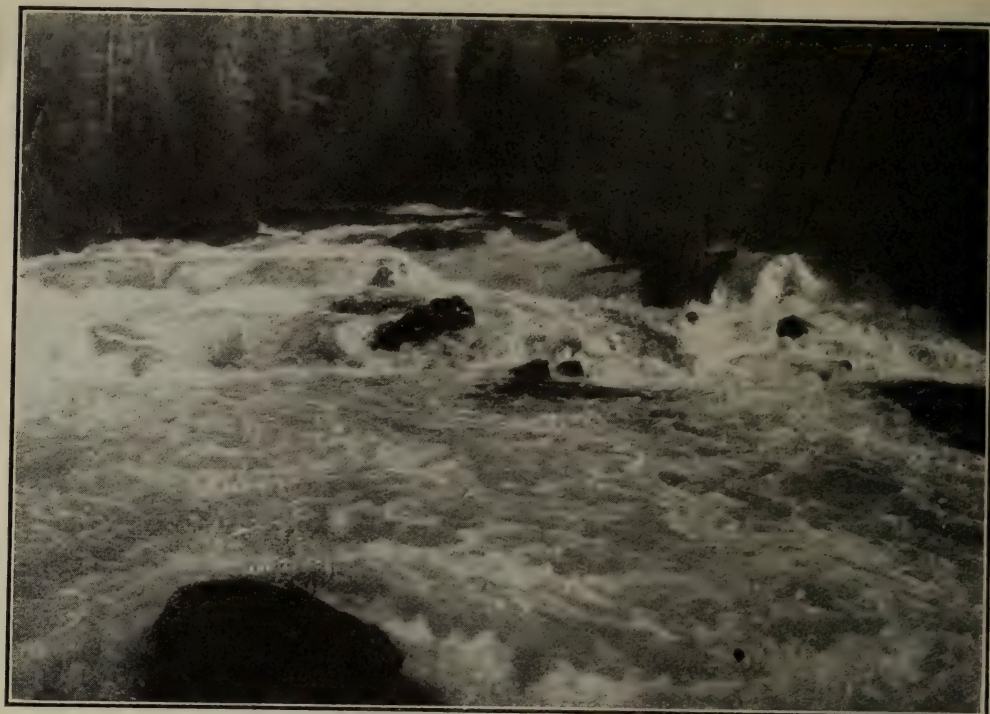
H. R. Wicksteed

Vacationists who look to the unrailed regions for the annual antidote for deadening routine have a new possibility this year in the Nipigon River and connecting waters. Readers of "Rod and Gun" are not unfamiliar with the district, for many a stirring tale of angling adventure with gamey speckled trout has appeared in its pages within the past few years. But, since the Canadian Northern Railway has opened its through line to the West, the whole section, comprising Nipigon River and Lake, and the rivers to the south and east, is made easily accessible. The various famous pools are now within easy distance of the railway, and sportsmen from all parts of the continent have commenced to speculate upon the new aspect. The opening of the through line of the Canadian Northern Railway means even more than that to sportsmen generally in Canada. A variety of canoe routes is available from points on Lake Nipigon—canoe routes that are admirably adapted to satisfy the requirements of almost any devotee of that light craft. From a base on Lake Nipigon or Orient Bay, or from some other starting-point on the new railway, any of the trips I outline here may be easily accomplished by anyone with even a modest experience of journeyings in the open.

The entrance of the railway through the Nipigon country has had the

effect of altering the conditions which formerly ruled all those travelling the waters. Anyone fired with the desire to "shoot" the Nipigon River had to make both the "up" and "down" journey by canoe. Now he can take the Canadian Northern to Orient Bay, drop down the stream by canoe and make the return trip by train. Again the best camping grounds and fishing pools on the Nipigon are all above Camp Alexander. Many may prefer, therefore, to leave their canoes above this portage, and, after fishing Cameron's Pool, to return up the river to the lake. In doing this, it is much easier to leave the main river just above the White Chute, and squeezing through a narrow creek for a few yards on the west side of the river, cross Hannah Lake and the Flat Rock portage direct to Lake Nipigon. This is the recognized route in ascending the river to the lake, and avoids some strenuous paddling and much loading and unloading of the canoes on the upper river.

The portages of the Nipigon are all good, and dry, although some are a little stoney. A few of the smaller rapids may be run in a canoe of good freeboard but only the old hands should attempt anything of the kind, for the river is very strong and makes a specialty of high sharp surges and strong eddies. If caught inadvertently, it is more important



Courtesy Canadian Northern Railway

VICTORIA RAPIDS, NIPIGON RIVER

to sit low than to steer straight, for the rush of water generally carries one through without danger except of swamping or capsizing. The Nipigon has the delightful characteristic also of being always at practically the same level ; there are no freshets or droughts, consequently when one knows the river, he knows it for all seasons and weather conditions.

From the Flat Rock portage a complete circuit of the lake may be made, and big as the latter is, the voyage is perfectly easy in mid-summer, and the canoeist will seldom be weatherbound for more than an hour or two. The mouth of McIntyre Bay, where a heavy sea rolls out before the prevailing south wind, is one of the few points to be anxious about, and the wind almost invariably goes down towards evening. The writer has crossed it during a lull in a southerly gale in November in a sixteen-foot Peterboro, but the experience was not altogether a pleasant one.

There are numerous rivers and canoe routes leading out to the south and west. A short portage from

Chief's Bay leads into the Black Sturgeon Lake and thence down the river to Black Bay. From the foot of the lake there is a long stretch of four miles of broken water and a four-mile portage to Nonwatin Lake; below this the river is comparatively easy. The Gull River leads to the westward and a much used canoe route leaves by the Wabinosh River through an extraordinary labyrinth of lakes and streams to the north-west.

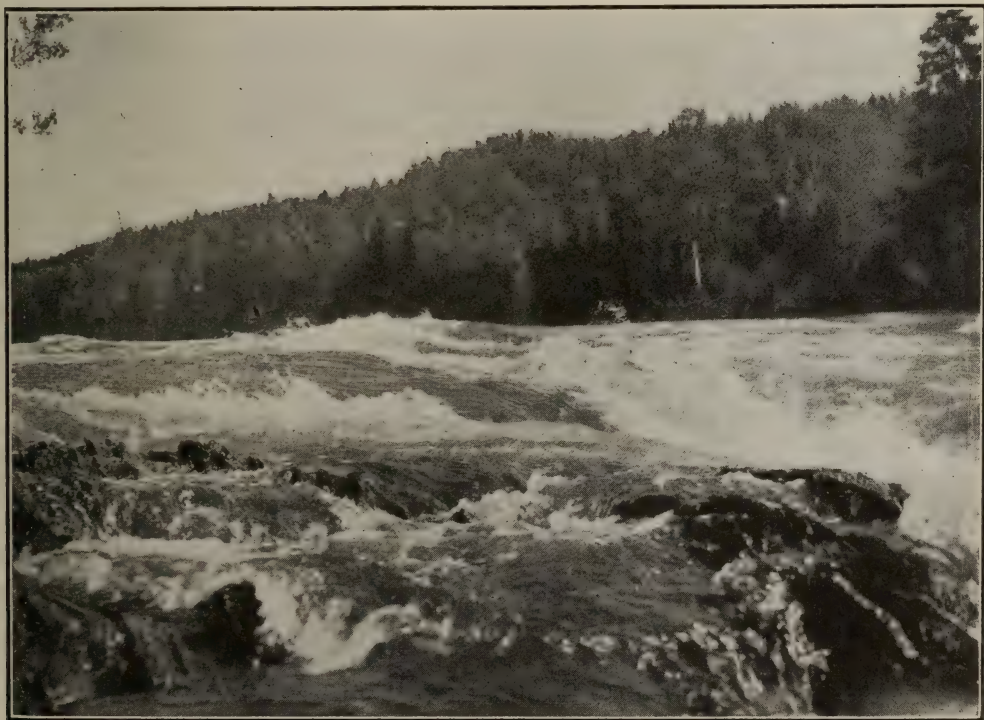
In the north-east corner of Nipigon is Ombabika Bay, from which leads another well-travelled route to the Albany River. It is somewhat intricate in parts and should not be undertaken without a guide. On the east shore the most important affluent is the Sturgeon, crossed higher up by the Canadian Northern. It is rather a hard river to ascend and the Indian route leaves it a few miles up and takes a parallel chain of lakes to the southward, returning to the river higher up. But the run down is easy and delightful. The canoeist may take it by leaving

the Canadian Northern at Wild Goose Lake or at Jellicoe.

But perhaps the most enjoyable and comprehensive trip of all is from Orient Bay again, ascending the little Pastagone River to Jean Lake. There is a portage of some three miles from near the mouth of the tunnel, but from this on there is no difficulty, and the route is easy to follow. Gull Lake is some three miles long, Jean Lake about eight miles, and very pretty. From the east end of Jean is a portage leading into the Sturgeon, just above Triangle Lake. There is an easy run down the river with only one or two short "lifts" to Sasayganaga—another eight miles—and another river stretch to Ash Lake, with a fairly long portage over good ground. We cross only the end of this lake, but an exploration of it for a day or two would probably be worth while. Another short portage leads to the south end of a large lake, as yet un-named, through which is a route to Lake Superior at Pays Plat. The lower part of this has some long portages and is used only

by local Indians, but there are some fine lakes on the height of land.

So far we have been travelling east. The river now turns abruptly north and has become a respectable stream. There are several rapids, but no long portages, and as we near the Canadian Northern Railway, we run into sandy country, very different from the rocks and mountains we have left behind, and a number of lake expansions and pleasant campgrounds with good fishing. Wild Goose, No Turkey, and Partridge Lake are among the largest, and are all about the same level and of the same general character. The number of poles, and bears' skulls attests its popularity with the Indians as a summer resort. Above Partridge Lake is a rather long rapid which can be successfully negotiated with a line at low water, or run when it is high. From Partridge Lake down, the trip is very easy, and all the portages are short, and the current generally strong and helpful. It is a most enjoyable run, which can be made in one very long summer



Courtesy Canadian Northern Railway

TUMBLING SURGES OF THE NIPIGON



Courtesy Canadian Northern Railway

ENTERING WHITE CHUTE RAPIDS, NIPIGON RIVER

day, but which will be better divided between two or three.

The whole trip as outlined can be made with a light canoe in four days, but including side trips and stops for fishing, can be easily spread over two weeks. The scenery is always pleasing, sometimes very fine indeed, and there is something particularly attractive to me in following a river continuously downwards almost from its very source to its mouth, and coming out after a round of one hundred and fifty miles to one's starting point without covering the same ground twice at any point. Trout may be caught in the Pustagone and pickerel and the Great Northern pike almost anywhere. One of the most remarkable sights the writer has ever seen was the annual run of the Whitefish up the river in September. At one of the falls, they could be shot with a gun, or even killed with a stick, and the party, being completely out of food, did not hesitate to use the latter expedient. The entry to Lake Nipigon from the forest bound river to the apparently

boundless lake is very impressive, especially at sundown when the western horizon is broken only by the Shakespeare Islands, several miles away.

From Wild Goose Lake east, there is a canoe route to little Long, and thence into Long Lake, but the portages are both long and very wet, and the country generally low and swampy. But from Long Lake to Lake Superior, there is a good route, used for many years by the Hudson's Bay Co., via the Mackay Lake and the Pic River. The Pic however, in its lower course is a muddy stream, and while the canoeing downstream is very easy, there is practically no fishing. The Pic runs out of the east end of Mackay's Lake; from the southwest there is another route through Greenwater, Steel, Trout and Mountain Lakes to Jackfish Bay. Into Mountain Lake is an abominable portage through a ravine paved with jagged boulders, otherwise the route is a good one, and the fishing excellent.

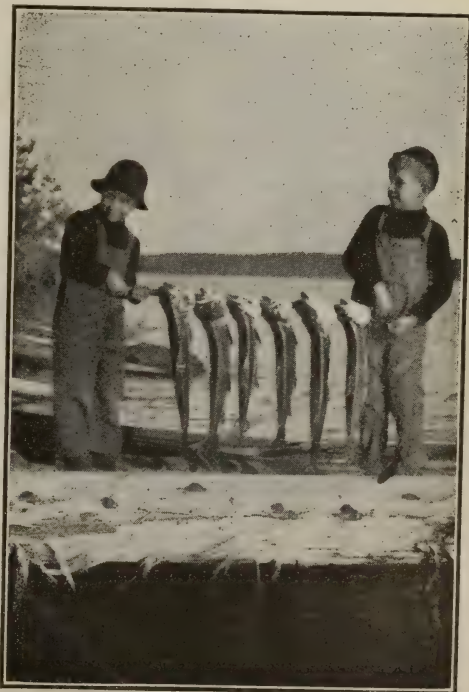
Almost anywhere along these lak-

and streams are good camping grounds, and nearly always there is one at one end or other of the portages. A good canoe landing with a tree blazed behind it almost invariably means that some Indian has selected it, and his instinct in such matters is unerring. He rarely lands on a sandy beach, and almost never on a bouldery one. The sand gets into the lining and ribs of his canoe and tends to rot these, and to make the canoe heavy; the boulders obviously are prone to damage the canoe in the slightest swell. A portage, on the other hand, very often leads out of a lake over a few yards or more of muskeg. The Indian will never hesitate to wet his feet rather than injure his canoe. Such a landing is that from the east end of Jean Lake. It is well to remember the Indian's point of view, not only for the sake of imitation, which is well worth while even with a wooden canoe, but because it aids us in finding portages and camp grounds and rejecting otherwise attractive-looking propositions. To a practised bushman, portages are almost always easy to find and even main routes across a lake. There are always burned points of islands where the Indian has started his fire. A patch of green grass—which is rarely seen anywhere but around a portage or camp ground—some cedars stripped of their lower limbs, or a pole driven in the mud at the mouth of a creek—all these mean constant travel, if not permanent residence and will never be found in unfrequented bays or creeks which end in a cul-de-sac.

The best canoes to be had in these days are those with canvas skins, such as the Chestnut, made in Fredericton, N.B. The ordinary models are rather flat-bottomed and the free-board low for rough water, but they are very stiff, and it is only in them where the reprehensible practice of sitting on the thwarts can be practised with any approach to safety when the canoe is light. A much abler canoe, designed for the use of the survey parties of the Canadian Northern, can be had on application to the Chestnut Canoe Co., and

which with even a partial load is amply stiff enough, and which can be taken dry through water conditions which would swamp the shallower models in a very few moments—but to the novice the steering will seem to be a much more difficult matter.

As to outfit: there are posts of both the Hudson's Bay Company and the Revillon freres at the C.N.R. Long Lake station and at Nipigon House of the Hudson Bay Company; at Jellicoe, a divisional point on the new Canadian Northern line, supplies may be secured. At Nipigon station are some excellent stores, and where the C.P.R. crosses the Pic, near its mouth, there is another. But except at Nipigon, luxuries of diet are not much dealt in, and the traveller will do well to bring them with him. During June and July, a light tent with plenty of mosquito bar is desirable, but for the next four months, the writer has always preferred a lean-to made with four or five inclined poles resting on the bottom of the canoe, and over which



Courtesy Canadian Northern Railway

LITTLE WINNIPEG-ERS WITH A STRING
OF NIPIGON BEAUTIES



—*Tourist's Map*—
—*Lake Nipigon Region*

Scale, 8 Miles to 1 Inch.

Note Port means Portage
" (B) " Supply Point



a tarpaulin is stretched, as being more comfortable and more quickly erected and packed up ; but some knowledge is required of how wind currents act on the smoke of the fire, and how best to nullify them. Nights in August and September, and even earlier in the season, are often cold and even frosty in these high latitudes, and a fire close up is nearly always comfortable. This is dangerous in the case of a tent, and a stove is an intolerable nuisance both to transport and to set up.

The great art of travelling comfortably is to have the least amount of baggage possible. Numbers of articles to which we have been accustomed in civilization can be readily dispensed with, or working sub-

stitutes manufactured with knife and
axe in a few seconds.

I do not intend to discourage amateurs from undertaking a trip through this country by themselves ; it is almost impossible that with reasonable caution, anything but a little discomfort can happen to them, but I would strongly recommend a study of the rudiments of woodcraft before starting, and more especially, how to prepare a canoe for carrying over a portage, and how to do up a pack and adjust a tump line, or portage strap. A canoe large enough for two men and a month's outfit should be carried by one with much less effort than by two, but only the old hand knows how to adjust and balance it. Similarly a fifty-pound pack perched

up on a man's shoulders will cause the most excruciating misery and exhaustion, where one of double that weight properly adjusted, can be carried with ease. Similarly with camp work : the old hand will knock down a standing dead tree and have a fire blazing in a few seconds, while the tyro will spend half an hour or more, and suffocate himself with smoke, trying to set alight some damp leaves and fallen timber. It is the little things such as this which make all the difference between keen enjoyment and utter discomfort and discomfort.

A couple of days with a native Indian, if he is closely watched, will not only teach more of how to be comfortable in the wilderness, but greatly increase our respect at the same time for the Indian. Stewart Edward White's book "The Forest"

will give some idea of his wonderful resourcefulness and his quickness and skill in river work. The Indian's proficiency is, of course, the result of generations of study and experience and has become an instinct, but the White Man has still greater stores of knowledge and experience to draw on, and as far as taking care of himself is concerned, there is no reason why he should not become proficient in a short time. The intuitive knowledge of what is beneath a certain eddying of the water, and whether the canoe will float over it or not, and the subconscious twitch of the steering paddle to meet it, the reading of almost invisible signs, blazes and axemarks, are things which come only through long study, but they come ; and the very study itself enhances wonderfully the pleasure of a canoe trip to an interested student.

BIRD PROTECTION IN CANADA

MAGNIFICENT EDUCATIONAL WORK OF THE CANADIAN SOCIETY FOR THE PRO- TECTION OF BIRDS.

In past years, one of the greatest obstacles encountered in the effort to secure proper protection for the wild life of Canada has been the lack of strong, organized endeavour, independent of official connection. The work of the Canadian Society for the Protection of Birds, incorporated in 1915, promises, in large measure, to remedy this difficulty. The objects of this society, stated generally, are as follows:—

(a) To instruct the public regarding the importance of protecting bird life in the interests of the country by holding meetings, lectures and exhibitions.

(b) To publish and distribute literature relating to birds, and co-operate with the Federal and Provincial Governments and regularly organized natural history societies

throughout Canada in this respect ; also to acquire and maintain a library.

(c) To secure legislation in behalf of bird protection in addition to existing legislation and to assist in enforcing the same.

(d) To forward the study of migration and all other matters relating to the nature of birds.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the work of this society is mainly educational. It has already organized and undertaken a thorough-going campaign for the promotion of nature study in Canadian schools. The concentration of effort in this direction will, it is hoped, inculcate in the minds of the rising generation a deeper and fuller appreciation of the values, both material and sentimental, which attach to bird life than has characterized the Canadian people heretofore.





BJORNSSENS GRIZZLY

Don Matheson

WHILE we were logging in British Columbia many years ago, my pal Jock Robinson had a scrap with a grizzly bear, out of which he came rather cut up. While we were dressing his wounds, he said, philosophically that if a grizzly war' left alone it is as harmless as a rotten trunk; but look out if ye' wound it, for it's just plain hell."

We had a party of four, with pack horses loaded with impedimenta, to put the old lumber camp in order for the winter's operations by the crowd of Jacks that were coming later with the Biggest Boss of all. We had been out of camp for over a year and things in a deserted camp have a habit of going wrong with the passage of months in this mountain wilderness. We had, however, plenty of time and were taking things easy with our heavy train.

Most of us had spent the Fall on the harvest work, on the prairie and, as there was nothing new connected with that sort of work, we weren't having a whale of a lively time, conversationally.

The new Straw Boss, who led our advance party, was a taciturn French-Canadian, with a wide reputation as a first-class lumber man; but from the quality of English he spoke, he might have passed for a native of Maine. When I say he was taciturn, I mean, only, that he had no remarks to make while we were hitting the trail, but, if handled properly we discovered he could talk around the camp fire.

There was more than a hint of snow in the souging wind that swept down the Spray Valley when we stopped at the first camp for the night. The trail had been good all the way, except for a few dead-falls which we had dealt with as we came along, for we had cut the wagon-breadth ourselves when we first took the berth over. We made ourselves and

the horses comfortable and stowed our leather goods out of the way of marauding porcupines, which abound in this part of the country.

"Well, I t'ink," began the Boss, apropos of nothing, after we had supper, "the goldarn'est fellow, yes, I ever met was on the t'rashing outfit I was with this year. He was a Norwegian, just over from the ol' country, and spoke the darndest 'glomeration of English I ever heard, yes.

"But, say fellows, he could work! He'd be up first in the morning and last into his bunk at night, and was on the prod all th' time. But when he did get into his bunk, th' rest of us couldn't sleep for his snores, and he used to wonder how it came about that his bunk was full of boots when he woke up. When we told him about his snores, he'd smile all over his big face, an' say: "Yah, Ah ban hefty bloke! Yes."

"An' he was some scrapper, right from his heels up! He couldn't *fight* worth a cent, but he just loved to try, an' he'd come up smiling every time, an' set to again swinging his arms around. Eat!, well, say! He'd drink too,—anything anyone else'd drink,—although by the looks of him, he'd never had the habit.

"But boys, we all loved the big fellow, except one or two he'd trimmed and made beat it to somewhere else. I liked the lad an' he seemed to like me. Ought I not to like him? Yes, no? He damned near killed a Dago who stuck me in the back wit' a pitch-fork an' then he nursed me through the fever that come after.

"He'd try anyt'ing. He wasn't even scared of monkeying with a t'irty-t'irty, though he knew not'ing at all about it. But he was some guy to catch fish! Give him a line and a hook and he'd rig tackle and find fish in an inch of

water to keep the camp supplied so you'd t'ink every day was a Friday.

"Yes," concluded the Boss, with a kind of sigh, "I loved that lad an' I guess I had a right to. Yes, no?"

We reached the main camp the next evening, after travelling through some of the finest country in the Rockies at a general elevation of about 6000 feet. All day we were under the shadows of mighty mountains. The ten thousand feet of Goat Mountain, rising sheer from the Valley of the Spray, and the sheer drop into the cataracting river below, always makes me puny and dull and when I have to ride the trail alone, I am always glad to get down to the lower and broader levels again.

We saw numbers of bear and goat, and hundreds of porkys on the way; but we were in a national preserve and the one or two rifles in the packs were sealed by the wardens before we left town. We knew the district too well to take any chances, for any boulder might conceal a ranger who'd nothing in his mind but seeing that the regulations were not broken.

So, there was nothing to eat when we got into camp, but what we had packed with us; but we had a dandy cook who had every stew artist I'd ever come across in the camps, feazed to a fare-you-well.

In about a week the snow came and the gangs which had collected began to snake out the logs to the river bank against the time when we'd begin driving down-stream in the early summer.

You know the life of a logging camp. It is the same, day after day—eating, working, singing, talking, playing, sleeping, and, sometimes, scrapping—and I'm not going to bother you with descriptions.

Bjornsen struck our camp about two weeks after we began getting the logs down off the mountain-side on which our limit was. He came, casually, with the little Cockney who had been his pal since they landed in the country from the same ship, and they were the funniest couple you ever saw.

Born and Cocky, as we called them, dropped in from a hike over, from the railway track, about thirty miles, covering country in which experienced men of the trail would never have ventured. I guess it was just a case of the bull luck that usually sticks to the ignorant. They threw down their little bundles, or "estates" as Cocky said, on the floor and shook hands with Rousson, the straw boss.

"Allo, Boss," piped Cocky, perking his little pinched face up at the big French-Canadian, "bally glad to see you, ol' fellah. Suppose you'd thought you'd never see us two blighters again, eh? But 'ere we are, large as life."

"Yaas," rumbled Born, who had learned much English from Cocky and others who spoke not the proper, every-day jargon, "'ere we are, big as the two of us ginks both are alive."

"Glad to see you, of course," agreed the Boss, heartily enough, but apparently somewhat perplexed, "but I t'ink it mighty queer you two fellows should hit t'is camp. Yes, no! eh?"

"Queer, nuthin'", snorted Cocky. "Where

're two ginks that's stoney; 'broke goin' if they don't go somewheres?"

We smiled at the obviousness of the remark.

"That's right ol' cock," said Born, solemnly. "We both broken as the stone, ech, we're—dot you call—up an' down."

"The blighter means down an' hout, an' 'e's *ko-rect*," said Cocky, finally, with emphasis as he squeezed his way into a place at the dining-table.

When he had eaten something to take the immediate edge off his appetite, however, he proceeded to enlighten all and sundry as to the events which had led to their state of practical destitution.

"W'en we quit the ol' 'omestead, we 'ad forty plunks heach a-comin', an' it should 'a' bin forty bloomin' 'undred for the work we bin an' done. Then that gink there 'as a 'unch we ought to 'it the 'igh spots a wile an'—we 'it 'em, an' they 'it back at us."

"But the gink w'ot 'it me, I also 'it his back, boomed Born, gleefully.

"Yeh, an' got fined twenty bloomin' bones, what cleaned us hout," finished Cocky, disgustedly. "Fawncy, four bloomin' pahnds for 'ittin' a cop, an' I done it hoffer for 'alf-a-crown hover in th' Ol' Country! Wouldn't that flatten yer! Any'ow we're 'ere.—"

"Because we're 'er," added Born solemnly.

We talked the business over after supper. It was the worst time of the year for the kind of labor represented by the two friends. The Big Boss had all the hands he wanted and he couldn't very well put any more on the payroll without leave from the firm down east. We finally reckoned, however, that they could have their grub in return for doing chores for the cook and generally around the camp, and from that time the two fellows became the life and joy of the whole camp.

They quarrelled incessantly, to our great amusement, and Born, who could man-handle Cocky, with the greatest ease—when he could catch him—was always ready to be the goat for any fellow who wanted a scrap, with the gloves, after supper. His big blonde head, seemed to be of bone, and his smile was never wry, however much he was smashed about.

Things went along well enough for about a month. We were in good grizzly country and had many signs that they were plentiful around the camp that season. Everyone had been solemnly warned that the rifles had been sealed to remain sealed while in the reserve; that no shooting of any kind was permissible; that any man who broke the law would be broken away from his job and that, in any case, the grizzlies were harmless—if left alone, notwithstanding anything they might have heard to the contrary.

One Saturday, when the camp boss—the Biggest Boss—and Rousson, had gone into town for mail and tobacco, we were taking a few hours to thaw out, after a hard week getting logs to the skid. Some of us, were talking, some reading and smoking and some sleeping. Anyhow, things were pretty quiet when we heard the crack of a rifle four times in quick succession, at some distance in the general direction of Cone Mountain.

It may, or may not have been curious, but every man Jack of us looked around for the

Norwegian and Cocky, and neither was to be seen.

I jumped up. "Come on, some of you fellows and let's rope in these d— youngsters. There'll be h— poppin' around here shortly if these fellows get into trouble."

The snow was not very deep and the going was good enough, especially as, when we got outside the trodden flat immediately around the camp, we could plainly follow the tracks made by the amateur huntsmen. They led us in the direction we anticipated and towards what we knew to be the rooting grounds of a bear family. We met the two coming along, gaily gesticulating and, when we met, we found Born carrying an obsolete rifle that might have been in the Ark in Noah's time. This had been in the living shack ever since I had any connection with the camp and I knew it was far more dangerous to the user than to anything it was pointed at.

"You bin shootin'?" I asked, quietly, being the fellow in charge when neither of the Bosses were around.

"Sure," answered Born, joyously, "I ban keeled greasly bear."

"With that slug pump?"

"Yah! Ah ban one dandy shotter."

"But you heard what the Boss said about shooting?"

"Yah; but not greasly not to be shotted at," he replied, in surprise that we did not share his enthusiasm.

"It'll be a darned good thing if you're trying to fool us, Born, son," I replied. "Come along and we'll investigate."

Born walked proudly ahead, until we had progressed about half-a-mile, when he dropped behind to tighten up his mocassins and, before he rejoined us, we saw the grizzly lying, showing black and still against the white snow, while a couple of fairly large cubs nosed her body bewilderedly.

Now, I know something of grizzlies, and, though they don't play possum, I'm never sure of them till the head's off and the skin with it.

We approached slowly, when I saw a convulsive movement on the part of the prostrate

animal and I had barely time to shout a warning when she came at us, full tilt, showing every cruel tooth in her jaws, and raging. We were unarmed, and I cursed my folly as she was bound to do some harm, in the mood she was in. When, however, she was close enough for us to see the mad rage in her pig-like eyes, she wheeled to the left and, describing a half-circle, made directly for Born, who was coming up behind.

He did not turn a hair. He crouched in an impossible position for true shooting, pointed the rifle at the advancing beast, and, when she was scarcely six paces from him, he pulled the trigger. It jammed.

With one blow of her right paw she swept off half of Born's jaw, bone and all, from the ear to the cleft of his chin and started in to tear at his chest, desisting and finally moving slowly away, when she heard the frantic noise made by Cocky as he struggled in the strong grasp of Robinson, who was restraining him from flying to his poor chum's assistance.

Poor Born! He was, of course, stone dead and, later on, we found mother grizzly, also dead, about a mile away. She had three bullets in her body, not one of which was more than an inch under her skin, and a fourth lodged in the skull above the ear, which killed her.

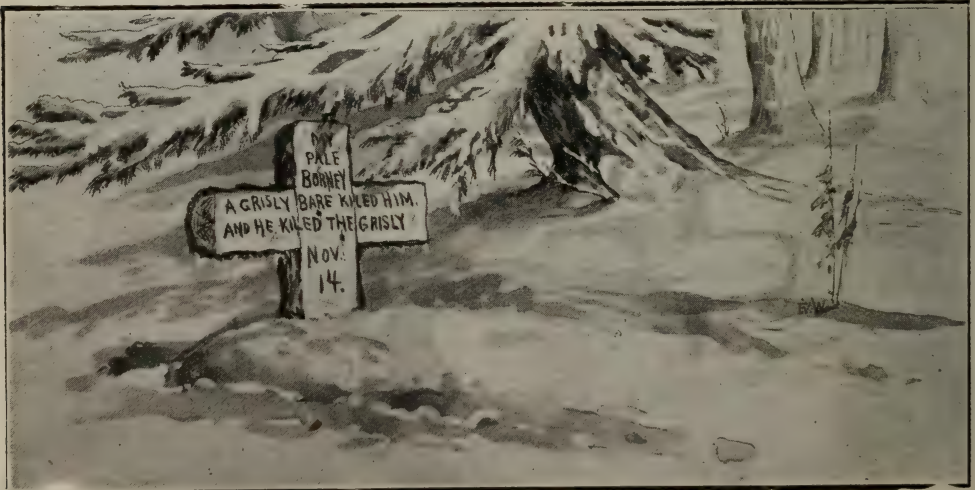
"Waal," said Robinson, with fitting solemnity, "I always said it. A b'ar's a b'ar, but a grizzly is just plain hell."

And after we buried poor Born, two days later, we went into town to give evidence and saw the Big Boss fined for having the old rifle in his possession, unsealed.

We had terrible work getting Rousson torn apart from the jag, which he went on when he heard the news, and when we got back to camp there was a wooden cross over Born's grave, with an inscription in Cocky's scrawl: "My pale, Borney. A grisly bare kiled him, and he kiled the grisly. Nov.-14."

And we never saw Cocky again.

And the Game Warden has the skin for chaps and the head's been mounted.





F. V. Williams

THE first flush of dawn in the East was showing above the tree tops, touching with a warm glow the tops of the dark evergreen trees and giving them a golden outline that was good to behold. The woods world was beginning to bestir itself, up on the higher ground a bird here and there broke into song, heralds of the coming day. The light grew still stronger giving everything a rosy hue along the tops of the hills, and as the heavy mists from the valleys ascended above the lower tree-tops the mystery and ghostliness of the night gradually began to disappear, and presently a light morning breeze sprang up that chased the last remnant of mist from along a heavily wooded stream. This flowed deep and silently past a little promontory that jutted out just here, making a big eddy. Objects one hundred yards away being plainly visible now, one could discern a goodly sized khaki tent looming up against the background of dark fir trees.

A bit further back from this square wall tent, stood a smaller round tent and a short distance from both was a smouldering campfire in front of a spacious leanto (if such a shelter can be called spacious) made of boughs a splendid shelter in itself. This leanto faced the tents some fifty feet distant. An ideal camping spot was this and a permanent camp, as everything had its place even to the shining tin dish pan hanging in a sheltered spot on a tree; while leaning against the outside of the bough shelter were paddles, with an assortment of rods and other fishing paraphernalia stowed away out of reach of a possible shower on the inside. "Some camp!" any one would admit that, and an ideal place to rest and take real 'joy' from the woodland, but alack and alas there was discord even here in this Paradise.

A movement over by the round tent takes our attention and we glance in that direction in time to see a husky broad-shouldered fellow crawl out from under the flap of the

round tent. (Under similar circumstances a chap of his stature could scarcely have emerged if he had not "crawled.") The broad-shouldered one, Pete Young by name, gradually rose from all fours and gazed at the East where the sun had already showed its red rim above the timber line. His weather-wise eye roved across the heavens and finally came back to the big square tent, whereat he broke into such an expansive smile that it caused him to yawn. Stretching his brawny arms skyward he pawed the air like some gigantic animal aroused from a refreshing slumber.

Pete was somewhat of an animal at that, but a bully good human animal as the many parties he had guided for could vouch. That was why he was guiding and cooking for the quartet we find him with in this story. Pete's smile was sure a meaning one as he gazed at the tent, but he gave his trousers an extra hitch and returning to his tent pulled out a pair of stout lace shoes, kicked off his light moccasins and proceeded to prepare his feet for the day's work. Boots laced, he tossed the moccasins inside the tent and walking to the leanto took down a pair of large galvanized water pails. Down over the bank he went—and here were two fine canoes turned upside down resting on a couple of stout poles, raised perhaps a foot or eighteen inches above the gravelly beach, a beach by the way which had evidently been formed by the action of the eddy which we have mentioned before.

Bubbling out of the bank, scarce thirty feet from the stream, was a fine spring, from which Pete filled his buckets and hustled back to the camp. Kicking the still burning embers of the preceding night's fire together, he threw a handful of birchbark on them, criss-crossed a few sticks above the bark and turned his attention to mixing up a 'batter' for his flap-jacks. Coffee claimed his attention next, then bacon and eggs. Yes sir, they had fresh eggs at this camp, away up here twenty miles from the

nearest railroad where the accommodation train had left them some two weeks before. Pete knew their little weaknesses for comfort and luxuries and acted accordingly as he would have told you. Now, had he been on a trip for his own pleasure he would never have burdened himself with such fixings as 'henfruit,' which all goes to show why this man had a country-wide reputation as a guide and good fellow.

The breakfast was ready for the guests and judging by the size of it and the pot of coffee brewed for the crowd it should have been a hungry one. Pete cast a critical eye over each detail of his meal, then he glanced at the sun already a half hour high, looked at his watch, filled his short clay pipe and proceeded to light it carefully with an ember from the campfire. Picking up a short stick he marched over to the dishpan and beat such a tattoo thereon that a couple of inquisitive bluejays who had ventured into camp to investigate an empty cracker box were half startled out of their wits and retreated to the top of a nearby tree from which they added their calls to the racket below.

Returning to his seat at the fire the cook sat down to await the arrival of the fishermen who should have been on hand long before this. Then thoughts of last night's squabble returned to him and in spite of the fact that some of the incidents were positively funny he could not remember one other instance in his wood's career where he had had to deal with such unsportsmanlike fishermen as two of this party had proved to be. The very first night they had shown their colors for when the others had been hustling to get the camp put to rights before dark, these two worthies had taken their rods and gone away down stream, leaving the others to arrange their dunnage and fix their bunks as best they could. Then on their return without any fish they had had a great time 'kidding' their host and the guide about bringing them to a place twenty miles from nowhere to fish in a fishless river. (Ever notice that this sort of individual generally considers himself a great 'kidder' when making personal remarks)? These and other witticisms of like calibre, had made Pete furious, and many a time in the last two weeks he had made excuses to absent himself from camp for a half hour while his temper cooled off. These were his employer's guests, and if his employer saw fit to stand for their childishness why should he care,—but Pete *did* care, for he had always taken a pride in handling outlying parties. These two, however, had little respect for any one's feelings, least of all the guide, as he had found to his chagrin more than once.

The climax had been reached the preceding evening when one of the pair had made suggestions as to how Pete should dress the fish of yesterday's catch. He had complained that the way they were prepared for the table was all wrong. The self appointed critic, "thought that Pete was not much of a cook," and told him so. "He could do better himself," he asserted; and right here he was interrupted by his host

who had been an embarrassed listener to the conversation, and who had told him in plain English that when he had invited him on the trip he had been under the impression that he was a sportsman and a gentleman, shortly afterwards that if he did not like his surroundings there was just one thing for him to do and that was to get out. Johnny Jones had retired to his bunk to spend a restless night, for squabbles in camp were far and away out of his line.

"Hello Petel," a voice called from the direction of the tent. "How about breakfast? Guess we're late again, hey?"

"O, not so much!" returned the cook diplomatically, "I was a bit late myself in turnin' out."

Muttering and grumbling from the tent interrupted their conversation, and a black look came into the other's face as he glanced back at the tent that he had left but a few moments before. The cook raised his brows interrogatively, and Jones—for it was he—raised his right hand in a never-again gesture and seating himself on a convenient stump finished lacing his boots. Washing up at the tin basin back of the camp was but a few moments' work and John returned just as the others, (James Brock, Sidney Cronk and William Smith) came tumbling out. Brock grinned good-naturedly at Jones and tried to make some joking remark about 'first come first served' regarding the breakfast, but as he looked at the others, Smith and Cronk, his good nature vanished and making a wry face he sat down to a silent meal with Jones and the guide.

Pete was turning over in his mind some way to keep the hostile elements of the party from clashing during the day, when Jones decided the matter by announcing he had decided to stay in camp for the day.

"Let Brock take my place," and, he added, "I've got a bright idea Pete; I'll bet you I get the biggest fish of the day!"

The cook smiled broadly. "I know, I know, he's some fish but I've given up a-tryin' to get him; if you get that fellow you sure will be 'high line.'"

Now, the big fish referred to had been known to frequent a pool on a small stream some distance from camp, a place not to be reached by canoe, and although there was as a rule, pretty good fishing to be had on the stream mentioned, the fisherman of their party had long since given up the task of trying to catch what Pete called a certain old 'wolloper' of a trout that made his home there.

By staying in camp as he suggested, Johnny Jones was avoiding all chance of a recurrence of the sarcasm and disagreeableness of the past few days and as he looked over toward the pair as they washed up and 'stalled' about waiting for the others to leave the breakfast that they might eat by themselves, he really felt his old cheerful self returning to think he had had judgment enough to think of it.

Brock was the one that had been elected the day before to stay in camp and he was delighted to go with Pete for, truth to tell, he had no use for the tramping game, but

he sure did like the canoe, and as Pete figured the other two would be better natured when they learned of the change in the programme. Things seemed to be shaping themselves into a pleasant day after all, and if their day's report turned out to be as good as the weather it would be fine indeed.

Jones knew the country pretty well for he had made numerous short exploratory excursions on previous outings and he already had his plans mapped out for the day, before the others were ready to depart.

The two grouchy ones had not eaten with the others, and were accordingly later in getting away. They studiously avoided noticing their would-be friend's presence until they were well out in the stream in the canoe. Then as the lone man on the bank was putting his rod together he was suddenly made aware of their departure by Cronks yelling derisively to him to change his necktie, as the one he wore was too red to be lucky. "No luck in red ties Johnny, p'raps that's what's the matter with your camp this year"—and at this the two worthies laughed uproariously. They knew full well that Pete and Brock were beyond earshot and thought to have some fun with Jones.

Their references to his red tie came very near catching him off his guard, and he was about to retort in kind when the funny side of their remarks broke upon him, and just then a chipmunk—his cheek pouches full of something stolen from the larder—stopped abruptly in his flight and looked full at the fisherman. Jones, laughingly asked "Stripes" if he were looking at the red necktie, whereupon brother chipmunk scampered away frightened half out of his skin at the sound of the human voice. The tie referred to was a strip from a red handkerchief that Jones had tied about his neck to keep the pine needles etc. from dropping down his neck while pushing his way through the thick tangles along the stream. Not being able to get a 'rise' out of Jones the canoe passed on and was soon out of sight around the nearest point.

Going to the larder back of Pete's tent the fisherman made himself a couple of fried egg sandwiches, wrapped them in a piece of waxed paper to keep them from drying up, looked over his assortment of flies and getting into his coat and hanging his fishbasket over his shoulder started out. Half a dozen yards from camp he turned back and re-entering the big tent got his pocket kodak, fastened the tent once more and giving what remained of the campfire a second going-over he was at last ready to start.

"Some day,!" he soliloquized as he tramped along. The big drops of dew on the foliage glistened and sparkled like so many jewels; diamonds were everywhere, and the fragrant woods smells made one want to fill the lungs to the bursting point. It was a day for the Gods, and Jones was one of the kind to appreciate every bit of it. He had travelled this old trail before and knew it to be a good three miles to the trout stream, but there was hardly a bad spot in the entire distance, there were two places where

the ground was marshy but there was no water standing on these spots, and Jones noted that spider webs, crossed the trail completely in many places; some of them even held insects that had evidently been there for some time, as they were dried and in many instances dismembered by the builders of the webs.

An examination of the moist earth along the trail, where this was at all visible, showed no signs of human footprints. Once Jones discovered deer tracks. At another place a raccoon had stepped daintily upon the moist earth only to turn and retrace his steps as there was but the one footprint. "Signs of good fishing," thought the fisherman, "not a soul over here for weeks by the look of this trail, and I guess it's the only one leading to this particular stream for miles."

Much elated, he walked swiftly along, and an hour out from camp found him in sight of a small quiet pool, the first glimpse of his fishing ground. Here, however, he spent a half hour of his forenoon in watching a porcupine, and trying to get a picture of him as he walked out on the branches of a birch that overhung the pool, nibbling at something in the branches very much to his liking to judge by the way he went at it. It was well worth watching to see 'porky' slowly move out along the branch he had chosen, some of which looked as though they would surely break with his weight. 'Porky,' however, was evidently a very good judge of the strength of these slender sticks, for he would go out so far that the tips of some of them touched the waters and still they did not give way. The man on the shore was so interested that he actually forgot his sport for awhile watching the deliberate moves of his 'quillship' at breakfast.

"Plop!" Jones came back to the fishing with a start as an ambitious fingerling broke water out in the center of the pool in a mad rush for a moth that went fluttering across the water. The little speckled fellow missed and fell back and five minutes later the fisherman dropped a gorgeous imitation of a fly over the same spot. He was rewarded by a rush and strike from a regular 'old-timer' that bolted downstream as soon as he felt the hook and at a speed that made Jones hustle to keep near him. Right in the middle of a small riffle was a deep hole and into this the trout went, only to be landed a short time afterward. He proved to be a beauty, thirteen inches in length and in fine condition.

Some fishing! The indications that Jones had noted along the trail,—the cobwebs and blank spaces of moist earth with no signs of passing travellers had proven correct, the trout seemed not to have been disturbed in a long time.

After landing twelve fine fish—he had thrown back some six or seven others as being undersized—Jones decided to eat his lunch and have one more try for a Big One to make a 'bakers dozen' for the day, as that was all he cared to carry on the return trip.

The cold sandwiches tasted good after his long forenoon's hike and after washing

them down with a good drink from the cool stream he sat on the bank in the shade and watched a number of flycatchers darting about amongst the foliage after sundry insects that thrived hereabout. It was an ideal spot to study nature at her best. Across

about three feet that went straight down to the water that right here swept under the bank. He had laughed at Pete's story when the latter had insisted he had seen the biggest trout he had ever put eyes on in this hole, and upon being asked how big



"HE SPENT A HALF HOUR OF THE FORENOON WATCHING THE PORCUPINE"

from where he sat there was an old upturned tree that had been there for years unmoved by the spring freshets and apparently little affected by the flight of time, as it looked exactly as it had some five years before when he had seen it for the first time. Looking at it brought back a story Pete had told him of a hole back from the stream

the hole was he had said it was perhaps eight inches across. Everybody had laughed when Pete told his story, and they had asked him why he had not caught the big fellow, to which he had offered the explanation that the fish had taken hook, bait and all and got away with it. No one had ever taken notice enough of the yarn, however, to try the

place, and the chances are that there was not one out of fifty would have found it had not Pete chosen to show them. Wading the stream the fisherman got to the old log and walking up to the end that was resting on the shore he climbed up to an old root and took a birds-eye view of the ground in the immediate vicinity. The grass was a foot high right here and there was no hole in the bank visible to the careless observer. Upon taking a second look, however, he observed a darker spot some three feet from the bank and six or eight feet from the old tree. Jones took off his flies and attached a common hook, and after a few minutes' search caught a large 'hoppergrass.' Fixing him on the hook he stealthily approached the 'hole' and dropped his bait out of sight in the grass. He knew when it struck the water by the slack line, and waited with every nerve set for something to happen. Nothing did happen, however, and Jones smiled to himself as he remarked, "Too bad my critics weren't here now to laugh at my method of catching the 'wily trout.'"

Still thinking of the fun his friends would have had at his fishing in a foot of grass for big trout, he walked up to the hole and looked down. It was evidently about twenty inches down to the water, and about two inches above the water was his 'bait' carefully perched on a bit of dried grass. Taking the line in his fingers he dropped the 'hopper' directly and in the center of the bit of dark water. The insect gave a spasmodic kick and the next instant Jones nearly had heart failure, for a trout the likes of which he had never seen before had risen from somewhere under the bank, swallowed the bait and had turned to go when the man realized that should he ever get under that bank the line would part on the rough edge and he would lose him sure. With a quick upward fling he half lifted the big fellow out of the hole, when the line broke and he dropped half way back. The fisherman fell on his knees and by the merest chance got hold of the trout and a big handful of grass at the same time, the grass helped him to keep his grip and he threw the fish away from the hole and quickly followed him up, finishing him with a smart blow on the head from a stick that was lying conveniently near. Then Jones sat down and admired the largest brook trout he had ever seen. The pocket tape said seventeen and one half inches and although he was a bit thin for his length his coloring was beautiful.

"Geel" mused Jones, "old Pete is all right in more ways than one. Here I've been past this place two different seasons and never took interest enough in his story to give the place a try. Believe me, those fellows' eyes will bulge when they see this whale!" and he proceeded to pack the big fellow away on one side of his fish basket in a special packing of moss to keep him as fresh as possible against his return to camp.

Down the stream around the bend a short distance was the prettiest and best pool on the whole stream, and it seemed as if the day would not be complete unless a visit was paid this place as it had the wildest surroundings of the entire trip.

He would go down there, he decided, not because he wanted to fish but just to look around a bit before starting back for camp. Half way through a small piece of woods that lay above his objective point an old windfall crossed the stream. Jones swung one leg over and was about to drop down on the other side when he happened to glance down stream. If he had seen a ghost he would have been surprised—but here was something, or rather, somebody, that surprised him more than any ghost.

A tall athletic girl was standing partly turned away from him, holding in her right hand a light trout rod while in expert fashion she held in her left by the gill covers a large freshly caught trout. The light glistened on his speckled sides and a glistening silvery drop of water fell from him as the fellow on the log waited in silence, but the girl did not turn around. Instead she gazed, as if frightened or very much interested, at something that was going on in the thicket to her left, and Jones dropping his rod butt first leaned it against the tree, and although the distance was great, succeeded in getting what he considered would be a very good picture. As he slipped the kodak back into his pocket the girl turned away and stood facing the thicket as she unhooked her fish, glancing the while at the mysterious something that was invisible to the fisherman.

He had a great big notion to turn back and slip quietly 'round the bend in the stream from whence he had come. He could have done so very easily. Then he thought of his snapshot and glancing at the figure below him he almost laughed aloud.

"Some fishing costume!" The pose he had snapped was almost too studied—or at least it looked that way—to make a good out-of-doors picture, and the lady herself did not seem appropriate to her surroundings, a light muslin shirtwaist, hair done up high, and neat tailored skirt for the north woods. "Ha! ha! he! he!" tittered Jones, "Some style to be sure; this beats my red tie," and he laughed some more.

The fair "lady of the wood" as Jones mentally called her, walked slowly past the thicket, watching it closely all the while, passed on to a big flat boulder from behind which she presently emerged with a regulation fish basket and—ye Gods and little fishes!—a regular summer girl's hat, finally disappearing around the far edge of the thicket.

Jones scratched his head, looked at his watch, scratched his head again, and finally slipped off his "roost," then scrambled to the right bank of the stream and walking softly over the bare rock of this side of the Deep Hole he approached the tangle where the mystery was evidently hidden. Within ten yards of the place he heard a curious mixture of grunts and squeaks from the thick foliage before him, then more grunts and a decided rustling of the foliage. Bear, was his first thought, but on dropping on his knees he could get a good view through the slender stems of the bushes and there sat old Mother 'porky' endeavoring to discipline a refractory youngster who seemed determined to leave the shelter of his leafy

home for the more open borders of the stream.

"Well," exclaimed the investigator, "s'pose she thought it was bears, and durned if they didn't have me guessing for a minute. That accounts for the lady's sudden exit while the fishin' was so good. Now let's see, if there is a camp hereabouts: it's new to me, but it certainly cannot be so very far away." Although Jones felt rather guilty at following the young lady, he started along the shore in the direction the girl had taken and travelling a short fifty yards ran into another surprise. A newly made trail had been swamped to the stream, and with a snort of rage the sportsman gazed at a freshly painted sign, nailed to a tree and in plain sight of the stream:

Notice!

No fishing allowed on this stream within one mile North and South of this trail. Offenders will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

A. B. Dick.

For a good five minutes Jones looked at the sign, getting angrier every minute. At the end of that time he hastily put his rod in the branches of a nearby tree, unslung his fish basket and fastening the lid on securely tied it to a hidden branch and went hustling up the trail toward he knew not what.

One thing he did know and that was that they were fifty miles as the crow flies from the nearest small town, and a dozen miles from the nearest branch line of any railroad and not a fence for miles, and it made him hot with rage to think a man would come to a wilderness like this and try and 'HOG' it over other sportsmen.

He would see about it, at least find out who this fellow was that 'posted' land without a fence around it to prevent others fishing, away up here in God's own country. As he hastened along he tried to place this fellow Dick, and he had a hazy recollection of having heard an old guide mention the fact that a man by the name of Dick had a resort on a fine lake about two miles back from the stream, not a pleasure resort you understand but just a place where he invited a few of his society friends for the summer, or a part of each season. Also he remembered now of the story of how he had endeavored to obtain possession of the timber land on either side of the stream for miles, and had only been frustrated in his little game by a wide awake game warden and a number of guides who had stood together and reported to the Game and Fish officials the fact that it was not timber which he had made a pretext for obtaining a lease on an enormous tract of land—but the control of the finest game and fish section in that part of the country, the heavy timber such as would make good lumbering having been cut years before.

A sudden turn in the trail, the gleam of water through the tree trunks and there before him, in a well cleared space of perhaps two acres, beside a fair-sized lake were

a number of neatly built cottages, but to his trained eye only one appeared to be occupied. At least there was but one that had smoke curling up from the chimney. Taking a picture of this little scene was the work of a minute or two and he went forward toward the cottage that appeared to be occupied. The approach was from the rear and as he rounded the corner he found himself face to face with five young ladies who were evidently passing the afternoon lolling about the verandah. For a moment both sides simply gazed, but the tension was abruptly broken by an older lady who suddenly opened the front door with a cheery, "Well, how do you do Mr. Jones, where did you come from?" Jones stammered and looked extremely uncomfortable and to add to his confusion he saw his vision of the trout stream coolly looking him over with a curious smile as she noted his mosquito bitten countenance and the red tie. However, that glance at his tie restored his composure at a bound as he remembered how he had laughed at her 'fancy' fishing outfit. This recollection caused him to smile so broadly that the young lady suddenly remembered something she had to attend to indoors and getting up, went inside with just a slight trace of annoyance, or so it appeared.

Mrs. Burton, the lady who had accosted Jones from the doorway, continued, "I saw you take the picture from the back room but did not recognize you until you were nearly to the house. Tell us all about yourself," and after being introduced to the young ladies he sat down on the verandah steps and gave Mrs. Burton—a friend who lived close by in the city—an account of his day's adventures and a description of their camp, etc., omitting the discovery of the fisher maid in the afternoon tea costume. Mrs. Burton mentioned the fact, however, that Miss Cheney had returned from the Big Pool but a short-time before his arrival, with three fine fish, "Do you know," she remarked, "that girl is quite an expert with the rod as her brother taught her how to cast as well as a lot of the fine points of the fishing game, and she keeps us pretty well supplied, but to-day she said on her return that some animal in the thickets down there had frightened her away. I'm just wondering if she did hear something or perhaps the mosquitoes were too plentiful to-day. You know this is our first experience at camping and the girls just brought along anything they happened to have in the way of clothing as we had very little time to get ready in. Next time however, we've agreed to come fixed right, as light waists and low shoes are simply out of place in this rough country as some of the girls have found to their sorrow."

"Oh look!" continued his hostess, "it's going to rain!" Sure enough away over in the west a big black bank of clouds was rapidly rising from the horizon, accompanied by the unmistakable rumble of thunder and as they looked a sharp flash of lightning tore through the dark background.

"Oh, Mrs. Burton, we haven't a stick of stove wood!" wailed one of the girls. Mrs.

Burton looked dismayed. "You know, Mr. Jones, we had the services of a guide up till a few days ago when he suddenly decided to leave and we are entirely out of fuel with the exception of what the girls bring in from the woods."

"Got an axe?" queried Jones.

"Oh yes, and there are lots of big blocks out back of the house but we are not expert enough to split them."

"Just show me those blocks, Mrs. Burton, and perhaps I might be able to help you out a bit. The fisherman preceded by the lady, returned to the rear of the cottage and in a bit of a shed he found two very business-like axes, a cross-cut saw and other accessories toward keeping the camp supplied with fuel. Divesting himself of his coat, in twenty minutes he had a pile of wood that would last overnight at any rate. The whole sky was overcast now and a few big drops, advance scouts of the deluge that was to follow, pattered down on the chips at Jones' feet. It was pretty late in the afternoon by this time and the whole party insisted that he stay over night with them. There was a spare room, they urged, and his companions would certainly not be alarmed over his absence considering the rain. Upon inquiry the visitor learned that there was an old slicker in the shed and after procuring this he returned to the stream and got back with his rod and catch of trout just in time to escape the heavy thunder storm that roared and flashed all about them for an hour's time.

It was now five-thirty and Jones dressed his catch, which along with Miss Cheney's, made quite a sized feast for even the large party present. At dinner Mrs. Burton related to Jones how, while they were waiting for a train on their way to a resort farther north, A. B. Dick had arrived at this same small station and upon learning their destination had suggested that they use one of his cottages. They could have it absolutely free, he had informed them, and it would cost them nothing. They could reach the place by automobile. "But, do you believe it," said Mrs. Burton, "we have spent more on auto hire and the transporting of provisions in two weeks here than we would have spent in an entire month at the place we originally intended going." While he listened Jones could not but help marvel at the 'smallness' of some 'big men.' For he knew, that Dick knew very well, when he offered his cottage rent free that it would cost the ones occupying it a pretty penny to get provision in there. The reason was not far to seek; the resort this party had been headed for was a very quiet little place, run solely for the accommodation of real sportsmen, and the owner had at one time been a guide who had testified at the time Dick had been balked in his endeavor to get control of that section.

Bedtime arrived, and Jones was given a lantern and sent to one of the other cottages as it was discovered that the rain had discovered a bad leak in the room he was to have occupied and had fairly soaked it. However he started a fire in the small airtight heater and soon had the otherwise

damp room in very comfortable sleeping condition.

Early next morning the lady campers were roused from their beauty sleep by the sound of an axe which it proved afterwards had, in the fisherman's experienced hands, accomplished wonders.

Breakfast disposed of, Jones prepared to depart, Mrs. Burton thanking him again and again for his assistance. Jones promised to send Pete or some of his friends up that way to help them out at the first opportunity, and as he started out, after bidding everybody good-bye Miss Cheney put in an appearance with rod and fish basket, this time wearing an old felt hat and a flannel waist.

"This is all I have this trip Mr. Critic," she announced, "but if you are around next season we'll show you we have learned something of the woods."

"May I accompany you as far as the stream? We want some more of those trout, and as I am the only one who has fishing tackle in the party, it's up to me to keep these hungry ones supplied." As she made a sweeping gesture towards the group lined up on the verandah, one of the girls remarked that next season she would see to it that Miss Cheney did not have a monopoly of the fishing.

Another beautiful morning dawned. The storm of the day before had cleared the atmosphere of all signs of sultriness, and it seemed as though every few yards some feathered songster was trying his best to outdo his neighbor in filling the air with music. Scarcely a word was spoken until the stream was reached, and then it was the girl who broke the silence by showing her companion where she had lost a 'whopper' yesterday. "After he broke away," she continued, "I saw an awful splashing up above those rocks there just this side of that shady place and I believe he went right up stream but I have never attempted going up that way as it looks to be too much of a tangle. Perhaps you may get him this morning. You should have seen him—you had some big ones in your catch but he was much larger than any of those." It was a treat to this fisherman to see the girl so enthusiastic over the sport and he could not but help compare her to the two dissatisfied companions he had left in camp yesterday. While she was making ready her tackle Jones stepped to a large boulder from which he slipped something under his coat and after telling her of the snapshot he had taken of her the day before without permission and promising to give or send her one of the prints, he wished her good luck and was soon lost sight of up stream. Yes, he did look back once, but the girl was fishing and had apparently forgotten that he existed.

On his way back he got nine good fish and arrived at his camp about two hours after the two disgruntled ones had left for the city, declaring that Jones had stayed away all night just to show his dislike of them.

After relating his experience to Brock and Pete—even including the wood pile episode—Pete had declared it would be a

real Christian act to go up there and spend the afternoon finishing that woodpile and with Jones' consent he was away after promising not to say a word about the big trout—the something that Jones had hidden under his coat at the pool while Miss Cheney fitted up her tackle.

The remaining two weeks passed pleasantly enough, and were gone all too soon. Fair weather or foul the three sportsmen

always found something to interest and amuse them, and when it was all over and they had arrived back in the busy city they had something to dream of for another ten months of the things that old Nature has for us if we will but go and look for them.

What's that? Did he deliver the pictures? To be sure he did, and personally too, but he *did not* tell the young lady about smuggling that big fish back to camp.



TROUT FISHING ON THE STAVE RIVER, B.C.

P. E. Bucke

THE sun rose bright on the morning of the 8th of October (1915) when I took the C. P. R. train from the Vancouver station with my friend G. Clayton Leonard, a retired merchant who had made a fortune outside of his regular business in extensive speculations in land and mining properties in the province of British Columbia. Our destination was the Stave River which crosses the railway track thirty-six miles up the line from Vancouver passing the Coquitlam the Pit and several other minor streams. The railroad strikes the Fraser shortly after leaving the Pit meadows which are so celebrated for the sport they afford in the shooting season for English pheasants, ducks and snipe. After striking the great Fraser we kept along its bank until we reached Ruskin station situated on the mouth of the Stave as it pours its waters into the larger stream. Here we disembarked and securing the assistance of a native to carry our impedimenta we started along the motor road that leads up the Stave river to Mission junction. I must here say in parenthesis that if Ontario had the excellent roads that are to be found in British Columbia, so beautifully graded and rolled, they would add much to the comfort and prosperity of the agricultural classes.

As the local train to the electrical power company some eight miles up the river had passed we had to walk a couple of miles through the woods to Mr. Leonard's lodge. I must say although I had been to a good many places in this lovely province of streams and mountains the view from his front verandah was wild and beautiful in the extreme. His lodge is twenty-five by thirty feet with a projection. It is built of fir and lined inside with cedar; the outside walls painted white with buff trimmings, the roof red which makes a fine contrast to the noble evergreens that stand around it. The living room had a huge fire place in it that would take a four foot backlog with room to spare. The chimney and hearth were built of pressed brick, the mantle piece was as high as one's head and on either side of the opening a crane was hung, more for ornament I suppose than for use. It was a picture to see the flames leap to the chimney and a pleasing sound to hear the fire crackle on the hearth.

As it was too late when we reached the lodge to take out the boat, I sailed down to the water with my fly rod and after making a few casts succeeded in hooking a large fish. Owing however, to the obstruction of a log lying in the water I was unable to land him. I shouted



MR. LEONARD'S LODGE

to Leonard to bring the gaff the landing net or any other implement at hand but all was in vain. The evening had set in dark so we held a consultation and decided on the casting vote of one—which made two of a majority—to tie the beggar up till morning light appeared and leave him to his calm reflections. However when day broke I went to inspect my prize but found he had departed taking with him my lower fly. After a generous breakfast of buckwheat pan cakes, coffee, etc. we launched the boat and proceeded up stream towards the canyon. The fishing pool is about one thousand yards long by eight hundred in its widest part and the water enters it through a deep and dark ravine, and leaves the pool over two cataract channels as there is an island of twenty-five acres lying in the middle of the stream. In parts of the pool the water is only four feet deep, whilst in others it is forty or fifty feet. The water is of that clear bright sparkling variety so bright, soft, and pure. I do not think anything like it could be procured outside British Columbia. If such a fluid could be obtained in Ottawa, Toronto or Montreal, it would command about one dollar a gallon, and would supercede all spirituous intoxicating drinks. The pool is fenced around and guarded by mountains many hundreds of feet high clothed with cedar and the dark green foliage of the fir, interspersed with the native broad leaved maple which in this, the Autumn season is shaded from gold to scarlet, making a lively contrast and very pleasing to the eye.

I must not linger too long over the beauties of this charming sport, no pen of mine nor even the skilful brush of our celebrated artist the late esteemed Canadian painter, Craighof, could adequately describe the charms of this lovely spot.

Having provided ourselves with an adequate supply of flies, spoons, worms and minnows

of all kinds and descriptions, we made a dash up stream trailing a Tacoma spoon which glistened in the bright water and brilliant sunlight. We had not proceeded far when I was rewarded with a strike. Buzz went the reel. Leonard slackened on the oars in a few minutes and with the aid of the landing net we secured a beauty of a sea trout of about one and a half pounds.

Of all the fish in the Canadian waters there is none more beautiful than this variety, its graceful slope and silvery appearance marks it out as the dainty habitat of the salt and fresh waters of the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Many people prefer black bass fishing and he certainly is a noble fighter but the Pacific Sea trout in my opinion takes the palm for grace and beauty.

On the way up stream we took turns about at rowing and rodding. Having caught an ample supply for domestic purposes we tied the boat at the foot of the Canyon and idled away an hour or two. It was a lovely bright day, almost hot in the sun though quite cool between the high cliffs in the shade of the woods. As the shadows began to advance we rigged up our fly tackle, and the sport of the day began. Leonard had a beautiful whipped split bamboo that must have cost a small fortune and a ten dollar reel. I could not help but admire how gracefully he laid out his flies on the water, it was a perfect picture. I had my old Kaliki that had stood me in good stead for so many days and on so many streams. It did not cut as fine an appearance as the high grade article, but it did well enough for me. I found when the evening came round there was not much difference in the catch. Amongst the fish taken were a few Dolly Vardons but the most of the bag were the sea beauties. The fish ran from three quarters of a pound to two pounds in weight. The tide waters of Prince Edward Island and the lower

provinces may produce more fish of this variety but they cannot compare in size to the British Columbia product.

There is another thing in connection with this class of fishing and that is the extensive waters for their production. The ocean and the many big streams like the Fraser and its tributaries are guarantees that rod and line will never reduce the sport of catching them as the supply seems to be practicably illimitable and they are of such a wary nature that it is difficult if not impossible to net them.

After two days of beautiful weather on the third it began to rain, the fish to a certain extent stopped biting, so I retired to the house. Not so my friend. He had a new double barrelled hammerless which had been presented to him by some very dear friend. His name was engraved on a good plate cut into the stock. The barrels and backs were beautifully chased with hunting scenes, birds and dogs etc. The gun, case and general appliances had cost six hundred dollars and it was a real beauty. Observing some ducks fly up the Canyon the day before he was reminded that he had placed a sack of grain in some ponds on the other side of the Stave River a few hundred yards down. These ponds extended over a meadowy marsh of upwards of one thousand acres in extent. Finding the rain did not hold up Leonard decided on an early lunch. He then equipped himself in his oil-

turned to camp just as it was getting dark with a load of ducks comprised of seven mallards one pintail and three teal. He left the camp stool in the bushes so that it would be handy for another day's hunt. I was sorry I did not accompany him to see the fine work he made with his beautiful gun, but I was ill provided for such a damp afternoon.

The following day Leonard took it into his head that he would take a run into the States. As time was no real object with me I decided to go along. It is a true saying one can never tell what a day will bring forth. We boarded the train and crossed the border at Mission Junction; of course Jack the dog went with us. I do not remember what particular breed he was, but he was a big animal, as large as a good sized collie with no end of a pedigree. Leonard put him in the baggage car, having passed the customs—there is no duty on thorough-bred stock going into the States—paid his fare and tied him up. Shortly after we had taken our seats in came the conductor a tall skinny looking chap. He asked in a domineering sort of voice "who owns that blooming cur in the front car?"

Leonard replied in a mild voice, "That is my dog and he is no cur". Then ensued the following dialogue:

Conductor—"He has no business here without a muzzle."

Leonard—"I have no muzzle and there is no store on this train at which to get one."

Conductor—"All right then I'll put him off."

The conductor had been talking in such a loud hectoring sort of tone that by this time all the passengers on the car became interested. I fully expected from the remarks made that if the man tried to carry out his threat there would be trouble, even the patient and long suffering Leonard began to eye his gun case in a most suspicious manner. At this moment the baggage man rushed in and produced a muzzle big enough for a week old pup, which he offered to Leonard for seventy-five cents. My friend remarked that it would not fit his dog, but the conductor said the law only claimed "the dog must wear a muzzle" so the matter was settled by tying the article with a string round the dog's neck. But the joke came in when we were leaving the train a few stations further down the line. When the baggage man was untying the dog he offered ten cents for the muzzle. My friend began to be suspicious. The whole racket we learned was a put up job between the breakman and the conductor and before leaving the owner of the dog told him in withering tones what he thought of the performance.

On another occasion I was up the coast of Vancouver Island with my friend Gerald, as far as Union Bay in his boat the Flying Scud. The salmon were running pretty thick and jumping lively, so we decided to cast anchor near the shore and go after them with a troll in our skiff. After catching two or three small fellows of eight or nine pounds Gerald who was holding the troll whilst I was rowing, called out:

"I've got a bite and a big fellow. I should have said he was fishing with a short stout rod with a big reel holding 150 yards of line. The fish made such a dash that the reel spun



MR. LEONARD AND HIS FISH

skin suit and high rubber boots, taking with him a light camp stool securely strapped to his back, and in this rig started for the duck ground. He had not been gone more than three quarters of an hour when I heard his gun begin to talk through the rain which indicated that his business had begun in earnest. As he walked along the trails and through the tall grass the birds rose on all hands. Bang! bang! went the gun and his special veteran, Jack, had quite a busy time. Leonard re-



UP THE CANYON

round with a "buzz," I headed the boat round and Gerald checked the fish as much as he could without snapping the line, a fairly heavy one. To our astonishment when one hundred and twenty-five yards had left the reel the fish came to a dead stand for a few seconds and then came towards us, at a fairly slow pace. Gerald took in line as fast as possible, but when we were twenty-five yards from the fish he came to a dead halt. In spite of putting a strain on the line the blooming thing would not move. There was only

one thing to do. I began to think we were fast on a sunken log. We rowed up to the spot and to our surprise found a seal weighing, I should say, at least 150 lbs., had our salmon in his mouth. By gradually pulling on the line we raised him near enough to the surface to give him a jab with the oar, when he let go his hold and we landed the fish which proved to be a Tyee (chief) salmon weighing 42 lbs. There was only a slight mark on him just back of the gill fins. The fish was quite dead as we raised him into the boat.

A NARROW ESCAPE

L. Bentzen

THERE is hardly any adult person living, who has not some time during his life been up against the real danger of losing his life through accident of some kind, whether by railroad, street car, runaway horse, or in some other of the accidents which are liable to happen to anyone living in cities.

Now, I have seen and personally had some experience in a few accidents but when I look back upon the past, I doubt if I ever were so close to kingdom come, as in an experience I had last fall on the West Coast of Vancouver Island, British Columbia, which will prove that dangers may be encountered without being a participant in the bloody battlefields of Europe.

I have a ranch located on a smaller Island adjoining Vancouver Island, and as a rule the life of a rancher is quiet and peaceful enough without much excitement outside some fishing and hunting, a sport which most of the settlers cultivate not only for the sake of the sport, but in order to replenish the larder which is a very

important factor to consider in these hard times.

A rancher, who lives a few miles north of my place called on me last November and informed me that ducks were very plentiful in a little bay half way between his place and my own property, so I decided on accepting his invitation to go duck hunting.

After a couple of days' fairly successful hunting, I decided to return home and left my friend's place at low tide, as we have to follow the seashore, there being no roads as yet around. Let me by the way state that we have to regulate our travelling according to tidewater in the country, as there are no roads and the most of the settlers have their homes facing the open Pacific Ocean.

Walking at low tide is generally good, but when high-water sets in, it is different, particularly in the late fall of the year after new and full moon, when the water rises several feet higher than under ordinary conditions, the big foaming breakers carrying along with them all

kinds of rubbish and big timber, which have been accumulated from year to year on the beaches and which again are driven out to sea by high tide to be washed ashore to some other distant or close place, as the case may be.

The seashore between my friend's claim and my own is quite passable at low water, but at spring tide there are four precipitous cliffs which must be climbed over in order to get by, which is quite a stunt under ordinary circumstances but in rainy weather it is even more dangerous and slippery.

When leaving my friend's ranch after breakfast, that morning, I decided to stop over at "Duckbay", and if possible get a few more mallards before going home, and as it happened the hunting was so good, that I in the excitement of the sport had forgotten to keep my eyes on the tide-water and found to my dismay, that the tide was coming in pretty fast.

As I had all the ducks I could carry in one hand and my shot gun in the other, besides my knapsack filled up, I concluded I should have to make a race to get by those steep promontories before high-water had reached several feet up against the rock-wall. The rain was pouring down without interruption, as it usually does here this time of the year, so I was already wet to the skin, but looked forward to my return home to have a fire going and get into some dry clothes and have a special treat of roast duck prepared for supper, as I expected to reach my cabin before dark.

When reaching the first cliff, I found the water was already washing up against its side but managed somehow to pass by this and the two others.

The fourth one, however I soon discovered was going to be more difficult, but decided I was going to make an attempt to slip by rather than try to climb the slippery cliff. The reader will understand, as I was already wet through, I reasoned it would not make much difference even if I should have to swim across, a matter, however, which I soon discovered would be out of the question, as the water now was washing up over six feet carrying along logs and splinters in its way, so I after having got into water to my shoulder found it necessary to make a hurried retreat, before the incoming breaker could reach me. The only alternative now left, if I should get home before dark, would be to climb the treacherous and smooth polished rock-wall. The reader may ask the question, why I did not make a cross-cut through the wood, but that is easily explained, As is common on Vancouver Island and this island particularly it is invariably covered with a dense growth of salalbrush, which in some instances reaches from 15 to 20 feet above the ground, and as it is practically impenetrable the reader will understand why I did not attempt getting through it in the pouring rain with a pack on my back.

Consequently I started to climb the slippery cliff and I can assure you it was an extremely ticklish affair. Below were the breakers, which were throwing timber, splinters and all kinds of rubbish against its wall, making a terrific noise and handling them as if they were nothing more than matches.

If it had not been for the seriousness of my position I should probably have stopped and admired the grandeur of the majestic scene, and a poem which comes to my mind runs:—

"Where the Almighty God glasses itself in tempest

Endless, boundless and sublime,

The image of eternity

The throne of the invincible."

Now after a very careful and slow ascent, I managed to get up about ten feet and had another six feet to climb, before I would be on the top, and I soon discovered that climbing was getting extremely hazardous, particularly as both my hands were hanging on to the ducks and my shotgun, and before I knew I had missed my footing and must have knocked myself unconscious on some protruding rock which I struck before reaching water. However when finally coming through, I found that I was carried along with a tremendous breaker together with timber and rubbish which were thrown against the rock going back and forth continuously making an awful roar. I soon realized I would have a job on my hand to get out of it alive, as my left arm was hanging helpless and I experienced furthermore considerable difficulty in manipulating my left leg. My head was bleeding from several bruises, as I was losing blood rapidly. I therefore made up my mind, that I had no time to spare, and that it would be necessary to take a desperate chance in order to get out of it alive, or else be smashed to pulp by the heavy timber floating all around me. The reader will readily realize that my resistance with one arm and leg out of commission was rather small. As luck would have it however, I finally managed to grab hold of a log, which was floating somewhat apart from the others and hung on to it with my right arm, hoping that I would be able to reach "terra firma" again, when the next breaker was coming along and then try to steer the log with my right leg through a hollow opening in the rock, a place, where I first tried to climb the precipice, as I would be out of danger here, provided I could get a foothold.

After a couple of vain attempts I finally succeeded in doing so and sent a prayer to God when I felt the solid cliff under my right foot. To make any more attempts of climbing was now out of the question, so I had to stand as though glued to the same place in pouring rain for several hours, bruised and wet through the skin feeling the blood dripping out from various cuts in my head and my left arm swollen up to twice its natural size, practically useless. In this condition I had to stand waiting for the tide to go out while shivering from cold and exposure and weak from loss of blood. It seemed an eternity to me, before I was able to get down on the tide flat again. It was already getting dark, and to add to the rest of my trouble my left knee was getting exceedingly painful.

After a long and weary struggle in which I suffered untold agony I finally managed to reach my cabin in a practically exhausted condition after having walked two and a half miles in darkness and I can assure the reader the sight of my humble cabin looked good to me in spite of pain.

Being a bachelor, like the most of the settlers here, there was no one else to call upon for assistance, so I had to be my own doctor, cook and fire builder, jobs which were rather difficult to perform under such circumstances.

When looking at myself in the looking glass I could not help but think of the poor devils on the battlefields in Europe. I guess

I looked as near like one of those wounded soldiers as anyone could with my face and head all covered with blood.

Thanks to Providence, however, I am getting over it rapidly and at the time of writing feel none the worse for an experience which might very easily have turned out to be my last in life.

A CLOSE-IN CANOE TRIP

Frank L. Nash

WHILE camping on the Severn River enjoying a beautiful August day, five of the younger generation, inspired with the love of the wild, decided to take a canoe trip to Honey Harbor.

We planned to leave on Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock. All were up early and ready for the trip; the canoes were loaded and the start was made at the appointed time.

The party consisted of Dug, Gord, Lou, Herb and the writer; and a jolly crowd we were. The first three were in one canoe with a blanket apiece to ease the hardness of the bottom, and one box of supplies. Herb and I had the remaining supplies, blankets and tent. Our armament consisted of one thirty-two and two twenty-two's and plenty of ammunition.

We started down the river at a good pace for we wanted to make the round trip in four days. At Lost Channel we turned to our right and pushed up the Channel at the same pace. Here we passed the Inland Construction Company's steam tug. All on board wished us good luck and a safe return.

This Company was reconstructing the old Lost Channel dam and very little water was flowing past it. This was our first portage

and as it was only about fifty yards in length we made it in quick time.

With canoes loaded again we got away and soon rounded a bend. To our sorrow, we found the river blocked by a great log jam.

We landed and began to look for the easiest path. After walking some distance on the path we decided to return to the Channel and take to the logs as the path seemed to lead away from the water.

We put out to the logs and started across. It was some fun stepping from log to log with the end of a canoe on your shoulder. If both didn't keep time one was sure to miss his footing.

As we neared the end of the portage we beheld a large body of water and had just remarked that our troubles were at an end, when a voice from above said, "We wish you no hard luck, boys, but the Channel is dry!" We at once lowered the canoes and held a council. Which should we do: go back to the main river or continue down the Channel and trust to luck on the portages? We decided on the latter course and at once continued down the bed of the channel to the pool. Here we left the canoes on the bank and returned for the impedi-



PORTAGING THE LOG JAMS: THE WRITER IN THE LEAD

menta. This was soon loaded and we started off again.

We were soon at the end of our boat ride and another portage. This was the most difficult as we had to leave the course of the channel and go up a steep bank and across rough ground, then descend the bank to the water. On this last portage we saw the remains of an old boat. This rested upon an old log dam which had been built in a narrow part of a small gorge, the sides being about thirty feet high and a straight drop to the water.

a large fire on the shore and talked over the day's events. Then, as all were tired, we put the fire out and struck for the tent.

It was now that Lou and Gord had the sympathies of the other three. As we had been in camp longer than they and were tanned, we had not noticed the sun; Lou and Gord were certainly burnt and got very little sleep. All turned in but Dug, whom we left drying his boots by the small fire in front of the tent.

Next morning we were up early and all, except the two parboiled ones, enjoyed a



THE LAST MEAL



LOG DAM IN A GORGE

After we had seen all that was of interest to us Dug suddenly said, "How about some grub, it's nearly 1 o'clock?" All had been thinking of the portaging and had forgotten about dinner. After a short delay we were soon putting out of sight a good hearty meal.

Not much time was wasted as we wanted to camp on Six Mile Lake that night and if the portaging kept up as it had, we didn't know what time we should get there.

For some time we kept on having bad luck, long portages and short water passages, but at last things were coming our way, as the stretches of water became longer and the portages shorter; at last we had about a quarter of a mile without stopping and thought that we would soon reach Six Mile Lake, as far as we could judge by the map we had with us, but on rounding a bend we found another portage. This was very short and we were soon in to clear water again.

We were beginning to wonder if we would make the lake or not, but the last portage set our minds at ease, as water could be seen as far as the eye could reach.

It was dusk when we got to the Lake and landed on a point. Four of us erected the tent, while Lou, who was to be cook, started the fire and soon had things cooking, the sight and smell of which made us all hungry. At last the welcome news that dinner was ready rang out and we all set to, laughing and joking at each other's expense.

After supper things were washed up, all lending a hand. Then the waterproofs were laid and the blankets spread. When all was made ready for turning in, we built

morning dip. Then we sat down to breakfast which was put out of sight like the meal before. This was the morning of the second day, and after washing up all dishes, we struck camp and travelled through Six Mile Lake, with a good breeze blowing and waves about a foot and a half high. With the wind at our backs we made excellent time and entered Crooked Lake by a narrow crooked passage about 10 o'clock.

Six Mile Lake we thought, was beautiful, but this surpassed it. At the entrance we met a boat containing three men. They told us how to get to the portage and, thinking that we had to portage rapids to get into Crooked River, we started for the place. When we arrived, no river was to be seen. A canoe followed the shore in different directions to look for it. Herb and I found the portage but not the kind we expected. We called the other canoe and it was soon run up on shore beside ours.

The map was got out and we started to trace our course and if possible find out where we were. We did or at least thought we did, when all at once it started to rain.

Gord and Herb started out over the portage on a trot to find out where it led to, while Dug, Lou and I started to get the tent in position so as to have a dry camping spot, and as soon as we had it spread, we were to follow. We soon were on their trail and had gone about half a mile when we met Herb and Gord coming back. We, of course asked, "How much farther?" to which Herb replied, "You are a little over half way!"

We at once turned about and made for

the canoes, deciding to find Crooked River and see what that was like. We went in the direction we thought it was, but it looked like a bay with rising ground all around. We went on following the shore, thinking we had made a mistake. We sighted a loon and were loons enough ourselves to waste time and ammunition trying to shoot him. He gave us his Ha-Ha-Ha, dived, and that was the last we saw of him.

We now returned to the quest of Crooked River. I don't think any one of us could be lost in Crooked Lake if we were blindfolded and turned out. We studied the map, tried the different bays, over and over, getting out on high ground to see if we could see Crooked River, but no Crooked River could be seen.

About 1 o'clock it looked like rain again and we just had time to reach a small island. While three of the party were putting the tent up, the remaining two collected wood and brought the dunnage to the tent; we had just turned the canoes over, when down came the rain in sheets, blown by a good breeze.

While this was on we had dinner and then played cards. About 2 o'clock it cleared. Herb and Dug left in one of the canoes and said, "We will find the river!" In half an hour they came back but no river had they found. While they had been away Lou, Gord and I had packed all the things so that we could start as soon as they came back. While they had been up the lake we three had studied the map, and had come to the same conclusion, namely, that we must have missed the river, as it must flow out of one of the many bays. We decided on a certain one which we would try first and had the luck to pick the right one. When we arrived we all got out and found another river similar to that of Lost Channel, with no water except in pools. We put it to a vote whether we should take to the river or go by the portage. It was carried three to two, to go by the portage and we went as fast as we could go.

We had entered Crooked Lake about 10 o'clock in the morning and were still in it at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

We decided to take the canoes first go, until we felt tired, and then walk back for a box or bag apiece. The portage was three-quarters of a mile long, but we did it in three shifts and were ready to leave the other end in one hour and twenty minutes.

We were now in waters unknown to us, as they were not shown on the map we had. We asked a man whom we saw on the portage and he said, "Keep right on and keep to your right and you'll come to Honey Harbor!"

It was after 6 o'clock then, and in two days we had had two delays, because we had had so much portaging down Lost Channel and lost time trying to find Crooked River. It looked very much like rain and we were travelling fast, for we did not know how far it was to Honey Harbor.

A drizzling rain started and we had not come across a good camping ground so we kept on going. We passed a log cabin, but did not stop. About a quarter of a

mile farther we were sorry we had not, for the drizzle turned into rain and a hard rain at that. You couldn't see across the river. We made for a little shed in the distance, pulled the canoes up and got our goods in through a window, and to our surprise, we found that there was no roofing on it, just the sheeting and the rain came through the cracks. We covered up our goods, especially the blankets, but by some means or other they all got damp. We thought it was no use staying in that place so we started back for the log cabin as soon as it slackened up a little.

We were all drenched by the time we arrived at the log cabin. We got our things in through a window and went back and turned the canoes over. After we had fixed things all right we started to take off our wet clothing and put on what dry we had in our wardrobes, though these were very limited.

Lou took off his outer garments and went around in his underwear. Gord, Dug, Herb and I stripped. Gord put on a bathing suit and a damp sweater coat, Dug put on Herb's bathing suit and a clean shirt, Herb had on his underwear and I put on a night shirt, a costume which I pinned into the semblance of a suit.

We all hung our wet clothes up to dry and sat down to a good meal, although we had no sugar, and nothing to drink, (none of us, after we had changed our garments would go out so we did without) and just a half of a little loaf of currant bread. This was divided into five small pieces and each did as he thought best whether he would eat it all for supper or leave a piece for breakfast. However, we all had a good meal and left the morrow to take care of itself.

When we turned in it was pretty early as it was fairly cool and we were none too warmly clothed as we were.

It was raining when we hit dreamland and still raining when we awoke. We lay rolled in our blankets as it was warmer than in our damp clothes. Later thirst drove Herb out and he brought enough water up for us all to drink and enough to get washed in. A launch passing at the time suddenly stopped and we asked the navigators the distance to Honey Harbor. We were informed that it was only a mile. If we had known the distance the night before we would have paddled to the town and spent the night in a different fashion.

As it was still raining and we had no bread, we started to play cards and, at every opportunity thrust our hands into a box of Corn Flakes. Man, but they were good!

Later it cleared and we made ready to depart for Honey Harbor. As we were following the advice of the man at the portage, to keep to our right, we took a wrong turning and went to the end of a large bay. Here there was a house and by asking questions we were put on the right course once more. About half a mile farther on we rounded a point and beheld Honey Harbor. It was very picturesque. The "Fairy Queen," the supply boat, was under way and it looked very pretty.

The weather here was different from what it was just around the point where we had been sheltered from the wind. The waves were wearing white caps. We kept close together and made for an island for shelter. When we arrived behind it, we discovered inhabitants and although they couldn't tell us what we wanted to know they directed us to a Mr. Jack Hewitt of Pleasant Point Hotel, who knew the country like his farm. It was at the Pleasant Point Hotel we enjoyed a good meal although Mrs. Hewitt said we were late for dinner. However, she said that she could serve the meat cold and warm vegetables if we would give her time. We purchased some cards and went into the sitting room and wrote to our friends while dinner was being got ready. We were all happy when we heard the bell as Corn Flakes, with no accompaniments, aren't a very good breakfast to paddle on. After the meal to which we all did full justice, Mrs. Hewitt directed us to where we could find Jack. In a short time we found him and he soon told all that we wished to know.

We left for the Royal Muskoka Hotel at Honey Harbor, as we were badly off for supplies. It was on the way to the Royal that we nearly came to grief. The harbor is full of pretty islands and on rounding one of these we were as we thought, in the course of a steamer. The wind was still high and the waves were wearing white caps. We thought it best to return to the island and on returning we both shipped water and were glad when we were out of wind. After the steamer passed we had a straight run to the Royal, got our supplies, and left at once on the return trip, as we wanted to make Gloster Pool that night.

We had nothing happen of any account on this stage of the trip; one portage and a lift over a log and we entered Gloster Pool. Here the map we had came into use again. We made good time until it became dusk and then camped on a beautiful point.

While Lou and I got supper ready, the remaining trio, built a fire where the tent was to be pitched as the ground was wet after the recent rains.



VIEW OF HONEY HARBOR

Supper was soon ready and we all did full justice to it. After washing up we had a large bonfire on the rocks and Gord, Dug and I spent until the early hours of the morning, talking, talking, talking. Lou and Herb turned in early as they were tired.

We were up early the following morning and left in good time. We were in sight of the Mordolphin Club about nine o'clock and in half an hour, "The Little Chute," was reached. This was another portage, but by this time we were getting used to them and did not mind. We were soon over it and in a short time reached, "The Big Chutes," and another portage.

We were now within about three and a half miles from our starting point and at about half past eleven we were thinking of another meal. When we had cleaned up everything eatable, all had a shave and a good wash and left for the station to see the one twenty-eight, the C.P.R. train, arrive at Severn Falls.



THE DESTRUCTION OF FISH AND GAME IN THE LAURENTIAN MOUNTAINS, P.Q.

C. R. Partik

DOES the reader ever consider what will be the fate of our beautiful Laurentian Mountains if the slaughter of the game and other animals in our forests and the wanton destruction of the trout in our lakes is continued at the present rate, after which the yearly forest fires carelessly or maliciously started, will have completed the work of destruction?

I believe I am able to speak with some authority on the matter, having resided for the last five years in these mountains in close intercourse with the inhabitants. In my opinion the root of the evil lies in the fact that the education dispensed to the children of these districts is absolutely inadequate. Would it not be possible to give these children a chance to learn more than mere reading and writing which most of them forget a few years after leaving school which they do at the age of twelve or thirteen? Would it not be possible to bring them up to realize that they are committing a crime against themselves by killing the partridge off the nest, the mother deer heavy with fawn and in using dynamite to destroy the trout in our lakes?

I have seen so many things repulsive to the lover of nature, who would sacrifice a great deal to better existing conditions, but who is powerless in the face of ignorance and prejudice. Have our game laws been established only to be broken; and what good are those game laws, if the people whom they mostly concern are totally ignorant of them? Even were the game laws properly exhibited, how many could or would read them? Many of the children do not even avail themselves of the opportunity to learn what little is offered. There is a nice school house not very far from here which is perpetually closed because there is no attendance, although there are enough children to fill two such school houses. My intention is not to knock the habitants, they know no better because they have not been taught any better. But I believe that with proper compulsory education they are capable of improvement and can be made to comprehend the benefit accruing from the adherence to the laws which have been made for their own good. Give the children a course of natural history at least of the animals surrounding them, good and bad, their habits, value to mankind if any, and by all means make them acquainted with the game laws and their object.

A few incidents in my experience will help to show that my advice is well meant and not amiss.

Last Spring, I think it was in May, I met a boy about fourteen years of age with a gun which he had borrowed of a responsible

neighbor. I asked him what he was going to kill. He told me that a deer visited their farm every day and he was confident that he would get it. Now this boy had no idea that the chances were even that he would kill two deer, the mother and the unborn fawn with one shot. I remonstrated and tried to make him see that he was about to commit an offence, but he only smiled stupidly with an air that indicated he had no intentions of giving up his pursuit. I spent all last winter here in the mountains ten miles from the railway and had to depend on my gun for meat. Deer are however so scarce that my tireless efforts while the season lasted, and my weekly tramp for many miles through the trackless forests were of no avail and I had to content myself with a few rabbits and partridges, the latter of which are also getting scarcer every year. Then in February I found a doe a few hundred yards from my camp, shot through the neck but still kicking. I ended the sufferings of the animal without loss of time, but the man who did the shooting never came to claim the carcass although he knew where it was. He must have had an idea that the law prohibits the killing of deer after the 31st of December. I cannot comprehend why the law does not forbid the killing of female deer altogether, as it does in most countries where these beautiful and graceful animals are threatened with extermination.

Last Fall there arrived here in the neighborhood a priest with an automatic shot-gun. He spent a week or more, day by day, from morning till night, in shooting at everything bird or mammal, that came in range of his gun. The size of what he considered to be fair game did not influence his lust to kill. I cannot call it by any other name. The little birds and big ones, singing birds, woodpeckers, jays, blackbirds, herons and others, chip munks, squirrels, rabbits, etc. had a hard time trying to dodge that fearsome gun. Two blue herons, those beautiful birds, which do no harm but feed on frogs, mice, grass hoppers and the like, I saw wantonly killed by this man and thrown on the manure heaps. One never gets tired of watching these beautiful birds with their majestic wing beat against the evening sky and one cannot help thinking "Wish I could fly like that!" This priest made some astonishing big bags of the above mentioned God's creatures but the nearest to what one might call game I saw him bring in, was a rabbit and the season for rabbits according to our game laws, does not open before the 1st of December. Now I have nothing against the priest as a priest, but in my opinion, a man, who in this district is regarded as Omnipotent

almost omniscient, who is looked up to as an example, who is entrusted with the greater part of the children's education and who is empowered to the extent of absolving the sins of his flock, should have sense enough to suppress his lust to kill to such an extent.

The laws concerning our fish, the brook trout or red trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis* are as badly abused as the game laws. Our many lakes could never be fished out by legitimate means, that is with rod and line, but the dynamiting in early spring and fall when the fish congregate at certain places, when hundreds of pounds are taken stunned, off the surface of the water, is responsible for the fished-out condition of our lakes within reach of the city man. I have visited lakes here which one might almost call virgin lakes and have caught in two days of tireless fishing "six fish." Get on the right side of the habitant who lives within a few miles of this lake and who has broken the trail to it, perhaps he will tell you, what loads of fish he has taken out of his lake. If he thinks he is smarter than you are and he generally does think that, he will tell you that it is useless to use dynamite in this lake, because the lake is so deep that the water will not even ripple on the surface when the charge goes off and the fish won't come to the surface.

A mature female trout lays about 500 eggs in October or November and we may safely count on 10 per cent. of the young fish coming to maturity. They cannot be fished out by legitimate means but they can easily be destroyed by dynamite. Then there is a size limit of six inches and a closed season from October 1st to April 30th inclusive, but few know these laws and less respect them. The other day I met a fellow who had caught a string of little trout all under legal size. When he made ready to go home, he kicked them all back in the lake after they were half baked by the sun. Needless to say I told him what I thought of such wanton waste but he was not able to comprehend the meaning of my reproach. One man was telling me of the tremendous strings of trout he was getting. I knew of what size the fish he catches and keeps are, and as I also know that he is living all alone I asked him what he did with all the fish. The answer he gave was staggering; he feeds them to his pigs! Now I know that there is no law to prevent a man from feeding all the fish of legal size, caught by legal means in the open season, to his pigs, dogs or cats, but he should be made to understand that the law, for his own good and for the good and prosperity of the country, requires him to release trout under legal size.

Just imagine what good these easily accessible and beautiful mountain resorts will be without fish or game and the forests going fast. Miles upon miles burned down almost entirely through carelessness. The habitant takes every tree that is worth anything at all, out of his bush and the pulpwood maker takes the rest. The ground is barren of minerals. There is no compensation for the loss above outlined and for agricultural purposes it is practically unsuited. The humorous habitant who tells you that he is getting

three crops a year off his lot does not exaggerate, but when you ask him what crops they are, he will tell you: two of rock and one of snow. Perhaps you will think that the man from the city, here on vacation is responsible for bushfires. He is not. I have watched him time and time again. He will go some distance and will bring water in his hat if need be, to put out his camp fire. And why should the city man be more liable to have common sense enough to do this? Because he can read those posters tacked up on trees, warning against fires and has intelligence enough to mind them. Nor can we blame lightning to any extent for bushfires, because the trees are green when electrical storms are afoot and if lightning does strike the fire does not run very far and if it does, blame it on the top lopping which is left to dry where it fell. Our neighbors across the line have begun to wake up to the necessity of stricter preservation. Their game wardens are fearless men without favor who apparently attend well to their duties for the conditions regarding fish and game in the mountains of the Eastern States have considerably improved within the last few years and with them the prosperity of the inhabitants who are dependant on these resources. The city weary holiday maker finds there what he has come for, leaves his money and will come again.

Many things may be wrong in Germany according to our ideas, but they have preserved their fish and game. With thirty-five times the population in the same area as this province without the lately acquired northern territories I consider this remarkable. Every square mile of forest or field gives shelter to deer, hare and wild fowl. I will not go into the necessarily lengthy discussion of their means and ways of protection because they are not applicable here, at least not yet. The German forests are clean; there is no under brush and above all no dried up top lopping. Forest fires are almost unknown and the forests yield an immense revenue. In a country so thickly populated, laws concerning natural resources must of necessity be strict. Here we have more space for our game and less humans to prey upon it so it should not be so very hard for us to preserve our game and fish in abundance forever.

This article may meet with prejudice and disfavor but let me assure you that I have no selfish motive. I am willing to do cheerfully anything in my power to bring about better conditions. The intelligent man, the lover of nature who seeks recreation and a little sport here, will understand and side with me. He does not want to be tempted to take undersized fish and hide them in his coat pocket for fear of detection (which however is not very likely). I should not blame him if he should wait for his holidays a couple of years and then take his money across the line where he is sure to find what he is looking for.

C. R. Partik,

326 Lagauchetiere St. W., Montreal

N.B.—The writer is prepared to prove every statement made in the above article.



ALPINE CLUB NOTES

A copy of the English "Mirror" contains the following reference to Colonel Chas. H. Mitchell, which will be read with much interest by his Alpine Club friends.

"Many acts of gallantry and great services rendered as General Staff Officer of the Canadian Division during the prolonged and terrible battle of Ypres earned for Lieutenant-Colonel Charles H. Mitchell of the Canadian Army Corps the distinction of being appointed an officer of the Legion of Honour by President Poincaré. He made many dangerous reconnaissances to the enemy's lines, and was very active in getting reinforcements up to the line when the Germans broke it by gas on April 22, 1915.

"Incidentally, Colonel Mitchell effected a gallant rescue of a wounded officer, which was thought worthy of record in his book by Sir Max Aitken, the "Eye-Witness" with the Canadian Forces."

Letters received here from Conrad Kain say that he will return from New Zealand, where he has been climbing the past winter about May 15th.

Capt. Foster writes that at a recent "Alpine Dinner" held in the trenches Col. Mitchell, Capt. Gillies-Wilken, Lieut. Westmorland and himself were among those present.

Notes from the Vancouver Island Section

"Although in common with all other organizations our Section is feeling the effects of the war," writes the Secretary of the Vancouver Island Section, "many of our members, including our popular Chairman, Capt. W. W. Foster, being at the front, we have kept up our regular monthly meetings during the past winter. The meetings have, as formerly, been held at the comfortable Alexandra Club, where the cheery open fire and the coffee and sandwiches at the close of the meetings have served as substitutes for our Camp-fire and tea tent of summer days.

At the December meeting the proposed change of the name of Mount Robson to Mount Cavell was taken up and discussed. There was much opposition to the change, but as correspondence with the Geographical Board at Ottawa disclosed the fact that no application for such change had been received by them, as indicated by the newspapers, it was decided to let the matter rest. Since then, as we all know, the name "Cavell" has been given to another mountain.

Election of officers was also held at this meeting.

The January meeting had to be cancelled owing to the unprecedented weather conditions which prevailed in Victoria about this time, a genuine Eastern "blizzard" holding sway that evening and the Sidney trains being held up the Director, who was to give the address of the evening, was unable to come in.

At the February meeting two very interesting papers were read. In the first Mr. Wheeler gave us an account of his summer's work in the High Rock Range, including a description of the thrilling electrical storm on Gould's Dome while his party were at work there.

Mr. F. W. Godsall, of Cowley, Alta., in the second paper gave us an account of some of his climbs in Southern Alberta, and these happened to be not far from the region which Mr. Wheeler had just spoken of.

We were fortunate in having with us two other out-of-town members as guests, besides Mr. Godsall, Miss Pearce of Calgary and Rev. W. F. O'Neill Fisher, of Greencourt, Alta.

The Annual dinner, celebrating the anniversary of the Club, was held at beautiful Brentwood on Saturday, March 25th, and was a decided success. Twenty-four members and their guests were present and a most enjoyable evening spent. At the close of the splendid dinner three toasts were given, "The King," "The Alpine Club", and "Our Members at the Front," all of which were

heartily drunk and well responded to. The Director then read his annual address, after which an informal programme of music and dancing was enjoyed.

"P. A. W. Wallace, of Toronto, who will be remembered as the Assistant Secretary at the Robson Camp, was present as a guest at our dinner."

THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL CAMP, JULY 13TH TO JULY 31ST, 1916

Second War Camp to be Held in The Bow Valley
Below the Massive Range, Near Banff.

Objects.

To keep alive the Camp-Fire circle on behalf of our members now on active military service for the Empire.

Camp—Date.

The Camp will be known as "The Bow Valley Camp" and will be operated in conjunction with the Club House at Banff.

It will open Thursday, July 13th, and close on Monday, July 31st.

Railway Station.

Members going to the Camp will leave the train at Banff Station on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Alpine Club rigs will take them to the Club House on due notice being sent the Secretary-Treasurer of the time of arrival. Be sure that the rig is labelled "Alpine Club." The Club House will be a starting point for the Camp.

Transportation.

The Canadian Pacific and other Canadian Railways will give visitors to the Camp a one-way return rate. This rate applies only in Canada. For further information see "Railway Rates" at back of the folder. Information can be obtained from any C.P.R. ticket agent.

The Camp will be pitched below the Massive Range, south of the Bow River, about twelve miles west up the valley from the Club House.

A main driving road leads for three and a half miles and a good trail the rest of the way.

Baggage will be taken to the Camp direct from the Club House.

It will be an easy day's walk, with a stop for lunch by the way. Lunches will be supplied before starting.

Those who so desire may drive the first three and a half miles, at a charge of 50 cents per head.

Who May Attend.

Accommodation will be prepared for one hundred persons.

Members are earnestly requested to notify the Secretary-Treasurer of their intention to attend the Camp. Such notification in good time will greatly facilitate the perfecting of arrangements.

All members of the Club are privileged to attend this Camp who are in good standing; that is, have paid all arrear of dues for the current year.

Active and Associate members may bring two friends upon notifying the Secretary-Treasurer at least one week before Camp opens.

Duly accredited representatives of literary and scientific bodies, of standard magazines, and professional photographers will be given the same rate as members.

To be sure of accommodation at the Club House and at the Camp please make application to the Secretary-Treasurer in good time.

Graduating members before coming to Camp should consult their family physician as to their physical ability. The Camp Committee will assume no responsibility in this connection.

Charges.

The charge for accommodation at the Camp will be two dollars and fifty cents per day. This does not include transportation.

For transportation of baggage between the Club House and Main Camp one dollar and fifty cents each way will be charged.

For transportation of baggage between Main and Subsidiary Camps twenty-five cents per lot will be charged.

Baggage.

All baggage for Camp must be packed in dunnage bags or soft bundles.

Forty pounds of baggage will be allowed each person. All excess over that amount will be charged as a separate lot.

No baggage will be received for delivery at the Camp unless clearly inscribed with the owner's name.

Heavy baggage can be stored at the Club House. The baggage wagon for Camp will start from the Club House at 9 o'clock each day.

Outfit.

Members desiring detailed information as to a suitable outfit will be sent a circular giving such information on application to the Secretary-Treasurer.

All ladies climbing must wear knickerbockers with puttees or gaiters.

Skirts and bloomers are a danger when climbing.

Annual Meeting.

In accordance with Clause 14 of the Constitution, the Annual Meeting of the Club will be held during the Camp for election of officers, presentation of reports, and transaction of business.

Climbs and Expeditions.

The Main Camp will be placed in the Bow Valley, on the south side of the river, below the Massive Range at an altitude of between 5,000 and 6,000 feet above sea level.

The Range is the one seen so impressively up the Bow Valley from the bridge at the village. It contains a number of fine peaks, of which Pilot Mt., Mt. Brett, one unnamed, and Mt. Bourgeau are the most conspicuous. It is the home of the wild goat and flocks congregate in the alpine meadows of its hanging valleys.

Facilities will be provided to cross the Bow River and so to visit Hole-in-the-Wall Mt., Mt. Edith and Mt. Louis, the last a difficult peak still unclimbed. There are many other fine peaks in the vicinity.

The following expeditions can be arranged:—

(1) Up Red Earth Creek to Shadow Lake, lying below the northern precipices of Mt. Ball. Shadow Lake, a mile and a half long by a half mile wide, is one of the most beautiful in the Rockies; both the lake and creek are well stocked with trout.

(2) Up Healy Creek to the base of Mt. Bourgeau. Here, on the opposite side of the valley may be seen the real "hole in the wall" of Sir George Simpson. A great flanking buttress of rock is pierced at the base by a large orifice directly through the mountain, and the blue sky may be seen on the other side.

(3) To Simpson Pass, the most beautiful of all the passes of the Main Divide. Open alplands decked with gorgeous flowers, grassy meadows, spruce and larch groves and winding streams appear so well mingled that it seems more a work of Art than of Nature. The whole is dominated by the great pile of Monarch Mountain. Here is the road to Mt. Assiniboine, whose snowy spur may be seen in the distance rising above all compeers.

(4) On the north side of the Bow River the cave in Hole-in-the-Wall Mt. and the canyon of Johnson Creek may be reached.

No one to whom it is possible should miss this Camp. It presents a fine example of the splendid alpine field that lies around Banff in every direction—one that is apt to be overlooked through the call of the more distant snowy peaks of the Great Divide.

Graduating Climbs.

Pilot Mt., Mt. Brett, Mt. Bourgeau and the unnamed central peak of the Massive Range will be accepted as Graduating climbs.

Camp Fire.

The Camp Fire will be especially devoted to the Empire's crisis and the part taken in it by the Canadians. Arrangements will be made to have the daily telegraphic war bulletins announced at the Camp Fire.

The main object in holding annual camps during existing war conditions is to keep alive the interest and to hold the Club intact on behalf of our absent members on military service, who write longingly of future camp fires. The biennial election of officers will be held at the Annual Meeting and among other important business plans will be discussed for a grand reunion at the end of the war, when it is proposed to gather round the camp fire beneath the everlasting snows of Mt. Assiniboine.

Important Notice.

The Director will appreciate an early notification of your intention to attend Camp. Inattention in this matter means a poor service through underestimation, or else a loss of money to the Club through overestimation of what is required.

RAILWAY RATES.

Each member attending must have a STANDARD RAILWAY CONVENTION CERTIFICATE. Get this from the Ticket Agent when purchasing your ticket. Without it you cannot get a FREE RETURN TICKET.

The certificates must be filled in and signed by the Director of the Club, Mr. A. O. Wheeler, or by the Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. S. H. Mitchell at the Camp.

On surrender of the ticket thus signed to the ticket agent at the destination of your ticket, a new ticket will be issued free to the original starting point.

West of Port Arthur.

Tickets will be sold to Banff, Lake Louise, Field, Glacier, Revelstoke and Sicamous Junction at lowest one-way first class fare and a Standard Railway Convention Certificate will be given to each passenger.

Tickets will be on sale from July 1st to July 15th. GOING AND RETURNING TRANSIT LIMITS: Going, July 25th, 1915. Returning, August 31st, 1915.

East of Port Arthur.

Information has not yet been received from the

Eastern Passenger Association. Full instructions will be issued to all Eastern Railway Ticket Agents and information can be obtained from them.

One-way first class tickets, with Standard Railway convention Certificates will be issued from starting point to destination at lowest one-way first class fare, plus 25 cents.

Members wishing to travel by boat or boat and rail instead of all rail can ascertain the extra charge from their ticket agent.

Should information not be obtainable, the Secretary-Treasurer will be happy to give further details.

Address all correspondence to

S. H. MITCHELL,

Secretary-Treasurer,

The Club House,

Banff, Alberta.

The Club House at Banff will be open to members and their friends on June 1st. The privilege which was so greatly appreciated last year by which members were enabled to give an introduction to friends who wished to stay at this charming place will again be afforded.

Through an error the review of The Alpine Club Journal in our last issue was credited to Judge Galt when it was written by Mr. H. B. Mitchell.

Prof. Sissons of Victoria College, Toronto, addressed the Royal Canadian Institute some weeks ago on "Mountaineering and Exploration in a Neglected Corner of the Selkirk." The lecturer described a ten days' trip during which he attempted to reach the summit of Mount Moloch, which has defied the efforts of all mountain climbers. A number of remarkable views of mountain peaks were shown by Prof. Sissons.

"EXTERMINATE THE WOLF"

Under the heading "Exterminate the Wolf" a writer in the Fort Frances (Ont.) *Standard* gives the following interesting facts with regard to the size, variety and habits of the brush wolf in that district:

The so-called brush wolf that has become such a pest in our district during the past few years is evidently a cross that has been evolved by natural conditions. The prairie coyote in the early days evidently bred with the timber wolf. The rush of settlers to the prairie sections drove the coyote out of his haunts, but these crosses took to the timber and in re-crossing with the timber grey, they developed a species that is equally as large and as savage as any timber wolf. It is not unusual to meet specimens that range from six to seven feet long. They are cowardly in the presence of man, but they are far more destructive to stock and game than any other vermin in Ontario. Trappers, Indians and graders who have been observing these things, view with regret the wholesale destruction of fish, deer, young moose and birds, to say nothing of the millions of eggs which they destroy among prairie chickens, partridges, grouse and all the other ground nesting birds in our country. The large amount of timber still in this district makes it an easy matter for these timber

pirates to approach the farmers' pastures and although several attempts have been made in this vicinity to raise sheep these pests have been so annoying that it is conceded now to be an impossibility. Careful fencing is of no avail for they are cunning enough to dig under closely woven wire. One man from the Emo section lost 36 head last summer or over 50 per cent. of his entire flock, and this too, in spite of good dogs, careful attention and Page wire. This winter has no doubt helped to kill off a great number of them. Rabbits were few, and the deep snow made game hunting an impossibility, hence starvation for Mr. Wolf.

In view of these facts and conditions the adoption of a general policy of extermination is being urged. Trappers have come to realize that there is no use sending any skins to the Department that are not large and full furred, hence there is no ambition on their part to trap or kill any that are small or inferior. It is suggested that any measure having for its purpose the extermination of these pests be made to include wolves of all classes.

Small wolves have healthy appetites and they are even more destructive than the older ones. The hungry half-starved wolf is always poorly furred and is naturally more voracious.

THE FISHWAY PROBLEM

ONE of the most serious difficulties which arise in connection with the utilization of water powers in this country, is the erection of dams and obstructions upon rivers, wholly preventing the ascent of fish such as salmon, trout, shad, etc. to their spawning grounds.

To overcome obstructions of limited height, no doubt a sloping ladder or series of steps over which water flows suffices and will enable most anadromous fish to surmount such obstacles, but in the cases of dams which are over ten or twelve feet in height, and may be as much as thirty to fifty feet high, the difficulties seem to be insuperable, and in the opinion of our best experts, the gradient necessary involves such an exceedingly long ladder or sloping ascent, that an effective fishway becomes an impossibility. Fish cannot be expected to climb up a long and tortuous ladder, often with many twists and turns. A case in point arises in New Brunswick where a river has been stocked by some enthusiastic sportsmen and is just showing good signs of becoming a productive salmon river, but is likely in the near future to be obstructed by a cement dam thirty-five or forty feet high. To secure a proper slope for the ascent of salmon and trout, a fishway there should be at least 200 feet long, and it is easy to see that extreme difficulties are involved in such a lengthy fishway. In the first place the fish would experience difficulty in finding the entrance, if the entrance be below the dam; and if on the principle of the Rogers pass, the entrance be at the foot of the dam, the upper end or exit will be far above the dam, and the long extent of the fishway will render it difficult to keep it free from rubbish, logs, etc., which float about in the water above the dam. A very grave difficulty also arises in winter from the formation of ice which is certain to frequently destroy and possibly carry away such a long structure as a fishway 200 feet in length.

The Biological Board of Canada have been for some time experimenting with a fish-ladder on an entirely new principle, and as far as the experiment has gone, a model ten feet high has proved quite successful in its operation on a small stream near the Biological Station St. Andrews, but the stream in question not being frequented by large fish, it was impossible to give it a thorough test. At the present

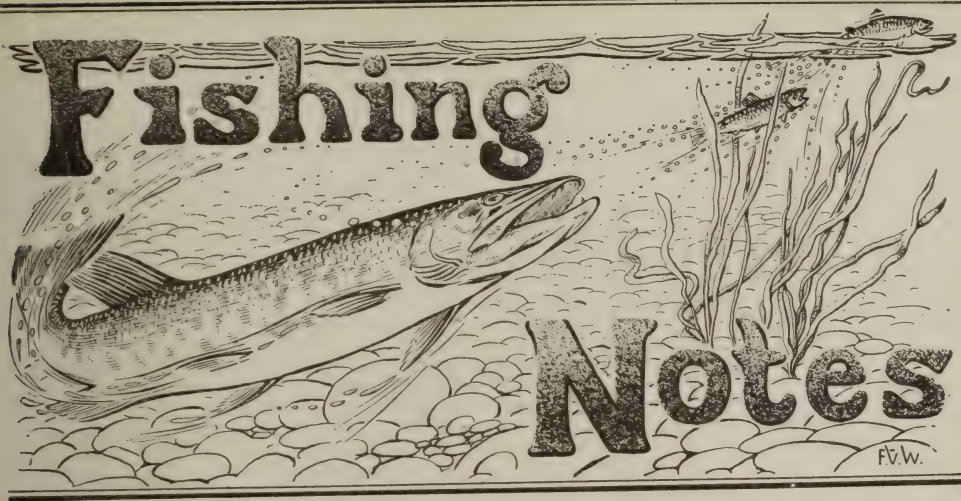
moment a fishway on this new principle is being erected at the precipitous falls at St. George, N.B., where salmon have attempted for years to ascend, and the Dominion Government has planted fish for some seasons, but owing to the abrupt rocky character of the falls on this river (Magaguadavic), it is doubtful if ever any salmon have been able to reach the upper waters.

The principle of this new fish-ladder is that of an elevator. A vertical shaft is erected in front of the falls and held in place by metal guy-ropes. Inside this shaft a cage moves up and down automatically, being hoisted up by a counterpoise tank which is periodically filled with water, descends and then empties itself. This tank and the cage are secured to opposite ends of a cable running over pulleys at the top of the shaft. The ascending salmon or other fish are led into the cage by means of wire netting placed across the stream, and having entered the cage it ascends to the top of the falls, then drops the fish out into the water above. Various valves and doors enable the apparatus to enclose the fish securely and to carry them up and release them at the top. By regulating the valves, the fish-cage can be elevated at intervals of a few minutes or several hours, according to the quantity of fish attempting the falls.

During the spring of 1916 the Biological Board will be able finally to decide upon the utility of this new fish elevator pass, and in the opinion of many experts there seems to be every possibility of success.

The objection may be raised that while the fish are carried over precipitous obstructions by such a device, they cannot descend when the time comes for their migrating to the sea, but those best acquainted with the habits of migratory fish, see no difficulty in this. Most of these fish, both young and adult, descend falls in the spring, when there is abundant water and many side passages which admit of easy descent, but which at other times of the year are dry. These fish can readily descend at the time of the freshets, but they cannot ascend at such times owing to the swift downflow of water, or, later on the season, owing to the lack of water. *An American authority has visited the fish-elevator at St. George, and recently published an account in "Popular Mechanics," (April 1916) with drawings.*





THE LURE OF THE DRY FLY

Robert Page Lincoln

NOW, in the first place, when learning to cast the fly forget the popular delusion that you are supposed to pitch it downily through the air for a distance of, say, one hundred feet. There are tournament casters who can make such distances after having spent fifteen or twenty years of their lives in studying out the intricate and puzzling details of the performance; and they are able to do it—with the best of rods and lines, especially made for the purpose, i.e., tournament casting. It is preached that a stiff, powerful rod is the best for dry-fly fishing, one that is slow in action yet which will cast a far line if the required force is behind it. This is true; but it must also be remembered that the rod you have at hand, not the rod you have always speculated on buying for the sum of fifty or sixty dollars is the one to be considered. I always say: use the rod you can get hold of. Some men can pick up a five dollar machine-made rod and do better with it than another man can do with a high-priced affair of the best selected cane. It is a matter of knowing *how* to cast, and the mere fact that a rod is high priced does not make it do the casting for you—remember that. Right here I wish to remark that I have done some rarely good distance casting with the Bristol steel rod, and I have seen others do the same thing. And yet in many great and distinguished books on dry fly fishing they will tell you that the steel rod is unfit for casting. For a dry fly rod you need strength; you need a powerful rod, one that is not snappy in action, like some of the solid wood rods, most notably the lancewood, which is sometimes impossible. Under such circumstances the steel rod is well worthy of mention. The Bristol steel rod is a durable rod, and one can use it with success along all of the rivers of the North. I personally hold that along the rough rivers the steel rod is in its element, and I know that if this same steel rod is handled

with a good hand and eye it will put the fly there just as nicely as will the bamboo or the higher grade, solid wood rods, and at the same time it comes within the reach of all as regards price. Many notables have commended the Horton steel. Was it not John Harrington Keene, the immortal, now deceased, who said:

"There is one improvement in rods which deserves great notice. I refer to the new Horton steel rod, a very great improvement on the earlier attempts with metal. It consists of a wood handle, as in the ordinary rod and a series of steel tubes which telescope, one into the other and are beautifully tapered and tempered. I have one of these rods which I use on rough, windy days and it is a remarkably powerful yet light weapon. The line passes up through the rod and hence no matter how thick the brush through which one is obliged to travel there are no guides nor rings nor loose line to become entangled and cause delay and annoyance. The price of these rods is about one half that of the split cane and with ordinary care one should last a life-time."

What satisfied Keene has also satisfied many others who know the value of the steel. Indeed there are vastly more steel rods in use than other kinds, though writers on angling have not exploited the steel rod to any extent. The fact, however, remains—that, the steel rod is the universal rod; the rod most in use.

Some of our best anglers, in fact, cannot cast over sixty feet, and upon our streams such casts are rarely, if ever, needed. A thirty foot cast you will find answers well on all of our waters, though there are times when a far and fine line cast to forty feet would be a vast improvement all around.

Just as you begin in the rudimentary stages in the acquirement of any practice, knowledge, or vocationary attainment so must you begin at the bottom and work up in fly casting. It

is notable that the mere casting of the line, leader and fly to a certain distance is not the only thing about it. Do not for a minute think that because you can, by extreme energy reach a certain point that you are a full-fledged fisherman and a perfect fly-caster. Suppose now, in the winter, upon the snow, you have been casting. You have reached a certain distance and you are exceptionally confident of your ability. And in the spring when you set forth upon actual water you find that your casting is anything but downy and brilliant. Your line may fall first, say, and your flies last; or the line will fall with a splash, and any way you work it the flies will not fall lightly or downlike on the water. This means that you must still work to attain perfection.

The best place to learn fly-casting is upon the open water, where trees, bushes and other detriments will not be in the way to hang up your line.

Since you are to use the dry-fly, have then the tapered line, and the tapered leader and the single, eyed-fly connected upon the leader loop.

By far the most common cast used in fly-fishing is the overhead, or over-handed cast. Undoubtedly it is the most accurate in use by two thirds of the anglers, and is generally considered to be the best of all casts. The rod in this case is held more or less perpendicularly sloping over the right shoulder; it is never operated at any considerable angle to the side, which cannot bring with it distance and not accuracy, for the rod, being operated in closer proximity with the careful eye, can really and truly be aimed. Many things must be considered in the acquirement of casting ability. The rod must have life and action; it must have that very much desired resiliency; it must be perfectly balanced, the reel and the rod well matched. If all of these points are recognized there is no reason why the beginner should fail to instantly get the hang of the process. Of course it must be remembered that pains must be taken to assure this success. Carelessness, especially faulty judgment will make the process of learning that much the harder. Learn first to cast as you would cast in wet-fly fishing before you attempt to try the dry-fly system. In wet-fly fishing the fly is persistently cast. In dry-fly fishing, two or three "false" casts must be made in the air, backward and forward, without letting the fly touch water in either move, backward or forward. The purpose of these moves is to dry the fly so that when it is again cast to the water it will float and not sink, as it will if it is partly wet. There are no halfway measures about it; your fly is either wet or dry, and the drying of that fly calls for considerable skill.

The first inclination of the beginner learning to cast the fly is to flail the air. He insists upon doing every bit of the work and cannot conceive of the rod doing it for him. Perhaps he has been a bait-caster and being used to that process he thinks fly-casting is worked on the same principle. This is the first common blunder.

As a matter of fact a likely handmade bamboo of correct adjustment will do the work by the mere turn of the wrist, when one gets

flurried and hurries his casting the rod will not respond; the line will lose its required energy, and will fall far short and often all around the angler. With wide swings and arm out in the air a beginner will start in and in five minutes he has come to the eminent decision that fly-casting is an art of the devil and not of mere man. First recognize this fact: the arm should be held close to the body, shoulder to elbow. This part of the arm rarely comes into use, save in cases where some intricate, rarely used casts come in which are away out of the jurisdiction of anglers upon this continent. It is the forearm and especially the wrist that does the actual work.

A grip is taken on the handgrasp; the fingers closing around it, the thumb extended upward along the grasp. That the pressure of the thumb is of great importance all will admit, and especially is it important when terminating the backward cast. It also provides pressure and impetus when forward casting.

Work out fifteen feet of line and begin to operate it remembering to follow the directions above, as to holding the rod, keeping same more or less perpendicular, over the right shoulder.

When you have reached twenty feet strip out from the reel something like two feet of line. When making the back cast the forefinger is closed over this line, though below it the fingers of the left hand hold it preparatory to releasing it when the forward cast is made. When the forward cast is made the forefinger of the right hand releases the stripped line and the left hand aids to shoot it out through the guides thus increasing your cast by two feet. A little study of this feature will instinctively bring with it knowledge of how it is done. During the time the line is travelling backward, line is stripped out from the reel to aid in making a longer cast. It is a matter of so many seconds in which to do it, ere is felt the tug and the forward cast must be made. I refer to the tug at the line in back which tells you when to cast forward. One writer speaks of the line *straightening out* in back. As a matter of fact the line rarely if ever straightens out, in such a case, the cast being sharp and quick the flies, or fly, would be snapped off just as though at the sharp crack of a whip. A glance at the second position, will show you when the tug is felt, when the line toward the end is in a curve. This can easily be proved by having someone watch your casting, or by yourself watching someone else. The tug I may say is easily told; and then is when the forward cast should logically find its impetus. The rod is carried forward, as seen in the third position to 40 or forty-five degrees. Never below that should the tip of the rod diverge. In the backward cast it should not go backward much beyond perpendicular, and never beyond say, eighty-five degrees. These two points should be carefully remembered. The drop of the rod too far behind is a cause for relapse on the part of the line, and if carried down too far in front will cause another relapse of the line.

In learning to cast first master your short distances before you endeavor any longer casting. You will find that the twenty foot

mark will soon be reached; then twenty-five, and thirty, and so on as you grow more proficient through persistent, painstaking practice.

Having mastered the rudimentary needs demanded in wet-fly fishing then you will take up that other arbitrary feature of placing the fly correctly at a desired place, not one time but three times at the same spot. Careful unremitting practice ensures this feature being learned. Acquire the knack of placing the fly accurately at the short distances, and then take in the first long distances and endeavour as before to place the fly at just the correct spot. Delicate and careful placing of the fly is never so necessary as in dry-fly fishing. In fact it is justly called the prime requisite; in wet-fly fishing undoubtedly the downy placing of the fly is a secondary consideration. Now in dry-fly fishing, to master this exceptionally notable placing of the fly, it is by all means necessary that the single fly dip to surface ahead of the leader and the fly. Somewhere I have mentioned that to acquire this process a slight twitch of the rod just as the fly shows signs of dipping to water will cause it to fall first, the leader next, followed by the line. This twitch at the rod must be well practiced. It will be slightly hard at first to master, but a little practice and you will be able at the right moment to twitch the rod a bit upward, causing the fly to hit the water just right.

This point you must master, if you are to be notably successful.

Cast easily and without blunder. Keep cool and collected, and always be at ease and you will be surprised how easily fly-casting will come to you, if you have the right rod and work right. Let the rod do the work. That is what it is for anyhow, and it will respond like a veritable thing of life with just a bit of force behind it.

Ordinarily, for average use the overhead cast is a cast exceptionally worthy and will do in most cases. But there is another good cast—the underhand, or *underhanded cast* that is very good at times. This cast is also known as the *horizontal* or *wing cast*. The horizontal cast may be employed where no other cast will suffice—where bushes, rocks and tops of trees prevent the rod and line being lifted on high.

In operation the horizontal cast is worked on much the same principle as the overhead cast save that it is held horizontally instead of vertically, the same methods being employed as in the overhead cast. That it is hard to accomplish this cast there is no doubt, but it is a cast that is a successful one to say the least. Says Halford, the world's foremost authority on the dry-fly and its use:

"Undoubtedly the horizontal cast is the most important of all for the dry-fly man, and it is especially useful when it is desired to deliver the fly in a direction across a moderate or even strong wind. One of the manifest advantages of this cast is, that the rod's position being horizontal throughout, its shadow is not projected out over the water. The shadow of a moving object is specially likely to scare a shy fish when it is rising, and consequently close to the surface. The beginner will find that there is a tendency on his part

when learning this cast to return his line *under*, and cast *over* the rod. In fact this would appear to be the natural method. I would strongly urge him from the very first to reverse this and return *over* and cast *under* his rod. He will find that his fly, by this method, will land more lightly, and that in the case of a fish rising under a bridge or plank not raised much above the surface he will be able to place his fly above the fish, whereas with the reverse action it would almost invariably strike the bridge and never cover the fish. Very little practice will enable the angler to acquire this particular mode in fishing the horizontal cast. It is not quite easy at first to place a fly accurately with the horizontal cast, because the rod, and consequently the line with the fly on the end of it, moves in a circle or parabolic curve, and not in a straight line, as with the overhanded (or overhead) cast. The man who can make this cast has overcome the initial difficulty of dry-fly fishing, because with any breeze short of half a gale he can fish with ease across its direction. This cast will almost always land the fly cocked on the water."

The man wishing to take up that branch known as dry-fly fishing should by all means become thoroughly acquainted with this peculiar cast. Remember that nothing is gained by using too short a line, especially so in this latter performance. The main essential in this performance is a good rod. That is of course an obvious requirement in casting overhead, but never do you need a good rod as much as when using the wing or horizontal cast. This cast is equally good for both wet and dry-fly fishing. For accuracy I have found it as good as the overhead at times and far more suitable for delicate work than the overhead, which has to its credit the greater accuracy, it being more in line of aim with the eyes.

Having acquired distance and delicacy at placing the fly upon the water there comes a rather difficult problem, or feature to overcome, namely: the false casts in between that dry the fly.

The fly having floated down is retrieved and picked up and cast forward, as in ordinary casting, but it is not allowed to touch water. The backward cast is made but again the fly is in the air; two casts through the air are thus made, at which time its progress through the atmosphere has sufficiently dried it to merit a dry return to the water, and it will as a rule be absolutely immune from wetness and will float as at first, with the wings, lifelike, cocked. By the time you have dried the line and are ready to make the new cast, a certain section of new line may be shot out through the guides which is a good thing, so that the fly will be well above the fish, especially so if you are fishing the rise. The main thing always is to get the fly above the fish, and not directly over him, which, in many cases will frighten him; if extreme delicacy and skill is the result of that cast. When the fly has fallen to water and starts to float down over the fish the line and leader must be retrieved or gathered in to prevent what is known as "belly-ing" that is the line sinking in a curve into the water. Upon the care which you exercise to prevent this "bellying" will the successfulness of your

cast depend. Ordinarily to every cast in little fished waters you would catch a fish, other things being equal; but where trout are in waters on the border of civilization another state of affairs is the result and extreme care must be shown. The reel here hardly comes in for much mention; the left hand does the intaking and cares for the accumulated line.

As a rule the overhead and horizontal casts are the only ones needed. Something might be said about the switch cast however since it is good at certain times. Says Halford: "Where there are impediments on the banks behind the angler the wet-fly man casts what is called a *switch*; this means that in returning the fly and while it is on the water in front of him it is cast with a sort of downward finish, and if all is accurately timed it will be propelled by the weight of the line from the water, and therefore at no part of the cast be behind the fisherman. Obviously this is impracticable with the dry fly, but the fly may be dried up and downstream, and as the cast is made the hand turned over towards the point to which it is intended to direct the fly. Again the fly can be dried anywhere there is space, or even wiped with a handkerchief. It is then held in the left hand, the cast being made and the fly let go simultaneously; if accurately timed a very fair cast may be made in this way."

But for average work the two fore-named casts are all that are necessary. They are universally recommended.

The Dry-Fly Itself.

In our consideration of the dry-fly, as used in this country, it must always be remembered that we are fishing not on English, smooth-flowing chalk streams, but in streams that have as many notions and conditions of flowage, and as many detrimental environmental conditions as can be found anywhere in the world. Therefore the dry-fly, as we use it, is subject to necessary rules and regulations. Our trout are different from the trout that are found in England to a certain extent even though we have the introduced Brown Trout. The trout we most generally angle for, whether wet or dry, are the speckled brook trout, or charrs; with a sprinkling of rainbow trout, and brown trout in the same stream to make us jump out of our shoes or boots in anticipation of the slaughtering rise of an old giant in scintillating silver and green. Ordinarily however, the trout we rather expect most of the time is the brook trout, *salvelinus fontinalis*. The brook trout of England is the Brown Trout. Which is the better fighter it is hard to say, this depending to a great extent upon the territory fished, climatic conditions, time of the year and the size of the fish caught. The trout that are found in cold waters are far better fighters than the deadwater trout found in warmer temperatured waters; these latter seem to possess no life at all and when caught will hug the bottom and sometimes have to be veritably scooped out. In northern waters trout are little demons of fight; for the chill in the water serves to keep them keenly alive and awake to their opportunities; and the vim and native pugnaciousness attendant with the rise of a northern brook trout is pleasing

and exhilarating to witness. Little need be said about the trout that are found in western streams, high up in the mountains; they are small perhaps but they are built for arrowy speed, bucking rapids and racy water. They are good fighters, and taken in their haunts, give as much pleasure as can be expected in any branch of the universal sport. These many conditions of territory, and innumerable varieties of streams must be considered in taking up the dry fly as used in our country.

Not only this but it must be remembered that in so widely scattered a territory the insects which are the natural food of the trout upon those waters, are different. This calls for a study of the varied insects of those streams, and a matching of these with flies in the fly-book or box that are like them in shape, and more or less in coloration. One should know the territory in which he proposes to experiment, and after the manner of the painstaking entomologist should classify the insects falling to water there at different seasons of the year and tie his fly like them, or choose flies out of his collection of ready-made flies to conform to them in natural shape.

Now it is a notable fact that you can use May flies in June and have success with them, to a certain extent. But generally the flies born in May, the big majority at least have passed into the beyond in the third week in June and the result is that little or no success would be had with them on much fished streams. Here, remember, I do not take into consideration wild waters where trout, it seems, will take any fly, regardless of shape, coloration, or whether it is fished, wet or dry.

The insects found along the streams in the British Isles are frequently represented along our own courses; the exact insect in fact is found here just as in England. For this reason one can make a selection from the English tied dry flies and use them on North American streams with success. The May-fly, the Gnat, the Duns, the Spinners, the Sedges, Ants, etc., found on our waters may all be matched to the English flies. All of these flies, by the way, may be taken in their season without any undue work, by any painstaking and persevering angler. Presuming that you have some special stream that you always angle in, when chance comes your way then is the time you should make a collection of stream insects for classification, regardless of whether you use the wet or the dry-fly. If you are a roaming angler naturally you have to remember the different flies that occur in different waters. In the east you will find one fly; in the west it may not be there but will be replaced with another, with which you are not at all familiar. At first, the making of such a collection, will seem an unprofitable, intricate task; but persisted in satisfaction is sure to result. One need not be an entomological wizard to make such a collection, but to classify them properly one must follow some sort of an identification rule. I know no better method than that pointed out by Louis Rhead in: "The Entomology of American Trout Streams," as follows:—

"Each class of insects contains many distinct species that differ in colour and size, and this will serve as a guide to identify species in

their class, whenever the angler observes them in their natural state, or as creeper to the different stages of the mature insect.

"*First.*—The Browns, or stoneflies, are all bred in the water and hatch out from a creeper—most in the spring, but some in the water all summer. Their bodies are smooth, oblong and fleshy, and they have two pairs of smooth, oblong wings, which, when folded, circle close over and beyond the body. They have two feelers at the head, and most of them two whisks at the tail. They are mostly brown in color and are very quick runners, both in the water and on land.

"*Second.*—Drakes are all bred in the water and are of various sizes and colors, abounding in all their varieties in vast numbers, from the large green drake to the very tiny white drake. Their movements are sluggish on land and they will allow themselves to be taken up by the wings. They are not so hardy as the browns; their shoulders and bodies are exposed, but nature has furnished them with a temporary covering which they cast off when the weather suits, bursting open the covering at the shoulders, and coming out a different color. They have close, thick shoulders and smooth, tapering bodies, which curve upwards like the feathers in the tail of a drake. They have a pair of smooth, oblong wings, which, when at rest, stand upright, close together; a small wing stands at the root of each large one, and they have two or three hairs in the tail. Some species hatch out in two or three weeks, others continue hatching through the entire summer.

"*Third.*—The Duns have two long feelers,

small heads, short necks and small, humped-up shoulders; they have two pairs of large wings set near the head, the under ones of some fold double, and all close together along the back and slope down over the sides, growing broader at the ends. Duns all breed in the water from creepers that are inclosed in artificial cases, ingeniously fashioned around them for self-preservation. Trout consume these creepers while in their cases at the bottom, also while they are rising from the mud to the surface, which they do twice a year. When on land, or at the water's surface, in repose, they are similar in appearance to moths. They sport on the wing more in the dusk and twilight than in the daytime, and in general are tender and susceptible of cold. They are more numerous on warm evenings, flying in quick whirls and when they alight, run exceedingly fast.

"*Fourth.*—Are a class of Spinners, the long-legged, slender tribe of insect, very alluring to the trout. Some are bred on the land and some in the water. They have in general two feelers and a small trunk at the nose; six long, thin legs and a pair of long, narrow, transparent wings—some slanting upwards from the shoulders, others lying horizontally on each other over the back. There are vast varieties of them, from the large gray spinner to the small mosquito. Of the numerous class of beetles, two-wing flies, and ants, the former are the most abundant, being mostly bred in the water; and are the natural food of the trout, both in the creeper and perfect state."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THAT NEW METHOD: BAIT CASTING FOR MUSCALLONGE

Robert Page Lincoln

CANADA has trout of many varieties; she has bass and many other kinds of fish, not the least of which is the great northern pike. Among those most eagerly sought after is the muscallonge. Now the muscallonge is not exactly a fish that would take the palm as being the most refined of fish, not as long as we have black bass, small-mouths and large-mouths, and the highly treasured trout. Nevertheless the musky holds a place in the world of fishes that is somewhat spectacular to say the least, and the vast number of fishermen who yearly pursue this finny creature is ample proof of its prowess as a fighter, else why do all of them select this fish when they desire a good and lasting fight? No, the musky deserves a place among the best on this score. There is always the hope that some day you will get that wonderful big one you have always had your eye out for—a big one that will weigh something like thirty-five or forty pounds. It is a fascination that continually presents itself and keeps you humming with new energy, for where thirty-five and forty pounders are a possi-

bility, one is always sure to be more keenly alive than if fishing in waters where none of that brand had previously been taken. The matter of the size and weight of muskies has always been a puzzling one. It is a fact that in some lakes very large fish are to be met with and in these same lakes large specimens are always caught; while in other lakes and waters the size and weight is more conservative and most of the fish taken are small, or small, at least, in comparison with the big ones. Just why this is I have never been able to discover, and many discussions have developed as a result of it. In places where comparatively small muskies are taken old-timers will laugh when it is claimed that there are muskies weighing as much as fifty pounds—and they always desire the proof of the pudding. And yet fifty pound muskies have been taken though, to be sure, they are few and far between. On the other hand any number of thirty, thirty-five and forty pounders have become the trophies of industrious fishermen—not in one season alone but season after season. And these men always go to the same lakes which

seems to prove that these bodies of water hold many large fish that are not in the least averse to striking.

There has always been one orthodox method recognized in musky fishing—one method that has been tenaciously adhered to and followed by practically all disciples of musky fishing. That method is the trolling system. Regulations prescribe that you shall sit in the back of the boat with your steel rod in hand, your line out at least a matter of



THE FIRST ONE WAS CAUGHT. CASTING WITH A SKINNER SPOON CLOSE IN ON SHORE.

seventy-five feet, and that you have at the end of that line a very fine, twirling, scintillating silver spoonhook. According to all the regulations, too, you will have an experienced guide or boatsman to do the rowing for you over the select grounds. When the strike comes you swing and all you have to do is to shout directions to the man at the oars while you do your best to bring in the fish. The only remove from the regulation part of it is that you use as light tackle as possible and thereby contrive a capture after the system used by sea fishing clubs. But in the hands of an amateur a light rod, a light line, etc., attached to a large fish are not easily handled. Yet, in spite of its being so common and so adhered to the trolling system is not the only system whereby the musky may be captured with every degree of sport available in the performance. There is that method of bait casting for muscallonge that will gradually come to be one of the leading methods of capturing *Nobiliar* in his lair. Now it is

hard to say just how extensively this system is used by fishermen; but it is safe to say that it is ten times more fascinating than that common method of trolling. Trolling has been compared with still fishing. It is an unexerting method. The end in view is the end of merely getting the fish. But, bait casting for muskies is something quite different. This involves a lot of work to get just the right bait for the purpose.

Bait fishing or bait casting for the muscallonge is one of the most exciting of fishing sports. Exciting, in that you always stand the chance of becoming annexed to that great big fellow when you will surely have your hands full. It possesses variety, and there is a certain fascination in plunking the bait in a place here, and a place there with the hope of causing some lusty fellow to rise and strike it. After having trolled most of your fishing days for the musky, turning to this form you will find a sport that you had never before conceived of as possible. The reason more fellows do not do any bait casting for muskies is that it is always thought that they run rather too deep down in the water and that one has, naturally, to fish quite deep for them. Hence one, as a consequence, trolls deep for them. But this is not true. Some of the best fishing is in the lower, shallow water especially in those hours when the fish are inshore feeding. In the morning hours and from three or two in the afternoon till dusk you will find the bait casting proposition a very likely one—when you go out for muscallonge. In the very beginning when I speak about what sort of an outfit you should have for this kind of fishing allow me to say that you should by all means have a durable one, for you are liable to get hooked up to a very durable fish. It's all right if you can handle light tackle on a forty pound fish just as a member of the Tuna Club at Catalina manipulates his tackle, but otherwise, if you have had no past experience don't do it. This is just a gentle warning. Many a time I have tried it and I have had so many failures that I have decided that it is no use. I use durable tackle practically always now. Now to begin with, my recommendation for this musky work is undeniably a steel rod. I figure that the wooden rod, or the bamboo rod has no place here. I like the steel rod, and if that steel rod comes from the Bristol mill all well and good. It has a genuine reputation, a staunch, durable reputation, and you are always safe if you get hooked up to a big fellow. When I go in for any of this sort of fishing I invariably reach for my Number 33 Bristol, with its "just right" guides, the one dollar, real agate guides—the rod that has not only the strength to it but the stick-to-it-iveness, the merging give near to the tip that I have always particularly recommended. This same rod is equally as good for bass fishing, for which, I may add I mostly use it. The length of this rod is five and one half feet and I consider it just the right length though, of course, there is always the matter of personal preference to be diligently considered. Some like very short rods, and some like

rods that go up to and over six feet. But as two to one or two to three the greater number of the people who do any amount of bait casting these days adhere to the five and one half foot rod. It is the suitable length in my opinion. This rod has what is known as the double grip, or double handle. That is to say there is a grip forward of the reel seat. The value of the double grip cannot be over-estimated. When one is playing the fish to net one gets a firm, feeling hold on this grip that is so seemingly correct and in its place (as it should be) that once a person has tried this grip he will never be without it. Such a grip has the worthy Bristol rod. And while I mention some of these things let me also say that the matter of a finger pull is a mighty important one too. The finger pull aids one to get a firmer grasp on the rod, yielding steadiness and making one more sure of himself. Then, too, the reel is held firmly on the seat; there is no chance of it slipping off as when you have just the ordinary band. By all means see to it that your rod has a double handle, or a grip, forward of the reel seat; also that it has the finger pull.

I must add that one of the best lines that I have recently found that will answer well to casting for muscallonge is the so-called Senter-Brade, produced by the Hastings Sporting Goods Works, of Hastings, Michigan. This line (No. 018) tests to 18 pounds, and is of singular durability, being double braided, hence giving one what may be dubbed double service. This line was designed for use especially in conjunction with the famous Wilson Wobblers and has some points about it that I cannot help but mention here. These lines, I am not afraid to state, are twenty per cent. stronger than the average bait casting lines of the same size. The reason of this is evident in that not only is the core of the line braided but so also is the outer covering. Such compactness cannot but make for strength, yet at the same time the line is not the least stiff or unyielding, but just as soft as an ordinary line. On account of this process of braiding it is quite impossible for it to pull flat when in use; it stays hard and round always as such a line should, thereby evincing its efficiency. These lines are furnished also in the 25 pound test order, also most commendable. The price per spool is from one and a quarter to one dollar and one half.

The reel for bait casting for muskies should be one that has a rather long barrel to it, and which will hold something like one hundred yards of line. The reel need not be highly speeded up and so smooth working that it gets beyond you; rather see that it is moderately running but that it is a durable winch. That is the main thing. This reel should have a click and a drag to it, though a drag is sufficient. The superiority of the drag attachment will be shown before you have gone far. While it is not necessary that this reel be an elaborate affair, full-jewelled and so forth, it should be durable.

Now, in bait-casting for muskies there is one lure that has proven singularly worthy—that lure is the artificial minnow. The

artificial minnow has gone the doughty spoon hook one better for prominence sake and has proven its worth not only as a good bass lure but also as a musky taker. It is hard to say when musky bait casting first came into prominence, but it is not hard to remember that one of the first musky minnows that was put out was the large sized Jamison Coaxer. Of course artificials were put out, and are put out still, in large sizes but it is not common to see them labelled



IN THE SAME BAY, AND CLOSE IN SHORE THE NEXT MORNING AN EVEN LUSTIER FISH WAS TAKEN, BUT THIS TIME THE LURE WAS A WOBBLER.

musky. Still, recently the Tango minnow company have put out a musky Tango artificial that is about as ingenious and deadly an affair for the purpose of this sort of casting as one would want. This minnow has approximately the right heft to make a good cast possible; it has the right wriggling motion, the dip and side-glides that proves very catching indeed for all sorts of the greater preying fishes. The main point in buying lures for musky bait casting is that they cannot be too light. They must have a fair size to them and combine all the points desirable in productions of the sort; they must have about them an attractiveness that calls the attention of the fish so fully to them that it strikes without thinking twice about it. In this connection, the new wobblers of the various classes are very desirable. Among all the Heddon Dowgiac minnows the so-called Crab Wiggler is one of the best of the lot

for the purpose. This is not meant as a criticism of any of their other minnows for any, three out of four of them will catch fish practically anywhere. But the fact remains that the Crab Wiggler is one of the best of the lot, making, in my opinion, an excellent musky bait. In their No. 1600 series we have the new wiggler, the diving fellow. If you are in rather deep water it is very easy to shift the line so that the artificial will work down deep, with good results. The Heddon minnows with their superior grade of enamel are worthy of more than passing attention. They are minnows with not only the reputation of big sales but what is more—big results!

At the same time we have the inimitable Wilson Wobblers of which there are many varieties and one new production of which more will be found in an article in this same number. The Wilson Fluted Wobbler is hard to equal in the semi-shallow water, while if one wishes to fish in rather deeper water he can easily shift to the Wilson Winged Wobbler which by its patented wings give it a zig-zag motion through the water. It will travel, by the way, at a depth of from three to four feet in the water. Any baits of the sort used in the secluded bays and along in the places where the muskies feed are deadly contrivances. They exert the same eternal fascination over these greater fish as they exert over the bass—and what we know the bass will do to these minnows so will the musky. At the same time we have the South Bend baits, and their wobbler, which has also been heard from quite a bit the past season. Their underwaters are famous now and make ideal ones for use where such a bait is desired for musky fishing in the deeper water.

In casting for muskies there is one thing always to be recognized, that being that you are always liable to catch a very big one indeed. It is foolhardy to try and go out fishing alone, without somebody at the oars. There may be those who are able to do it but they belong to the Great and Masterful. Rather with a man at the oars go about your fishing and when you do get a fish you can be rowed out into deeper water and there finish the battle. The rules (if there are any in musky bait casting) are simple enough. I will be dogmatic enough to lay down one cold rule, that being: use all the caution and strive to be as noiseless about your operations as possible. Cast toward the place that looks good, at from thirty feet or so. Never go in too close. Work along with care and try out a place two or three times before you hit into new territory. When you have a strike set the hook good and watch out, keeping your line taut. It is always best to have some sort of a trace or wire leader right next to the connection with the artificial, for it is a well enough known fact that the fish will over-hit the bait, and will, in some instances, soon saw off the line, or fray it so that a little pugnacious fighting will serve to complete the damage. A piece of not too heavy copper wire, or copper twist will come in very handy for the purpose. Swivels are

used to keep the line from twisting and are really quite necessary. In casting for this greater pike one uses almost entirely the side cast, although the overhead cast makes for greater accuracy in reaching just the right spot. However one is, in these cases, encumbered with the wire leader. Where the hanging bait should be about six inches from the tip guide when ready to cast, here with a wire leader one may have at least a foot of hanging wire or trace leader to contend with. Yet with a little practice this may be overcome and the bait can be cast just as well as though it were shortened to the regulation six inches from the tip. Now the strike of a large musky one must remember is quite different from the strike of a bass. A musky like a pickerel or a pike may follow up a bait and yet not strike at it till the second or third cast. Therefore, it is well to fish a spot well before leaving it. When a musky does strike the minnow it is done with a suddenness and deliberation that may take you off your feet. And once stung by the hook if he is over twenty pounds you are going to have a fight of no mean order. Of course the majority of the fish taken are rather conservative as far as weight is concerned, but these so-called small fellows are indeed great fighters. A ten pounder is something that is alive and well, thank you, especially if you catch that fish in Canadian waters. (I hope I have a trusting audience here!)

As I have mentioned before in this article the artificial that you use must have some points of attractiveness about it that are quite out of the ordinary; the coloration of the minnow comes in therefore, for quite a bit of attention. The motion of the minnow may be the first thing to catch the attention of the marauding one but the coloration is taken in, I firmly believe, with the next glimpse. And if there is one attractive color for an artificial minnow then it is the solid white, or perhaps the white minnow with some parts of it red. I consider the red and white bait the most general all-round favorite. It is for this reason that more and more minnows are now being made white, touched off with red. But much depends upon the state of the water. Where waters are not overly clear the white and red touched baits are uniformly the best. In the very clear waters of the north the baits of fancy coloring are equal favorites, as for instance the exceptionally agreeable rainbow-colored affairs, etc. Any of these, wherein two or more points of fascination are combined in a minnow, are taking ones with the muscallonge.

At the very outset, when going out for muskies with the bait rod and artificials remember that it is a sport quite out of the ordinary. The fish is a large one; his fight is one that is slam-bang from the opening move to the final when you sink the gaff down upon him and grasp him at the center. The time to go out for these self-same muskies is when they are feeding, and that occurs in the early mornings and in the late afternoons. But the best time of all is from eight till ten in the morning, before the shadows have quite withdrawn from

the shores. They are then stirring and are moving up and down, in and around the outer edge of the weeds and if you are not then able to catch your fish with a likely artificial it is pretty hard to expect anything to catch them if it is not the spoon hook. The spoon hook is also used in casting for the musky. The same size spoon is used as ordinarily for trolling, though of course, unless weighed it is hard to cast a light spoon any agreeable distance. I am speaking here of the size 4¾ Skinner. This I consider one of the best musky spoons on the market. But for casting the Size 5 is very much better; has the proper weight and one is able to place it well at a likely cast. I will say right here that it is always a good idea to bring along both the spoon and the artificial, for where one does not bring in the fish the other will. There are some bait casters who go out for muskies who prefer a hook that has at least five gangs of minnows on its body, or fifteen hooks in all to be correct. But three gangs I hold as plenty or nine

hooks altogether. I am beginning to consider the wobblers favorably, and where these baits are made so that the hooks may be unscrewed, or taken off one can suit his fancy and have the number of hooks he likes. If you are casting with the spoon-hook be sure and attach the regulation red bits of flannel. Odd isn't it? I have seen some fishermen angling with big strips of red rags (you might say) attached to the hook; and you would swear that nothing would ever hit that nameless thing. And yet they have had uniformly, the best scores. Red attracts and angers any of the pike family, the musky included. Comprehensively speaking it is anger that actuates them to strike a lure and in no way do they think one of these wobbling, gyrating things of dashing coloration an edible thing, worthy to feed upon. Perhaps they feel that (when you fish during the feeding hours) they must first put this thing out of commission because it scares away all the minnows they feed upon.

NEW ARTIFICIALS AND OTHER THINGS

Robert Page Lincoln

THE busiest time in the life of an active and demonstrating angling writer is in the months of spring, when the ice in the streams begins to sag and look dirty and is honey-combed; and when the sheet of crystal (?) on the bonny lake is getting feeble and worn looking—sort of pale around the gills; and when the bluebirds are back; and the robins hop along the hill back of the little old cottage; and when the bluebird tells you things from the bough of the tree. It is then that an angling writer is busy looking over what is to be used in the angling world for the new season. There are baits and rods and lines and what not, to give the acid test; and some of the new designs you can bet your life will instantly supplant the old. No matter how good a bait seems, you always feel that there is something better, and so you purchase the new devices with confidence in their ability to surpass the old. More and more the artificial bait is coming into favour; and (as some at least will aver) there are less and less of the the frogs being used. I will not state how true I think this assertion is, but I will state that if all the fellows who are going to use artificials this coming season were got together it would make an army that would drive old Emperor William's men many miles away from Verdun. (Remember I do not mean by making this bland assertion that the allies should be armed with artificials). Artificial minnows are here to stay. They are more than pretty babies, to be shown in glass cases. Some of my weather beaten affairs could give you quite

a history. That old Heddon Dowagiac there, for instance, could many a tale unfold.

The artificials of to-day are game getters in every sense of the word. There may possibly be bass that will not take artificials as they should, but the proportion that do take them, sometimes two times out of three makes them welcome additions to most every bait-caster's outfit. Fishermen everywhere are beginning to have more confidence in them. That idea that they are just made to sell, and that they scare fish rather than capture them is now an exploded idea. These productions now merit a great deal of consideration and no tackle box is complete without three or four representative artificials at least.

It is not strange that so much fuss has been made over the wobblers, the diving, zig-zagging, gyrating, skipping tribe, for the simple reason that they have suddenly taken the leadership as a killing bait. The whole underlying principle upon which these various wobblers are worked is one that strikes the fancy of the bass and other preying fish at the very outset. Now it does not matter much why a bass, etc., will hit one of these lures, whether through anger or through some other motive. The fact is however, that somehow or another, they are generally very much fascinated by it. I am rather skeptical as to whether the bass think it a disabled fish and therefore something edible. I am rather of the opinion that it is the wobbling motion, that grotesqueness of appearance, the unusualness of it, that causes them, on the spur of the moment, through sheer

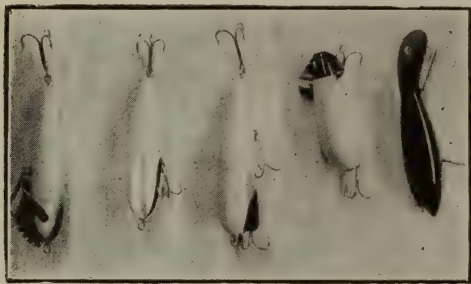
impulsiveness, to up and nab it. They want to clear it out of their domain, feeling in their hearts that they cannot live beside such an insane apparition.

I stood one morning this winter (February to be exact) in a boat on the surface of Lake Ponchatrain, in Louisiana, hard by the Gulf of Mexico, and while the sweat was beading my forehead I diligently cast a bait that is due to make quite a fuss among fishermen in 1916. That bait was the Humdinger, put out by the prince of piscatorial men, Honorable W. J. Jamison of Chicago. Before I had tried that bait out there was a tear that hung on the lashes in front of my eyes. I remembered a certain abbreviated sausage that Jamison once put out; I did not like it exceptionally well; I wept for

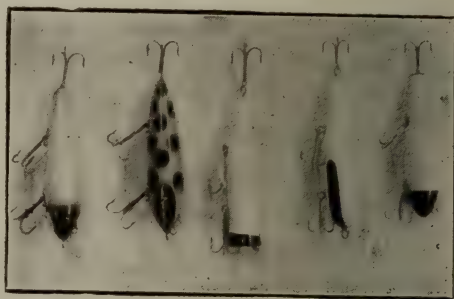
am not only going to have this bait with me on my four months' fishing ramble from lake to lake this summer but I am also going to have the Jamison Mascot with me. Don't forget the Jamison Mascot, even if you forget your pocketbook; and if you work the pads don't forget the Coaxer. "There's a reason."

Nor is the Humdinger the only new 1916 bait that this man has put out. I have procured another new bait that he has put out, called the Chicago wobbler. You will try this bait out at the same time with me. I have not yet tried it out. But I did try out the Humdinger and it certainly is as good if not better than the Mascot. And this is saying a mighty lot I'll tell you.

There is always good tidings in store for



Reading, left to right: The new Six-in-One Wilson Wobbler; the original Wilson Wobbler; Wilson's Winged Wobbler; Jamison's brand-new Humdinger; and last, that appetizing Tango Minnow.



Reading left to right: One of the series 1700 Near-Surface wiggling Heddon Dowagiac minnows; One of the Series 1600, deep diving minnows, a Heddon production; The Wilson Cupped Wobbler; That large size original Wilson Wobbler; and last the new W. J. Jamison Chicago wobbler for bass and muskies.

it, tried it but it did not measure up to what my ideal of a bait should be. Now when I looked at this bait I did not weep, but there were tears in my eyes. But when I cast that bait a half hour later in a secluded place I got a whopping rise and was playing a large bass to net. I had caught my first bass of the new year and that, too, on Jamison's Humdinger. Such a name! Why in the world didn't they call it the New York Life Building or the Transcontinental Railroad? I am going to redub it the Jamison Game Getter. I will have a photo of that big bass come out in some future number. It's well worth the space in my opinion. Southern bass have a special reputation for being great big fellows with a plunge and tear to them that is quite equal to our northern bass; at the same time they are often three or four times larger and bulkier than our bass. Now please take a squint at the photo of the Humdinger. It is the genuine old struggling bait. And when Jamison says that he says words of truth. First, it wiggles from side to side at the front; the rear of the bait has an up and down motion. At the same time oddly enough the bait protects the hooks so that they will not foul on weeds. This bait is both a surface worker and can easily be changed so that it is an underwater, deep diving affair. By attaching the line under the jaw of the animal it runs surface-ward; by attaching the line to the head steel loop it suddenly plunges down and goes through the awfulest gyrations you ever saw. Let me add right here that I

the bass fisherman in the spring when the new productions begin to be advertised. Naturally the best known and well found firms identified in artificial minnow productions are the ones first looked into. If they have anything new it is studied with care and earnest consideration is given it. A reputable firm in the first place gains its place in the world from the fact that it has something to sell that people want. People, thereafter, want more of it because it helps them get what they want. And the firm's business expands. Such expansion would not take place, however, unless the ware that company extended was worthy, and all the manufacturers claimed it to be.

Let us consider next the newest output of the Hastings Sporting Goods Company of Hastings, Michigan, the company that puts out the Wilson Wobblers. Now Wilson Wobblers are family names in Piscatorialdom for the Wilson Wobbler was among the first, if not the first, in the field. Its reputation is one that comes from silent service; not much bluster about it, but a practical way of doing things just as the fisherman would have them done. The Wilson Wobbler is an artificial minnow that is seen throughout the season again and again. I have heard men everywhere speak of the wobbling minnows and of all wobblers the Wilson is oftenest mentioned. It has a reputation that is far-reaching. It is a bait that is used not only by John Smith and

Fred Jones but also by Richard Mansfield, Turner and Phillip Wellesley Cholmondeley. It is not only used in the far south, where I saw it this winter but it is also sampled and exploited by your favorite guide up near Hudson Bay. Such is the far-reaching reputation of the Wilson Wobbler. The Fluted Wobbler is identified, especially by the motion of its tail when retrieved. It travels well below the surface. When you do not reel it promptly comes to the surface, for it is a light bait. Exceptionally good as have been the Wilson Fluted Wobbler and their Cupped and Winged Wobblers I think without doubt their latest production is going to beat them. Remember now I have not tried out this bait (I am writing this in March), and we will practically swim it at almost the same time this coming season. I wager nevertheless that if any new baits are going to catch fish this one certainly will for it has some points that singularly impress me.

The new production has been named the Wilson Six-In-One Wobbler.

If you just take a glimpse at the photo of this creation which accompanies this article you will note that it has a diving guide in front which may be adjusted in six positions. As the manufacturers say: "One position will cause the bait to skim on the surface of the water, the other positions will cause the bait to travel in the water at various depths ranging to a maximum of six feet. Each different change in the position of the diving guide not only causes the bait to travel at a different depth, but with a different wobbling motion." Perhaps the most unique part of this all is that there are six wobbling motions in one, and that with a second's work you can have a new motion each time. Most wobblers, or minnows, hold to one conservative motion, or direction, or depth. Yet here one can suit himself to the locality he is in, so that he can have any one of six wobblers, according to the depth and condition of the waters. If he wants a surf scooter, the water being low, he gets it. If he is in deeper water and must go down deep for them, a mere shift of the ever-ready diving guide and you have it ready prepared for use. Such a bait as this, therefore, I believe, to properly fill in the needs and demands of all the bass fishing gentry, and I can personally say that if this bait works anywhere nearly as well as the rest of the Wilson Wobblers I have absolutely no kick coming. Just now I have in my mind's eye a certain lake tucked away among the pines and balsams. In that same lake I have a place spotted where in jovial June I will plunk in this same Wobbler. If that does not get the biggest one in that pot hole then *I will eat the minnow myself!*

While the Dowagiac company have not as yet put out a strictly new and fresh production for this year, their last year's sensation but laid the foundation; this year will continue and elaborately broaden the reputation that the eccentric Crab Wiggler made for itself. One angling writer of sufficient note to merit passing attention has spoken of the Crab Wiggler as being the one original,

life-like production of last year. I cannot help but say the same; The Crab Wiggler is a fish-getter far and away above the ordinary. Nor is this bait good alone for bass but it will work as well on the pikes. The record catch I made on a Crab Wiggler last year proves to me that it is an exceptionally worthy pike lure. For that reason I am setting it over in the muscallonge bait casting article in another section of the angling department. *But mark this well:* it is just as good if not better as a bass killer and it may be mentioned that there is a large size and a small size Crab Wiggler. I know and can easily prove the assertions I make by records and witnesses. That means more than an ordinary boast. Where records prove superiority there is some substance to



Reading left to right: First, the large size Jamison musky Coaxer; next, the deadly and well known South Bend wobbler, a true and tried success; third, the Crab Wiggler that will make the fish look pretty tame if they take hold of it; and last of all, the Jamison Winged Mascot. These are very good muscallonge as well as bass baits and have all been tried out and proved successful.

an assertion of the sort. The Heddon people have long been recognized for the fact that they put out good material; their minnows are never cheap; the enamel they put on their minnows never peels; peeling, or flaking, is unheard of. I have a Heddon I have used three or four years now and the only manner in which it has been injured is where it has hit on rocks which have dented, but never destroyed its coating of enamel. When the wood on some minnows is exposed by denting, they instantly soak water and disintegration sets in. That's the beginning of the end of that minnow.

The Crab Wiggler I have just mentioned can be had in many colorations and blendings of colors. It imitates, by coloration, a frog, a yellow perch and a crab. But most of all a crab. It scurries backward like the wierd crayfish and in so doing so valiantly imitates that lowly animal that the bass or the other preying fish at once seize upon it—whether they believe it food or not I will not say. Anyone knows how a crab, if alarmed, scurries backward, apparently to get out of danger. That's this minnow to a T. It does just that. It has a pronounced wiggle, all intact; it has a lifelike appearance, and will last not one season but three, four or five seasons with good care. The fact that the crayfish, or crab

is one of the principal foods of the greater fish, including the bass makes an imitation of the sort a decided success. I will add that even the manufacturers have been surprised at the number of Crab Wiggler baits sold the previous year. I, myself, noted a great number in use last autumn when it was bursting into greater prominence even that late in the year. This season, however, will be its big season, and it is one of the baits that I will have along. This company also puts out a Baby Wiggler, a Crab Wiggler only in small form. This is a snagless minnow. It has double hooks at the belly.

I have been quite a steady user of the Dowagiac baits now for quite a time; and I must say, as a matter of fact, that they are some of the best baits that are put on the market. Not only are they in design an attraction of a marked order but the fact that they are so substantially made is a characteristic that especially rivets the attention. Besides proving attractive lures the Heddon minnow may be used for something like three years and with ordinary good care should be good for a couple more. The Heddon people have held this reputation for putting out good material from the beginning. I recall the first Dowagiac I ever used, and more than that it was the first artificial minnow I ever used. I fished with it for years and then laid it aside to buy up newer productions that attracted me more, by their designs, etc. But I still have that minnow in my shop and any time you want I will bring it out and show it to you. It is a minnow I highly treasure.

Now anyone (among the average fishermen), wants a bait that will last more than one season. To get such a bait one must naturally get one that is well and substantially made. Here is where your Heddon minnow is more than a passing attraction. It is a valiant standby. When I go out from lake to lake in the summer I would count it a poor trip indeed if the Heddon minnows, at least two, were left out of the outfit. I have always had good luck with the deep diving Heddon minnows of the Series 1600. This bait will be noted in the illustration, which please see. This bait will float when not reeled. When reeled it will dive and wobble to the depth of four feet. The floating feature of the bait is a good one as it will not drop down into the weeds if you get tangled up in a backlash.

For coloration too, the Heddon minnows are exceptionally well to be noted. I have always recommended the rainbow-hued affairs. I need hardly speak of the virtues of their underwater minnows. This I have already done.

There is a new (comparatively new) minnow in the field that is known as the Tango minnow. Last season I tried it out for the first time in waters wild and in waters that were "civilized," so to speak. At first I did not like the name, and was prejudicial against it but there is little or nothing in the name and I found the Tango minnow very good in any number of instances. When I was not trying it out, I always saw to it that others of my clan were trying it out

though I had to resort to bribery. The Tango proved itself worthy of holding a place among the good baits from the start. It is a minnow that has a wobbling motion that is not too highly accentuated. It is moderately speeded, so to speak, although by reeling it in fast it will do most anything. I have found that moderate reeling is the best with this bait. The Tango minnow is made to wobble by the blade of wood that is found at one end of it as will be seen in the illustration. The line is threaded to an eye of steel on this blade. The water forced against this blade causes it to dip and give a side to side wobble that is winningly attractive to say the least. In fact I should say that it is as near to lifelikeness as a bait could be. A wobblers, of course, is supposed to act like a struggling minnow, that is trying its best to get away, out of the reach of the preying bass or other fishes. This trying to get away is not a violent exhibition. It is a moderately attuned performance. The Tango minnow can also be used to troll with, and if it is desired to keep the bait at a depth of four feet under the surface of the water a Number 18 copper wire is attached, by means of a swivel, to the minnow. As a trolling proposition the Tango minnow is a decided success. I smile when I think of a day last summer. A party of us hied us away to a small lake that was teeming with pickerel. I doubt very much if any but the villagers around the lake did any fishing. In one hour I caught eight large pickerel with the Tango, the entire catch going to various of the farmers around the lake and their friends. For ourselves we had enough and a few to spare. I was amply surprised that a minnow of the sort would make a troller worthy of the name. I recall the first time I saw the Tango minnow. I found a large pickerel dead, on the shore of a lake, washed up by the waves of a night before. In his mouth was a Tango hooked firmly in the jaw, and on it was a long, heavy trolling line, a copper wire leader. This interested me so much that I decided to try it out with the success I have noted. There is little doubt but that this minnow will have a wide popularity, if it is kept before the people so that it is not lost track of. Many good minnows are lost to attention in that way. I certainly recommend the Tango to the fishermen who want a good minnow for this summer, one especially of the wobbler type.

The South Bend Bait company comes across this year with some new productions, two in particular being noted here. They have put out a surface scooting minnow that they call the Surf-Oreno which has come too late to photograph, but which, nevertheless, has many good points that merit more than a passing look before it is passed by. The Surf-Oreno is a light affair and according to reports has proven itself as a big killer. For one thing it is easily cast and goes along near to the surface. It has a spinner before and behind, and these in their spinning make a sort of a churning commotion in the water that is especially attractive. I have tried this bait out in the water but not for fish, of course.

We will have a try at this lure at about the same time, and I surely feel that it is able to do its duty in regulation South Bend order. I have never had a glum word yet to say about the South Bend minnows. They are always in my paraphernalia, at least one in the seven to ten various minnows I always carry with me. I am adding the Surf-Oreno as I feel that such a bait is suited to my needs. This is decidedly getting back to the spinners again and I feel certain that this is not out of place. Aside from the above-mentioned minnow the South Bend people have put out one of the most attractive lures that I have seen in a long day, namely: their new weedless spinner hook with the bucktail attachment. This is something that I am going to try out the first time the bass get to moving about. Those of you fellows who have wanted to get good bucktail hooks for casting or trolling would do well to call for the South Bend catalogue. For years this company has been putting out the best in this field that I know of. Their weedless hooks are weedless hooks in every sense of the word and they are ingenious, not clumsy. I also wish to say right now (and I am not asking those of you who will not believe me sincere in my purpose to pay any attention to my suggestion) that if you are going to use frogs for bait this summer, or even part of the time, do not fail to get the South Bend weedless casting hook, and especially the one that has the spinner right on the hook shaft. Now if you do not listen to anything but this—*mark this*: get that spinner weedless casting hook, and if you do not vote that the best hook you have ever used I will tender you my month's payment for running this department. I have already spoken about that weedless hook. It is the best one I have ever used.

Now right here is where the new weedless bucktail spinner comes in. It is an extension of that weedless spinner, only the bucktail is added so that you do not have to use the frog or the pork-rind. That special patented spinner is there (it couldn't be improved upon); the hook is also neatly weighted so as to make it just right for casting purposes. The weed guards are there and also it is a double-hook affair or one hook threaded on another, each separate. The first bucktail is red, the hind tail is

white. There we have red and white, the two biggest color attractions for bass that has ever been put out. There are times when bucktail baits are especially good. I have known times when they have made catches without fail. They are the happy medium whereby one can make a change, finding that that change was a mighty excellent proposition. The new South Bend spinner with the white and red combination can be used for either trolling or casting. It can be used even in the thickest of the pads or the weeds without becoming hooked up. The same is true of the weedless casting spoons. Cast into the pads and reel outward and you get your bass right at the edge of the pads, whereas, plunking a bait right to the edge of the pads you are more liable to scare, than fascinate your fish. Cast behind him, into the pads and lo you will have attained a great advantage.

In the next number of this magazine I shall have an article on night fishing for bass, and shall then speak further of the merits of the South Bend productions. For night fishing and for all-around use the South Bend reel is the most adaptable of appliances and I would suggest that if you are making your reel purchase this year be sure and give the South Bend reel your attention. Night fishing is coming more and more into prominence, by the way. It has been proven foolish nowadays not to go out fishing at night. For one thing night fishing is not only fascinating, but it is a fact that the largest bass are taken after dark with glowing baits, such as the South Bend Woodpecker, and others, or any of the *white* artificial minnows (not necessarily of the phosphorescent sort)—but white, so that they can be seen at least partially in the water. The need of a reel that will prevent backlashes from accumulating is the reel to be located. The South Bend reel is one of the best in this class, giving distance to a cast, running smoothly and rarely giving a backlash, for the bale wire on the front cross-bar of the reel prevents this.

Look for the night fishing article in the next number. I am sure that you will find it interesting, and that it will call you out into the great out-of-doors where the red blood runs warm in the veins!





The Publishers of Rod and Gun Magazine invite readers of the magazine to contribute articles and letters to Mr. Geikie's department on matters pertaining to guns and ammunition, but do not necessarily endorse the opinions expressed therein by these contributors.

ARMS THAT HELPED TO SHOVE THE FRONTIER OFF THE MAP

(First Installment of the series.)

By Ashley A. Haines

Editor's Note.—With this we are publishing the first installment of the series of articles by Mr. Haines on the subject of the various rifles and revolvers which played such a prominent part in the settling of the west. Mr. Haines has handled the matter in an intensely authoritative and interesting manner and we should congratulate ourselves upon securing the services of such an authority on the subjects treated. The series will continue throughout the summer months and the entire artillery of the plainsmen will receive consideration, among which might be mentioned the Colt's powder-and-ball revolver mentioned in this issue and further described in the next number, the Remington and Smith & Wesson revolving pistols, the Sharp's, Ballard, early Remington, Winchester and Marlin rifles, the Henry and the Spencer—the latter arm of Civil War fame.)

To the writer, and I dare say many others there are who will hold similar views, the principal arms that played the most prominent parts on the Frontier, especially between the years of say 1860 up to the close of the '80's, are fully as interesting as arms that have appeared at later dates. In making the foregoing statement, it is realized that there is a class who can see nothing of value in anything in the fire arms line made previous to the last decade, ignoring the fact that arms well adapted to the needs of the Frontiersman were within his reach during the period mentioned, and gave the best of satisfaction in his hands whether used on the big game that roamed unrestricted over limitless prairies, through dense forests, or the desolate wastes of snow-clad mountain ranges; or in defense of his home against the savages that, at practically every step of the way leading to the development of the West, disputed the white man's onward march.

It is true that at that time many arms of inferior design and construction were to be had, but the Frontiersman, always a practical man, was one quick to discriminate, and while occasionally an arm might find its way into his possession that, when weighed

in the balance of experience, would be found wanting in some vitally essential point, our Frontiersman was not the man who hesitated to discard it and tie to another on whose reliability, at all times, his life, and that of his family, might entirely depend.

And, as has been intimated, there were many arms then to be had well worthy the confidence of the men who ventured West, many of them with families, taking passage by "Prairie Schooner," seeking homes in more unrestricted areas than had previously been theirs, while others there were Westward-bound merely for the love of adventure. And this latter class was not to be disappointed, for while the red man was not to be always found with his copper-colored visage smeared with war paint, there was no certainty that he might not at the most unexpected time, turn hostile. At such times the settler with his family to protect and the man who drifted into the West for the love of excitement, grasped their "Old Reliabilities," (whether Sharp's, Remington, Ballard, Winchester, Colt's or Smith and Wesson doesn't matter), with the utmost confidence in the arms with which they were armed, proving, as they had always proved, "Old Reliabilities" in every respect.

But, in those days, there were more than savages to be met with in the but little more than half-civilized West, with which the law-abiding citizen had often to contend, and at which times nothing less than the very best in fire arms would bring him through ; and these were the bad men of various sorts such as hold-ups, cattle rustlers, gamblers, greasers and others. Had there been less—much less, in fact—of the brain-muddling whiskey ; less of the gambling ; less of that class of petticoat-wearers that essayed the lowest possible with many men that essayed still lower, there is nothing more certain than that there would have been far less tragedy to record in the Old West than there was. But we cannot write of what *might* have been, what easily *could* have been, and what every sane man will agree *should* have been, but of what *has* been ; and in recording what *has* been, tragedy will have to be met with though one of the most interesting phases of the subject—most interesting to me, at least—concerns the arms of the old frontier days, often, though we deplore the fact, used for taking human life, in many instances perfectly justifiably, while in other instances nothing less than murder pure and simple could be the verdict of any, however prejudiced.

But let us consider the one thing that interests all of us more than the use of the fire arms of the frontier days, either on savages or bad men, and that relates to the arms used in hunting the game that was to be found in abundance throughout the greater portion of the West. To-day we sometimes see the statement in print that the most powerful of the American rifles are none too severe on such game as the fast diminishing deer ; and to-day we have rifles easily within reach of any man possessing greater range and energy than anything in use in the frontier days. If this is true—that is, that the most powerful of American rifles are none too powerful for deer—it at once becomes interesting to know how the hunter of frontier days managed to kill—practically exterminate, it finally proved—the millions of buffalo that swarmed over the prairies? How about the elk? How about the grizzly? Where there is one grizzly to-day there were scores forty years ago—and the hunter of that day had no mighty .405 Winchester, which some to-day say is none too powerful for deer. There was no '06 Springfield then, and no one at that time dreamed of the forthcoming Newton rifles to use cartridges of over 3000 f. s. and unsurpassed striking energy! How, then, I repeat, did the hunters of the good old days account for such game as the buffalo, the elk, the moose and the grizzly? Ask one of the hunters of that period now living and he will tell you that there were Sharps, Remingtons, Ballards and Winchester, as well as a few other rifles of less renown, well adapted for such game. Scoff at him for expressing such an opinion and the chances are that you would have to choose between shedding your coat or running a foot race.

If you do not goad him into a hostile mood, one of the old-timers I have in mind,

will tell you of the deadly work of the old .45-120-550 Sharp's Buffalo Gun that weighed from 12 to 18 pounds, and with which the game was often killed at far greater ranges than the average hunter of to-day would think of shooting with his most powerful modern high power rifle. Another would dwell upon the exceptional merits of the long range "Rolling Block" Remington, or the later Remington-Hepburn, as the big game rifles of that period and, in his opinion, based on his border-day experience, the hunting rifles of *any* time. A third would draw the most fascinating picture of the old double-set trigger Ballard Pacific rifle that weighed from 10½ to 12 pounds—the only breech-loading rifle that I know of with cleaning rod under the barrel, evidently patterned after the best (in outline, I mean) of the muzzle loaders which it, at a casual glance, closely resembles. Ask a fourth and the merits of the "Old Centennial" Winchester will be unfolded to your bewildered gaze. This he will tell you was the first really powerful repeating rifle placed on the American market. He will speak in glowing terms of its speed, range, accuracy and reliability in the same breath. Hint that it was too heavy, too long, or that it was ugly as compared to later models and you have made an enemy for life.

Insinuate that the Sharp's, Remingtons, Ballards or "Old Centennials" were deficient in power for big game shooting and you will have abundant proof immediately offered to prove that your contention is all wrong. The hundreds of instances that will be cited where such game as buffalo, elk, grizzlies, and other large game have been killed instantly at a single shot per head with these arms will be placed before you ; and such evidence you simply *cannot* ignore.

Ask a fifth hunter of the '70's and '80's what he thinks of the old .44-40 model 1873 Winchester as a frontiersman's rifle! If he happens to be a rapid fire specialist, he will tell you that he used that arm for years on the frontier and that he would have no other. We all know that there are far better rifles for big game, but even those who ridicule both gun and user, will readily admit that the old '73 Winchester accounted for more game on the frontier than any other rifle of its day, not to mention innumerable *good* Indians.

What about the Henry rifle, parent of the Winchester and the '66 Winchester using the .44 Rim Fire Henry cartridge, and the Spencer? And what kind of revolvers were to be had back there fifty or sixty years ago ; and what particular part did they play in helping to "shove the frontier off the map?"

Before attempting to answer, permit me to say that there are thousands of men, many of them born before my time, and many since, who are far better qualified to discuss this matter than myself, but as these men are backward in coming forward with their opinions, I have decided to consider the old arms of the period I have mentioned, hoping that this will lead others to give us additional information on the arms that I shall write about ; also, let us hope

that the men who helped to shove the frontier off the map with the aid of these arms, will give us their experiences with them on the game that was to be found in such abundance in the West in the early days.

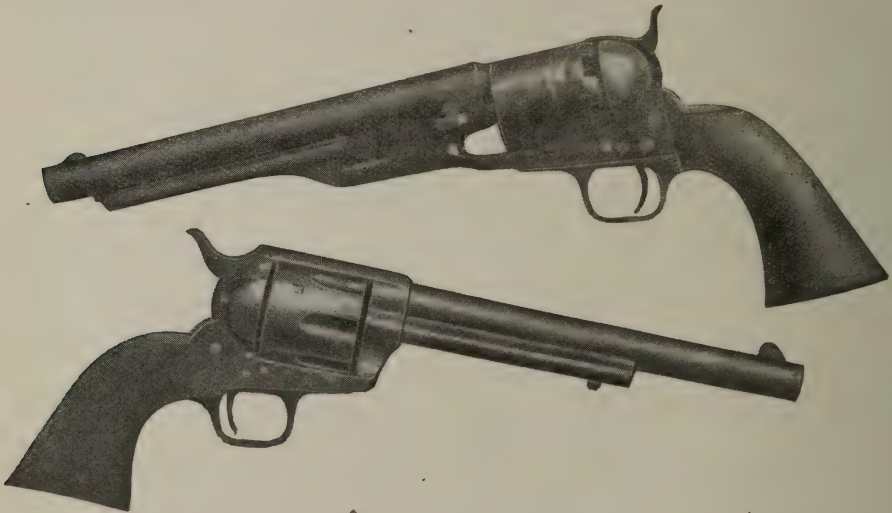
The best of the arms in use on the Frontier of the time I have mentioned, had so many strong points that one is tempted to want to consider them all in the same breath. For various reasons, however, I have decided to write of the Colt arms first, though Remington rifles—muzzle loaders, of course—were made something like forty years, I believe, before Col. Colt brought out his revolving fire arms. But the arms of which I shall write will date from a time far later than that, no arms being considered made previous to Colt's, which were invented about 1830, patented 1835 but, according to best information available, not perfected until ten years later, or 1845. It's true that the Colt arms were manufactured as early as 1836, used against the Seminole Indians in Florida (1837—'39) where the value of the repeating system was clearly demonstrated, but, according to the best information I have the Colt revolver practically reached its highest perfection about 1845. I am speaking, of course, of the cap-and-ball Colt. Changes and improvements of minor importance were made as late as 1850 and perhaps later, in the cap-and-ball Colts, but, I believe, the Colt's revolvers made as early as 1845 had embodied in their construction practically all the essentials that were required for an arm of that type not using metallic cartridges.

Col. Colt had the entire arm to puzzle out, we are often found wondering how he devised as perfect a weapon as could be found in the Colt revolver of the Civil War period and for several years before.

While the early Colts were made in various calibres, such as .31, .36 and .44, the latter size will be the only one considered here as it was the one that figured the most prominently on the frontier and consequently the one in which we are the most interested. The revolvers of the type used in the Mexican war, were of .44 calibre, had nine inch barrels, cylinders $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, entire length $15\frac{1}{2}$ inches, the complete revolver weighing $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. Some gun that!

For the benefit of those whose experience with revolvers has been limited to revolvers of more modern coinage—in other words, to the metallic cartridge revolvers—it will be necessary to explain somewhat in detail concerning the method of loading a cap-and-ball Colt. But first it will be well to mention that the cylinders of these revolvers were different from the metallic cartridges revolvers of later date. The cylinders were loaded from the muzzle end, instead of from the breech, the last operation in loading being the capping of each nipple, one for each of the six chambers.

Paper cartridges which greatly facilitated loading were to be had, but as these were used almost exclusively in the army we will only mention the manner of loading mostly employed by the average man. It was the custom of some to charge but one chamber at a time with powder, then insert the



Top illustration shows a powder-and-ball Colt's while the revolver at the lower portion of the cut is a Single Action Colt's adapted to fixed ammunition. These are two Revolvers used by the James Bros.

Many who may read this will likely never have seen a cap-and-ball revolver of any kind and for their benefit a brief description will be given, though to those of us whose revolver shooting began with one of them such matter will prove anything but interesting. To those who have made a study of the revolver, the whole machine seems as plain as A B C, but when we consider that

bullet, and so on, until the six chambers were loaded; but others found it better, and from my experience with these arms I think they were right, to charge all chambers with powder first, after which the bullets were seated by use of the ram-rod conveniently located under the barrel which afforded ample power for readily seating the bullets within the chambers.

These arms were made to use either conical or round bullet, but as my experience with them was confined entirely to the latter, I will confine my remarks, so far as loading is concerned, entirely to it. To load the muzzle was held pointing skywards. The hammer was placed at half-cock to permit revolving of cylinder. With powder flask, a chamber was charged, then the cylinder was revolved the one sixth of a revolution and the next chamber charged, and this continued until all six chambers had been loaded with powder. A greased cloth patch of proper size was now placed over the end of a chamber, the bullet placed on the patch, the

bers! To those who have used nothing but the modern revolvers using metallic cartridges, the operation of loading a cap-and-ball revolver must necessarily appear very slow, and decidedly complicated; but it was not—that is once one had learned to do the work properly. After the cylinder was loaded, the hammer was lowered and allowed to rest between the nipples on a square-shaped piece of steel especially left in between the tubes for that purpose; and, when so carried, the arm was as safe as any arm of that period, or of any other, for that matter, yet when wanted, as readily brought into action as any arm.

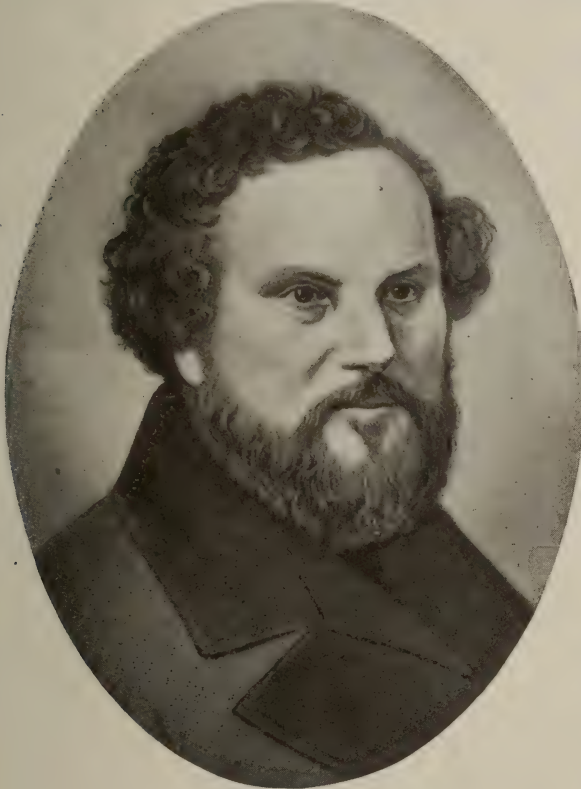
And these powder-and-ball Colts were accurate shooting revolvers, and when used with maximum powder charges and conical bullets of standard weight, powerful as well. This last statement will be a surprise to many, but permit me to quote from a report of an Army Board of 1858 in which one of the 7-inch .44 muzzle loading Colt's was tested for penetration at a distance of 30 yards. Seven-and-one-half, one-inch pine boards, one-and-one-quarter inches apart, were penetrated. Test out some of the modern revolvers and see how much they exceed this with standard charges of to-day.

Recently I had the pleasure of handling a Colt belonging to a friend, which was patented in 1850. For a powder-and-ball revolver I found much to admire in it and practically nothing of vital importance to condemn. Here was a revolver that had seen the hardest kind of use, and judging from its appearance, the rankest kind of abuse, yet it worked perfectly; the cylinder locked as solid as any revolver I have ever handled (and hundreds would not include them)—in fact I will make it stronger than that; it was the *most rigidly locked cylinder I have ever seen on any revolver*. When the cylinder bolt was in place *cylinder and barrel seemed like a single piece of steel*; and this condition prevailed at any one of the six chambers at which one might

test it. And this revolver was made over 60 years ago!

Simply because the early Colt's were made so long ago it will at once be assumed that they were clumsy, not properly balanced, or ugly in the extreme. Barring the four-and-a-half-pound Colt's referred to, I know of no one-hand arm that balances better, has a better grip, is more readily manipulated, or that comes more naturally on the target than the powder-and-ball Colt's of the Civil War period. In fact, it is my honest conviction that nine-tenths of the modern revolvers would be greatly improved if the original Colt grip and hammer spurs were closely copied. And I am not alone in holding to this opinion.

The number of army officers, soldiers, frontiersmen, hunters, Indian scouts, trap-



The Father of the Revolving Pistol—Colonel Samuel Colt.

cylinder revolved until the bullet came directly under the plunger which, by aid of the leverage afforded by the ram-rod forced the bullet firmly down the chamber into the powder charge. The rammer was returned to its place, patch and bullet placed on next chamber, cylinder revolved one sixth of a revolution, ram-rod again brought into play and the process continued until all six chambers were loaded. The arm was then reversed, a cap placed on a nipple,—or tube as it was generally called,—the cylinder revolved until the next tube came opposite the groove in side of frame made expressly to facilitate capping, the second cap placed on the tube, this continuing until all six chambers had been capped. All told the cylinder had made three complete revolutions in the process of loading the six cham-

pers, settlers, and others who used and swore by the old cap-and-ball Colt would run into the tens of thousands. They are out of date now due to the appearance of the metallic cart-

ridges, but, in their day, there were no more reliable arms than the old Colt's, none more generally used nor any that gave more general satisfaction.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE .25-35 SAVAGE FOR WOODCHUCK

By H. G. F.

I HAVE read with much interest the remarks of the various contributors to this magazine upon the subject of the proper rifle for that most fascinating form of sport known to the small-game hunter—the shooting of the woodchuck with the rifle.

The writer has used all the principal calibres for this purpose and this includes the .25-20, .32-20, .38-40, as well as the .30-30 and .32 Special. To-day I use nothing but the .25-35 Savage for this "game" and find that it does the work effectively. I thoroughly agree with Lieut. Whelen as to the merits of this calibre for all-around 'varmint shooting' although I am not ready to agree with him that the only suitable rifle handling this cartridge should be of the heavy single shot type. On the range, the Schuetzen gun is the arm; in the hunting field such a rifle is so much dead weight to my way of thinking. The only disadvantage to be found with the Model 1899 Savage action, lies in the fact that this model cannot be cleaned from the breech, though in this respect it is no better and no worse than all American lever action rifles of the solid frame type. I get around this undesirable feature as best I can and always use nothing but a hickory cleaning rod instead of a rod of steel or brass. I use the ammonia cleaning solution recently mentioned in these columns and until using this agent never knew what a ridiculously easy operation the cleaning of a rifle using jacketed bullets, really was. A couple of flannel patches soaked in the ammonia and drawn through the bore up and down until they come through absolutely clean, and these followed by dry patches until no trace of the ammonia is left in the bore, simple as rolling off a log, and if the rifle is thoroughly greased in the bore and action after a day's shooting and the cleaning operation repeated the next day for the mere sake of being sure of everything, why there is no reason why the barrel should not last from ten to fifteen thousand rounds using ammunition of Savage manufacture. Be it known that this company loads the .25-35 with nitrocellulose powder and in this respect they have slipped one over certain other factories in this move.

I started to write about my .25-35 as a woodchuck rifle. Well my gun is fitted with Lyman tang sight No. 30½ used with a small ivory bead front sight. In the middle I use a Lyman leaf sight and this is certainly useful for shooting in the late evening or early morning. The gun has 26-inch round barrel and is fitted with pistol grip stock with steel shotgun butt-plate.

A 'chuck sitting up at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards is my meat, provided I hold right. The 117-grain metal jacketed, soft point bullet makes an ugly wound too and I would be more inclined to use this load than the 86-grain bullet used by the Lieutenant in his .25-35 fixed up by a gunsmith. True the velocity with his loading is greater, but I am willing to swear by the heavier bullet at a slower velocity than a light 86-grain bullet going at the velocity Lieut. Whelen estimates he secures. Now, mind that I am not saying that Lieut. Whelen has not an ideal woodchuck and coyote rifle as I believe he has, but I am simply saying that for the woodchuck as I have found him, I would be inclined to use the .25-35 shell as loaded commercially. I certainly would like to see how the .25-35 mentioned in that October article acts on hitting a "chuck"; I wonder if it does the .250-3000 Savage process on a somewhat smaller scale? The longest range at which I have killed a woodchuck with my Savage and factory ammunition, so far is one hundred and sixty-four paced yards and the big fellow dropped with barely a kick. I have been much interested in the controversy as to the merits or demerits of the regular .22-calibre rim fire cartridge of woodchuck. I want to say that no one but a person absolutely devoid of heart will use this calibre on any game larger than a chipmunk, and we have all read what Lieut. Townsend Whelen has had to say on this matter in the October issue wherein he quotes another authority on this subject. Of course in those days the hollow point .22 Long Rifle cartridge was still unknown, but even with this improvement the .22 Long Rifle is not a game getter and should not be used on 'varmints.'

I saw a woodchuck once shot through the heart with a hollow point .22 bullet in the Long Rifle size and that 'chuck made its hole. When dug out by a small boy aided by an excitably digging dog, the woodchuck was not yet dead and the canine finished him. The distance at which this 'chuck was shot would be, I should say, about thirty yards. The twenty-two rim-fire not only does not possess the necessary area of cross section by which to impart a shocking effect to flesh, but has not sufficient velocity and energy to accomplish much more than a knife-like thrust. As mentioned by a former contributor to these pages, a .22 High Power Savage is a superior woodchuck rifle if one is going to stick to this calibre, but in my estimation the .25-35 does the

work just as satisfactorily, certainly with less mess and throwing-over-the-landscape.

The .25-35 does not metal foul in such a manner as to build up the lands. Cleaning with the ammonia always results in the first three or four flannel patches coming out a dark blue color owing to the action of the ammonia on the cupro-nickel fouling which takes the form of an almost invisible coating over portions of the bore. There is absolutely none of that lumpy metallic fouling, the

bane of the ultra-high velocity rifle bug. I would very much like to know if the .25-35 of the Lieutenant's gives any trouble from this source.

In closing I want to repeat that it was not my intention in writing any of the above to condemn in any way the choice of the writer of those two excellent and instructive articles in the October and November issues on small game rifles, as to a gun for use upon the crafty and elusive woodchuck.

THE HAINES-WOODS .30-30 WINCHESTER CARBINE

By F. B. H.

I WAS exceedingly interested in the article by Mr. Ashley A. Haines in the April number of Rod and Gun on the subject of a stock .30-30 Model 1894 carbine which went through the whittling process in an effort to reduce the carrying weight of the little arm. Judging from Mr. Haines' remarks and interesting description of the work I would say that he has succeeded in working out his ideal in a pretty satisfactory manner.

I have for many years looked upon the deer rifle subject in the same light as does Mr. Haines and have for many hunting seasons carried nothing heavier than a carbine of the make and model described by Haines excepting that my gun has not undergone the reduction-in-weight process and is fitted with a Lyman windgauge receiver sight instead of the open sights used on the Haines-Woods carbine. My carbine has no rear sight slot in the barrel and is fitted with a small Sheard gold bead front sight. It is also minus the staple in the receiver. It is a splendid deer rifle so far as actual killing power is concerned though in some respects this model is open to criticism. I was very glad indeed to note that Mr. Haines does not care for the model 1894 as well as the models 1886 and 1892. This is my own opinion and I cling to the '94 carbine for the same reason that Mr. Haines sees fit not to do so—simply because this model handles a cartridge which appears to be amply powerful for deer. In method of breech-locking this model is not in the same class as the '86 and '92 models of this make and is far behind the splendid '99 Savage action. For a sportsman who uses nothing but factory-loaded ammunition in say the .30-30 calibre no difficulty will be encountered but it is when we attempt to use reloaded ammunition in that '94 that we strike a snag though in this connection it is well to state that this trouble is really common to all rifles of the lever type whose breech bolts are not rigidly locked at the instant of firing and but few lever actions can qualify in this respect. The shells of fired cartridges will be found to have stretched to such an extent length-

wise that using these same shells over again in the arm will result in nothing but trouble to the shooter from the fired and stretched shells sticking in the chamber. Also after several thousand rounds of cartridges have been fired from the model 1894 it will be noticed that the action fails to breech up tightly as at first. This is not as it should be and is a nuisance never encountered by users of bolt action rifles. When the time comes that the lever action rifle of all makes have a system of locking the breech bolt *close up to the head of the cartridges and not away back to the rear of the bolt as at present* the bolt action will fall back to second place in the hearts of many of the now bolt action enthusiasts, for it is only by merit of its rigid system of breech locking that the bolt gun excels the lever. In actual strength and by this I mean just what this term would be at once taken to imply—ultimate strength or capability to 'hold together' under strenuous pressures the lever gun equals the bolt. The mere springing back of the breech bolt at the instant of discharge does not necessarily denote any lack of strength of the action but only shows a breech bolt locked to the rear to be guilty of this slight stretching at each and every discharge and a permanent 'stretch' after the gun has spat out a few thousand rounds of full charge ammunition. The man behind the gun seldom suffers from these 'stretching parties' the tales of woe of many bolt action cranks notwithstanding.

But to return to the Haines-Woods carbine. Mr. Haines' little gun as it stands to-day probably takes the record for downright lack of avoidpois and just here is where I want to put a question to the author of that article and it is just this: Will not the recoil of that carbine using the factory full charge ammunition be quite severe? I would look for quite a healthy kick from a carbine weighing only five and one-half pounds and using the .30-30 cartridge. I know that my carbine hits the scales to the regular weight of the stock .30-30 model 1894 Winchester carbine when the gun is ordered without the staple and ring in the

receiver, and fitted with a steel shotgun butt-plate instead of the regular carbine butt. My gun has almost too much recoil to be pleasant and in this connection will say that when this arm was first ordered it was equipped with a Lyman tang sight 2A but after firing forty rounds from the little sawed-off critter I raffled off the tang sight and procured a receiver Lyman. No danger now of getting a punch in the eye from a hasty throwing of the gun to the shoulder or from what is far more likely, the force of the recoil slamming the stem back into my eye.

Mr. Woods' method of weight reduction by hollowing out the stock of the carbine is the same employed by the Savage people in the case of their featherweight models, and certainly helps considerably. The only objection to this feature is that a hollowed-out stock is not nearly so strong and able to withstand hard knocks as the standard stock which is all there. I well remember reading an account in *Outdoor Life* some time ago where a Western sportsman on a mountain-lion hunting expedition on horseback in a good lion country had the misfortune to have the stock of his .22 Hi-Power Savage broken by an unexpected lunge of his horse. Investigation showed that the gun stock had been jammed against a rock with disastrous results to the stock. In my opinion this is a point where strength cannot well be sacrificed.

The trigger pull of the carbine would be all that one would desire. Under no circumstances is a trigger pull of less than three pounds desirable in an arm to be used for hunting solely. In fact many of the finest target shots use trigger pulls for their most exacting range work of about four pounds. Of course there are times when an extremely light let-off is desirable, but the continued use of the set-trigger has a decided tendency to cause gunshyness on the part of the shooter. I am inclined to believe that the use of Bulls Eye powder in the rifle is the cause of many corroded and ruined barrels. Perhaps the fact that this particular carbine barrel is only in "fair second-hand order" leads Mr. Haines to use a buck shot in front of B. E., but I am sure that this practice is not to be generally recommended. Mr. Haines, I am sure, will agree with me in this. Bulls Eye is essentially a revolver powder and used in such arms is capable of the *finest results*, but it should not be used in the longer barreled guns.

In closing I want to repeat that Mr. Haines' article was of great interest to me. I have long looked upon the carbine as *the* deer rifle and it pleases the writer greatly to know that still another sportsman thinks as I do in this matter. I certainly trust that Mr. Haines will contribute again to this magazine and let us carbine men have some further details as to the little sawed-off Haines-Woods .30-30.

FUN WITH THE STEVENS "TIP-UP" .22 CALIBRE PISTOL

By C. T. Yonge

IN the spring of 1912 the writer became the owner of one of the well-known Stevens "Tip-Up" .22-calibre pistols adapted to the Short rim-fire cartridge of this size. I never invested two and one-half plunks to better advantage to my way of thinking, and with this little pistol I have spent many a pleasant hour shooting at the target, ranges varying from fifteen to twenty-five paces.

The pistol is extremely accurate, taking into consideration the short barrel (3½ inches) and the light weight (8 ounces) and I am reasonably sure of hitting a playing card at any of the above distances. There

is absolutely no recoil to speak of. I use only Remington-UMC .22 Shorts loaded with Lesmok powder and solid ball. I have not used this pistol on any game except stray sparrows but the manner in which the little birds tumbled to the ground from the tree boughs at the call of the little Stevens was certainly unique in its way. At ten paces sitting, I can place nearly every shot in a square one by one inch and I must be in bad fix when the gun fails to ring the bell at the home range I have made in my basement at the other ranges.

This is a very old model of pistol having been on sale if I remember correctly for some thirty or thirty-five years. Old timers will be able to perhaps tell us exactly when this pistol first appeared. I am of the opinion that the early eighties marked the first appearance of the little arm and it sprang into instant popularity among those who appreciated the neat in pocket weapons.

I would like to hear from others through the columns of this most interesting department as to the merits of this little Stevens .22-calibre "Tip-Up" pocket pistol as a target gun at short ranges and a 'fun-maker.'



Stevens "Tip-Up" .22 Calibre Pistol

A SYMPOSIUM ON MATTERS REGARDING CONSERVATION

AMERICAN AND CANADIAN GAME BIRDS, EXTINCT AND PASSING

Reginald Gourlay

ONE of the saddest and most humiliating reflections to the true sportsman, and to the educated man with the natural instincts of humanity which most educated men have, (if we except the vivisectionists of our colleges), are those which come over him when he thinks of the wanton, wicked, wasteful way in which we in North America have dealt with our magnificent heritage of wild animals and birds found when we white men began to occupy this continent. There is no doubt that we have awakened to our reckless, criminal conduct in this respect at last,—too late alas, to save some splendid species, such as the bison among quadrupeds,—and the passenger pigeon among birds,—perchance too late, for various reasons to save other valuable species, but not too late, (if prompt and proper measures be taken) to preserve for posterity many kinds of splendid game birds, who are certainly doomed if the present state of things is allowed to go on much longer.

I may deal with this large and most important subject in future papers. The present one deals with game birds which are certainly extinct or practically so,—entirely through our own fault and folly.

First among these I will place various splendid specimens of the swans and ducks. First on this list I will place that most magnificent of American game birds—the *Trumpeter Swan*, (*Olor Buccinator*). This splendid bird is not yet actually extinct but I fear there is but a faint hope of his escaping his swiftly approaching doom. Mr. Henshaw, chief of the U. S. Biological Survey, gives a fine picture of a Trumpeter Swan,—under the heading, "One of the last of his race." This *male* bird visited the Louisiana State Game Preserve in the winter of 1914-15, and it is hoped that this valuable sanctuary for wild fowl of all sorts, will attract others. Mr. Henshaw in connection with this picture, (published in the *Geographic Magazine*, August 1915) makes a significant remark, which I shall quote:

"The millinery trade has almost caused the Trumpeter Swan to join the passenger pigeon in oblivion."

The other American swan,—the Hooper's, or Whistling swan, has not suffered to the same extent, as it breeds further north. Still, it too, has diminished greatly, and must soon share the fate of its larger relative,—unless swiftly protected by sanctuaries, carefully guarded, and by strict game laws, *rigidly enforced*.

I shall pass over the seven varieties of American geese, and the two species of Brant geese (the "Cackling Goose"), and the true Brant goose for the present; since just now, with the exception of the Emperor goose, which was only found in the Aleutian Islands in the vicinity of Berings Strait, and which is properly an Asiatic bird, none of them are quite extinct, though all are sadly diminished from the immense multitudes that flew over this continent fifty years ago. In fact, this may be said of all American game birds, upland or water birds resident or migratory. All want protection, some more some less. Some species I fear, it is too late to save;—but many can be for generations to come, by the exercise of common sense, self-restraint, good laws, and common ordinary humanity.

To return to the proper subject of this paper, "Extinct or virtually extinct American Game Birds," I find among the ducks:

The Labrador Duck, whose range was a restricted one, a probable reason for its speedy disappearance from its range, which was formerly the North Atlantic coast south to New Jersey. Mr. Henshaw says of this bird: "Years ago,—about 1850, it was by no means uncommon in Fulton Market, Boston, and no one at that time appears to have suspected that, it was in any particular danger of extinction. This shows that we should be doubly careful not to reduce the numbers of any of our valuable game birds beyond a certain danger line, beyond which recovery seems impossible. Among water fowl, the splendid Harlequin duck, and our beautiful Wood duck, with several other species, seem to be rapidly approaching this danger line. Rapid and concerted effort all over North America, alone can save them. By the way, the Harlequin duck,

unlike all other ducks, breeds in mountain solitudes dwelling in Swift Alpine streams. Otherwise, his race would have been run years ago.

As regards the wood duck which summers and winters in the United States and Southern Canada, his fate is, in our hands. The Federal Migratory law of the United States provides a close season for the wood duck till 1918. Canada should follow this example. Many sportsmen can remember when this beautiful bird abounded in most of the wooded sections of the United States and Canada. Now, few, if any, remain. I myself can remember, that not very long ago they were abundant in the wood enveloped marshes of old Ontario, even near Hamilton, and were very plentiful in Prince Edward County, Ont. Now, perhaps once or twice in a season, the sportsman may perceive a frightened pair of wood Ducks escaping from some secluded pool in some dense and seldom penetrated swamp.

As the proper scope of this article is extinct or practically extinct game birds, I shall leave for a future occasion consideration of the various species of upland game birds and water fowl who are in danger of extinction, who are decreasing and those who to some extent are holding their own.

This is far too large a subject for a single article, so I shall come at once to two well-known birds that are decidedly extinct, the Passenger Pigeon, and the Esquimaux Curlew.

The Passenger Pigeon.—Certainly no bird in the world has been as much written about disputed over, or has caused so much controversy as this one, whose flocks, half a life-time ago, covered the continent at migration times, with countless, seemingly, inexhaustible millions, which was tolerably abundant in Ontario and the northern and middle states, as late as 1870 and 1872, and which, after that date, suddenly became extinct, so far as this continent is concerned probably altogether extinct. In its prime days, its numbers were never equalled by any bird in the old world or new. Audubon states that he rode through a winter roosting place in Kentucky which was more than forty miles long and three miles wide. As Mr. Henshaw says, "the history of the passenger pigeon reads like a romance, but one tinged in every page with man's cruelty, rapacity and short-sightedness." Many causes contributed to this almost incredible destruction of millions and millions of birds in so short a period; the *market hunters*, netting, by which hundreds, even thousands of birds were secured at a time, and worst of all the wholesale slaughter of pigeons in their roosts, the taking of nests full of young pigeons (squabs) in multitudes for market, and other species of wanton and wicked destruction, that contributed to the extinction of this beautiful and valuable bird. People used to come from far and wide to a pigeon roast, and camp there. Great fires were lit, for these carnivals of slaughter took place mostly at night. The dead young birds (squabs) were taken away literally in waggon and carloads. The *old* killed birds were generally trampled under foot.

Altogether, the "passing of the passenger pigeon" formed an instructive example of democratic shortsightedness, and illegal popular cruelty which it is to be hoped we may profit by. It is said that passenger pigeons were seen by explorers in the almost unknown regions of the Upper Amazon and Rio Negro in Brazil, but I can't vouch for this. Colonel Roosevelt, who explored that mysterious part incognita some time ago, makes no mention of having seen or heard of them; which he certainly would have done had he met any, or had such information reached him. Often of late years, reports have come of passenger pigeons being seen in various parts of the United States and Canada. In every case the birds seen turned out to be either the Band-tailed Pigeon, (a fine large bird of the Pacific Coast, which does not even bear a close resemblance to the passenger pigeon, having a broad tail with a band across the lower portion, while the passenger pigeon's tail is long and pointed), the mourning dove, or the Arizona dove. In four cases which came under my own observation, the specimens were all Arizona doves, which are quite small birds.

No, though the passenger pigeon may exist in South America, he is quite extinct so far as this Northern Continent is concerned. As regards the band-tailed pigeon, though they are said to breed in Arizona and in the Guadalupe Mountains, Texas, and elsewhere every month in the year nearly, they are shot by thousands by the summer campers, who care little for the limits of a close season. It is high time to take active measures for the band-tail's preservation, or he will soon share the fate of the passenger pigeon.

We now come to another absolutely extinct bird, not long ago very abundant in his chosen habitat Labrador and west to the Mackenzie River. He wintered in Argentina and Patagonia, South America. This bird is the Esquimaux Curlew.

The Esquimaux Curlew.—This bird's rapid extinction is another instance of how a game bird, apparently numerous enough to defy his enemies and fate, can be suddenly swept off the face of the earth. "Forty years ago," says Mr. Henshaw, "as many witnesses besides myself can testify, Esquimaux Curlews might often be found in the markets of Boston and New York." Audubon speaking of his experience in Labrador in 1833, likened the numbers of this Curlew to the flocks of passenger pigeons; and as late as 1860 Packard noted a flock in Labrador, which was over a mile long, and perhaps a mile broad. The fishermen of Labrador and Newfoundland salted them down by the barrel for winter use. "Because of its uncommon fatness and the excellence of its meat, this Curlew was generally known in New England as the 'dough bird.'" These fine and valuable qualities, as is sometimes the case with other beings than game birds, were the chief cause of its destruction. A few specimens *may* survive, but it has passed the "danger line," and is practically extinct. The scope of this article will only permit me to indicate a few other valuable



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— 28 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA —

game birds which are at or near this "danger line," and who, with proper laws, and proper precautions, may yet be saved.

First among these is the splendid Heath Hen, once as common and abundant in the Eastern and Middle States as the Prairie Chicken was in the Western. The Prairie Chicken is another beautiful and useful Grouse which is fast, approaching the danger line beyond which is extinction. Prompt measures, the first of which should be a long and well enforced close season, may perhaps restore the Prairie Chicken. I fear nothing can do this for the Heath Hen or Heath Grouse. Martha's Vineyard, off the coast of Massachusetts, now holds the last pitiful remnants of this fine bird, which under the close protection of the state, has increased from a few couples to about two hundred.

The "Sage Hen," the largest of all the Grouse family except the "Blue Grouse," ranges the Sage brush plains from middle British Columbia to New Mexico, and is far too stupid and tame not to need looking after speedily, if he is to survive.

Of the several species of "Quail" existing in North America the beautiful mountain Quail of California is the only one that seems to be in any present danger of extinction. In fact, these beautiful little game birds, so dear to the sportsman, and so useful to the farmer, only need an adequate amount of protection, from the United States and Canadian governments, to be with us in fair numbers for many generations.

I have no space to enumerate the various species of game birds which require speedy and adequate protection. Speaking broadly, all American game birds require more protection in a greater or less degree. Among the birds that require it most are the Wild Turkey, the Pinnated Grouse, and that most interesting of all our game birds, the Wood Cock. He, I fear, will be the hardest of all to preserve, on account of his restricted range, the utter impossibility of keeping him in captivity or restraint of any kind, which precludes rearing him artificially or keeping him on reservations, in sanctuaries as can be done with the turkey, the quail, most of the grouse and the wild duck and water fowl tribes, but even in his case, a long close season (rigidly enforced, if that can be done with any certainty) will work wonders,—perhaps.

Both the United States and Canada have done splendidly, (albeit somewhat late in the day), in the way of these parks and sanctuaries, but they will have to do a great deal more, and they can do so without much difficulty. The wild turkey is an easier bird to save from destruction than the Wood Cock. Remember that the turkey, (our domestic turkey), is even now only half tamed. He still, if there are any large woods in the vicinity of the farm, which he is "domesticated in,"—makes a bee line for them, and stays there if he can. The hen turkey nests if she can in any out-of-the-way cover, on the farm, or off the farm. The turkey prefers to roost in trees still, rather than in the barn. In short, he is pretty much like the Reservation Indian of whom the agent plaintively said: "It took us

fifteen years and ten thousand dollars to get the blanket off him; and when he got home to his tribe, it took him about fifteen seconds to get it on." Years ago, when the government unwisely permitted it I shot genuine wild turkeys in the great hardwood forests back in Lambton County, in the townships of Dawn, Sombra and Zone, and from there north-east. Thanks to the "Turkey reserve" at Long Point, Lake Erie, the wise measures of the Canadian government, and their constant reinforcement by domesticated turkeys run wild from the settlers' farms, the wild turkey is as plentiful there as he was when I visited his last haunts in Canada, and when we were actually permitted to shoot two male birds,—if we could. He will last there as long as his forests last—no longer. The experiment of introducing the wild turkey into Rondeau Park, where the climatic conditions suit him might be tried with advantage, as far as Ontario Canada is concerned. In the United States, especially in the south and southwest, the task is far more easy.

The Pinnated Grouse, or Prairie Chicken.—On account of his fondness for open country and the vicinity of the farms and ranches in the western and mid-western parts of the United States and Canada, this splendid member of the grouse family, once and quite lately incredibly abundant, west of the Alleghanies, and in the great Prairie Provinces of North West Canada, is wearing away, like snow in a thaw. Nothing but a long, close season, ten years at least, can possibly save him.

I might go on to enumerate other species of American Game Birds, who are on, or near the danger line, but to what purpose? I trust I have said enough on that score. Now it behooves true sportsmen to look for the remedies, (so far as possible) for this state of things. The general consensus of opinion among sportsmen in the United States and Canada,—so far as I can judge, seems to be as follows :

1. That there should be an international Game Law between the United States and Canada with the object of establishing identical close seasons for the birds, either upland game, or wild fowl, which are found in both countries. This is especially needed in the border states of America and Provinces of Canada.

2. The absolute prohibition of the sale of any game bird or the spring shooting of any game bird whatsoever for an indefinite period.

3. The providing of additional sanctuaries and parks where game birds can increase unmolested. Both countries have done well in this way; and immense good has been effected in the refuges and parks already set aside for that purpose, even to the extent of preserving from extinction some of the rarer land and water game birds, but a good many more are wanted. Moreover, they must be real sanctuaries, adequately guarded.

4. For this purpose, that game wardens and guards be given sufficient power to enforce the game laws, and sufficient salaries paid to men who must, as a sine qua non

A Family of Fishermen

Fishing runs in some families. It ought to run in all families. It is the most healthful and wholesome sport on earth. On this page we take great pleasure in showing a "Family of Fishermen" of which there are 20 in the three families.

No. 1.—M. P. with a 10-lb. string of Brook and Lake Trout caught on a "BRISTOL" Rod at Lake Placid N. Y.

No. 2.—B. C. with a creel of Brook Trout weighing 16-lbs., caught on a "BRISTOL" Rod at Isle Royal.

No. 3.—J. S. and B. C. with a 47-lb. string of Bass caught on "BRISTOL" Rods in Leech Lake District, Minn.

No. 4.—C. P. (Son of J. S.) and M. S. (Son of B. C.) with a 7-lb. Lake Trout caught on a "BRISTOL" Rod at Isle Royal.



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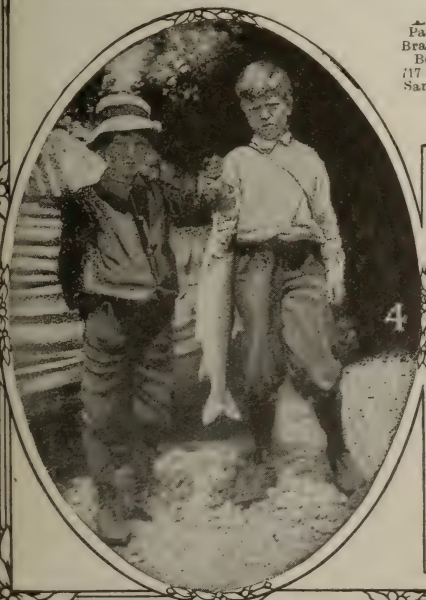
Until September 1st, 1916, you can get a beautiful pair of fishing scales FREE with every "BRISTOL" Rod purchased. Write for full particulars and FREE CATALOGUE

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Cal.



understand their business, and be 'beyond suspicion of graft.'

5. That for this purpose, political appointees be eliminated as much as possible, and men who know their business substituted. Also that wardens and deputy wardens be in no case natives of the county or district that they have charge of. Moreover, that every three years or so, they be transferred to other parts of the State or Province, and some stranger from a distance take their places. This will (without any reflection on

the integrity of the persons concerned), help to eliminate political influence, and often too, natural influences towards friendship or favoritism, which may arise during a too protracted term of office in the same place. I find that I have now exceeded the limit I had set myself in this article on Extinct and passing American Game Birds. So I will close.

I may say a few words on this fertile subject on some future occasion.

INCREASE OF GAME UNDER PROTECTION

E. R. Kerr

IN the organization of the sportsmen and citizens of Ontario into Game Protective Associations to assist the government in the enforcement of sound and sane conservation laws, it is most essential that some of us outline a future to strive for. It is most desirable to have an association in each county and, ultimately, a sanctuary or two in each county.

The rapidity with which wild game multiplies and spreads under absolute protection is one of the wonders and delights of wild life conservation. The facts in the case are now so fully established, and demonstrable by so many different exhibits, that very few persons ever question the proposition. A well-informed man would quite as quickly question the value of rainfall as he would deny the value of sanctuaries in bringing back wild life.

The only question regarding game preserves is: How can we make enough of them without interference with other equally important interests?

The State of Pennsylvania and the Province of Manitoba have acquired the habit of making large forest reserves and then creating a hard-and-fast game sanctuary in the heart of each one, in which no hunting ever is permitted. To this end, Manitoba has given up about one-half of her four reserved forests. Pennsylvania has made ten forest reserves and ten game sanctuaries, and it is planned by the State Commission that eventually each county shall have one. The sportsmen keenly aid and abet these undertakings, because they know quite well that all around those game sanctuaries there will be excellent hunting, even where no hunting existed before.

The birds respond to full protection with marvelous celerity. A photograph made of about two acres of ducks in the Wichita (Oklahoma) National Bison Range in 1913, by the photographer of the New York Zoological Society of which Mr. W. T. Hornaday is manager, is an object lesson of tremendous force. The photographs made in the winter of 1914-15 in Ouray, Colorado, of a herd of

wild mountain sheep eating hay, literally in the heart of the town, is another good exhibit and incidentally Colorado is very proud of the great success that has rewarded her efforts in the absolute protection of the big horn.

The federal migratory bird law and the laws against spring shooting and the sale of game, are working wonders in bringing back the big flocks of waterfowl that even five years ago seemed doomed to annihilation. We begin to believe, if we follow out this system in the proper spirit, in Canada or Ontario, that our sons and grandsons will find some good shooting in their own country, after all.

The status of big game is very different from that of wild fowl, and it requires very different treatment. The latter go far away to remote wildernesses, to hatch and rear their young. The deer, elk and mountain sheep as well as moose cannot do that. They require areas that are absolutely safe for them, in which no man ever can carry a rifle or run a dog. Big game requires absolute freedom from molestation and excitement during its breeding season, and to that end there is nothing like an inviolable preserve. In protecting the resources of nature, the strong arm of the federal government inspires very great respect because John Bull is notoriously no respecter of persons.

The present is no time for postponements. The organization of Game Protective Associations to protect these sanctuaries is absolutely necessary. We can see no need for a prolonged inquiry into wild life conditions in this country. The sad facts are only too well known already to every sportsman in Canada. The great array of institutions, legislators, newspapers, societies and prominent individuals who have seriously enlisted, and will enlist, in this enterprise is good proof that the need for this plan exists, and will persist until the plan is in operation.

The frequenters of our marshes, fields and forests well and truly know the condition of the remnant of wild life that still holds on in these places. I believe every sports-

man and citizen of this country will be earnestly in favor of this plan, because they will see in it great possibilities for a new food supply, and also the continuance of legitimate sport.

Look at the "live-wires" in Sudbury. They have already organized and "mean business." Don't be afraid to "squeal" because it will not be long before "Everybody will be doing it."

Protection for the Musk-Ox

Robes made from the skins of musk-oxen are very valuable. As the musk-ox inhabits high latitudes, it has a coat capable of withstanding cold. At the base of its long, flowing hair is a thick coat of wool, thus making a pelt which is both beautiful and warm. Musk-oxen are not plentiful and as they inhabit the desolate barren lands of the north, the supply is very limited.

The musk-ox is not difficult to kill, as it is not dangerous and does not seek safety in flight. If hunted with dogs, the herd will stand at bay as with wolves, presenting an invincible front of horns to their animal foes, but an easy mark for the man with a gun. As a result, musk-ox robes promise to become as rare as buffalo robes to-day.

The question of protection of musk-ox is an important one, in view of their diminishing numbers, the ease with which they may be shot and the high market value of their skins. If it is not to be completely exterminated, the Dominion Government must do as it has done with the buffalo, namely, provide a reserve within which musk-oxen will be absolutely protected at all times. Such a reserve would serve to maintain a nucleus herd, from which the surrounding country could be stocked.

Musk-oxen form an important item in the food and clothing supply of the Eskimos, and we owe it to our northern people, who live in a country where nature is niggard of her resources, to see that they are not deprived of necessities that our wealthy classes may add to their luxuries.

Fines of \$50 and costs in each of three charges or six months' imprisonment were imposed some little time ago on William Gainey, of Dill township, on charges of illegally having in his possession carcasses and hides of deer and moose, contrary to the Game Act. The action is one of several which were prosecuted as a result of the activities of the newly-formed "Fish and Game Protective Association of the District of Sudbury." Gainey pleaded guilty.

The Provincial Police raided Gainey's shack and seized four quarters of moose, one of deer, twenty hides and several guns, hunting paraphernalia, etc. It was ordered confiscated by the court.

Gainey has been under observation for some time and his case is one of the most flagrant that have come before the authorities. Records were seized to show that Gainey had handled as much as 2500 pounds of moose and deer meat, presumably for sale.

Jim Smith, wood cutter, was also fined \$50 and costs or 60 days for having 60 pounds of moose meat in his possession. A Marlin rifle was also confiscated.

EARLY MORNING AT CAMP.

It's chilly in the early A.M., but a good cup of hot coffee takes the shivers out of the spine. It takes the grouch out and puts the holiday spirit in, and the fish seem to know the difference.

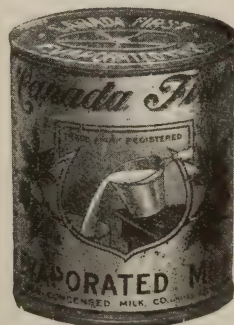
But it must be good coffee. That is easy with

"CANADA FIRST" Evaporated Milk

It enhances the flavor of coffee. It is rich and creamy. It keeps perfectly until opened and for several days after. Knocking about doesn't hurt it. It is one of the Camper's best friends.

Take "CANADA FIRST" with you.
YOUR DEALER KEEPS IT.

Aylmer Condensed Milk Co., Limited
AYLMER CANADA



GUNS AND AMMUNITION:--Continued

From Page 52

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

SPEEDING UP THE .303

Editor Guns and Ammunition: I am very much interested in the Guns and Ammunition columns in this magazine and think them the best part of the magazine.

I see in the January issue, an article by Mr. J. H. Reed in which he states that the .303 service cartridge can be speeded up to a velocity of nearly 2600 f. s. by the use of Du Pont progressive powder. I would be very much obliged to Mr. Reed or to any rifleman who would advise me through this magazine as to the load that is used, also the name of the powder. The discussion between the .22 "Special" and the .22 Long Rifle still holds out I see. I am for the Long Rifle as I think it ahead of the Special.

Wishing success to your columns, I remain,

Yours truly,

Moncton, N. B.

G. H.

Some Interesting .22-Calibre Talk.

Editor Guns and Ammunition: Before I start, I want to say that I pay my dollar and a half for your guns and ammunition column and think it's worth it too. All the other good stuff in your magazine I figure I get free, as a kind of extra.

I was very much interested in an article appearing in your April number signed "Moss-back" Chatham, Ont., and am enclosing you a stamped, addressed envelope and write to know if you could give me this contributor's address and name. Anything said re the ".22" is always interesting to me and of course doubly so when the contributor lives in the same locality.

After quite a little experience in the matter, I quite agree with you that the only remedy for a pitted or rusted barrel is a new one, and I doubt if there have been a hundred twenty-two barrels worn out, of all the thousands made. I recently sold a rifle of mine—a model 12C Remington that had fired over twenty-eight thousand rounds actual count and that would still shoot steadily into an inch circle at twenty-five yards when I sold it. For myself, I think that it is simply impossible to put too much time or trouble on a .22 barrel.

The party who started the argument of the accuracy of the .22 L. R. should have known better. He had better go over the scores of hundreds of expert riflemen, such as T. K. Lee, during the past few years and see what cartridge has been the most used and has had the best success. I think he will find that the L. R. is the answer. All our most expert riflemen agree that the accuracy of the L. R. is wonderful.

I also agree with "F. G. H." that for at least all ordinary riflemen, the .22, excepting of course the high power, is away off its range as a "chuck" gun. Mind, I do not say that in the hands of a real expert, and fitted with telescope sights that it will not fetch home the bacon a good share of the time, but unless a man can group his shots consistently into a fifty cent piece, and do it at any range at which he may shoot at Mr. Chuck, he had better choose a cartridge

that will not lead to a slow and painful death.

The writer has fired many thousands of rounds from the .22 but has on more than one occasion laid down his .22 in favor of the field glasses when within fifty yards of a chuck rather than try a shot where a slight error in holding might cripple the little animal without killing him.

Although not having much time to spend on the sport, and not in any way posing as an expert on the subject, the writer has killed more than fifty woodchucks in the last three years at ranges from 30 to 170 yards using a .32-20 which seems to him to do the job in a thoroughly workmanlike manner. Of the fifty-three chucks shot with this rifle not one has required a second shot and not one has had enough life in him to kick himself down the hole, although many of them were shot while in the entrance to the burrow and slid down to the bend. All were dead before the shooter reached them. None of these, however, had been shot further back than three inches back of the shoulder.

I surely agree with "F. G. H." that a woodchuck can't be killed too dead and don't think that any rifle that will not kill quickly should be used.

While on the subject, the writer would like to mention a black woodchuck that he caught. It was a young one, about eight inches long, and was as black as the blackest squirrel. If there is anything blacker than that, why it was that black too. I thought that I could raise the little fellow as he was not hurt at all, being caught in my hands at the door of a chuck den, but in spite of all I could do the little fellow died. I would like to know if he would have grown up into a pure black woodchuck; can you tell me?

I haven't seen the .22 Remington Auto mentioned much in this magazine. The writer has owned and used one of these for over a year and has had a good opportunity to try it out on squirrel and rabbit, and thinks that it is the best gun made for one who hunts all the smaller game excepting the game birds with a rifle. It seems to have a much greater punch than the Long Rifle, and has never failed to function. Equipped with peep rear and a good front sight it makes a mighty fast weapon and is accurate enough for all excepting those crackerjacks who can hold so hard that they can tell when a bullet is an inch or so out at a hundred, and maybe even they can't hold so hard for a string of shots at a rabbit when he's doing his darndest to kick himself into the next county.

For myself, I never use anything but a repeater or automatic for squirrel or rabbit. Never mind how many I get. I miss a good many of them, I know, even when I repeat and get a string of shots off—but I get a few of them too, and when I stop a squirrel or rabbit when he's on the run, I never feel ashamed to go and pick him up.

Of course the Remington .22 auto should not be bought for a target rifle. It's not the right build, and the bullet is not as accurate

The Trophy-Winning Shot Shell

must be a load that is fast, hard-hitting and reliable under all conditions. Careful selection of materials, perfect balance of powder and shot and intensive inspection combine to make

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the best of all trap loads. Its speed and powerful impact have gained for it an enviable reputation as the "trophy-winner" at the traps. Crown, Sovereign, Regal and Imperial are other popular Dominion smokeless trap loads. The big "D" on every box is your guarantee of satisfaction and the best in shot shells and metallic cartridge. All good dealers sell Canadian-made Dominion Ammunition.

Dominion Hand Trap provides the cleanest and least expensive of all shooting sports. Pack one in your suit case on week-end trips. Costs only \$4.85. Send for illustrated booklet.

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as the Long Rifle, but for a person who is not too much of a crank and buys the little gun as I did for shooting at small game and objects thrown in the air, or any other kind of snapshooting, the little rifle pretty near fills the bill.

When I started this letter, I thought it might possibly get into print, but it has developed into such a long drawn-out affair that I can hardly presume upon the editor's good nature to that extent. Should you see fit to cut it down and print any of it, you are at liberty to make use of it.

Thanking you for the many pleasures brought by Rod and Gun, I am,

Yours truly,

Chatham, Ont.

E. H. D.

(I have your good letter of the 10th inst. and agree with you as to the desirability of the .22 Long Rifle as a strictly target arm. As to any superior killing power in the .22 "Special" or W. R. F. would say that I have never discovered any sufficient excess of power in this latter calibre for use upon small game to warrant the laying aside of the .22 Long Rifle in its favor. Any additional killing power which the .22 "Special" may possess 'on paper' is scarcely noticeable in the woodchuck country. Strictly speaking neither the .22 Long Rifle nor the "Special" of the same calibre are suitable small game killers in our estimation. A .25-20 or .25-35 loaded as described by Lieut. Whelen in the October and November issues of this magazine, or your .32-20 loaded in such a manner as to develop all the energy of which the arm is capable, is a much superior all-around "varmint rifle" especially so when the arm is to be chiefly used upon the rodent known variously as "woodchuck" or "groundhog" depending upon whether he is found in Eastern Canada or the New England states.

As to accuracy, the .22 Long Rifle needs no recommendation. It has pushed its way to the front against all comers and is to-day used in all the matches open to arms of this calibre to the almost total exclusion of all other rim fire calibres.

I am enclosing "Mossback's" address and am sure that he will be pleased to hear from you on the gun subject.—Editor).

Changing The Sights Of A Rifle.

Editor Guns and Ammunition: Can you give me the address of any reliable house or person in Ontario to whom I could ship a rifle to have the sights changed? A reply would oblige very much,

Yours truly,

Little Current, Ont.

H. B.

(In reply to your recent enquiry asking as to where your rifle could be shipped in order to have the sights changed, would say that I know of no firms undertaking such work with the exception of certain sporting goods firms which sometimes adjust sights for their customers. My advice would be for you to ship the rifle back to the manufacturers, who will without doubt handle the job to your satisfaction. It strikes me however, that you could do this little job yourself without any great difficulty

provided you have in mind the simple substitution of target sights in place of the standard factory sights. From your letter I cannot tell just what sights you wish to have placed on your rifle, but am inclined to believe that you could mount such sights as you desire without any great difficulty, or as a last resort send the arm to the manufacturers for the purpose.—Editor).

The Choice of a Rifle Again.

Editor Guns and Ammunition: As this is my first year's subscription to Rod and Gun I shall begin with looking for information. Would you kindly answer the following in this magazine? What would be a good all-around rifle for big game such as bears, wolves, also for small game? I would also like to know where I can get wire fencing for fur farming.

Yours truly,

Rostock, Ont.

C. H. S.

(The chances are that a rifle of the .30-30 class would fill the bill in your case satisfactorily and this would mean a rifle such as a .30-30 or .33 Marlin, a .30, .32 or .35 Remington rimless either trombone or auto-loading, or a .30-30 or .303 Savage. A .303 Ross might also fill your demands although this calibre is out of the .30-30 class and possesses much greater killing power than any of the above mentioned rifles. Much information has been handed out on this interesting subject in back numbers of this magazine and you can do no better than to refer to these numbers. The .30-30 vs. Larger Bore controversy has about worn itself out, but we are still inclined to think that for a man who is not a gun crank in every sense of the word and as such equal to the task of keeping an arm of the high intensity type in the condition such a rifle must be kept to insure both the accuracy of the arm and the safety of the user, a medium high intensity rifle like the .30-30 is 'plenty 'nuff gun' upon which to lavish the care usually accorded the average high power rifle at the hands of the average shooter.

Although out of my department entirely, would say that The Cowan Hardware Co. of London, Ont. handles the wire fencing which you desire.—Editor).

A Special 12-Gauge Trap Gun.

Editor Guns and Ammunition: Can you advise me where I can purchase a trap gun, a 12-gauge double, the barrels of which are up and down, that is one barrel above the other? I shot at clays with this gun at the Stanley Gun Club, Toronto, last fall but have forgotten the make of gun. I shall appreciate this information.

Yours truly,

Crafton, Pa.

R. D.

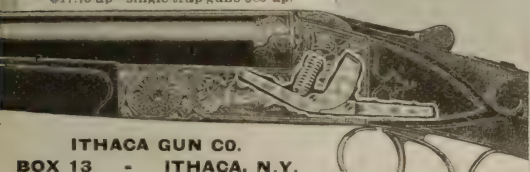
We do not believe that a 12-gauge trap gun such as you describe is regularly manufactured by any of our American manufacturers. The gun which you saw in Toronto was very likely made by one of the several private gun makers in the States, or yet again it may have been manufactured abroad where such guns are occasionally met with.

SHOOT Ithaca Guns MADE IN U.S.A.

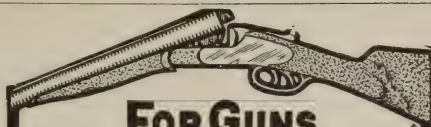


REASON 5 QUICK, SNAPPY PULL

- * A chain is no stronger than its weakest link.
- * The quick eye, active brain, responsive finger, quick, snappy trigger pull, fast lock and quick load form a chain of action—if one link is weak the chain is faulty.
- * If you are using a gun with a slow, creepy trigger pull and a slow lock—two links in the chain are weak. Why not pass the "old timer" along and get a down to date Ithaca with a lightning lock and a quick, snappy pull.
- * We figure the speed of our lock will increase your score at least 5 per cent.
- * Large catalog FREE—double guns \$17.75 up—single trap guns \$85 up.



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for oiling trigger, lock, every action part. Does not dry out quickly like heavier oils, gum, harden or collect dust no matter how long gun stands. "3 in One" cleans out the residue of burnt powder (black or smokeless) after shooting, leaving the barrel clean and shiny. It actually penetrates the pores of the metal, forming a delicate permanent protecting coat that is absolutely impervious to water or weather. No acid.

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Catalogue will be sent on request.

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A. W. du Bray, Resident Agent, P.O. Box 102, San Francisco, Cal.

Perhaps those of the Stanley Gun Club who read your letter may come across with the desired information, or at least help you to locate the gun in question.—Editor).

The .22 Rim Fire For Him.

Editor Guns and Ammunition: Replying to an article appearing in the April issue and written by one signing himself "F. G. H." in which he condemns the use of .22-calibre rim fire ammunition for hunting woodchuck and other game of this size, would say that my experiences have led me to believe to the contrary.

The .22 rim fire has been entirely satisfactory in hunting these animals, in fact I have killed larger animals with .22 shorts. While in central New York a few years ago I had no trouble in killing woodchucks at distances ranging from thirty to fifty yards when fairly hit and "F. G. H." admits that they must be 'fairly hit' to be killed with a .22 Hi-Power.

Since coming to Alberta I have killed dead in their tracks at the first shot several badgers and coyotes with .22 short hollow point ammunition as well as with the regular solid ball. This leads me to believe that a .22 rim fire can be used with deadly effect on woodchucks and other game of that size when in the hands of one capable of using a rifle. For the past two years I have used a .22-calibre Remington repeater and have fired five thousand cartridges principally at game, and the gun is practically as good as ever. However in hunting coyotes and other game of that size, I prefer the .30-30 as most of the time one must shoot at these animals at ranges varying from one to two hundred yards.

Yours truly,

Gleichen, Alta.

F. G. A.

(While as pointed out in our reply to "E. H. D." in this issue, we do not consider the use of .22-calibre rifles of the rim fire type on small game justified judging by the record of these arms as killers on such animals as woodchuck, still we are pleased to publish your letter giving your opinion on the question. We are averse to using arms on even the smallest of game which cause unnecessary suffering, and with due respect to the wonderful accurate twenty-two calibre rim fire rifle we believe that at ranges which woodchucks are usually shot, it will cripple oftener than it will kill outright, and will permit the little rodent to escape bleeding to its underground home more times than it will secure the animal to the hunter and drop it in its tracks.

Generally speaking the only spots of a woodchuck in which a regular .22-calibre bullet will produce instant death are the heart and brain. How many hunters have the skill wherewith to place a bullet with anything approaching certainty in a circle the diameter of which will cover the head of a woodchuck; shooting to be done under hunting conditions which means shooting at unknown distances and using the regular Long Rifle cartridge? To hit the animal elsewhere means hours of suffering, and this no true sportsman can tolerate. Such at

least, are our sentiments and we don't care a whoop if we are overly-scrupulous in these matters.—Editor).

From A Practical Shooter.

Editor Guns and Ammunition: Permit an old timer to step into print for once. I am of the old school of shooters, a practical gun crank if you will and I have made a study of rifles for many many years until I sometimes feel as though I had learned all there is to be learned out of the shooting game; and this is just where I make my biggest mistake. There is always something new to grasp hold of in the world of firearms. In the old days of black powder and lead bullets the principle involved was a bullet measuring less than groove diameter of the bore of the rifle. The high power rifle came to us in Spanish-American war days and we learned that for most accurate results the metal jacketed bullets of the high power arm (in those days velocities of 2000 f. s. were considered ultra high), should fit the bore of the rifle about gas tight, that is the diameter of the jacketed bullet should be approximately that of the groove diameter of the rifle. In the old days a thorough cleaning with oiled rags was all the cleaning which the black powder rifles required and certain of the sportsmen of the seventies and eighties even used water as a cleaning agent for the barrels their rifles, followed up by a complete drying with dry patches and then a thorough oiling of the bore. Nowadays such a method of cleaning is not to be thought of in the case of the ultra or medium high velocity rifle, and Rod and Gun has published several instructive accounts as to the correct method of cleaning rifles using smokeless powder and metal jacketed bullets.

All things taken into consideration, the rifle manufacturers of to-day turn out rifles equally good or better than the arms turned out abroad, the latter class of course selling for the same price. If one wishes to pay fancy prices for good American-made rifles our factories can accommodate him perfectly, and the engraving and carving not to mention the checking of the wooden portions of the rifle, will stand comparison with work of this type done anywhere on Mother Earth. It is absolutely unnecessary to go abroad for quality in firearms when we have at our elbow such rifles as the Savage, Winchester, Marlin, Ross, Stevens and Remington. All of these makes have points of merit which I find in many cases lacking in many of the highest priced foreign products.

There is a certain American contributor to outdoor magazines who has for many years made a special point of knocking all things in the gun and ammunition line American, and sees no good in anything which does not come from one or more of the many centres of the gun industry across the pond. This writer is well up in gun lore, he is an interesting writer and he is well educated, but in all the time he has been in the shooting game he has apparently failed to recognize the genuine worth of the many excellent models of rifles manufactured right

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here on the continent and he goes abroad for his ideal guns. That such a state of things should exist is to be regretted, that such a state of affairs *does* exist cannot be denied, and the only way in which the reputation which the American rifle enjoys in the eyes of this one sportsman (and I am holding this man up as an example simply because I know that he is strikingly representative of thousands of other riflemen in Canada and the United States) can be changed for the better is by American manufacturers paying more strict attention to (1) finish and (2) assembling. On specially made rifles, that is rifles which have been brought on from the factory on special order and which embody certain 'extras' dear to the heart of the rifle crank, special attention is sometimes paid to the interior finish of the action 'where things don't show', the outside also is not neglected and the selected walnut stock will be nicely fitted to the tang and no uneven projections of wood around butt-plate and the end of the frame. In the common \$15 sporting rifle, however, the case is vastly different. The ordinary sportsman is not a rifle crank and the fact that his rifle has a ten pound trigger pull, a plain varnished walnut stock with a grain like that on a cigar box, and with a frame the interior of which, if examined, would disclose steel filings littered about and unpolished parts galore, all these things and many more do not deter him from paying his fifteen dollars for his deer rifle and thinking that he has got value for his money at that price. The real crank never buys the stock rifle as it comes from the factory or the dealers' racks. I myself own at present sixteen (16) rifles and out of this collection not a single gun is fitted with the regular buckhorn rear and brass blade front sights, nary an arm has a trigger pull over four pounds, and not a mother's son of 'em have stocks of other wood than the best selected American walnut. I, too, feel as though I have the best of the bargain or at least have gotten good value.

To sum up the whole situation as it stands to-day with reference to the standard American sporting rifle, I will simply say that when the time comes that the sportsmen of America demand guns at a higher price and of a finer finish, they will be accommodated without a doubt by the manufacturers. At present it is manifestly unfair to throw mud at our so-called "unprogressive" manufacturers. If a present-day shooter wishes a Marlin, Savage, Stevens, Ross, Remington or Winchester built on lines which appeal to his taste more than does the rifle of his selection as it is turned out of the factory at New Haven, Utica, Chicopee Falls, Quebec, or Ilion respectively, any of these firearms manufacturers will build him a rifle with

a *real pistol grip* (notwithstanding the fact that this certain American would have us to believe that only foreign gun-makers can deliver the goods in this respect), will place engraving on the metal parts and carving and checking on the wood, of a quality that will make many of these much-praised foreign craftsmen turn green with envy. Stocks of the finest American, English or Circassian walnut can be supplied by the American rifle factories and fitted to any of their arms. It is absolutely unnecessary to go abroad for arms styled "De Luxe" and such high-sounding names. I do not hope to convince the gentle (?) critic before-named; this writer (and I want to again state for the benefit of the readers that I am only taking his case as being typically representative of thousands of other riflemen) has so long made it a point of knocking everything "made in America" that his stand in this matter has become almost second nature to him, and first saw daylight or rather print, away back in the dark ages of the bolt action scrap in which Lieut. Whelen and this 'critic' were pitted against the two staunch advocates of the lever gun—Mr. Ashley A. Haines and Mr. Chas. Newton; readers are referred to the files of *Outdoor Life* for 1910 and 1911 for the articles by these gentlemen, also files of *Arms & The Man*, published at Washington, D.C. for these years. The scrap of the bolt vs. the lever gun is now buried and Mr. Newton even is selling the type of gun which he then denounced, and has eaten his words with reference to the lever action rifle being suitable for ammunition of high intensity. We certainly learn as the time flies and new conditions teach us that the principles which we considered as correct five or more years ago, are decidedly wrong when carried out in practice five years later.

There is absolutely no reason why an American-made rifle cannot be built by the factory which makes it, which will have the balance, appearance and fit of a sporter Springfield. This, of course, provided the rifleman is willing to pay the price.

In my thirty odd years of shooting with all makes of rifles imaginable, I have used practically every make of high power, low power and black powder rifle. While I am not ready to admit that the stock rifle turned out by the thousand by our rifle manufacturers and selling in the neighborhood of \$15 is the ideal rifle of the gun crank, I will say positively that *provided one is willing to pay the price, rifles can be obtained in America, which will equal in finish, durability and appearance any and all arms usually obtained the 'say' for these features.*

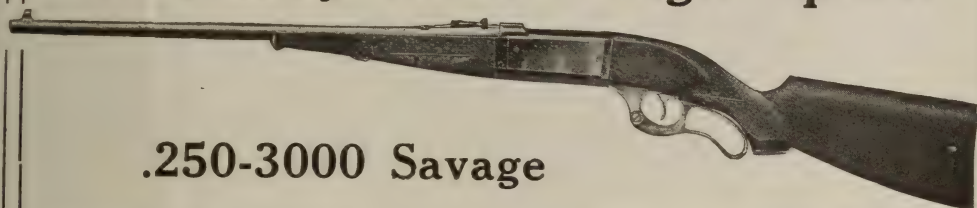
Yours truly,

Toledo, O.

D. A. Y.



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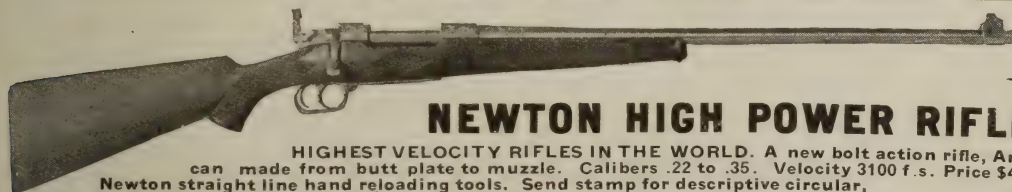
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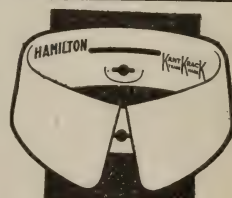


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NEW AMENDMENTS TO ONTARIO GAME LAWS

The following new amendments have been made to the Ontario Game and Fisheries Act:

The term non-resident is to be interpreted as meaning any person domiciled in the Province for a period of less than six months.

Non-residents are prohibited from taking, hunting, killing, wounding or destroying any animal or bird or carrying or using a gun for such purpose except under authority of a license.

No person is permitted to hunt or trap fur bearing animals except under the authority of a license, but this regulation is not meant to apply to farmers or farmers' sons trapping on their own lands.

No grouse, prairie fowl or partridge may be hunted taken or killed before the 15th day of October 1918.

Hares may be taken by any means at any time between the 15th day of October and the 15th day of November and between the 23rd day of December and the 2nd day of January following, and may be taken at any other time by any other means than shooting.

No muskrat may be hunted, taken or killed or had in possession of any person in that part of the Province lying south of the French and Mattawa rivers except from the 1st day of March to the 21st day of April and in that part of the Province lying north of the French and Mattawa rivers from the 1st day of April to the 21st day of May.

No person who has taken or killed any bird or animal suitable for food shall allow the flesh thereof to be destroyed or spoilt and no person who has killed or taken a fur bearing animal shall allow the skin to be destroyed or spoilt.

No person is to set out more than one flock of decoys and no flock of decoys shall consist of more than 50 and no two flocks shall be placed nearer each other than 100 yards.

The purchase or sale of wild ducks, wild geese or other water fowl is prohibited.

The Minister may grant a permit to any person to take game or fur bearing animals during the close season for propagating or scientific purposes.

He may also grant a permit to the Superintendent of Rondeau Provincial Park to take game animals or birds within the Park at any

time for the purpose of thinning or for stocking or scientific purposes.

The Minister may issue permits not inconsistent with any law of the Dominion of Canada authorizing the exportation from the Province at any time of any game whether alive or dead.

A resident of Ontario must have a license to hunt and trap fur bearing animals, the fee for such license being \$5.

The open season for moose deer or caribou throughout that part of Ontario lying north of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway from Mattawa to the Manitoba boundary and that part of Ontario lying south of the Canadian Pacific Railway from the City of Port Arthur to the Manitoba boundary is now from the 1st of November to the 30th of November.

The open season for woodcock is amended to read from 15th October to 15th day of November, both days inclusive.

Quail and black and grey squirrels, except where the season is made close by order-in-council covering certain counties, may be killed from the 1st of November to the 15th of the same month.

Swans and geese may be killed from the 15th of September to the 30th of April.

Capercaillie may not be killed before the 15th of September, 1920.

No muskrat can be shot or snared at any time.

No person shall hunt, kill, wilfully chase or put to flight any wild ducks or other water fowl that are more than 200 yards from the shore or natural rush bed thick enough to conceal a boat or from a water line bounding private property.

No eggs of any game bird shall be taken, destroyed or had in possession at any time by any person except such persons as may have a permit from the Minister to engage in the business of propagating game birds.

The above include the greater number of the amendments made at the recent session and mark a step forward in the right direction. Particularly should the law prohibiting the sale of wild ducks, geese and water fowl prove of benefit to these forms of wild life by eliminating the shooting of game birds for commercial purposes.



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THE QUESTION OF REGISTERING HUNTERS AND FISHERMEN

FOR some months past the Secretary of the Canadian Forestry Association has been gathering data regarding the feasibility of "registering" sportsmen. The object of the inquiries sent to all parts of Canada was to ascertain the views of representative persons and institutions. A few of the replies are given herewith and others will be published in succeeding issues.

That some means might be found to keep record of sportsmen, particularly fishermen, entering certain forested districts during the season of highest fire risk was the suggestion made in the Secretary's form of inquiry. It was further asked whether it would be practicable to secure the names, and probable routes to be followed at the time the sportsmen took out his license, the information to be forwarded immediately by the license issuer, either to a central authority at the provincial capital or direct to a supervisor in the territory most concerned. It was not suggested that an entire province could be blanketed by such requirement but that sections might be tried out. If the idea was at all practicable, a well-organized body of rangers could certainly obtain valuable information from the system in regard to travellers within their patrols, and could likely eliminate some of the fire risk that annually arises from careless fishermen and hunters.

From Dr. Judson F. Clark, Vancouver, B.C.: "I see no objection to this, if it can be carried out without any considerable expense. Viewing it from the local standpoint I do not see how it can be made effective on the B.C. Coast without a very considerable expenditure but perhaps there would be some way of handling it which has not occurred to me."

A. J. Parr, General Freight and Passenger Agent, T. and N. O. Railway, North Bay: "Our thoughts are that this registration would be a decided step in the right direction and see no objections whatever to it."

Edward Beck, Managing Editor, Winnipeg Telegram: "I know of no reason why such representation should not be made to the Provincial Governments as planned."

Arthur O. Wheeler, Director, The Alpine Club of Canada: "I consider that the idea is an excellent one and I cannot see any reason why it should not be carried out as you suggest.

As you say, the very fact of registration is bound to have a deterrent effect and make the man in charge of parties much more likely to be careful, as he would feel directly responsible to the authorities.

It seems to me, however, that there might be some difficulty in registering people and parties who were making the one-day trips and also in registering parties who started

from points that were not at or near registration centres; but, even if a few were missed in this way it would have a beneficial effect by keeping track of the majority.

I am of the opinion that persons, like myself, who move around frequently and at many different points in the mountains, should be created honorary or temporary fire wardens, so that they would be in a position to make inquiries of parties whom they met travelling, as to whether they held the proper registration certificate.

On general lines I very strongly approve of the idea, and shall be very willing to do all in my power to assist it."

The Camp Fire Club of America (New York): "Your letter of December 7th, in relation to the registration of tourists, fishermen, hunters, prospectors and other itinerants who make occasional use of the forests, was presented last night at the meeting of the Committee on Conservation of the Camp-Fire Club of America and was generally discussed.

The consensus of opinion was that such registration would be of benefit in preventing forest fires, and might well be put in practice if it can be accomplished without subjecting such itinerants to awkward delays in effecting registration, without requiring too close adhesion to an indicated route, and without throwing too much expense on the provincial governments.

Personal experiences in Algonquin Park indicated that under the conditions which prevail there such registration can be effected easily so far as the tourist is concerned, without great expense to the government, and with a reasonable degree of effectiveness because there is little occasion for departure from expected routes.

On the other hand, personal experiences suggested the difficulties in the way of determining with certainty the routes of hunting parties, for it was recalled that it frequently happens that the expected route of a hunting party is changed at the last moment, and perhaps after the party has actually entered the bush, because of information gleaned by the retained guide with regard to the presence or absence of game. This brought out two suggestions, one that the licensing of guides and the turning in by such licensed guides of information as to the probable routes of their parties, and others who expect to visit lands without licensed guides might be required to obtain permits to build fires on wild lands and to indicate their expected routes in the application. In the State of Maine, for example, the building of fires on wild lands by non-residents, other than licensed guides, is prohibited. This, however, often works hardship to the fisherman or hunter who, in the experience of those present, is quite as likely to be careful about fires as the average licensed guide.

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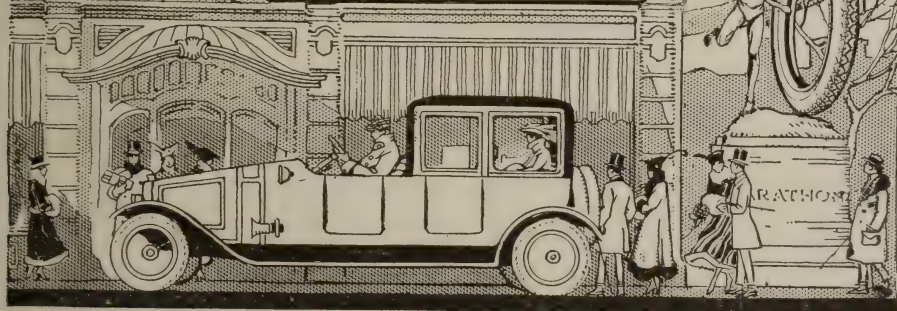
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MARATHON

TIRES

HOW THE DOMINION PARKS MANAGEMENT COMBATS FOREST FIRE

A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF FIRE WARNING APPLIED TO TOURISTS, SPORTSMEN, ETC.—THE PRINCIPLE OF AFFIRMATION

J. B. Harkin

THE Forestry Committee of the Conservation Commission last year called attention to the desirability of removing inflammable material in the woods on government lands outside of the railway right of way. We have made a beginning at this work. For a portion of the past summer we had a camp of interned prisoners doing road work in Rocky Mountain Park. The road paralleled the C.P.R., and while road construction went on we also cleared the dead and fallen timber outside the right of way as suggested by the Committee. I may add that the proposition so appealed to us that we also applied it to the road the aliens were building, clearing out the dead and fallen material for 50 feet on each side of the road and at the same time trimming the green trees to a height of 5 to 6 feet above the ground.

We have devoted a good deal of attention to a fire prevention campaign. For practical purposes there are only two kinds of fires—man-caused and those resulting from lightning. The latter we cannot prevent but in regard to the former there does not appear to be any good reason why a great deal cannot be accomplished. I do not admit that one fire in 10,000 is started maliciously. Practically all are caused through ignorance and carelessness. It is the old story, "I didn't know it was loaded." The obvious course to follow then is to endeavor to educate every man who may by any chance go through the woods to guard against doing anything which may start a fire.

People have been educated to recognize the necessity of pure air; people have been educated to suffer the isolation of their loved ones in cases of contagious disease. Surely there is no reason why they should not also be educated to be careful in regard to forest fires.

The Force of Affirmation.

I think those who have studied the psychology of it, agree that men are influenced most by affirmation and reiteration. If a statement is affirmed vigorously enough and reiterated often enough practically all men finally accept it. There is no better vindication of this fact than the methods and the success of patent medicine men. You all know how they affirm and reiterate. Just think of the influence their campaign has on every one of us. There is scarcely a man present, I will venture to affirm, who talking ordinarily with contempt for patent medicines, has not on occasions when he found himself pale or out of sorts, gone to a drug-store and purchased some remedy that he has

seen blazoned in the newspapers and on the bill boards as being good for pale people. It is simply a case of the efficacy of affirmation and reiteration.

I spent some time ten years ago on a prairie ranch in a dry season and I may say that the affirmation and the reiteration on the ranch regarding care with fire rapidly developed in me a habit of carefully extinguishing matches and cigars which persists to-day as strongly as it did then. I automatically extinguish matches and cigars. The habit is such that I really do the act without any conscious thought.

Match Box Warnings.

As practically all fires originate in the final analysis from matches we decided it would be good policy to reach the people who use matches by having a fire warning notice put on the match boxes. All the match companies in Canada: The Eddy Company, Hull; the Canadian Match Co., of Drummondville, Que.; the Dominion Match Co., of Deseronto Ont.; the Eureka Match Company of Halifax, very promptly acted on our suggestion and the result is that every person who uses matches is bombarded by the affirmation and reiteration of the fact that he should save the forest by being careful to extinguish burning matches. There is also a notation that the notice is printed at the request of the Dominion Government. This, I believe, gives additional weight to the warning and at the same time constitutes a recognition on the part of the Government that the Company is co-operating with the Government in an important campaign. I should add that the match companies made the necessary label changes entirely at their own expense.

Warning Sportsmen.

We recognized that large numbers of people annually go hunting in the woods and that it was desirable to specially educate them in regard to fire. So we asked the Dominion Cartridge Co., and the Remington Arms-Union Metallic Co.—the two large ammunition companies of Canada to insert a fire notice in their shell boxes. As in the case of the matches the reply was favorable and the result is that today every box of shells issued by these companies contains an effective fire notice. No hunter can get away from the warning. Every time he opens a box of shells he finds a warning to be careful in regard to fire. The warning is thus given at the psychological moment. Moreover, the warning is worded to show him that as a hunt-

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er he has a real personal interest in helping protect the forest.

Notice in Tents.

Not only hunters but also many others go into the woods and camp in tents so we decided tents would be a good medium of education. The result is that nearly all the tents manufactured in Canada to-day have a fire-warning notice sewn into them. Every time a man awakens in the morning this warning is staring him in the face. Every time he enters the tent the notice reiterates the fact that he must be careful in regard to fire.

Notices on Axes.

The next person we thought might cause forest fires was the man who works in the woods with an axe. We offered to supply a firm label to the Walters Axe Company of Hull and the Company very promptly agreed to stick them on their axes. The label contains a picture of a forest fire and the following legend:

"No work for the Axeman"

If the forests are destroyed by fire,—save them by extinguishing completely camp-fires, cigar, cigarette butts and live ashes of pipes."

Telephone Books.

The co-operation of the Bell Telephone Company was also enlisted in the educational campaign. It was felt that many of the people who have to consult a telephone directory at some time or other go into the woods and that conspicuous fire warning notice in the directories of the Bell Company would help impress upon them the lesson of carefulness with fire. The Bell Company very generously placed at our disposal gratis half a page of their directories.

The work already outlined although started to benefit parks primarily related to fire education in general but the educational campaign was also carried on in other ways with special reference to the parks.

The tourist and the railway are the two sources of danger in the parks. The machinery developed by Mr. Clyde Leavitt, of the Conservation Commission for dealing with railway-caused fires is so effective that the railway fire now is no longer the thread-suspended sword that it used to be. Moreover, while developing our educational campaign it occurred to us we might help a little by making an appeal to the railway-men who

cause the fires—the man on the engines—consequently we arranged with the C.P.R. and the G.T.P. for the posting of a card in the cab of every engine operating through the parks.

Notices to Passengers.

To reach the tourist we naturally sought the co-operation of the railway companies. The first step taken was to ask the companies to post fire notices in their coaches and to print notices on the time cards and on their dining-car menu cards. All the railways responded promptly. No doubt these various notices are now familiar to all of you. To further emphasize the warning, arrangements were made with the C.P.R. hotel department that a suitable fire warning notice should be printed in the menu cards of all the Company's hotels in the parks. In addition we printed an attractive card notice and had one hung in every guest room in every hotel in the parks.

Practically all visitors to the parks do a good deal of driving or horseback riding. Consequently we had two types of attractive metal fire notices prepared; one was attached to the reins of all livery saddle ponies in such a position that the rider could not grasp the reins without noticing it, the other was attached to the dashboard and the backs of seats of all livery rigs in order that every one driving would have the notice constantly before him.

Of course in addition to these various schemes we also followed the usual practice of having poster notices distributed on all roads and trails in the parks so that no one could even walk around without learning the gospel of fire protection. For this purpose we used a special enamelled metal sheet in several colors and bearing a picture of a forest fire calculated to arrest attention.

Encircling the Tourist.

Thus you will see that with regard to the tourist we carried out a pretty complete campaign on the lines of assertion and reiteration. We talked fire protection to him in the railway time cards, in the railway coaches, in the dining cars; at every meal at the hotel and restaurant dining-rooms; in the moving picture shows; we kept him in mind of it when he was riding and driving or out walking on the trails. We kept it before him when he was writing letters home and we even followed him to his bed-room with an appeal.

The Ontario Government is going into the business of hatching commercial fish. Hon. Finlay MacDiarmid announced some weeks ago that the Government had secured an excellent property at Normandale on Long Point Bay, Lake Erie, where a hatchery would be built. The location is particularly well suited for hatchery purposes, a spring with a sufficient flow of water rising on the property a short distance from the bay. The hatchery is expected to be in operation this Spring.

The Normandale hatchery will be the first venture of the Department of Game and Fisheries in increasing the supply of commer-

cial fish. It will not involve any large expenditure.

Although Hon. Mr. Macdiarmid has for some time had under consideration the establishment of a new game fish hatchery to keep up the stock of fish in the rivers and smaller lakes nothing definite has been done. One of the chief difficulties encountered has been the discovery of a location naturally adapted for the propagation of game fish, which, unlike commercial fish must be hatched amid natural surroundings. Since various species require different conditions, a spot that will suit them all is not easy to find.

A Land of Re-Creation



The SUMMERS from May to October in Eastern Canada are probably as enjoyable as those in the most favoured part of the world that may be chosen for comparison.

SEA-SHORE, FOREST AND STREAM

Sunny skies, delightful temperature, invigorating air, combined with an endless variety of picturesque beauty, the Maritime Provinces are becoming more and more what nature evidently intended they should be--a land of Re-Creation.

WRITE GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RYS.

MONCTON, N.B., FOR 1916 PUBLICATIONS



ALONG THE TRAP LINE

EDITED BY GEORGE J. THIESSEN



SOME MUSKRAT FACTS

By S. C. C. and J. H. H.

IN spite of repeated statements to the contrary it is an interesting fact, that although many districts are becoming more populated and farmers are making greater use of the land close to the rivers and swamps, it has little or no effect on the available supply of muskrat. The natural haunt of this furry creature lies among the rank vegetation of the swamps. In the tall top grasses he makes his home. Timid though he is, he does not hide his abode away from the sight of man. Shaped like the dome of some lofty cathedral, it is built with an upper and lower room, each having an exit near the roof. These houses are built in the autumn and serve as a shelter during the severe winter months. Naturally the muskrat chooses the lonely spots among the marshes and as near as possible to deep water which will not freeze, for unlike the squirrel, he hunts his food daily throughout the winter. Long before the end of November he has donned his heavy winter overcoat and is thoroughly prepared for the extreme cold of the following months.

Until December he enjoys comparative safety, but at the beginning of that month along come the traps. His solitude is invaded by the enemy of all furry creatures—man. The Indians know the value of his pelt to the furriers and also the worth of his flesh as food.

Manitoba has probably many more natural and extensive breeding grounds for the muskrat than any other province. If you take the train from Portage la Prairie to Westbourne and put your boat in the "White Mud River" about a hundred yards from Westbourne Station, and drop down the small but deep stream to Totogan, a distance of about fifteen miles, and which at one time was a trading post of the Hudson's Bay Co.—(from Totogan to the mouth of the river is but a short trip—three miles to Lake Manitoba)—you will find yourself in the middle of the muskrat kingdom. The left shore of the lake for about four miles, is deep marsh—then rock and sand. From there turn your boat to the right and head north-west. Hold close to the shore, around the bend, and you are going south. You will pass Church Creek, Eagle Creek, Devil's Creek and then on into Lake Francis. In late September all the nearby rat huts will be visible. Many years ago mink was also plentiful in this region. Farmers and others

have lived along these shores for years and recent settlers have filled in further space, but the muskrat has almost held his own in spite of them.

Legitimate trapping in season makes but little difference to the muskrat and the laws for his preservation are much more rigidly enforced, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, are better observed than in most parts of Ontario. Pelts are of not much value until the animal is in full fur. In Manitoba the dog, spear and torch are seldom if ever used. It is the French half breed of the south-east who keeps down over production. Further down through the rock-bound Keewatin district and along the shores to Lake Superior, furs bring very high prices. Higher prices than for furs obtained in any other district. There, however, the muskrat receives the maximum amount of protection and is hunted only by the genuine trappers of Canada.

In Ontario things are different. From St. Clair's Flats came a report a little while back, that is a record of unsportsmanlike and barbarous cruelty. The Indians from Walpole Islands begin to trap in September, instead of on December 1st. Anywhere and everywhere they set their traps without let or hindrance from the game wardens. As soon as ice covers the ponds, and rivers become frozen, old and young Indians in parties, of eight to a dozen, with dog, spear, axe and matches leave their reserve and cross the Johnston River and enter Dominion Lands. Their first procedure is to apply a match to the long grass etc., around the muskrat homes. The wind carries the fire a long way—it is soon a roaring furnace. For safety the rat swims to the deep water through his runaways. Then the dogs catch the scent and the spear soon gets him. The Indians destroy all the huts—by spearing them. These few rats that escape find themselves far away and without a home. In a little while they try to break through the top snow and ice to find a place of safety. But it is useless. They all perish, frozen to death curled up in a little cone-shaped heap. On the following day, they are traced by this horde of rat killers and taken away to the Indian cabins—dead.

Of course there is a remedy but it is never enforced. For many years now this kind of thing has been going on, in fact in this dis-

The Canadian Ford Company has Spent Over a Million Dollars on New Equipment Since the Beginning of War

To increase the efficiency and the capacity of the Ford Canadian plant and its service stations—to produce even a better car at a lower cost of manufacture, thus to sell at a lower price, the Ford Canadian executives have put over a million dollars into new equipment since August, 1914.

That this expenditure has been made since war began indicates most emphatically the unquestionable belief of the Canadian Ford Company in the present and future prosperity of Canada and the triumph of the Empire. In fact the Ford Canadian executives are so firmly convinced of this that they are governing the entire policy of a great ten million dollar Canadian Company in accordance with this belief.

Since the beginning of war they have spent approximately a million and three-quarters in new buildings, twice reduced the price of the car by \$60 (\$120 in all) and reduced the price of spare parts \$147 per car—all in addition to this million dollars worth of new equipment.

But, in turn, it has been this new equipment that has been responsible in great part for these reductions in prices. Marvelous new labor saving machinery installed in the recently enlarged two-acre machine shop has effected big savings in cost of manufacture.

For instance three drill presses that formerly were used to turn out 600 parts a day, now have been supplanted by three punch presses that turn out 3000 parts a day, and there is absolutely no sacrifice in quality of work.

At a cost of \$40,000 three truly wonderful milling machines were installed that mill 48 Ford engine cylinders at once with perfect accuracy.

Perhaps the most wonderful of all are the new gear cutting machines that are a source of amazement to those acquainted with gear cutting methods in vogue several years ago. Then there were only two or three shops on the continent where gear cutting could be done at all and it was a slow and most exacting process. But in the Ford Canadian plant there are no less than 46 wonderful automatic gear cutting machines that turn out gears cut absolutely perfect in one-twentieth the time without the touch of human hands except for putting in the blank and taking out the finished gear.

When the machine has finished the work it notifies the operator by ringing a bell. One man can operate two or three of these machines, a fact which gives some indication of the great saving in labor that this new equipment has made possible and which also plays a very important part in reducing the manufacturing cost and the selling price of Ford cars.

Again, think of the great saving in labor, as well as time, effected by the remarkable Ford drilling machine that bores 45 holes in a cylinder casting in four directions at a single turn.

Do not assume from this, however, that the number of employees has been decreased. On the contrary, the Ford staff has been increased by 900 men since war began. Furthermore when the present Ford schedule of wages went into effect in April 1915, the wages of these employees were increased \$50,000 a month.

If it were not for the exceedingly substantial economies made possible by this new equipment, it can be readily understood that the price of the Ford car, built as it is today of the finest materials procurable, would be very much higher.

No firm that did not have the immense quantity production of the Canadian Ford plant could possibly afford to install such equipment as this and consequently could not sell a car as good as the Ford at anywhere near the Ford prices.

In addition to the equipment told of above new engines were installed in the power plant at Ford, Ontario—650 horse power gas engines especially designed by Ford Engineers.

Also the four new Ford Branch buildings at Montreal, Toronto, London and Winnipeg, each of them as large as many automobile factories, had to be furnished with machinery and appliances. Each one of these branches is so thoroughly equipped as to be able to build a Ford car complete. Each one forms a still further perfection in the already unrivalled Ford Service to Ford owners.

And the fact cannot be overlooked that a policy that dictated the expenditure of such a great sum of cold cash as this during the progress of the war must have been prompted by a very practical and sincere belief in Canada's prosperity—in her future and in her people.

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited Ford, Ontario

Ford Runabout	- -	\$480
Ford Touring	- - -	530
Ford Coupelet	- -	730
Ford Sedan	- - -	890
Ford Town Car	- - -	780
f. o. b. Ford, Ontario		



All cars completely equipped, including electric headlights. Equipment does not include speedometer.

trict it has become a common practice. Those who have seen it probably are afraid of interfering. No one can justify it, and yet it still goes on. Game wardens and

paid inspectors there are in plenty in this district, still these industrious fur-clad mound-builders receive the same harsh treatment every year that rolls around.

SOME PRACTICAL HINTS ON TRAPPING

Fred. C Ralph

WHEN trapping for mink it is not always the way you set your traps that gets the fur, but in keeping as far away from the set as possible when running your trap line. If you make what you think is a very good mink set, and every day walk up to it and spit tobacco juice around and wonder why you don't get the mink, you will visit that set a good many times without results unless a very foolish mink comes along.

When making a set for mink it is best to fix it, if possible, so you can see from quite a distance—say forty or fifty feet,—whether it has been disturbed or not. This is easily accomplished by carrying a small field glass in your pocket. When looking at a set always stand with your feet pointing the same way you are going, so that when you go on your way your tracks don't show that you stopped. In doing this you also keep trap thieves from finding your traps, to a certain extent.

Most mink are not afraid of iron. I have tracked them along railroad tracks and they didn't seem to notice the steel rails at all. I have also tracked them in the woods and found where they crossed a fresh track made by a man, but put the iron and man scent together and Mr. Mink smells danger and keeps away from the spot. Therefore, if you keep away from your traps after setting them the human scent dies away and you have a much better chance of catching the fur bearer. This also will give you better results with most all other animals.

How many of you ever tried to catch a sly old house rat? I mean an old educated one that some time in his career had his toes pinched. If you have never tried this you will find him harder to take than any mink you ever saw. This may sound foolish to some but wait until you have tried it and you will change your opinion.

I lived in a house one time that I thought was rat proof. There didn't seem to be a hole anywhere for the rodents to get in, but we began to miss things. If we would leave any eatables on the table at night when morning came they would be gone.

One evening I heard a noise in the hallway leading upstairs, and as I had cleaned a mess of fish for supper, I thought I would use the fish heads for bait and get the rat. I placed a dish with the heads on it, in a corner of the hall and set three traps around it so that I thought nothing could get to

the fish without going over the traps. I looked at the set before I went to bed and the fish heads were gone, the center trap was moved out of the way and there was a wet streak across the floor where the rat had dragged the heads. It led to a roll of carpet that stood in the corner under the stairs and on top of this I found a fish head and about twenty inches higher up was a hole in the wall, so I set one of the traps on top of the roll and spread a thin piece of cloth over it the same color as the carpet. About midnight I heard a loud squeal.

When the rat jumped from the hole to the roll of carpet, he landed on the trap.

A good many times, weasel, skunk and mink get blamed for destruction of young chickens and ducks when the credit for it belongs to rats. I had seventy-five half-grown chickens killed in two nights about five years ago. I found them piled up under the floor of the chicken coop. I thought a weasel had done the killing. Every chicken had a hole chewed under its wing and the head chewed open and brains gone.

I set traps all around the coop wherever an animal could get under, and next day I had two half-grown rats. I didn't think these were the guilty parties, but I saw tracks that looked as though they were made by an extra large rat, so I reset the traps with hopes of getting the big one. But every morning for over two weeks I would have from one to three rats, none of them large enough to fit the track I had seen, and every one of these caught only put the big one all the more on its guard. Then I began to think I would have to use more care in making the sets. Finally I scooped out enough dirt at each trap to let the pan level with the ground, and spread a thin piece of paper over the set, then sprinkled dry dirt over all and made it look as natural as it did before I had the trap there. But the big rat was too slippery for me. It seemed to know just where to put its feet without getting the toes pinched.

Every two or three days, however, I would get a medium-sized rat. I don't think all these rats had their homes at our place, but we lived on the shore of Presque Isle Bay and house and wharf rats travel along the shore the same as other animals and naturally I would get some of them. But in the fall when the nights began to get cold my catches got farther apart. Then I pulled up the traps and set them for mink, musk-



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Caribou and Deer

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rats and weasel. As I like duck shooting I used to run the line and hunt at the same time until the bay froze over, then all my attention went to trapping but I never forgot the old rat that got my chickens and I had my mind made up to get the rodent before it was time for young chickens again.

Along in the first part of march I had started to cross the ice to run my traps which were set on the peninsula across the bay from where I lived. The night had been warm for that time of the year and I expected a pretty good catch, so I got an early start and when about a half mile from the shore of the peninsula I saw something moving along near the shore. I hurried on and as I got nearer I could see it was an opossum. When I got within about one hundred yards of the fur bearer, it turned and came towards me until we were about ten feet apart. Then it curled up and was perfectly still. The animal was a medium-sized female.

My first thought was to put an end to her with my pistol, but on account of her queer actions I decided to take her home alive. I put her in my hunting coat pocket. She was so thin I could almost hear her bones rattle, and when I got home after running the traps she was still curled up. I took her out of the coat and made a pen for her in part of the chicken coop and gave her a muskrat carcass for her supper and an arm full of straw for a nest. Next morning all that was left of the rat carcass was the back bone, and by feeding her every day she got so tame that in less than a week she would come out of her nest as soon as I came into the pen.

When I had her about two weeks I got to wondering if she had anything in her pouch, and I couldn't resist the temptation to stick my finger in and find out, and sure enough there were six little lumps in the bottom about the size of peas. The lumps grew fast and in a short time there were six little tails sticking out of the pouch and it wasn't long before the offspring were big enough to run around and play and climb all over the old one, and if anybody came near them they would all run for the pouch. But they soon got so big that they could only get their heads in, and it certainly was a funny sight to see them all trying to get in. By the time they were about as large as a good-sized house-rat they were as tame as the old one and didn't try to hide any more.

Imagine how I felt one morning when I went out to feed them, to find two of them in the center of the floor with their brains chewed out, and the old one trying to keep the other four back in a corner!

My old friend the rat had shown me that she was still around. I noticed there was a hole chewed through the floor that showed how she got in.

If I ever wanted to get hold of that rat I did then. Remembering how the chickens

had gone I knew if I didn't get the rat she would get the rest of the little possums, so I immediately nailed a board over the hole and set some traps again, but next morning in one of the traps was a little possum with his brains eaten out the same as the others had been. (Did this old devil do that on purpose or did it merely drop the carcass on the trap by accident? It looked to me as if the rodent did it for spite). In the pen there was only one live young possum left and the old one was doing her best to cover that one up in a corner. The rat had chewed up through the floor in another place, and that floor was made of two inch plank.

That night I took the old possum and the last little one up the shore a little way and let them go, thinking they would make for the woods, but next morning I had the old one in one trap and the little one in another. They had tried to get back into the pen and slipped into some of the traps I had set for the rat and the little one was dead with its brains gone the same as the rest of them had been. The rat didn't seem to be afraid of the trap when it held a little possum.

The old possum had a sore leg from the trap but otherwise she wasn't hurt and when I took the trap off her leg she limped away and I never saw her again, that I know of. I caught a few opossums the next season but I hope she was not among them.

Next, it was up to me to settle with that rat. I ripped up the floor, in the pen and it was full of run-ways underneath. I made some sets under there and reset the rest of the traps, but they were not disturbed for over two weeks. I didn't even catch a small rat so I guessed I had them all caught and I thought the big one had left the place. But I left the traps alone and one morning I heard a chain rattle under the floor and when I pulled up a plank the old son of a gun tried to jump at me. It was an old female about the size of a small muskrat and two toes were missing from one of her feet which showed she had been there before.

Now if there are any young trappers who want experience in trapping, they can get it in the summer by trying to catch the last house rat around their place, or if there are not any rats at home, I am sure your neighbor will let you catch them on his place.

The first four or five rodents are easy to catch but they make the others "trap shy" and when you are sure you have the last one caught, you will know more about trapping than you did when you started. You will also find it easier to get the fur bearers when they get prime after this experience.

Note.—A careful study of this article will prove of value to all amateur trappers. Send along more like it.



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A REAL ADVENTURE ON THE TRAP LINE

By John Dowsell

READING "Blanchard's Trap" in the March number called back to memory a trip made some years ago on the head waters of the Magnetawan. Through a friend the writer secured the services of a guide who lived in this district. He wrote to get in a short time before opening and get a camp built. I took a tent and everything needed, one bear trap, forty odd No. two and a half Newhouse traps and ten beaver traps. I got in two days early. That evening for tea he had a boiled ham of venison on the long pine table. When I referred to the venison he laughed, saying he had killed a number already and disposed of them to a camp where they were getting out square timber. I might say the arrangements I made were that my guide was to furnish canoes, I furnishing all supplies and paying him \$1.50 per day, work or play.

We selected a camp site close to a large stream. The next morning he said he would take either end of the line putting out a few traps. I took the up stream end, taking quite a number of mink traps with me. I had covered about two miles and placed most of my traps when I came to a beaver dam. On going over the bank so as to have a better view, I stepped into something that threw me flat. Picking myself up I was surprised to see what I at first thought was cow dropping. When on the level I came to acres of low bush, huckleberries. The leaves were off and the ground was blue. I could scoop a hand full in a few seconds.

Close to me stood a large stump; the tree had evidently been down many years. The stump was cut up by claw marks and the tree was torn up. This was the work of bears and I tumbled to what had thrown me. Here were bears and beavers. I was a little excited and turned to go to camp and get the bear trap and some beaver traps. It did not take long as I made a short cut across country. Putting the traps on my back I started to return. I noticed plenty signs of deer and one of moose. About half way in passing a fallen tree top out went a deer. By the time I got rid of the traps it was fully two hundred yards off. I pumped a few shots after him. The flag did not wave, so I knew the "jig was up." I was shooting a 44-40 Winchester of the early pattern which was all right for 150 yards. Putting a heavy limb near the stubble I put the clamps and soon had an ideal set close to the tree.

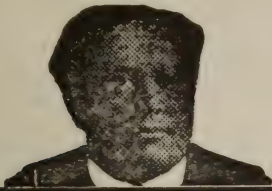
While looking over the meadow from the stump I heard sounds of hounds up the stream. They seemed to be coming closer. Soon I heard a splash of water. The deer evidently was crossing the head of the beaver dam. I laid off any traps, and took up the rifle. Just then the deer came loping

down the opposite side of the dam. It came opposite me, turned back a few jumps, then made a great leap right towards me. In the excitement I stepped back behind the stump and into the trap. At first I thought my leg was broken but I had on heavy top boots and that saved me. I could feel blood running down my leg. This looked serious. The wind was blowing a gale against me, so it was no use to call for help. Besides, it was bitter cold. However, I managed to start a fire. (I might say the writer has followed the carriage blacksmith trade for over thirty years and here is the idea). Put the end of a spring into the fire so as to weaken enough to allow its being bent. It was some job to do this trick and I nearly roasted for awhile. When I thought it time I got the trap in the right position and brought the rifle down. It did the work but it was like pulling teeth. I managed the other spring but let it get hotter so it did not give much pain. I found I could stand and with a stick I started back, taking the river route as it was not safe to try and cross in the dark. I was a long time getting back where I found my guide had a fire and was shooting some. On account of the wind the shots, of course, were not heard.

It was several days before I could get out and my guide in the meantime was not bringing in much fur. When I could look up myself I found more fur than the guide had brought in. A few days later he asked me to lend him my rifle, saying he thought he could get a moose. As he did not ask me to go along I felt curious. I followed him, keeping well out of sight. Down the river about a mile he went into a pond of water. In the centre of it was a clump of bushes. Here he stopped for a long time. It was getting dark and pushing into the pond he did not notice me. When close enough I hollowed asking him what he was doing. It struck me he had a cache here and was hiding fur. I told him to bring it out and put it in my canoe. He did this and the next day I paid him off, after he had taken me out. The writer has had many trips in the north, but this was the worst by all odds. When I got out I was told that this man would turn out cheap and play "sneak 'em'."

What has become of Bill Miner? I like his ring!

This is sure a story! More than one of my readers—especially the younger ones—will enjoy this adventure almost as well as a turkey dinner. Let us hear from more of you.



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100 yards from Massachusetts Ave. car lines.

The Distinctive Boston House

A public house for those who demand the best and prefer a homelike atmosphere.

Single rooms from \$2. Combined sitting room, bedroom and bathroom from \$4.
Self contained suites. In summer dinner at a fixed price is served in the roof garden.

Some globe trotters have been good enough to say that the Puritan is one of the most attractive and comfortable hotels in the world.

Our booklet with guide to Boston on receipt of your card.
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Meet me at the TULLER—For Value, Service, Home Comforts

New HOTEL TULLER

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Center of business on Grand Circus Park. Take Woodward car, get off at Adams Avenue

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

200 Rooms, Private Bath, \$1.50 Single, \$2.50 Up Double
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Total 600 Outside Rooms

ALL ABSOLUTELY QUIET

Two Floors—Agents' Sample Rooms

New Unique Cafes and Cabaret Excellent

AN AMATEUR ON THE TRAP LINE

By W. W. Wilkinson.

Readers of Rod and Gun and Brother Trappers:

My father is a subscriber to Rod and Gun. I see some trappers have been sending in their experiences in trapping, so I have decided to send in mine.

One day early in November I got the loan of a .22 Winchester repeater to go hunting rabbits. No snow had fallen then, but the rabbits had turned white. I shot one rabbit, across the river and had to wade over to find him.

The water was mighty cold and I did not feel like going back, so I decided to walk up the river to a bridge which was about a mile away. Most of the way the bank was from about six to ten feet high. I saw some ripples in the water but did not take much notice, but on looking back, much to my surprise, there was a mink on a rock about ten feet out. I dropped the rabbit and went back to try to get him. When I arrived there he could not be seen. The river had undermined the bank and a clump of trees were lying in the water. Presently I heard a hissing noise. I shot at what I thought was him, but missed. Fortunately I had some snaring wire in my pocket. I went back and got the rabbit and tied it to a branch and left it to see what would happen. Nothing disturbed it for about a week. Then, one day half of the rabbit was gone. Next day I brought a trap with me. I set it and was about to drive the stake when one of the branches cracked. I lost my balance and in order not to fall, I put my hand in the trap. It was lucky for me that I had two pair of mittens on. But splash, in I went anyway!

I finally made the set. There was nothing doing the next day.

On the following Sunday another boy and I started out about nine o'clock to visit our trap. When we arrived there was a very small mink in it. We had a job getting at him because he could dodge back into the brush every time we made a swipe at him. We had no gun. I unstaked the trap and grabbed the chain and pulled. Out he came! Then the other fellow hit him across the head with a stick which soon ended his career.

Afterwards we skinned the fur bearer and examined his fur; there were a lot of white hairs about his head.

On our way back we met two of our rivals who promptly declared that we took the animal out of their trap. We went back and showed them the rumpus he had kicked up and that was the only way we could convince them.

In all I caught two small minks and four about medium, for which I received twenty dollars.

Yours truly,

W. W. Wilkinson.

Note.—This is mighty interesting to trappers. Beginners will probably find some pointers which will prove of help to them. Come again with another story. This just escaped winning the prize.—The Editor.

REQUEST FOR FUR TANNING FORMULAE

Editor "Along The Trap Line":

Dear Sir: Could you inform me through Rod and Gun where I could obtain a work on fur tanning. If you can do so. You will greatly oblige,

Yours very truly,

Paris Station.

T. Ware.

I know of no book exclusively for home tanning. Almost any household encyclopedia has the formulae for several tanning preparations. Let me advise experience before attempting a "home tan" on valuable furs.

A Good Fox Set

Editor, "Along The Trap Line":

Sir: I would like to give my experience trapping fox. I follow creek banks when I find a fallen tree of good size. I cut a place for a trap and set. Always select a day when snow is falling. After two or three days you go over the line putting bait on a stick a few rods opposite. A fox will be sure to walk the tree or log to investigate.

Yours truly,

Delhi, Ont.

John Dowswell.

Note.—Let us have more good sets from you trappers who really know how.—G. J. T.

Recipe for Tanning Squirrel and Rabbit Skins

Editor, ALONG THE TRAP-LINE:—

I have been a news stand subscriber of your famous magazine and, hearing through a friend of mine and also a subscriber, of your Rod and Gun that you had a recipe you would send to your readers of how to tan squirrel and rabbit hides, will you please send me same.

Thanking you in advance, I am,

Yours truly,

St. Thomas, Ont.

E. W. Eastman.

Regarding the tanning of squirrel and rabbit skins, there are several methods. The first thing to do is to remove the feet and in the case of the squirrels, the tails also. Be sure all flesh and fat are removed from the pelts.

Take about half an ounce of borax, half an ounce of saltpetre and a half ounce glauber salts. (This is enough for three or four rabbit or squirrel skins). Make a paste of this with rainwater and spread over the flesh side of the skins. Fold together in a natural manner and let lay in a cool, dry place for about twenty-four hours.

Wash the pelts and wring them out dry.

Next, make a mixture by boiling some shaved white soap and adding a small quantity of alum and borax. (It is best to allow this preparation to come to a point where all the ingredients mix rather than actually boil). Apply to flesh side of the hide, care being taken that the mixture is not too hot—just warm. Fold again and let lie for from twelve to twenty-four hours.

Wash the pelts thoroughly again, rubbing and working them while drying so as to be

Strengthen your whole defensive line with Bovril

IT MUST BE BOVRIL.

Of all Stores, etc., 1-oz. 25 c.; 2-oz. 49 c.; 4-oz. 70 c.; 8-oz. \$1.30; 16-oz. \$2.25
Bovril Cordial, large, \$1.25; 5-oz. 40 c.; 16-oz. Johnston's Fluid Beef (Vimbos), \$1.20.

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TENTS

For Sale or Rent in all Sizes.

Our Special 10x12---3ft. wall
8 oz. Duck - - - \$10.00
Poles and Pegs extra, - - \$2.00



WE MAKE SPECIAL MENTION OF OUR 10x12x3ft. WALL TENTS and may say that we have sold thousands of them. If you or your friends need one get busy. If money order or cheque don't forget the War Stamps. Mention Rod and Gun to Secure This Price.

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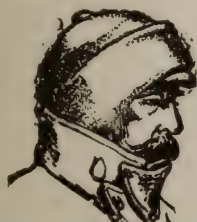
For All Outing Purposes

For comfort and ease of movement Jaeger Pure Wool wear is specially suitable for outdoor sports.

It offers perfect protection from sudden changes in temperature and can be had in all weights to suit all seasons.

Be sure and equip yourself with Jaeger Wear for your next outing to ensure health and comfort.

Underwear in all weights. Sweaters, Cardigans, Jerseys, Blankets, Rugs, Waistcoats, Hosiery, Golf Stockings, Caps, Mufflers, Gloves, etc.



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TORONTO - MONTREAL - WINNIPEG

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soft and pliable. If necessary, dress the skins carefully with some fine sand paper or pumice stone.

With the ordinary rabbit skin, frequently it is not necessary to employ more than the first mixture.

Home tanning is not to be recommended in most cases. The beginner should use great care in the work. I do not recommend the work being done on fine pelts, such as mink, etc.

G. J. T.

Concerning White Beaver.

Editor "Along The Trap Line":

That white beavers do exist is well known among Hudson Bay and other northern trappers who say that one in about one hundred thousand are Albinos. However, I have yet to hear of a white or any other

beaver whose tail was covered with fur. Your informant should have got the loan of a real beaver's tail and painted it a pale pink before attaching it to the skin.

Yours truly,

St. John's, N'd.

Old Trapper.

Note.—The above was received in reference to the picture we published of a white beaver in a recent issue. We admit that the illustration shows the tail to be hairy—but the photo from which the cut was made shows the beaver tail to be natural. Even so, the editor has no means of knowing whether the picture was "faked" or not. It was received by him and "passed along" to the readers for what it was worth.—The Editor.

STRICT GAME LAWS

CHARLES BARBER, chief game guardian of Manitoba, says that one of the healthiest and most gratifying features in connection with the protection of our wild life is the very hearty support, that is being obtained, from all the good and true sportsmen of the province, also the hearty co-operation received by the department from the officials of the railway and express companies.

Further, that the government of the province is very much alive, to the great necessity and importance of preserving and perpetuating a good supply of all kinds of our useful wild life, for the use of the present and future generations, so much so, that during the month of September, 1915, the attorney-general's department gave instructions to all police magistrates and justices of the peace within the limits of the province, to be sure and impose exemplary fines and to confiscate the gun or rifle of any one convicted for any violation of the act.

Mr. Barber says that the object of the department is not to obtain convictions but to prevent infractions of the act, and therefore wishes to give the utmost publicity to the fact that his department is active, and to warn all sportsmen and others that they must not violate the provisions of the act and that if they do they are very likely to be caught and made to pay a heavy penalty.

It would appear that his department is keeping up the pace inaugurated last September, and is continuing to vigorously enforce the provisions of the Manitoba Game Protection Act as will be seen by the number of convictions secured only recently by the field men of his department, a few of which are enumerated herewith as follows:

Justice David Langrille of Giroux; H. S. McCook, game guardian, Winnipeg, was prosecutor, and the defendant was Adelard Derories of Teboville. Fined \$25 and \$1.50 cost for having green deer hide in his possession.

Justice Jas. Shaw, Beausejour; prosecutor,

H. S. McCook, game guardian; defendants, Silvester Victor, Charles Field, John Kuyner and Steve Boychuk, all of Shelly. Fined \$10 and \$4 costs each for having moose meat in their possession without the necessary license.

Justice J. H. McClure, Balmoral; prosecutor, W. H. Joyce, game guardian, Winnipeg; defendants, Charles A. Shipley, Grant S. Shipley, Alfred L. Wells, Daniel Simpson, John Porter and Howard Scott, all of Balmoral. Fined \$25 each for shooting at and killing female deer.

Justice A. L. Bonnycastle; prosecutor, W. S. Armstrong, game guardian of Winnipeg; defendants, Mike Michalcruk, Sidor Michalcruk, Mike Topila, Nick Karpuik, John Kusnir, Bill Curkaw, John Curkaw, Max. Sadleirski, John Kowel, Theodore Kowel. Having moose meat in their possession without the necessary permit. Suspended sentence, costs \$20. Joe Frankoski and Joe Kryskor, having moose meat in possession without necessary license, fined \$25 and \$3 costs each. All are from the Greater Winnipeg Water District.

It is most desirable and necessary that there be always an abundant supply of wild game. Without the closest watch for offenders, the game would be rapidly depleted, if not entirely killed off.

Lax enforcement of the game laws and improper punishment of offences has resulted in a closed season being imposed on sport lovers in many of the States to the South, the entire year round, while game preserves are maintained at a great cost to the State, in an effort to restock the old haunts with game animals and birds. This is the result of greed on the part of a few.

It would be nothing less than criminal that such conditions should ever exist in Manitoba, but without the co-operation of all sportsmen, hunters and all other persons who have the welfare of the province at heart, even the most rigid laws, energetically enforced would not be sufficient protection.



High Class SPORTING OR TRENCH BOOTS

They are being worn in the trenches now, giving complete satisfaction.

Our 309 Special is **MADE BY HAND**, on a Boot-shaped Last, with patent stiffened heel. **SOLID COMFORT AND DRY FEET INSURED.**

PRICE \$12 PER PAIR NET

Give following measurements:—

1. Length of foot, or size of ordinary boot worn.
2. Height required: 16 inch is regular height from sole of foot.
3. Size of calf. 4. Size of ankle.

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BEAL BROS., Limited
52 Wellington St. East, TORONTO, Ont.

PEERLESS LAWN FENCING

Enhances Property Values

A BEAUTIFUL lawn fence gives any piece of property that symmetrical, pleasing, orderly appearance that not only affords its owner a keen sense of pleasure and satisfaction while occupying the premises, but when offered for sale, it brings a better price. It's an investment—not an expense.

Peerless Ornamental Fencing

is made of strong, stiff, galvanized wire that will not sag. In addition to galvanizing, every strand is given a coating of zinc enamel paint, thus forming the best possible insurance against rust. Peerless Ornamental Fence is made in several styles. It's easy to erect and holds its shape for years.



Send for free catalog. If interested, ask about our farm and poultry fencing. Agents nearly everywhere. Agents wanted in open territory.

The Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Co., Ltd.
Winnipeg, Man. Hamilton, Ont.



"The article on the Airedale in a recent issue of Rod and Gun had a good effect, I find," writes Walter M. Berwick of Shelburne, Ont., "as it seems to show that it is impossible to breed good dogs from poor stock. If the people in Canada would only get the idea of mongrel prices out of their heads it would be a good thing for dog breeders in general. So often we get enquiries from people who say they don't want a prize winner, but just a good dog for a companion or for hunting purposes. I find a big demand just now for pups by the International Champion, 'King Nobbler's Double,' especially since he did so remarkably in Toronto at the Good Friday Show. When the war is over a great many fanciers in England and Europe will be looking for stock in this country and if our Canadian breeders don't stop this catering to the cheap buyer they will find that all this nice business will go across the line."

Leonard Seppala, driving his team of 17 Siberian wolf dogs, with which he won last year's race, is the winner of the 412-mile all-Alaska sweepstakes race for dog teams, which was finished in April last. Seppala's time was eighty hours and 27 minutes. Fay Dalzene's team of 14 Alaska-bred malamutes, was second, and Fred Ayer's team of 14 foxhounds, third. Two other contestants failed to finish.

Seppala stood the strain of the race fully as well as his hardy wolf dogs, and when he drove down Front Street toward the finish line the entire Winter population of Nome, some 2,500 persons, cheered him wildly. Delzene's dogs also finished in good condition, but Ayer's were very tired. By winning the race Seppala gained a purse of \$2,000.

This is the fourth time in the last seven sweepstakes races that the Siberian wolf dogs have out-distanced the malamutes.

The sixth edition of Mr. Palmer's interesting dog book, "All about Airedales" will be issued some time during the coming summer. Copies of the last edition may be secured from

Rod and Gun, the price per copy being \$1.00. We would be glad if readers of this magazine who have photos or snap shots of good Airedales, showing these dogs at work in the hunting field, would loan these to us in order that a selection may be made from same for illustrating the Canadian part of Mr. Palmer's book. Address Kennel Department, Rod and Gun in Canada, Woodstock, Ont.

P. Bawden of Ridgetown furnishes the following memo. of the winnings of Marvel's Double at Detroit on the 12th of April to show what a Canadian bred puppy can do. He has since been sold to a Detroit man for \$250, a record price, says Mr. Bawden, for a Canada bred puppy.

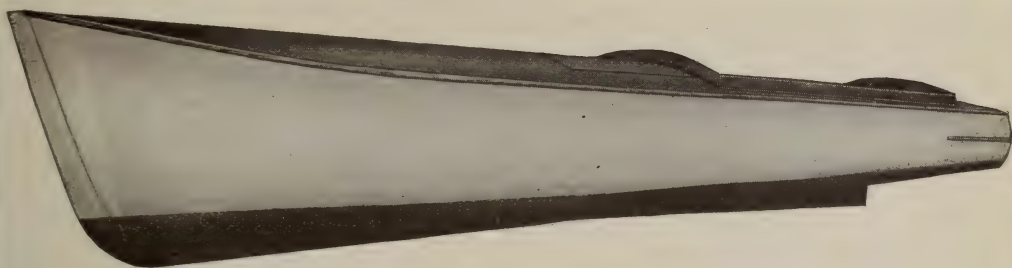
Marvel's Double at Auto City Kennel Show at Detroit:

Trophy best dog puppy; Trophy best dog or bitch puppy; Cup for best Airedale dog. Trophy for best Airedale dog or bitch. President's Trophy for best dog in show; and together with Caerphilly Master Coack won cup for best brace. Double was bred by P. Bawden, Ridgetown, Ontario.

It is our intention to make this Kennel Department bigger and better than ever; more interesting and instructive to the owners of dogs and more interesting to breeders as an advertising medium. As Rod and Gun has a good circulation from coast to coast as well as in many of the States, and reaches that class of red-blooded sportsmen who admire a good dog, breeders will find these pages particularly effective in disposing of their stock. List your kennels in these columns and take advantage of this active market.

To give breeders an opportunity of learning the value of this magazine as an advertising medium we are making a special offer of one inch kennel advertisements at \$2.00 per issue. This rate is good only for two issues.

Our classified advertisement rates are four cents per word. These small For Sale, Exchange and Want Ads. have, in the past,



**Special
\$650**

This 24ft. Hull with 10 H.P. double cylinder Fulton Motor with reverse gear, beautiful figured black cherry decks, with hood with two doors in front. Deck covering engine, oak or cherry coaming, flanked with red Louisiana Cypress, seat at stern, and 4 wicker chairs, and seat front of motor. We have other boats ready to ship.

Bracebridge Launch Works - Bracebridge



Manufacturers to
HIS MAJESTY
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Hardy's The Great British Specialists In "Palakona" Regd. Split Bamboo Fishing Rods



THE "DE LUXE" ROD, made of Steel-hard "PALAKONA" is Hardy's latest design in single-handed rods for wet or dry fly fishing.

IT is the product of the largest, and best equipped factory, supervised by the champion Professional Fly Casters and Anglers in Europe, "Hardy's". Don't forget that as wages in Great Britain are 75% less than in America we can give greater value in high class hand work. All our rods are hand made by experts whose lives have been spent at this work, for which 50 GOLD MEDALS have been awarded. Length 9-ft., weight 5¼ ozs.; 9-ft. 6-ins., weight 5¾ ozs.; 10-ft., weight 6 ozs. All fitted with Hardy's patent screw grip reel fittings. PRICE—Rod, with one top only, \$18.37; with two tops, \$22.04. If in Bamboo protector case to carry THE WHOLE ROD, \$2.44 extra.



THE GREAT
ENGLISH FIELD
says "We must
never forget that it
is to HARDY
Bros. of Alnwick we
owe the supremacy
we have achieved as
Rod makers."

DRY FLIES—As made by us for the late F. M. Halford, Esq., for whom we also made rods, etc., **60 cents per doz.**

GUT CASTS—The Anglo-American tapered mist color No. 1 medium, No. 2 fine, as made for Mr. Halford.

Stout to 4X Ditto, Ditto to 3X, Stout Lake to fine, Ditto to medium, Ex-stout to MEDIUM, Ex-stout to stout, 6 ft. 8/6d. per doz. or \$2.08, 9-ft. 11/- per doz. or \$2.69.

Hardy Bros., Manufactory Alnwick, England

been very effective. We often receive letters of appreciation from readers having satisfactory deals through these advertisements and in many cases one article advertised has led to additional sales.

We invite any of our readers desiring information on doggie matters to send in their queries to this department. Are you buying a dog; importing one; do you understand the new registration requirements? Are you in doubt as to what breed of dog would suit your requirements best? Is your dog ailing? Any breed you want information on, no matter what it is you wish to know, we will try and satisfy you and to the novice we might say that we may save you a lot of trouble.

While Rod and Gun is not the official organ of any kennel club, still we believe it will prove interesting and beneficial to owners and breeders of dogs throughout the Dominion. Many of the hunting stories in Rod and Gun contain incidents and photos of dogs and such articles are from real life, not fiction.

Especially as regards sporting varieties readers and advertisers will find these pages particularly valuable.

In future we will endeavor to give some account of dog shows, which are now becoming a well attended attraction. Canadians now have either by importation or breeding many crack dogs and on more than one occasion Canadian dogs have won successfully throughout the United States.

The Kennel For Warm Weather

The first step (and perhaps the most important) in the building of warm weather kennels is the selection of a site.

Shade, drainage and exposure must all be considered. It will not do to expect dogs to swelter in the hot sun all day when men have to seek the refuge of shady piazzas. Deciduous trees which filter the rays of the sun and temper the heat without causing dampness form the most desirable sort of protection in this respect. It will do no harm if the building itself lies within shadow of a tree for an hour or so in the afternoon; at any rate there must positively be a shaded area in the enclosure.

A gently sloping hill is desirable because drainage is facilitated thereby, and this is a most important item. Care must, however, be taken to avoid damp hollows where the mist collects at night, for such a location is as fatal to the health of a dog as to a man's.

The best possible construction calls for a roof of tile, lined with felt. This is expensive, to be sure, and where small individual kennels are employed is hardly essential. Don't use tin! Wood is not bad, provided it is heavily painted with some mixture which will not absorb heat excessively. In case wood is used, a very good scheme is to make

the roof double with an air circulation chamber between. Do not forget that it is just as important to have gutters and water-vents on the kennel as on the house to avoid leaks and dampness inside.

Concrete is by all odds the best material for the floors of the kennel because it is easiest kept clean and does not become chilled like stone. Wood should be avoided by all means, as it is impossible to keep absolutely clean and aseptic a kennel having a wooden floor. It is a good scheme to sprinkle clean sawdust on the floor, to be swept up at night.

Puppies are best kept by themselves while being raised. For this purpose an outdoor yard with small, movable kennels is excellent.

Coarse grained pottery will keep the drinking water much cooler than do iron or porcelain bowls, because the porous ware permits a gradual percolation and evaporation on the outside. This is especially noticeable if there is a slight breeze. By all means be sure the drinking vessels hold enough and are non-capsizable.

Canker Ear

A disease that frequently gives the dog owner trouble and brings suffering to the victim is canker ear. It is rarely found among dogs that are used outdoors and given plenty of exercise; it is generally the over-fed, under-exercised house dog that suffers from this affliction. Turning the head sideways or shaking the head frequently indicates canker. Inspection of the auditory passage will reveal redness, moisture, a sooty deposit or suppuration.

In the early stages of the disease, oxide of zinc ointment is applied after the ear is thoroughly washed out or syringed with warm water, to which is added a drop or two of Condy's fluid or 2 or 3 grains of permanganate of potash.

If the disease has run along for a time, borax with glycerine and water or a zinc lotion, 5 grains to an ounce of water make good dressings, a few drops of which should be poured into the orifice warm whenever the ear is troublesome. Dry borax is good if there is much discharge of matter.

External remedies are not of much use unless the general health is maintained. Bowels should be kept open; the food should be simple but nutritious and in some cases a tonic, such as Fowler's solution, can be used to good advantage.

A Letter of Appreciation

Editor, ROD AND GUN:

The Airedale dog I advertised in March Rod and Gun was sold with satisfaction to buyer and seller and through the game advertisement I also sold an Airedale puppy and a water spaniel. I had many answers to the ad. all of good quality, from real live sportsmen who meant business.

Yours faithfully,
Lindsay, Ont. Geo. Goodwin.



FROSTCO COMBINATION

9½ ft
FLY

8 IN 1 STEEL ROD

REINFORCED JOINTS,
FROST'S PATENT
LOCKING REEL SEAT,
GUARANTEED

7 ft 2 in.
FLY

6 ft 8 in.
FLY

A 9½ Foot Rod makes the following different styles:

First—9½ ft. Regular Fly Rod.

Second—9½ ft. Bait by reversing the handle.

Third—6 ft. 8 in. Fly by taking out the butt joint and using the reducer which is always in the butt of the rod.

14 ft.
FLY

Fourth—6 ft. 8 in. Bait by reversing the handle, taking out the reducing plug and putting in the other end of the handle.

Fifth—7 ft. 2 in. Fly by using the butt joint and second joint and the short tip in place of the long tip.

Sixth—7 ft. 2 in. Bait by reversing the handle.

Seventh—4 ft. 4 in. Fly by placing the second joint in the reducing plug and using the short tip in the second joint.

Eighth—4 ft. 4 in. Bait Casting by reversing the handle.

These Rods are made in lengths of 8 ft., 8½ ft., 9 ft., 9½ ft. and 10 ft. when put together regular with the three long joints.

Price \$3.00 Each

9½ ft
BAIT

7 ft 2 in.
BAIT

6 ft 8 in.
BAIT

6 ft 4 in.
BAIT

FLY RODS

BAIT RODS

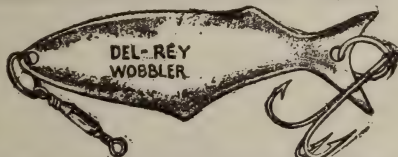
H. J. FROST & COMPANY

Mrs. of Fishing Tackle, 90 Chambers St., New York

DEL-REY WOBBLER

For Casting or Trolling

All the efficiency of any wood minnow; more durable, casts easier and more accurate as the air resistance is 75% less.



Perfect wobbling movement. Imitating injured fish.

Size 3 x 1 inches—1-16 inch thick. Nickel Plated, Polished Brass or Copper. Price, 26c—at your dealer's.

If your dealer hasn't this in stock will forward to him, express paid.

Send for 28-page booklet, describing KELSO Tackle specialties.

H. J. FROST & CO., 90 Chambers Street, New York
Manufacturers of Fishing Tackle

EVEREADY SAFETY LIGHTS

The light that says

"There it is!"



—and lets you **KNOW**
what the dark hides.

WHAT'S a vacation without an Eveready! Wherever you go this summer, have the one light that's instant, yet safe. Put an Eveready in the traveling bag, for use on the way.

And have EVEREADY convenience and protection all summer long in the unfamiliar surroundings where the dark might trap you.

Start with a fresh battery—the Eveready TUNGSTEN—or take an extra battery along. And if you go where new TUNGSTEN Batteries are not to be had, re-order direct from us (telling us the number of your present battery), parcel post prepaid, and insure the service and economy of your flashlight.

Your nearest electrical, hardware, stationery or drug dealer has a full line of Eveready lights in many styles for "going-away" time, 75 cents and up. Also fresh TUNGSTEN Batteries, the only flashlight batteries that are long-lived, dependable and really economical. - Booklet on request.

CANADIAN NATIONAL
CARBON CO., LTD.,

Toronto
Ontario.





Tournament Dates.

May 24th.—Lou Youngblood Registered Memorial Shoot, Sandwich, Ont., J. Pentland, 122 Sandwich St. West, Windsor, Ont.

May 24th, 1916—Tillsonburg Gun Club, Registered Tournament, S. G. Vance, Tillsonburg, Secretary.

May 24th, 1916—Stanley Gun Club Registered Shoot, Stanley Gun Club, Toronto, Ont.

June 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th.—Dominion Game Protective and Trap Shooting Association Tournament at Cobourg, Ont., Secretary of Cobourg Gun Club, (which has charge of the Tournament) C. McCallum, Cobourg, Ont.

June 29th, 30th and July 1st.—Canadian Indians' Annual Trap-shooting Tournament and Pow-Wow at Burlington Beach, Ont. High Scribe, W. T. Ely, Imperial Bank Building, King and Sherbourne Streets, Toronto.

August 29th, 30th and 31st to September 2. Trap Shooting Tournament at Canadian National Exhibition grounds, Toronto.

A Trap-shooting Tournament will be held in connection with the Canadian National Exhibition this year, the dates for the tournament being August 29th, 30th and 31st and September 1st and 2nd. The Traps which will be set overlooking Lake Ontario will occupy practically the centre of the southern boundary of Exhibition Park, a part of the grounds largely used by the public. While the programme has not been definitely decided upon it will comprise a "Canadian National Exhibition Handicap" and "International Championships" at single and double targets as well as regular events and it is hoped to add at least \$2,000 in trophies and cash.

The Dominion G. P. & T. S. Association Tournament in June.

The Dominion Game Protective and Trap Shooting Association whose annual tournament is to be held at Cobourg, Ont. on June 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, have issued an attractive program giving particulars of the events and the money and prizes to be offered during the progress of the tournament.

Copies of the program may be secured from the tournament secretary, Mr. Charles McCallum, Cobourg, Ont.

The Mail Trophy emblematic of the five men team club championship of Canada; the Grand Canadian Handicap cup; the Grey Cup for Grand Aggregate are special features of the tournament of this Association. A Consolation Handicap event is open to all who do not win a Grand Aggregate Prize or Cut Glass bowl. The program contains an interesting list of the prizes medals, and cups to be presented at this tournament.

Gun Club secretaries who would like to see the records of shoots which they hold from time to time in Rod and Gun are invited to send these in as soon after the shoots take place as possible.

Dead Sure Game.

(By C. L. Gilman in Minneapolis News).

You may cast with a precision that makes each beholder stare.

But your plug will come home fishless—if the fish he is not there.

Like the silent fall of darkness you may still-hunt far and near,

But if they are feeding elsewhere you will never see a deer.

Be your blind however secret, though you wait from dawn till night.

Not a bird will cross your vision if the ducks are not in flight.

But the target always waits you with its plainly printed "pull."

And the clay bird flushes promptly when you speak the signal, "pull."

"It occurred to me the other day," writes Mr. John Townson, of Toronto, the well known trap-shooter "when looking at one of the latest productions in the shot gun line, namely an over-and-under single trigger hammerless ejector, that the sport of trap-shooting had passed through three distinct stages in the last 46 years. When I started to shoot in 1870 the muzzle-loader of various bores was in universal use. I used a 14 gauge that handled three drs. of black powder and one oz. of shot very well. There was no restriction as to the size of the gun but at the tournaments held at that time there was a very strict rule as to the amount of shot to be used, and it was one of the duties of the referee to load the gun with a Dixon standard measure of 1 1/4 ozs. of shot struck (not heaped), consequently the advantages of the big guns were more apparent than real. Wild pigeons were used in the early 70's to a large extent at the different tournaments and it might be said in a general way that toward the end of the 70's the wild pigeon and the muzzle-loader passed from the scene together.

In the second stage of trap-shooting the 10-gauge breach-loader became the popular gun and for 12 or 15 years was in general use. To show to what extent the 10-bore was used I might mention the fact that in 1886 a tournament was held in Hamilton at which \$1,000 in gold was offered in prizes and there were 112 competitors from all over the United States and Canada, 110 of which used 10-bore guns. W. L. Cameron, of Ottawa, used a 12-gauge Greener and won first money, and Mr. Perry, of Boston, used a 12-bore Scott gun.

After 1890 the 12-bore rapidly took the place of the 10-gauge and the third stage of the sport began. In fact some time prior to this date the Hurlingham Gun Club of London, Eng., which had long been recognized as the leading authority for framing rules relating to pigeon shooting made the 12-gauge under 8 lbs. the standard gun for trap-shooting.

Shortly afterwards the American Association rules were formed and the 10-gauge was barred from use in all important tournaments, so that now the 10-bore is as obsolete as the muzzle-loader, and it is no longer even necessary to say on the programme that 10-bore guns and black powder are barred. We have now reached the third stage of 12-bore guns and smokeless powder.

In the old days we would shoot at 10 or 15 birds in the course of an afternoon in some field and enjoy the sport. Now we have a warm club-house and some of the members would not think they were having any sport unless they shot at a hundred or so.

Of course in the days gone by the shooting was entirely at live birds, now it is at the elusive discs; but in any case it is grand sport and entices one out in the open air no matter what the weather is like, and that is the main consideration. I might write about this (my favorite hobby) indefinitely, but having a good deal of regard for the readers of Rod and Gun, I think I had better cut it short."

St. Hubert's Gun Club.

Favorable conditions prevailed for the Saturday shoot at St. Hubert's traps, on April 15th. Thirty shooters went gunning and succeeded in bagging 72 per cent. of the tarhawks shot at. Blyth Beattie was the king pin of the lot allowing only 4 out of 50 to get away from him, gathering in his last 25 birds straight. Ted White was also on the job, knocking the tar out of 46 x 50. It might also be said that A. W. Throop and Jack Heney happened to be there too, each having put a crimp in 45 of the mud pies. Following is a list showing how many flying saucers each shooter brought down.

CLUB SPOONS.

Two Events at 25 Tarhawks.

B. Beattie.....	21	25-46
Ted White (pro.).....	22	24-46
A. W. Throop.....	21	24-45
J. J. Heney, Jr.	24	21-45
J. B. Bunn.....	21	22-43
V. V. Rogers.....	19	24-43
W. L. Cameron.....	20	20-40
Dr. Smith.....	20	20-40



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TEACH your brother, father or sister to shoot. Show them the sport they can have with a gun. Take them out to the

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Last year these shoots were a striking success at every live gun club in the country. This June they will be bigger than ever with suitable trophies for all of the winners.

FOBS FOR THE MEN. A beautiful sterling watch fob will be given to the beginner making the best score at each Beginners' shoot.

SPOONS FOR THE WOMEN. A sterling silver spoon of artistic design will be given to the woman making the best score.

CUPS FOR THE CLUB. The two clubs in each state having the largest number of beginners participating will receive a handsome silver loving cup.

JUNE IS THE MONTH

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BEGINNERS--
Write to us for a letter of introduction to the secretary of the nearest club holding a Beginners' Shoot

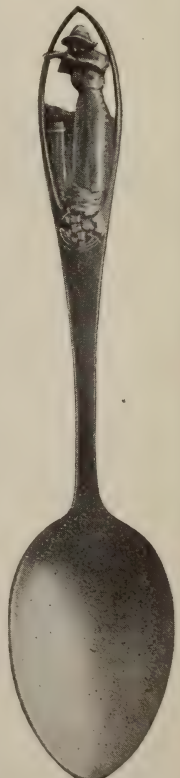
Silver Cups, 9 and 7½ inches high, respectively, given to the two clubs in the States and Provinces having the

greatest number of Beginners contesting in the Beginner's Shoots.

Sterling
Silver
Watch Fob
2/3 Actual
Size



Sterling Silver Spoon, 2/3 actual size) for woman making highest score in Special Event for Women.



Geo. Easdale	18	20-38
F. A. Heney	17	21-38
Dr. Mohr	19	19-38
C. J. Booth	21	17-38
W. D. Monk	20	18-38
W. Williams	20	17-37
W. C. Little	18	19-37
J. M. Roberts	19	18-37
H. W. Fairchild	15	20-35
G. W. Armstrong	17	17-34
O. T. Ring	15	18-32
N. Brownlee	16	15-31
Geo. Bryson, Jr.	15	16-31
E. O'Connor	18	13-31
R. A. Sibbitt	14	15-29
Geo. Morrisette	10	14-24
A. H. Visser	10	8-18
J. A. Belford	2	2-4

Specials at 25 Blackbirds.

J. J. Heney, Jr., powdered 25 leaving no live ones; Ted White busted 24; A. Bedard blotted out 23; V. Williams touched 'em as: 23, 21-44; Geo. Easdale smashed 22, 40-42; Col. Panet killed 20; H. Graham made 19 look sick; F. A. Heney tried three lots and let a few get away but still he pulverized 20, 18-56; J. M. Roberts handled 18, 17-35; R. A. Sibbitt missed some out of three trials and puffed 16, 18, 16, 50; O. T. Ring had several goose eggs but smothered 17, 14-31; N. Brownlee had 14 dead; A. H. Visser made dust of 13, and J. Morris counted 12 in his game bag.

Eight two-man teams entered for the dessert spoons donated by Dr. I. G. Smith. Scores, primary shoot: Beattie, 46; J. J. Heney, 44-90; Throop, 44; Bunn, 42-86; Roberts, 41; Mohr, 40-81; Smith, 40; Fairchild, 37-77; Rogers, 41; Easdale, 36-77; Cameron, 40; Ring, 35-75; F. A. Heney, 40; Brownlee, 35-75; Little, 37; Sibbitt, 29-66.

Inclement weather lessened the attendance for the week-end shoot, at St. Hubert's, on April 22, only fifteen shooters facing the traps. A tricky light with an occasional gust of wind, and the rain, kept the scores much below the average. Geo. Morrisette, a beginner with only a few turns at the traps, carried off the prize for the day, breaking 35 out of 50 with 6 birds handicap Class "D." Geo. Easdale had 41 out of 50, but has a minus of one bird, having won a spoon. For a beginner Morrisette gave a great exhibition by breaking 21 in his first round. Following is a detailed list of the scores:

Club Spoon.

(Two events at 25 white flyers.)

Geo. Easdale	19	22-41
W. L. Cameron	19	20-39
A. Bedard	18	21-39
J. B. Bunn	17	21-38
R. Brown	18	18-36
O. T. Ring	21	15-36
Geo. Morrisette	21	14-35
G. B. Greene	21	14-35
H. W. Fairchild	17	18-35
V. V. Rogers	19	16-35
A. W. Throop	18	16-34
R. Cameron	12	14-26
A. W. Greene	13	11-24
J. Collins	8	16-24
A. E. Wilson	7	5-12

Some of the shooters, not satisfied with their scores, decided on a special event. Each shooter settled down and with few exceptions better scores were made. One event at 25 birds: G. B. Greene, 22; Geo. Easdale, 22; V. V. Rogers, 21; O. T. Ring, 20; H. W. Fairchild, 20; J. B. Bunn, 17; R. Brown, 14; Geo. Morrisette, 13; J. Collins, 12.

A few of the shooters were without partners in the competition for the spoons donated by Dr. I. G. Smith. The scores in the semi-final shoot: Cameron 39, Ring 38-77, Easdale 39, Rogers 33-72; Bunn 37, Throop 33-70.

R. L. Cameron won the club spoon with a score of 41 birds, plus 4 handicap, at the St. Hubert shoot on April 29. J. J. Heney, jr., was high with 46, but has a minus of 2 birds, having won two spoons. Ted White broke 49 out of 50, the nearest to a possible at the club this season. Following is a detail of the scores:—

Club Spoon.

(Two events at 25 clay pigeons.)

E. G. White (pro.)	25	24-49
J. J. Heney, jr.	22	24-46
W. J. Johnstone	23	20-43
W. L. Cameron	23	19-42
R. Cameron	21	20-41
A. W. Throop	19	22-41
O. T. Ring	19	20-39
W. Williams	22	16-38
J. B. Bunn	23	14-37
Geo. Easdale	20	17-37
Dr. Mohr	20	14-34
A. Bedard	18	16-34
A. H. Visser	17	16-33
Geo. White	19	14-33
J. M. Roberts	12	19-31
F. A. Heney	15	15-30
C. J. Booth	12	13-27
Geo. Morrisette	12	9-21

Extras at 25 birds—J. N. Roberts, 20; F. A. Heney, 21, 17-38; H. Graham, 19; A. Bedard, 19; Geo. Easdale, 19, 18-37; J. B. Bunn, 11, 16, 15-42; C. J. Booth, 12; A. H. Visser, 9, 13-22; R. G. Stewart, 11; Geo. Morrisette, 9.

In the two-man team competitions for the dessert spoon donated by Dr. I. G. Smith, Messrs. Throop and Bunn were the successful team, taking the prizes by a narrow margin with a score of 166 out of 200. Other prizes of this nature will be put up for weekly competition.

St. Hubert's Gun Club Patriotic Tournament.

J. J. Heney Captured Forbes' Red Cross Cup.

The annual championship tournament of the St. Hubert's Gun Club took place on April 24th, at the Westboro Traps. Shooting took place morning and afternoon and with perfect light and weather conditions some excellent scores were made. A large number of members of St. Hubert Club took part and in addition there were some of the best of the Lachine Gun Club present. From 9.30 o'clock in the morning until near sun-down the sharp crack of the shotguns rang out. Several thousand targets were thrown out and the tournament proved one of the most successful in the history of St. Hubert's.

The feature of the Easter Monday program was the first annual shoot for the Red Cross Cup, donated by Mr. William Forbes, a well known local enthusiast. This trophy must be won twice before becoming the property of any individual member, all the proceeds each year to go to one of the Red Cross institutions. The first winner turned up in Mr. J. J. Heney, Jr., one of

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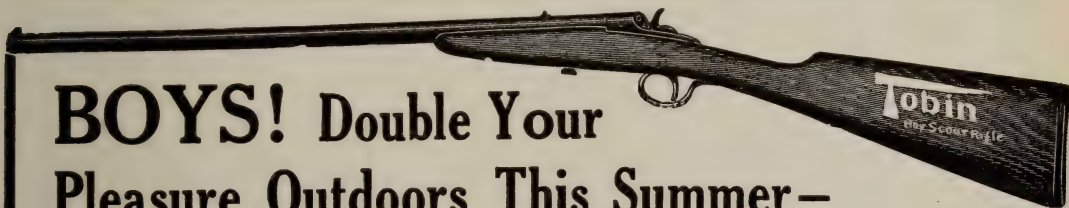
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the youngest and most promising of the local gunners. Mr. Heney made a perfect run of 25 and none of the others could equal it, Blyth Beattie being second with 23, with W. Corby, Dr. Smith, John Boa, V. V. Rogers and W. J. Johnstone tied with 22 each. Only 29 shooters took part, but it proved an exciting event and "Jack" Heney's run of 25 naturally won him many congratulations. His shooting, of course, formed the feature of the tournament.

Owing to the fact that the afternoon was well advanced the visitors from Montreal were unable to compete in the Forbes Cup event, being obliged to leave to catch an early train. However, as the event was for patriotic purposes, the entire proceeds being given to the fund for wounded soldiers, all those who did not take part paid their entries, so about \$100 was realized for the deserving cause. J. J. Heney, with his run of 25, was a popular winner. He shot somewhat below his usual form in the sweepstakes, but came back strong in the cup match.

The Lansdowne Cup, which is for five-man teams, was also at stake, being won by the St. Huberts by a majority of three birds. St. Huberts No. 1 team scored 100, while Montreal finished second with 97 and St. Huberts No. 2 third with 94 to their credit. The winning team consisted of Messrs. Blyth Beattie, J. J. Heney, Dr. Smith, G. B. Greene and George Easdale. Blyth Beattie with 23 was high gun. This victory was also a popular one as Montreal, until last evening, held the Lansdowne Cup, which they captured at the annual shoot at Easter of 1915. As a result of yesterday's successes, St. Huberts now have a monopoly on the various trophies, holding the Montreal Cup, the Lansdowne Cup, the Forbes Red Cross Cup, also the Aylwin Cup (Ten Men). Over forty shooters took part in the program, 33 of these participating in the entire shoot.

(High Aggregate).

Ted White, pro. led in the shooting for the day with 107 x 120. Beattie led the amateurs with 105, taking 1st prize, \$10.00; Dr. Smith, 2nd, \$9.00; Jack Heney and Howard, 3rd and 4th, \$7.50 each; Greene and E. O'Connor, \$5.50 each.

Ottawa also carried off the Montreal Cup, which is likewise for five man teams, defeating Montreal by 8 birds. The final score in the Montreal Cup match was 104 to 96, the St. Hubert team consisting of Dr. Smith and Messrs. G. B. Greene, J. J. Heney, Blyth Beattie and George Easdale, while Montreal entered Messrs. Maher, Hart, Woodward, Howard and Clarke. Dr. Smith and Maher were high guns with 22 each. Merrickville and South March were also represented, sending Messrs. Monk and Kyle. Each man gave a good account of himself.

Mr. Heney also carried off first prize in the Merchandise, Blyth Beattie being second and George Easdale third. Several of the Merchandise events were unfinished

and will be decided at the week-end shoot. Below are the results of the various competitions:

Montreal Cup.

St. Hubert's.	Montreal.
Smith.....	22 Maher.....
Greene.....	21 Hart.....
J. J. Heney.....	21 Woodward.....
Beattie.....	20 Howard.....
Easdale.....	20 Clarke.....
Totals.....	104 Totals.....

Lansdowne Cup, Five-Man Teams.

St. Hubert's No. 1.	Montreal
Beattie.....	23 Maher.....
J. J. Heney.....	22 Howard.....
Smith.....	22 Woodward.....
Greene.....	19 Monette.....
Easdale.....	14 Mills.....
Totals.....	100 Totals.....

Majority for St. Hubert's No. 1, 3 birds.

Throop, St. Hubert's No. 2.....	22
O'Connor St. Hubert's No. 2.....	21
Harkin, St. Hubert's No. 2.....	18
Rogers, St. Hubert's No. 2.....	17
Little, St. Hubert's No. 2.....	16
Total.....	94

Merchandise Event.

First prize, \$15—J. J. Heney, Jr.

Second prize, \$10—B. Beattie.

Third prize, \$5—Geo. Easdale.

Donors—C. Bethune, G. R. White, J. J. Heney, Jr., F. A. Heney, C. J. Booth, and St. Hubert Gun Club.

Other Prizes.

Mat, donated by B. Beattie, won by W. J. Corby; Du Pont hand trap, donated by Ketchum and Co., undecided; silver cigarette case, donated by J. Wilmot, won by F. A. Heney; case of oranges, donated by W. J. Corby, won by J. B. Harkin; rubber boots, donated by E. G. White, undecided; thermos bottle, donated by J. B. Harkin, won by V. V. Rogers; brass jardiniere, donated by Wm. Strachan, undecided; flask, donated by C. H. Rogers for Class C and D, undecided.

Red Cross Cup.

Donated by Wm. Forbes.

One Event at 25 Birds.

J. J. Heney, Jr., 25; B. Beattie, 23; W. J. Corby, 22; Dr. Smith, 22; John Boa (pro.), 22; V. V. Rogers, 22; W. J. Johnstone, 22; E. G. White (pro.), 21; E. O'Connor, 21; A. W. Throop, 21; F. A. Heney, 20; W. C. Little, 20; H. O'Connor, 20; G. B. Greene, 19; Geo. Easdale, 19; W. L. Cameron, 19; J. B. Harkin, 17; R. A. Sibbitt, 17; Geo. Morrisette, 17; H. W. Fairchild, 16; N. Brownlee, 15; W. Slaney, 15; Wm. Tell, 15; O. T. Ring, 15; C. H. Rogers, 15; W. D. Monk, 14; Geo. White, 14; Dr. Mohr, 13; Wm. Forbes, 12.



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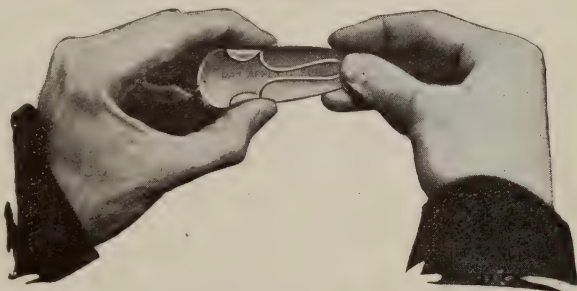


The bait in the left hand ready to depress the hooks for insertion into flanges.

TO SET THE HOOKS

Follow the instructions carefully, once should be all that is necessary to insure correct handling of the bait. Remember to always handle the bait with the left hand arched over it and the curved fingers holding it from below.

The hooks will remain under the flanges for all casting, though if a foul cast is made and the line is severely checked the hooks may spring, when the bait should be taken from the water and the hooks re-set. The bait is made in various weights of metal, but if extra weight is added the fine tapered barrel sinker should be used as offering least obstruction when passing through the water, and should be threaded on the line or leader. The connecting link makes simple the replacing of a broken hook. Made in various models both for rapid spoon spinning and the more attractive wobbling motion as approved by many well-known anglers.



The left and right hands in position with bends of hooks depressed ready to slide into flanges. This results with a forward pressure of the right thumb.

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Simply from the definite obstruction to the progress, of the bait the pull on the line being greater than the control of the hooks under the flanges, the hooks are sprung into the mouth of the grabbing fish, the bait at the same time is shaken free and rests on leader, the hooks remaining fast in the fish.

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Tillsonburg, and W. J. McCance, St. Thomas, 70 out of 75.

The prizes in this event were umbrellas, which came in very handy, because it began to rain just when the shoot took place.

Number of Targets.	Scores Made by Amateurs and Professionals.											
W. Barnes.....	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	25		
M. Carr.....	14	14	15	14	12	14	15	13	13	15	23	175
R. Day.....	15	15	15	13	14	11	11	12	12	12	25	175
J. McCausland.....	13	15	14	15	14	14	15	14	11	12	23	150
H. D. Sherwood.....	14	14	13	15	13	12	14	14	15	14	24	175
C. Summerhayes.....	13	14	15	14	13	14	13	13	14	13	18	175
J. Summerhayes.....	14	14	14	15	15	13	15	14	15	12	21	175
J. A. McRobb.....	13	14	14	12	14	13	14	15	13	13	23	175
L. Golden.....	12	13	12	14	13	13	14	15	12	12	22	175
Col. Page.....	15	13	12	15	14	13	15	15	13	15	24	175
W. Fenton.....	15	12	12	13	14	13	14	13	13	13	22	175
H. Winters.....	13	13	13	14	12	15	14	12	13	14	20	175
E. G. White.....	15	13	12	14	9	14	15	10	15	14	23	175
C. H. Lewis.....	15	15	15	15	15	15	14	15	13	15		150
A. Wilson.....	13	12	14	13	13	15	14	10	15	13	23	175
F. W. Toles.....	12	13	14	10	13	11	14	14	13	14	21	175
E. Clark.....	15	15	13	9	13	15	13	12	14	15	22	175
P. Mather.....	13	12	15	15	14	15	13	15	14	14	23	175
J. Dennis.....	7	6	9	9	8	9	13	10	12	9	12	175
T. Doherty.....	13	11	12	12	12	13	14	12	14	14	23	175
W. J. Marshall.....	7	11	11	10	14	13	12	9	12	11	17	175
W. J. McCance.....	14	15	14	15	14	13	14	13	15	12	23	175
J. Payne.....	12	12	10	13	12	12	12	12	15	10	24	175
W. D. O'Loane.....	15	13	14	14	15	10	14	12	15	15	23	175
Mrs. W. D. O'Loane.....	11	11	14	14	12	14	11	14	14	14	25	150
N. Long.....	11	13	11	12	13	13	9	8	10	11		150
N. H. Lambden.....	13	14	15	11	15	15	15	13	15	15	24	175
A. Tomlin.....	10	9	13	11	8	9	10	12	12	14	23	175
W. Dillon.....	14	12	14	14	14	12	13	12	13	14	23	175
W. Doherty.....	12	14	13	13	14	10	14	15	12	14	22	175
W. Burke.....	15	14	12	13	14	14	12	14	14	14	22	175
W. Clark.....	15	13	15	14	13	11	11	14	13	13	20	175
J. Anguish.....	15	12	13	9	9	9	7	9	8	9	14	175
H. Newlands.....	10	9	11	11	13	10	12	13	12	13	22	175
S. G. Vance.....	13	15	12	14	14	15	12	13	12	14	23	175
F. E. B. McGilvery.....	14	13	15	14	13	15	13	15	15	15	24	175
J. Vance.....	13	12	14	9	13	12	13	10	14	14	19	175
W. J. Kerbeson.....	13	12	13	12	10	15	14	11	13	13	19	175
W. Pow.....	13	13	15	13	12	13	12	14	13	14	21	175
Geo. Tillson.....	14	14	11	12	13	15	12	15	14	12	24	175
G. Mannix.....	12	13	12	11	11	11	2	13	14	15	22	175
E. H. Sturt.....	14	15	15	13	14	14	14	14	15	15	24	175
John Hunter.....	14	14	14	15	14	14	13	14	13	12	24	175
H. Lennox.....	13	15	14	14	15	13	15	13	15	15	21	175
W. H. Gooderham.....	14	12	14	12	15	14	15	9	15	14	21	175
E. F. W. Salisbury.....	14	15	15	15	13	15	13	14	13	15	22	175
W. J. Bedwell.....	13	14	13	13	14	14	10	13	14			145
A. C. Drake.....	13	12	15	11	15	12	14	14				145
E. Mabon.....		5		9	7	8						85
F. D. Palmer.....	12			9	8	9						56
A. B. Smith.....							9	15	12	8		60
R. Davidge.....								15	14	11	24	70
P. J. Boothe.....									12	13		30
W. Pickering.....								13	14	12	14	60
C. Sachs.....								11	11	10	10	60
R. Oliver.....									11	13		30
W. Mander.....								8	10	10	14	60
G. Pike.....								12	13	13	11	60
H. Teat, Jr.....									14	10	12	45
W. Cowan.....										25	24	50
* Professional.								12	13	14	12	60

Long runs were made by, E. G. White, Ottawa.....* 96
S. G. Vance, Tilsonburg..... 68
W. Stevens, Toronto..... 56
N. Long, Hamilton..... 56

A lot of credit for the success of the tournament is due the U.M.C. representative, Geo. Cashmore, Toronto, who had charge of the office.

Harry Teat, Jr., a local boy, made 25 straight and 24 in the shoot off in the team shoot leading the Payne, McCance team by 1 bird.

First 10 Events, 15 targets money divided Rose system 5, 4, 3, 2, 11th Event, 2-man novelty team shoot 4 trophies. Long runs made by S. G. Vance, Tilsonburg, 68; W. Stevens, Toronto, 56; N. Long, Hamilton, 56; E. G. White, Ottawa, 96*.

National Gun Club.

The regular weekly shoot of the National Gun Club was held on the club grounds on Saturday, May 6th. J. Summerhayes won a cut glass bowl, breaking 50 targets straight. F. Morrison won the shield. Scores:

	Shot at.	Broke
J. Summerhayes.....	50	50
A. Campbell.....	50	47
J. Turner, Jr.....	50	46
J. Monkman.....	50	44
F. Anderson.....	50	43
F. Morrison.....	50	38
J. Dunbar.....	50	41
F. Fowler.....	25	15
B. J. Pearce.....	25	21
Pte. G. Turner.....	50	29
J. Turner, sr.....	20	17

Stanley Gun Club.

The Stanley Gun Club held their usual weekly shoot Saturday afternoon, April 22nd. Norman was high man for the day, breaking 162 out of 175, including two straights of 25 each. Stevens was second with 156 out of 175, including 50 straight, and H. R. Winter also made 25 straight. The following are the scores:—

	Shot at.	Broke.
Norman.....	175	162
Stevens.....	175	156
Vivian.....	125	106
Salisbury.....	125	102
Winter.....	100	90
Cashmore.....	75	71
Rolf.....	115	82
Hughes.....	75	57



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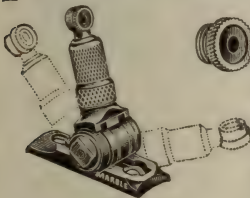
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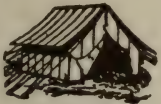
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Joslin.....	95	85
Tomlin.....	85	73
Hogarth.....	75	57
Bedwell.....	50	45
Skey.....	25	15
Doubles—	Pairs.	Broke.
Vivian.....	12	15
Stevens.....	12	21
Winter.....	12	15
Hughes.....	12	9
Salisbury.....	12	16
Rolf.....	12	15
Norman.....	12	20
Joslin.....	12	18
Hogarth.....	12	19
Skey.....	12	9

W. T. Ely was the winner of the O. L. Macklem Challenge Trophy at the Stanley Gun Club on Saturday afternoon, May 6th, with a score of 94 out of 100, and was closely followed by Messrs. Stevens and Millington, who broke 93 each. Mr. White, of Ottawa, was present and broke 88 straight. The following were the scores for the Macklem Cup, out of 100 targets: E. White (professional) 98, Ely 94, Stevens 93, Millington 93, Joslin 92, Norman 91, Dunk 91, Bedwell 86, Dorf 85, Tomlin 85, Salisbury 79, Hughes 76, Marsh 55. In the regular events the scores were as follows:—

White.....	150	144
Stevens.....	150	137
Norman.....	150	137
Joslin.....	125	115
Millington.....	125	113
Dunk.....	125	111
Dorf.....	125	109
Bedwell.....	125	108
Tomlin.....	125	104
Ely.....	115	104
Salisbury.....	125	101
Hughes.....	125	101
Marsh.....	125	74
Cashmore.....	75	61
Summerhayes.....	75	55
Monkman.....	50	40
Pearse.....	50	39
Mackenzie.....	50	39
Doubles—	Pairs.	Broke.
White.....	12	19
Millington.....	12	14
Dunk.....	12	15
Bedwell.....	12	15
Joslin.....	12	17
Salisbury.....	12	17
Norman.....	12	22
Hughes.....	12	12
Stevens.....	12	17
Marsh.....	10	11

Balmy Beach.

The regular club shoot of the Balmy Beach Gun Club was held on April 22nd. The day was ideal for the sport. Mr. E. G. White, of Ottawa, was on hand and gave a good account of himself, getting 129 out of 135. Messrs. Nicholls and Bernard had 25 straight. Scores:—

E. G. White.....	135	129
J. G. Shaw.....	35	32
T. D. McGraw.....	115	98
G. N. Bernard.....	90	82
T. F. Hodgson.....	70	64
W. S. Lansing.....	55	51
G. Burrows.....	45	39
W. F. Hodgson.....	45	39
C. S. Nicholls.....	70	65
G. Hunter.....	65	43
A. V. Trimble.....	45	35
A. E. Craig.....	95	88
P. J. Boothe.....	95	86
F. Hoocy.....	45	39
C. N. Candee.....	110	88
H. Wase.....	60	53
G. H. Cotton.....	45	34
S. S. Cameron.....	55	38
G. Pike.....	25	22
F. Foster.....	50	41
T. Bird.....	100	72
D. A. Cameron.....	70	56

The regular weekly shoot of the Balmy Beach Club was held on Saturday afternoon, May 6th. The day was fine and good scores were made in the spoon shoot. Messrs. Craig, Cutler, McGaw, W. Hodgson, Burrows, Candee and T. Hodgson were tie, and in the shoot-off Tom Hodgson won out. The scores:—

C. N. Candee.....	120	111
W. H. Cutler.....	120	106
T. D. McGaw.....	95	89
W. H. Lansing.....	95	82
A. E. Craig.....	85	81
P. J. Boothe.....	85	81
C. S. Davis.....	85	80
T. F. Hodgson.....	70	68
W. Gundy.....	40	28
W. F. Hodgson.....	70	66
W. Booth.....	35	28
N. Candee.....	40	29
J. G. Shaw.....	60	56
G. Burrows.....	35	32
A. V. Trimble.....	45	39
G. H. Smith.....	25	22
H. Wase.....	35	29
J. Boothe.....	35	28
C. A. Thomas.....	50	45
C. S. Nicholls.....	70	63
F. Foster.....	40	32

Mimico Gun Club.

The Mimico Beach Gun Club held a shoot on Friday morning at their grounds, Lake Shore Road. In the special event P. Jermyn was high gun, Leedham, jr., second, and Hunter third. The following were the scores:—

Serson.....	182	150
Jermyn.....	192	154
Drew.....	92	79
Burnett.....	25	19
W. Kay.....	43	33
Hutchison.....	50	31
Jul.....	50	32
Harrison.....	95	79
Hunter.....	75	57
Cluff.....	25	19
Bowman.....	25	17
Hughes.....	75	68
Dods.....	69	47
J. Kay.....	35	28
Lowes.....	75	44
Doughty.....	88	61
Devins.....	25	16
Leedham, sr.....	50	45
Leedham, jr.....	50	45
Weise.....	50	29

At the weekly shoot of the Mimico Beach Gun Club on Saturday afternoon, May 6th, Dr. Serson was high gun, Hunter second, and W. Jull third. The contest was for chickens. The following were the scores:—

J. Kay.....	50	34
Jerman.....	75	62
Dr. Serson.....	100	92
Hunter.....	50	40
J. Leedham, sr.....	75	42
W. Kay.....	25	19
J. Leedham, jr.....	75	64
Hutchison.....	75	42
Anstee.....	75	52
Harrison.....	50	40
Draw.....	75	57
Jull.....	50	29
Rennie.....	75	47

Ruthven Gun Club Tournament.

The following are scores made at the Ruthven Gun Club Registered shoot on April 21st:—

Dr. S. Conover.....	12	14	13	16	9	13	13	17	12	13	132
F. H. Conover.....	14	19	13	16	14	19	15	17	14	19	160
J. W. Hart.....	13	19	14	19	13	16	15	20	15	18	162
Mrs. F. H. Conover.....	13	15	12	17	10	15	12	13	12	11	130
*G. M. Dunk.....	14	15	12	16	13	19	13	19	13	19	153
G. Sharpe.....	8	14	10	14	10	14	10	17	7	14	118
R. Kirk.....	11	13	11	14	11	12	11	8	7	5	103
A. Sharon.....	11	15	12	17	13	16	15	18	12	19	148
F. Pentland.....	9	12	12	15	10	14	14	14	8	18	126
F. Stotts.....	9	12	8	16	13	16	12	12	11	13	122
W. A. Smith.....	14	19	12	19	14	20	14	19	13	19	163
Theo. Wagle.....	15	20	13	19	13	19	13	18	12	18	160

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A. Eastman	12	16	10	15	11	17	12	18	10	12	133
E. Marchand	12	17	11	14	12	17	14	14	13	13	137
O. Orton	10	16	14	18	10	20	11	11	10	16	136
P. Shanks	11	16	15	14	14	14	12	14	10	15	135
A. Bunn	13	17	12	17	12	14	13	15	14	18	145
Will Smith	12	15	14	8	8	13	13	12	9	13	117
H. Burk	11	18	6	8	4	14	8	13	11	8	101
D. Smith	13	16	15	12	12	19	14	20	13	16	150
A. Thompson	14	17	13	16	10	16	14	14	11	15	140
C. S. King	12	16	14	16	12	18	13	16	14	16	147
Tim Heady	11	19	15	14	14	15	15	15	8	14	140
E. A. Drake	11	11	12	14	13	14	13	11	9	13	121
M. W. Wigle	13	20	14	17	15	16	14	15	12	17	153
Mrs. Vogel	14	16	13	20	14	19	13	16	13	18	156
B. Steele	13	17	11	18	12	20	11	10	11	18	141
C. Van Buskirk	11	19	13	15	10	17	13	14	11	17	140
J. Steele	14	19	14	18	14	11	14	17	14	16	151
*T. Parker	12	20	15	18	13	19	15	18	14	19	163
H. Smith	14	18	14	18	13	19	15	16	13	19	159
Géo. McIntosh		13	17	13	17	13					85 73
C. Duggan							10	18	9		50 37
Dr. R. D. Sloane							14	10	16		55 40
*Professionals											

The Trap-shooting Fan.

There is no close season on the trap-shooting sport. It is a game that may be played in winter, summer, fall or spring.

The only training trip necessary is the weekly visit to the local club grounds where good fellows get together for an afternoon's sport with the elusive but fascinating clays.

There is a peculiar satisfaction attached to the performance of breaking 97, 98 or 99 of one's century, but the fellow who breaks 70 or 80 per cent. of his "saucers" probably gets just as much fun out of telling why he did not get the other twenty or thirty as the top-notch who nonchalantly explains how that left quarter got away.

There are more alibis to the square inch in trap-shooting than in the entire field of any other sport. Still, that is one of the factors that make the game interesting. If a shooter could not explain a poor performance he would have no adequate excuse for playing the game.

But can any one suggest a better place for sportsmen to congregate than at the regular Saturday afternoon shoot of the home town gun club. Of course not. These gatherings promote a spirit of friendliness, brotherhood and sportsmanship that will come in no other way.

Besides, the subject of arms and ammunition is sure to come up for discussion. Have you ever heard such expressions as, "Say, Joe, what do you think of the 3 1-8 ounce and a quarter load?" or, "That three dram one ounce load is sweet, isn't she, Sam? Gets 'em, too." And then again, "The stock's too straight bill, not enough drop, you're shooting over 'em," which brings us to the question, "What would we do without the fan?" He is indispensable. We cannot do without him. He knocks, but he invariably comes back with a boost which is always harder than his knock. Therefore, be a booster if you have to get on the top rail of the fence and yell yourself hoarse for the grand old "Sport Alluring."

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Its inventor, the late Dan Lefever, known to thousands of sportsmen as "Uncle Dan," was a gunsmith of the old school. His son Edward Lefever is with the new plant.

Correspondence should hereafter be addressed to Lefever Gun Co., Ithaca, N.Y.

The E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. have just issued a pamphlet on trapshooting leagues which is brimful of information. It is to trapshooting what the baseball guide is to baseball. It explains the benefits derived by trapshooters and clubs from trapshooting leagues; the inside workings of the best leagues in the country, and how to organize such leagues.

Trapshooting is now possible everywhere and for everybody.

It is now possible for trapshooters to purchase clay targets in lots of 100.

Targets in lots of 100 is an idea that will appeal instantly to everyone interested in trapshooting, and means that the sport can be enjoyed anywhere, everywhere and whenever sportsmen are so inclined.

On hunting parties, automobiles and boating trips, where economy of space and weight of equipment are important considerations, a hand trap, a bag of targets, a gun and a supply of shells can always be accommodated, and will mean a difference between plenty of sport and pleasure, or a monotonous round with little or nothing to occupy the minds and hands.

Five Shooting Points.

There are five shooting points ranged in a semi-circle back of the "trap" to accommodate the five shooters who make up a squad. Beginning with No. 1, which is the extreme left position facing the traps, the shooters take turns, each man when his turn to shoot comes, assumes the shooting position with the gun at his shoulder and calls "pull." The trapper who stands back of the shooters and has a lever connected with the trap releases a spring arm which scales the target into the air. The shooter fires and if he breaks the target the scorer calls "dead," and marks 1 on the scoreboard. If he does not hit, he calls "lost" and marks a zero on the scoreboard.

Squads usually shoot twenty-five shots for each man, and if a man breaks all of his twenty-five targets, he has broken a straight.

You will probably ask why they call the throwing machine a "trap." The word trap is used because trap-shooting as practiced at present with a throwing machine and clay saucers is a development of the old game of shooting at five birds which were released from a trap. The throwing machine took the place of the trap and the clay pigeons took the place of the live pigeons. Clay pigeon shooting has many advantages over live bird shooting. For one thing, it is very much less expensive and a great deal less trouble. You can buy clay pigeons in a barrel and store them away in your shooting house, whereas live birds would require considerable care.

The Safe Sport.

—C. L. Gilman.

During the ten years from 1905 to 1915 nearly 1,000 persons died from injury or over exertion in some branch of sport, according to statistics cited by *All Outdoors*.

Baseball heads this grim list, with 284 deaths; football claimed 215; automobile racing, 128; boxing, 105.

Everyone of the outdoor sports, even such pastimes as tennis and golf, added their bit to the quota.

Trap-shooting did not cost a single life. Thousands of men fired millions of shots during this period. Each shot fired had sufficient destructive power to blot out a life instantly.

Yet not one fatality resulted. The record speaks volumes, not only for the soundness of the safety rules governing this sport and the strictness of their enforcement, but also for the superior mental poise of the men engaged in it.

Rifle shooting is not even mentioned in this list. Following the game closely during the past seven years, the writer has not noted a single fatal accident in any target competition with the rifle. Only one, so far as he knows, mars the record of pistol shooting. That was due to the careless handling of a hair-trigger pistol by an excited foreign competitor at the international pistol contest at Camp Perry, two years ago.

The "mistaken for game" accident is steadily decreasing in the hunting field. And for this we have chiefly to thank the funny men, the newspaper cartoonists and paragraphers who, year by year, have driven home the grim ridiculousness of mistaking a fellow human for an antlered quadruped.

The man to whom "safety first" appeals as a motto will do well to consider shooting mighty seriously when selecting an outdoor diversion for his leisure time.

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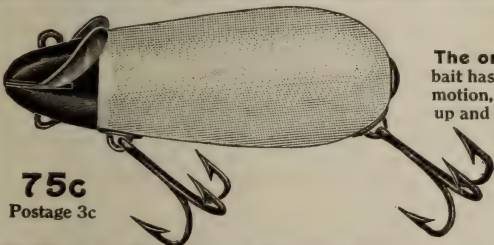
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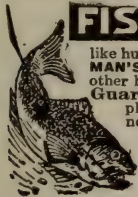


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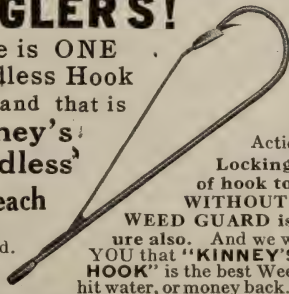
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An Old Man's Outing.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

Thirty-five years ago it was my privilege and pleasure to fish for two summers in the upper waters of the Trent River about twelve miles above Peterboro in those waters that Mrs. Trail and Mrs. Moody have made classic in their writings of a hundred years ago, the Kawartha lakes district. I might here digress and tell you of the great catches in those days of thirty pounds of bass, none less than four pounds taken in twenty minutes, or of one occasion when I caught seven 'lunge in one day with the trolling line. Old fellows are apt to lose the respect of their juniors simply because they will insist on talking a great deal and telling the truth most of the time. I remember one case forty years ago when in these waters two rods caught two hundred and fifty bass on one day. "Game hogs," says some one. Why we never thought in those days about conserving the game and the fish. It didn't look then as though effort along this line would ever be necessary.

After spending twenty years on the dry prairie you may be sure the hills and lakes and rivers of Old Ontario looked good to me when I got back to them. Of course I went to see my old friends and my boyhood's home and then I just naturally gravitated to the most heart easing place I know, the headwaters of the Trent. In course of time I found myself at Young's Point a little village on the frontiers of civilization twelve miles above Peterboro. When the little steamboat put me down at the wharf I felt as though I had just awakened from a Rip Van Winkle sleep so little had the village changed and the lock master at Port Young looked just the same as he had twenty-five years before.

Well, I was soon settled with my old friend, James Kearney at the Lake View House and I found my host as young and hearty looking as he had been a quarter of a century ago. One difference I noted was the plentiful supply of minnows for bait. In my younger days no one seemed to know how to get a supply of bait, in fact I used to catch minnows with a small hook and use them for bait for bass, but now one of the guides always has a large supply on hand. I was very much interested to see him netting them in a large hand net in the shallow bays and around the weed patches. The morning always seemed to come too soon but a premonitory rap at the door and the announcement that breakfast was served and the reminder that the morning was the best time for fishing would always bring us yawning to the dining rooms.

Who can describe the beauties of the sunrise on the upper lakes in early autumn? I cannot, of that I am sure. They must be seen to be realized. With what an appetite the mid-day meal is relished, consisting of a few slices of bacon and a freshly caught bass and a few potatoes, with a cup of coffee to finish off with. One day was much like another. Each day we got our legal allowance after rejecting the smaller ones. In the evening a young fellow from Pennsylvania, a regular comic artist, entertained us better than you usually are entertained on the stage. I may say that a young Scotch New Yorker was a good second. These two ably seconded by the daughter of the house made it hard for the rest of us to get up in proper trim for fishing the next morning.

After four days of the most delightful weather the inevitable rains had to come and rainy weather and an old chap like me do not agree very well. Accordingly I was obliged to bring that part of my holiday to a close, with the hope that I might soon again be able to repeat the very pleasant outing I had enjoyed.

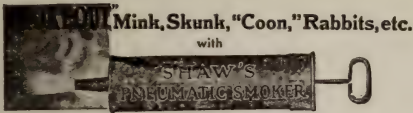
Yours truly,
Broadview, Sask. A. W. Allingham, M. D.

A Fishing Trip in the Land of Evangeline.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:

The writer and W. C. Smythe, both of the 63rd Halifax Rifles, were first undecided as to where they would spend their Easter holidays, but at last we decided a fishing trip would give us about the greatest amount of pleasure. Accordingly we bought tickets for Berwick, a pretty little town in the Annapolis Valley; we arrived safely, and spent the night at the writer's home in that town.

After careful decision as to the best points of the different brooks, in regard to trout, we at last came to the conclusion that the Fall Brook, a pretty little brook on the Norit Mountain, measured up nearest to our expectations. We got all our fishing gear together and at one p.m. on the 21st of April we made a start with rod and camera. We had a very interesting drive and soon came to our destination. After seeing that our horse was well looked after, and everything in order, we wended our way towards the brook, which soon loomed up. We at once got down to business, selected the best hole in sight and cast our lines. The trout at once commenced to bite well and we decided we had made a good forecast as to the fishing qualities of the brook. The author pulled twelve of the speckled beauties out of the hole soon after this as though to further confirm our first opinion of the brook as an ideal place for trout. We continued to have good luck all the after-



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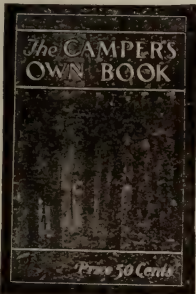
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noon, and after we had added a string of sixty to our count, we knew we had lots for a nice feed, as the season was still early. This certainly was a nice catch.

By this time we had worked up a good appetite, so we sat down and enjoyed our lunch; nothing had ever tasted better. When we could not possibly eat any more, we came to the conclusion it was time to pull up stakes, which we did voting it to be the best time we had spent in years.

Yours truly,

Halifax, N. S.

C. Caldwell.

From a Prairie Subscriber

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

I have been an interested reader of your magazine for the last three years and have always found a great deal of good information in it along most lines of outdoor sport and I have often wondered why there were so few real Western prairie articles. Are all the sportsmen out here too busy or are they like myself, waiting for the other fellow to send in his experiences.

Three years ago I was located about forty-five miles north and west of Regina, Sask. close to Long Lake or Last Mountain Lake where we had some of the finest casting and

trolling I have ever experienced. I have often looked back longingly to these experiences since coming to this country, where the lakes do not have any game fish in them, unless we go up north, where very good fishing is to be had, salmon trout, pike and pickerel being quite plentiful.

With best wishes and hoping to hear from other prairie subscribers,

Yours truly,

Lloydminster, Sask.

J. O. Olsen.

The various departments in Rod and Gun devoted to Fishing Notes, Guns and Ammunition, The Kennel, Along the Trap Line, The Trap, etc. make it possible for our readers to contribute on topics in which they are interested and in which they have had experience. These experiences are sure to be of interest to others and we hope that those who have often contemplated writing a short article or a letter on topics of interest to the readers of an outdoor magazine like Rod and Gun, but have put the matter off, will decide to delay no longer but take part at once in the discussions that are being carried on from month to month in the columns of the magazine.

TRADE NOTES

A recent number of Arms and Explosives contains an article referring to one of the new factories established by W. W. Greener since the commencement of the war. The article says:

The firm of W. W. Greener has brought to a successful conclusion one of the most brilliantly executed tasks in the annals of the gun trade. The present war has provided many examples of improvisation of a high order, but the circumstances of rifle manufacture have imposed a limit on accelerated production not surprising to the expert but highly disappointing to those who thought that they had only to ask in order to receive. A little less than a year ago the firm of Greener were thought to have bitten off more than they could chew when they undertook to make rifles for one of the Allies. The commencing assets were confidence of a high order, a fair amount of experience in the execution of rifle contracts of a kind which highly organised factories are not in the habit of undertaking, and the resource which is naturally bred by long association with gunmaking. The sum total of ten months' accomplishment is that complete rifles have been turned out, so advanced as regards quality of machining that unselected parts taken from store can be assembled in a couple of hours.

Some of the difficulties that had to be overcome in bringing about the establishment of this new factory and its output are further described and the comment is made that the Greener record holds the field in the making of rifles.

The Hastings Sporting Goods Works of Hastings, Mich., wish us to draw the attention of angling writers to the fact that to the trade the word Wobbler means their baits. A test case was made in regard to this matter a few years ago when a competitor started using the word Wobbler in connection with his bait and the courts upheld the Hastings people in their contention that this was unfair competition. From time to time since other manufacturers have brought out baits calling them Wobblers but when the fact of the case was brought to their attention they also changed their name.

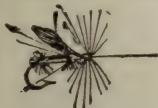
PASSPORTS NOT NEEDED FOR TOURISTS IN CANADA

Still we are receiving enquiries such as the following which comes from a subscriber in New Kensington, Pa., who writes as follows: "It is reported that when making a trip into Canada this year Americans will be required to present a paper of some sort for identification purposes. Kindly advise."

We have it on the authority of the Superintendent of Immigration that there will be no letter of identification, passport or other document of the sort required on the part of persons visiting Canada this year. Passports are not necessary in visiting Canada, conscription does not exist here and tourists will be welcomed this year as in the past. Persons of enemy origin naturalized in the United States should carry their naturalization certificates as a means of identification.

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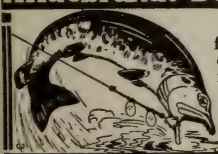


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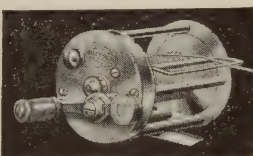
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—to cast so well that even experienced Anglers have been forced to look out for their laurels. Read this:

"My host was delighted with the Anti-Back-Lash Reel I gave him; with it he gave me a good race for my casting laurels. It's great for the fellow who wants to cast and can't."

Those are the words of a veteran who has been a casting fan for better than eight years.

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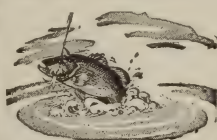


Reel, however, is not for beginners only—many experienced casters use it when doing their very best work. As an ordinary reel, its free, smooth-running qualities and its Back-Lash feature, which is a distinct advantage in night fishing, both make it a favorite with the most critical of Anglers.

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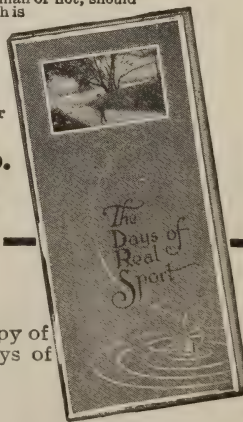
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An interested audience gathered in the theatre of the General Hospital Toronto, recently to hear Dr. Clarke, vice-president of the Canadian Society for the Protection of Birds, relate the story of his discovery of the nest of the Peregrine Falcon.

Dr. Clarke described the Peregrine Falcon, stating that it is a bird practically identical in characteristics all the world over. It was used in the days of falconry, and was one of the most desirable of falcons on account of its fierceness and ability to destroy its quarry as well as owing to the fact that it was easily tamed. Although not a large bird by any means, it is able to kill and carry away a duck much larger than itself without apparent effort. It breeds in most inaccessible places, and its nesting place has rarely been found in Ontario, although Dr. Clarke has recorded it in at least three places.

This falcon is known as the duck hawk, bullet hawk, and was named by Wilson, the ornithologist, "the great-footed hawk." Dr. Clarke gave an interesting account of the finding of the nesting place on an almost inaccessible rock in an eastern lake, illustrating the story by means of many lantern slides. He gave also a series of notes on some of the common birds, such as purple finches and prairie horned larks, which he says are comparatively recent arrivals in that district and have not yet departed from habits acquired in milder climates. For example, these birds invariably commence nesting in March before the snow has disappeared, with the result that nearly all of the early nests contain frozen eggs.

A war on sparrows is suggested as one way to reduce the high cost of living caused by the war. Sparrows usually take a serious toll of corn crops and in order to prevent such wastage at the coming harvest, farmers are being urged to let the schoolboys and boy scouts make raids on sparrows' nests throughout the district.

The popular notion that flying-fish beat their "wings" is a mistake, if one is to rely upon the results of studies of these fish by an authority, Capt. Barrett Hamilton.

It appears that the wings are not true organs of flight, but rather play the part of a parachute or an aeroplane. The whole motive power is supplied by the tail, which acts as a propeller, and the vibration or quivering of the wings in the air currents and their occasional shift of inclination are not

phenomena connected with the propulsion of the fish in its aerial flights.

What has become of Bill Miner?, a contributor, Mr. John Dowswell, asks on another page of this issue. Mr. Dowswell will doubtless have noticed before this is printed the "report" published by Jack Miner in our May issue. An account of a Good Friday visit to the Miner preserve near Kingsville which was made by a member of our editorial staff will appear in an early issue of this magazine.

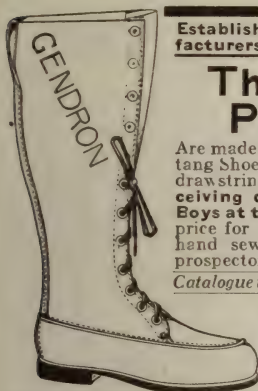
An order-in-council has been passed by the Ontario Legislature prohibiting the shooting of grey and black squirrels in Oxford county for a period of three years.

Some time ago Oxford county council received a number of petitions calling upon that body to ask the Ontario Legislature to pass an order-in-council prohibiting the killing of grey or black squirrels in Oxford county. A few years ago squirrels were plentiful in the woods in this vicinity, but there has been a great falling off in the number that inhabit Oxford's woods at the present time. This has been caused by the work of sportsmen who kill the squirrels out of pure shooting lust. Last fall in different communities the farmers had notices posted, warning off persons with guns and dogs. This was done in an effort to save the squirrels and birds, and while it was successful in a measure, it did not cover the ground entirely.

When the council received the petitions they looked on them favorably and memorialized the legislature, with the result that an order-in-council has been passed prohibiting the shooting of black and grey squirrels in Oxford county for the period of three years.

A despatch from Sackville, N. B., says that the first Siberian hares ever seen in that town were brought there recently. The hares are much larger than the ordinary hare and their pelts were said to be valued in the neighborhood of \$100 each. It is probable that the industry of raising the Siberian hare may be established in or near Sackville at an early date.

The number of moose killed last season in the country north, northwest and northeast of Edmonton exceeds the records of all previous years. Fifty-one carcasses, it is said, have been shipped to Edmonton from a single siding in the north country.



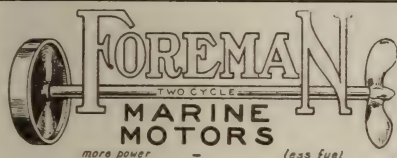
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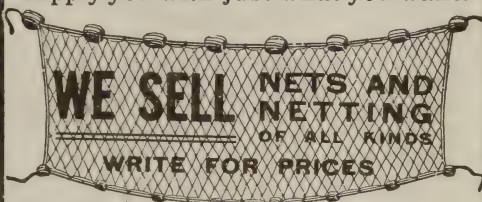
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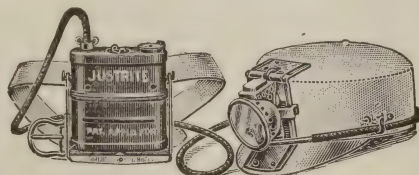
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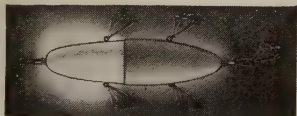
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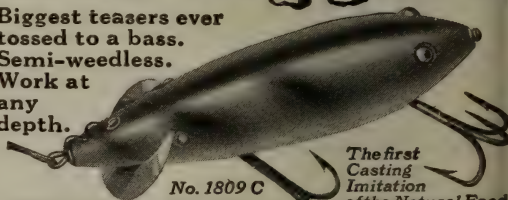
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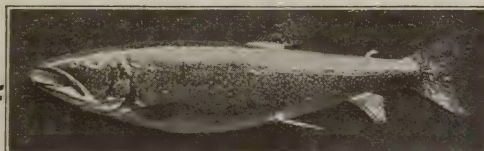
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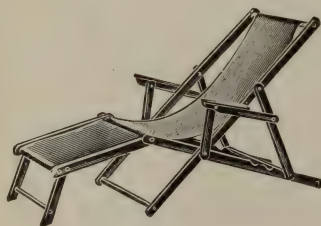
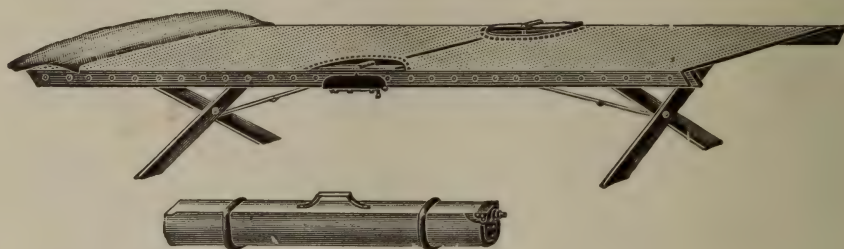
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